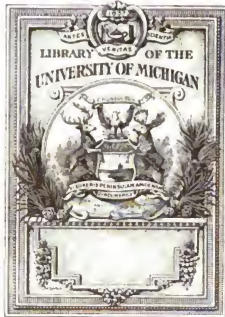


THE CHURCHMAN





THE GIFT OF
Mr. J. S. Skinner

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, in a very valuable address at the late yearly meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, expressed his hope that the constitution of the Board of Missions of the American Church, by which the whole Church was its own missionary society, was a symptom that hereafter missions were to be carried on by Churches, instead of, as in the past, by individuals, or by nations, or by societies.

It is proposed to create a House of Laymen in the English Church. This body would be consultative, and form no constituent part of the Convocation. We think that in this the Church would be doing scant justice to the laity and scant justice to herself. The laity, who form a constituent part of the Church, could hardly be content to be an outside body whose counsels, though never so wise and opportune, might at all times be left out of the account. Their judgment is in many things too valuable to be made valueless on occasion, perhaps, through prejudice or caprice. On the other side, the Church would only benefit herself by taking the laity into her councils. The confidence she gave would be repaid in turn, together with an experience and judgment which the Church would find to be supplementary and indispensable. Such, at least, has been the result of making the laity a part of the Church's governing body in this country, and she would no more make them merely consultative than she would adopt the Roman system of reducing them to a cypher.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher recently declared that the baptism of an infant can have no possible effect whatsoever upon the child. The declaration was one link in the chain of his argument. Baptism does nothing for the infant, because the infant needs nothing to be done for it. It is sinless, not through Christ's death, but by nature. We do not care to discuss Mr. Beecher's general views concerning sin. We only have this one question to ask: Did the Lord command His disciples through all time to observe a perfectly useless ceremony? We take it for granted (if everybody but the Anabaptists) that infant baptism was practised and taught by those who received their direct commission from the Saviour. This leaves the manifest dilemma before one that either He ordered a perfectly useless act, or that the disciples who were taught of Him, and on whom the Holy Ghost

visibly rested, misunderstood His teaching on a vital point. This is where Mr. Beecher would land one who accepted the teaching of Plymouth pulpit.

We have only to add that this is perfectly consistent with Mr. Beecher's way of looking at Christianity. That way is not to regard it as revealed truth, but simply as a set of ideas which may be useful to men who are pleased to use them. It is religion from the subjective side only. If there is anything in the Bible which satisfies the moral consciousness of a man, well and good. If not, then well and good also. The sole criterion of the truth of Scripture is whether one likes to believe it or no. No one is to receive anything more than he pleases to receive. We can but ask, Where, then, is Christianity?

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOP FERGUSON.

The consecration of the Missionary Bishop of Cape Palmas was calculated to make differing impressions. An act which attracted so many to Grace church presumably repelled others. Of those who witnessed it, it may well be believed that some could not sufficiently conquer an old-time prejudice to be specially interested in the proceedings. The man to be raised to the highest honors which the Church can bestow was a colored man. It is too much to suppose that in all cases the consecration of such an one was regarded with feelings unmingled with indifference, if even with strong aversion.

On the other side, it is safe to say that an impression of a very different kind was made on the majority of those who had come to take part in the ceremony. They knew no honor too high for a colored man and a minister withal, who was worthy to receive it, as they knew no work too Christly and too sacrificing for him to do. They were glad that nothing was wanting, whether a beautiful church, or fit attendants, or influential and honored bishops for the laying-on of hands. The idea of color was lost sight of, save that taking into account the race, what it had suffered and what it so urgently needs to be done for it, color rather perhaps entitled him to be made a bishop who thus far had spent his life in serving his own people in Africa, and who proposes to do so to the end. It was, possibly, not so much that he needed the office, as that the Church needed him.

In real truth the Church has now testified as publicly and beltingly as she can to her belief in the truth of Christ's teaching that "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are

brethren." She bears witness that in Christ and in the Church of Christ there is neither Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free. White and black are equally entitled to her confidence and protection, to serve at her altars, to share in her honors and take part in her councils. In the matter of race and color she will be ruled by no prejudice, and, so far as she can, she rebukes it. She takes account of other and more weighty considerations, moves on a higher plane, and bears witness to a higher calling.

We trust that this public testimony of the Church's faith and fellowship may do much to allay that feeling which is still so prejudicial against the colored race. This was the real significance of Bishop Ferguson's consecration. The bishop may succeed or he may fail, but the Church has declared a principle and set an example which will not be changed. Other colored men will be raised to the episcopate if the occasion calls for it, and so the Church will give the lie to the slander that she is the Church of the rich or the Church of the white man.

We trust, too, that the Church will take account of the presiding bishop's sermon, and be more prompt to discharge her obligations to a race to which she is a debtor. Let the dead bury their dead, if need be, but the kingdom of God must be preached as an especial obligation to that people whose lot has been one of exceptional hardship. The Gospel surely means that, if it means anything. He who told the story of the Good Samaritan, and who was sent unto the lost, would surely rebuke, if not disown, a Church which should disdain to carry the Gospel to a race because it is the most unfortunate, degraded, and helpless. The Church, thank God, does not so mistake her calling and take so little account of her Lord's teaching and example.

CATHOLIC.

We presume that the word *Catholic* has been used for hundreds of years by millions who speak the English language at least once a week, and by a large proportion of them *daily*, in its only legitimate historical sense. The English Prayer Book is presumably a classic of the English language, and the writings of the great English divines of the seventeenth century may be supposed to have some place in English literature. The "Primate of all England," moreover, and the Bench of Bishops in the House of Lords, may be considered as capable of enlightening a lexicographer as to the meaning of ecclesiastical

terms in the English language. What, then, are the claims to our confidence of a dictionary, purporting to be a dictionary of "the English language," and coming from the hands of professed "etymologists" and expounders of "scientific and other terms," who ignore the historical sources of information as to Church language, and draw upon their own imaginations for their definitions, calling in such external aid as nothing but the like imagination could invent with any authority?

These inquiries and remarks are *à propos* to the loud encomiums which are lavished by popular writers upon what is known as "Stormonth's Dictionary of the English Language," of which an admirable edition has been lately published in New York. Let us turn to the good old historic word "Catholic," which one might suppose would be defined somewhat as follows:

Catholic: universal, oecumenical, of the whole, i.e., the whole world, or the whole empire, supposed to be the world under the Caesars. An historical word in Christian literature, applied to the Christian Church in its primitive constitutions; to the doctrine of the same in the Nicene Creed, and to canons and constitutions of the general or oecumenical councils. More recently, 1, in vulgar use, improperly applied to the Churches of the West, with the prefix Roman, under the Bishop of Rome, claiming to be the universal bishop; 2, not local, etc.; 3, sometimes, improperly, used to express the idea of liberality or freedom from narrow-mindedness. The word is strictly ecclesiastical, and cannot be diverted from its ecclesiastical significance, without violence to its essential signification. Now let us turn to Stormonth. *Eccolo!*

Catholic: universal, general, liberal; not narrow-minded or bigoted; *n.* a name commonly applied to the adherents of the Church of Rome. *Catholicise, v.* to become a Roman Catholic; to convert to the Roman Catholic faith, etc.

Let us suppose a foreigner studying the English language in the English Prayer Book; he turns to Stormonth, and *presto*, he discovers that the Church of England professes the "Roman Catholic faith." He takes up the "Letter of Bishop Bull to Bossuet," and discovers that this venerated Englishman of the Caroline age had no idea of his own language. The English *Canons Ecclesiastical* are equally incapable of interpretation by this English Dictionary. Whence comes the illumination of its pages, however, on this and kindred terms? Here we have it, and let us be profoundly sensible of our obligations. See the Preface, p. viii., as follows:

"The author's thanks are particularly due to the late Archbishop Strain of Edinburgh (?), and to the Very Reverend Dr. Smith, Vicar Apostolic, for numerous

acts of kindness and courtesy in affording him information regarding ecclesiastical, archaeological and other terms."

So it is that literature becomes sown with tares "while men sleep." Let us be more vigilant, and, like George Canning and his allies, in the *anti-Jacobin* conflict, let us "catch lice like rats" and kill them off, as gamekeepers do in England; always nailing up the carcasses to the nearest post, as a "terror to evil-doers."

ST. PAUL'S LITURGICAL QUOTATIONS.

A writer's grasp of his subject is shown often by the way in which he handles his authorities. If he is familiar with them, he treats them as easily and freely as he treats his friends. "Always verify your quotations" is an admirable rule, and its neglect is due usually to carelessness or ignorance. But there is a freedom in quotation which indicates no lack of care or of accurate scholarship, but quite the reverse. The scholar who knows his subject thoroughly will feel that he can take a certain amount of liberty with his authorities. He will give us the pith and substance of a paragraph in a single terse sentence. He will even sacrifice the letter for the sake of bringing out more clearly and forcibly the spirit of the passage.

Now this is just what we notice throughout all St. Paul's writings. He was emphatically a full man. He brought to the Master's work not only the faculties needed to make him an efficient workman, but also a great accumulation of facts. In reading his words we feel that they are the words not only of a close observer, a keen thinker, and a cogent reasoner, but also of one whose mind was a well-filled storehouse. For this reason he was able at all times to bring forth "out of his treasure things new and old."

There was, however, one field of knowledge in which St. Paul was perfectly at home. He knew the Scriptures. Probably, like Timothy, he had learned them first as a child at his mother's knee. Then, as a youth, he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, till he had mastered all that the schools could teach him. Last of all, he had read and re-read them by the light of Christ's Resurrection, and under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit. One need but glance at his epistles to see how full and thorough was his knowledge of the earlier revelation. He refers to it at every turn. In many of his epistles he seldom writes more than four or five sentences without introducing some telling quotation from the Law and the Prophets.

Yet the number of St. Paul's quotations from the Old Testament does not impress us so much as the way in which he quotes the sacred oracles. He treats them as an authority so familiar both to himself and to his readers, that a hint or a passing allusion will be enough to recall an entire passage to their remembrance. Sometimes the apostle seems to quote directly from the Hebrew, but more often he appears to cite the Septuagint. Occasionally he seems to have had both before him, and to have combined the two in a single quotation. Repeatedly he quotes the substance of a passage in his

own words, or so combines and blends together two or more passages, as to give us what is virtually a new message of the Spirit.

Naturally, therefore, it is by no means always easy to be absolutely certain just what words St. Paul had in his mind when he quotes a passage from the Old Testament. This is especially true when he is bringing forward some truth often referred to. Many writers explain in this way the familiar passage, "As it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." (1. Cor. ii. 9.) Most commentators, as well as the margin of the English Bible, send us to Isaiah lxiiv. 4 as the source of this quotation. Now between St. Paul's quotation and the passage in Isaiah there is sufficient resemblance to satisfy the English reader that he has found the words which St. Paul meant to quote. But the student who turns either to the Septuagint or to the Hebrew to verify the quotation, finds no such verbal resemblance.

On the contrary, it is obvious that our translators adapted their rendering of the passage in Isaiah to make it correspond to St. Paul's quotation. Take the Septuagint, for instance. Literally translated the passage reads: "From the beginning we have not heard, neither have our eyes seen a God beside Thee, and Thy works, which Thou wilt do for them that wait for mercy." Obviously there is not much resemblance here, and yet there is still less between the Greek of the Septuagint and that of the Epistle. Neale, in his essay on "Liturgical Quotations," puts the two side by side, and then comments on them thus: "Observe that there is not one word, literally not one word, the same in Isaiah and in St. Paul."

Yet while there is little verbal resemblance between the two passages, there is at least a resemblance of thought, and no one would hesitate to admit that we have here another instance of St. Paul's habit of quoting the substance of a passage, were it not for one little fact. In the Greek of St. Paul there is a little word, which in the English is not translated for obvious reasons. St. Paul did not write "It is written, Eye hath not seen," etc., but "It is written, Which eye hath not seen," etc. In other words, the quotation in St. Paul is not a complete, independent sentence, but a dependent clause introduced by a relative. Now this may seem a trifle, but it has very important consequences. By all ordinary rules the clause must be regarded not as a free quotation, but as a textual one. Otherwise the apostle would not have lugged in this unnecessary relative, which has no antecedent and adds nothing to the meaning of the passage.

Now when Neale found in the Liturgy of St. James this passage, "Thy heavenly and eternal gifts, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, etc.," he found what seemed to him a simple and easy solution of the whole difficulty. St. Paul had quoted the liturgy and not the prophet Isaiah. Subsequent research confirmed the impression, for he found the passage also in the Second Epistle of St. Clement and in the "Martyrdom of Polycarp." Moreover, in both these places the passage is not a broken and disconnected clause such as we have in St. Paul's epistle; but the relative has its

proper antecedent. The conclusion which Neale reached was this: "Whenever two passages occur in the same words—on the one hand in the Liturgy of St. James—or rather in its Anaphora—and on the other in the epistles to the Corinthians, or in any later epistles, St. Paul quotes the liturgy." (Neale's Essays, p. 117).

Well might Neale call this a tremendous conclusion; but it will be accepted by very few scholars. There are very grave objections not only to this sweeping assertion, but even to the far more guarded statement that in this one passage St. Paul is quoting the Liturgy of St. James. Two strong objections to any such a view have been brought forward by the writer in THE CHURCHMAN. First, the uncertainty of the date of the Liturgy, and, second, the fact that St. Clement quotes the same passage in a way to connect it with the words of Isaiah. There is, however, a far more serious objection. St. Paul introduces his quotation with the words "It is written." Now, there can be no question as to the ordinary meaning of this phrase. "The Scripture" in the New Testament has a very definite meaning. Every Jew understood by it not simply a written authority, but the one definite authority, the Law of God, the Holy Scriptures. Take Young's "Concordance" and run down the references under "Scripture," and then the still longer list under "Written," and the force and weight of this objection will be manifest. It is almost inconceivable that St. Paul could have meant to quote from any authority but God's written word, and yet have introduced his quotation by these words "It is written."

So cogent is the force of all these converging lines of thought, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that Neale was hasty in forming his opinion. St. Paul did not quote the Liturgy of St. James, for the apostle could not quote what was not in existence, and he would not have quoted any uninspired authority as "the Scripture." Even the grammatical irregularity, striking as it is, can not override such facts as these. Were we then compelled to choose between the two horns of the dilemma, we would say at once that the Liturgy of St. James quoted St. Paul. But there is no such necessity.

The Liturgy of St. James was not written, in all human probability, earlier than the beginning of the third century; but then it is representative of something far older. The Creed of Nicea dates from 325, but its substance goes back to those days when the creed was not written, for fear that it should fall into the hands of the heathen. Eusebius tells us that he had learned the Nicene Creed as a child, and that it was to all intents and purposes the creed which had been handed down in the venerable Church of Caesarea from apostolic days. So it was also with the Liturgy. The Liturgy of St. James is simply one of those four early liturgies, whose close resemblance proclaims their common origin from the one liturgical type. No matter when the liturgy was written, its use was apostolic. From the very beginning there had been a common form. Each Church felt at liberty to vary and adapt it; but each held firmly to what were regarded as its central and essential features.

Now this fact suggests a very simple ex-

planation of all our difficulties. Remember what they are. We have seen that St. Paul must have quoted the words "which eye hath not seen," etc., as a part of Holy Scripture; yet the quotation does not seem to have come directly either from the Hebrew or the Greek. There are grave objections also to the idea that the passage is simply a free quotation from the Septuagint. On the other hand, Neale's opinion is clearly inadmissible. St. Paul did not quote the Liturgy of St. James. Yet it does not follow therefore, that the Liturgy of St. James took the words from St. Paul. May there not have been a third source from which both St. Paul and the liturgy quoted the words? The repeated use of this one short text in so many fragments of those early days suggests that this must have been a very familiar passage. Moreover, while in almost every instance we find the passage in substantially the shape in which it appears in St. Paul, yet there are just the little variations which we should expect to find in writers who were quoting something learned by heart. Add one more fact. The text was, Bishop Lightfoot says, a favorite with the early Gnostic heretics, and in frequent use by them.

Bring all these lines together, and we are led to the conclusion that St. Paul quoted the words from the liturgy of his own day, where they formed a part of a solemn prayer familiar to all his readers. Moreover, the apostle knew well that it was a part of God's Word, that it was simply a free rendering of the passage in Isaiah. In other words, he quoted it just as we would quote "the comfortable words": "Come unto Me all ye that travail and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." None of us would hesitate to quote these words as Holy Writ, yet every one would know that the quotation was also from the Liturgy.

It is not wise perhaps to be too dogmatic on such a point; but he who reads with care Neale's "Essay," with Moullie's Appendix, and then examines Field's "Apostolic Liturgy," will feel that our conclusion is supported by very strong arguments. It meets all the facts in the case. It removes difficulties which have perplexed the commentator ever since the days of Chrysostom and Jerome. Moreover, this passage does not stand alone, but there are others also which seem to have been taken from the prayers and praises of God's Church.

THOS. R. HARRIS.

ENGLAND.

THE REV. DR. PHILLIPS BROOKS at WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — There was a very large congregation at Westminster Abbey on the evening of Sunday, June 7th. Among those present were Archbishop Trench, the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop-designate of Brisbane and others. The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks of Boston occupied the pulpit. His text was St. Luke ii. 49, his subject being the feelings which inspired the Blessed Virgin to ask her Divine Son why He had left her and St. Joseph on the return from Jerusalem to Nazareth, which, he said, revealed the expression of the human heart in every age, which identified causes with their own work for them, and failed to realize the Fatherhood of God, and were consequently jealous when a work passed beyond their control. He illustrated this idea in the cases of a boy growing out of parental control, and *inter alia* in the

case of the abolition of slavery in his own country, where some could not rejoice because it was not brought about exactly in their own way, and of a political party who placed its own fortunes before the good of the country in the very cause it had espoused. He showed how when men were interested for the good of others, whose cases seemed especially committed to them, they could not realize God using other agencies than their own; and so in the larger questions of truth, sympathy was too often limited to a particular Church.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNION.—The English Church Union held its twenty-sixth annual meeting on Wednesday, June 10th. The president, Mr. C. L. Wood, made a spirited address, in which he stated that the need of the day was the proclaiming what the Church is, what the morals she inculcates, and the sacraments she administers, what she teaches as the duty and true end of man, and what the life she holds up as worthy of the highest honor. He spoke earnestly in denunciation of the Liverpool Ritual prosecution, and said that such proceedings will result in spreading the faith they are designed to suppress. He concluded with an earnest plea for unity.

After the adoption of the report of the council, the president and council were re-elected.

A resolution of sympathy with the Rev. J. Bell Cox and his congregation was unanimously adopted, assuring them of support in their refusal to acknowledge the authority of the Privy Council and the courts in spiritual matters.

The consideration of the report of the Convocation of Canterbury with regard to the House of Laymen was favorably commended to the several branches of the union.

THE LIVERPOOL RITUAL CASE.—At the adjourned hearing of the Liverpool Ritual case, in York, on Thursday, June 4th, the vicar-choral of York Minster acted as surrogate for Lord Penance. The defendant, the Rev. J. Bell Cox, was thrice called, but did not appear. At the petition of the complainant a probationary term was opened for the defendant, and letters compulsory were decreed returnable June 18th, when an application for the examination of witnesses will be made.

There seems to be but little general interest taken in this case, but what is expressed is chiefly against the prosecution as unnecessary and persecuting in its character.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF BRISBANE.—On Thursday, June 11th, the Rev. Dr. W. T. Thornhill Webber was consecrated as Bishop of Brisbane at St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The officiating bishops were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Carlisle, Bishop Turfnel (the first Bishop of Brisbane), and Bishop Mitchinson (late Bishop of Barbadoes). The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. W. Shepard, of Balliol College, Oxford. The new bishop's robes were presented by the teachers of the London School Board, of which he is a member.

IRELAND.

THE BISHOPRIC OF MEATH.—The Archbishop of Armagh issued a commission for a new election in the synod of Meath for a bishop, to be held on June 15th, under the presidency of the Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. The result of the election has not yet reached us; but it is thought that Dr. Bell, who had a majority at the last election, will also head the list at this.

GREECE.

VISITATION OF THE BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR.—The Bishop of Gibraltar held confirmations on Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday at Corfu and

world's darkness, all Christians are enlisted under the banners of the great Captain of Salvation, pledged in their baptism to be Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto their life's end. Our industries are placed in the front of the battle. They incur manifold privations and dangers—nay, count not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they may "finish their course with joy and the ministry which they have received from the Lord Jesus to testify not only of the grace of God." It is at the cost of many lives that the warfare is waged. While we admire the self-sacrificing courage of the patriot soldiers, shall we be insensible to the endurance and devotedness of those who show us that the real and love and fearless devotion of the early Christians are not things of the past!

But why is it more their cause than ours in which they endure hardness? Has the Lord Jesus Christ done less for us than for them? Was not the same blood shed for us all? The same Holy Spirit purchased? Is not the same grace extended to us? We rejoice in the liberty, the hope, the consolation the joy of Christ's salvation, because his servants aforesaid paid this debt to our fathers, and we inherit the blessing. We claim our part in the Saviour's benediction. "Lo, I am with you always unto the end of the world." We rejoice in the liberty of His constant presence, what would our worship, rites, sacraments be worth! All would be lifeless, empty, profitless—the casket without the jewel—the candlestick without the light. But in the same sentence in which the Lord promises to be with His Church he enjoins: "Go ye and do likewise." The promise and the duty are bound up together. They cannot be divorced one from the other. We cannot cling to the grace and refuse the charge. We cannot hope to retain the blessing while we disown the obligation. "Be ye as I am." Jesus is with us now, hearing the suppliant, pardoning the sinner, strengthening the weak, securing the tempted, cheering the living, sustaining the dying, then we must confess also that Jesus is saying, "Let your light so shine before men" "freely ye have received, freely give." You are Messengers to those who are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. You are required by your own mouth, or by those whom you lead forth, to proclaim liberty to the captives of sin and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. The world is astir and waiting. Nations are ready to be evangelized. Old barriers are falling. Massive and buttressed walls are crumbling. Idol shrines are going to decay. New forces and agencies are at your command. Steam and electricity wait your bidding. The wonderful instruments of the great God are waiting in your aid. Seize these amazing helps—prove these propitious hours. Thus equipped and provided, hasten to save and rescue them that are ready to perish.

There is promised a blessed era in the future, when "they shall no more teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me from the least to the greatest." It is not for us to know how near that period may be—peradventure, nearer than we imagine—but, unfeignedly, it has not yet come. The long night of ignorance and sin still hangs over a large portion of the globe. On this spot and on that fall sunbeams. The mountain tops glow and redden; but even in the most favored climes the shadows are but partially dispelled, and over large portions of the earth still mantles a thick pall of murkiness and gloom. Never was the call upon the Church to go forth on this errand of mercy so pressing, nor the openings more inviting, nor the encouragements more evident. The power of the Gospel to elevate the most degraded, often and humanize the most ferocious, purify and cleanse the vilest, is no untried experiment, no problem yet unsolved. Where it is faithfully preached it shows its inherent

divinity, its transforming, uplifting, sanctifying influence. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." "I am a debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians." There is a great debt owing to the destitute and sinful in our midst. But not to them alone. Shall I fold my hands and shut up my sympathies from the distant heathen? and say, "Who is my neighbor?" The Lord has answered the question—any one whom I have wronged. He is waiting for me, wherever I am geographically, but the agencies of Christian benevolence bring him near. My missionary brother is on the ground, gathering in the outcasts and binding up the sore, gaping wounds. I can sustain him while he is doing Christ's work, provide for his wants, give him what is indispensable for his continuance there. It is just as feasible to send the Gospel to another hemisphere as to give bread at our own door. And what we do for the servant we do for the Lord. Who more truly represent Jesus Christ than those who go forth into the world to do His bidding, to heal the sick with flesh and blood, to save those for whom He laid down His own life? "Inasmuch as he did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

While the debt owing to the unevangelized by the whole Church is world-wide and general, the debt to the Church must be met out of the great field upon which its efforts are to be expended. The providence of God may open this door or that, or the convictions of duty may point with special urgency in certain directions. Are there not considerations, grave and weighty, that commend to our attention the African mission? As citizens of the United States we find in our midst millions of African descent. How came they here? Not of their own will, nor are they the descendants of voluntary emigrants. Their ancestors were forcibly torn from their native land and transported across the ocean with most cruel indifference to their anguish and suffering; and those who survived the horrors of the passage were doomed to wear out their lives in hopeless servitude, and bequeath to their children an inheritance of bondage and degradation. It is not for us now to apportion the measure of guilt and accountability incurred by governments or people, or to boast that if we had lived in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in this inhuman traffic. Men's minds have greatly changed within the last hundred years upon almost every other question, and it may be thanked that in some things certainly the world has been advancing, and that the claims of justice, mercy, and human brotherhood are better understood. We desire not to revive painful memories in the way of stigma and denunciation. But there is one point of view in which it becomes us to look back at the past. Is it in the power of this generation to do something to redress this great wrong, and to repay this immense debt?

By the unrequited labors of those who were brought here manacled captives, and of their descendants, immense tracts of our country have upon the most careful calculation been reaped and garnered. There has been a prodigious development of our resources, and the benefits have been confined to one section of the land. How great a proportion of the wealth of which the nation boasts accrued from the toil of this people God only knows. We, at the present day, cannot obliterate the past, or undo the wrong, or recall to life the sufferers, or return the debt in kind. But what we can do is to send heaven's choicest gift, the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation, to the shores where once the slave-trader embarked his living cargo, and thus show charity blessings to the kindred and countrymen of those who toiled and died in a land of strangers. To the millions of this race among ourselves, as well as to those beyond the sea, we should count ourselves debtors. If any branch of the evangelistic work of our Church be secular and sacred claims, and if we have support, it seems to me to be our African mission, as well as our home missions among our colored people. With glad and ready heart should we enter this open door. With free and unenclosed hand should we pour our gifts into the Lord's treasury. And when we read

with averted eye the shocking details of former injustice and inhumanity, well may we thank God that He has shewn us a way in which we may send back to those sunny climes the beneficence, the value of which cannot be told.

On the present occasion, when, in obedience to the mandate of our Church, we are assembled for the purpose of conferring the highest office in her gift upon a representative of this race, and clothing him with authority to preach the Word and to commission others to preach it, to build up and govern the Church of Christ on that continent, we may well be stimulated by the history of the past. It is our privilege to send the messenger of glad tidings, the harbinger of peace. Swift-winged ships now traverse the ocean, bearing not the robber and the pirate, but the evangelist and teacher, the helper and healer.

Over those immense regions which stretch from the Mediterranean far into the Southern Ocean there still prevails, with little exception, the unbroken reign of Satan and death. Scarcely a human being is to be seen. Loveliness and grandeur are devastated by incessant wars and appalling cruelties. The groans of the wretched are rising in agony and despair from burning villages and tortured captives. Sorcery and superstition poison the charities of social intercourse, and the living drag on their existence in constant terror. Oh! if there be a debt owing from happy and favored people to the crushed and wretched, it is nowhere more evident and imperative.

In helping us to do something in this regard of Christian love, we call upon you, brother beloved in the Lord, to be our agent and co-operator. The fullest authority of the Gospel ministry is now to be confided to you. Great is the trust, arduous the work, wide the field. For the wise discharge of your important duties, and their effectiveness and success, you will need, in no small measure, those gifts which our ascended Saviour bestowed upon His ministry, and for which our united prayers will now be offered.

While we deplore the past wrongs and existing miseries of the vast continent upon whose shores you will lift up the standard, we cherish the hope that some great and daring thing, the veil that has hung for ages over that land of mystery and terror is being lifted up. Those long unknown and inaccessible regions are now penetrated by the adventurer, the man of science and the missionary. There are revealed to the entranced eyes of the wandering explorer broad lakes, towering mountains, majestic streams and fertile plains of unlimited expansion. Christendom is startled and aroused by these wondrous disclosures. Africa is not to be forever the land of barbarism and fetichism, the prey of the robber and tyrant. The waves of civilization are breaking higher and higher upon her shores, and flowing up her grand rivers. Oh, that the waters of salvation, the Gospel of peace and goodwill to men may come in with this rushing tide. Oh, that the throne of the Lord Jesus may be prepared where Satan's seat has been so long and so strongly established. Envious is the privilege, my brother, of bearing a part, however humble, in such an enterprise—of doing something to help forward and hasten the regeneration of Africa. It was a son of Africa who bore the Saviour's cross on the way to Calvary, and patiently and lovingly to carry the same hallowed burden for the same dear Master. The task of Simon the Cyrenian is not yet done. We rejoice in the belief that you are here to-day in obedience to a higher call than that of a man. Trusting that you will be cheered by the smile of our gracious Saviour, and that with enlarged powers abundant success will crown your efforts, we this day devoutly wish you God speed.

After the sermon the bishop-elect was presented by the Assistant-Bishop of New York and the Bishop of Northern New Jersey. The testimonials were read by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Tatlock, Secretary of the House of Bishops, and the Rev. George F. Fichtner, Secretary of the Domestic Missionary Committee. The Litany was said by the Bishop of Northern New Jersey.

After the Litany the Presiding Bishop pro-

ceeded to the examination of the bishop-elect, the latter answering the questions in a clear and audible voice. The bishop elect, with the assistance of the attending presbyters, then put on the rest of the episcopal habit, and the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was said by the bishops and clergy.

The bishops assisting the Presiding Bishop in the Act of Consecration were the Bishops of Pennsylvania and Long Island. The Bishop of Pennsylvania then concluded the Communion Office. The offerings were for Bishop Ferguson's work at Cape Palmas.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel David Ferguson, upon whom the theological faculty of Gambier College, Ohio, conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity, on June 18th, was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1842, was baptized by Bishop Gadsden, emigrated with his parents to Liberia, when six years old, and was educated in the mission schools under Bishop Payne, by whom, also, he was ordained deacon in 1865, and priest in 1868. At that time he became rector of St. Mark's parish, Harper, and continued so till elected to the position he now occupies. Bishop Ferguson has under him eleven clergymen, all of whom were raised up in the field, one foreign lady, six lay readers, two business agents, and twenty catechists and teachers. For a long time he has been president of the Standing Committee, for two or three years the business agent of the mission, as also the Superintendent of the Cape Palmas Female Orphan Asylum and Girls' School.

NEW YORK.—The Sheltering Arms.—An abstract of the report of the president of this institution, the Rev. Dr. T. M. Peters, is presented as follows: Since the Sheltering Arms began, twenty-one years ago, 1,347 children had shared in its benefits. Twenty-one lots had been purchased, and the various buildings capable of accommodating nearly two hundred children had been erected and paid for.

The charges for maintaining the establishment had ranged from \$6,000 a year at the beginning to \$28,000 at the present time. These charges had been met by donations—excepting a deficit of \$5,000 accruing in the years 1882 and 1883, and \$70,849.42 in gifts and legacies had been invested for the purposes of endowment. Much remained to be done, and there was now needed an increased income to warrant the filling up of empty beds and to restore the deprecation of fifteen years' wear.

There was room in all the cottages for 190 children, but the last year's receipts were sufficient to support only 160. With the Little May fund there was now, including a pledge of \$10,000 for the Furniss Cottage, an endowment sufficient to maintain thirty beds, leaving 160 to be supported by the annual donations, or to be left unoccupied.

During the twelve months past one bed had endowed by one of the trustees, another by his wife, and a third by Mrs. Williams. There had also been some smaller contributions. The increase of this endowment fund would insure the permanent maintenance of as many children as might be thus provided for, and would also greatly relieve the financial pressure and consequent anxiety.

An apportionment from the excise fund, amounting in 1884 to \$1,675, had been diverted by the Legislature to other objects, and an especial appeal was made for donations to counterbalance the withdrawal of the excise money.

The institution had reached the close of the year with \$61.03 of cash in hand. This was the first treasurer's report since the opening of the Furniss Cottage, in which there had been no deficit in the current expense account.

The Wolfe Cottage had been thoroughly

renovated and fitted up for a family of girls by money kindly given by Miss Wolfe for that purpose. The expenditure amounted to \$1,281.90. The Wolfe Cottage had been taken possession of by the Cooper girls. The cottage occupied by the latter was now awaiting repairs, and there was now demanded, on account of wear and tear of this, as also the Montgomery Cottage, together with the fences, the sum of \$4,100, in addition to the year's current expenses. Whence the money was to come did not yet appear. It is solicited, as unavoidably necessary.

Since the last report the Moore Cottage had been fitted up and furnished as a hospital at a cost of \$880. It had rooms in abundance for as many of the sick as the institution was likely to have at any time. The old hospital had been altered into a dwelling and rented out.

One hopeful sign in the financial record of the year had been the increase in the number of contributing Sunday-schools, and in the amount thus secured. The care of children ought to be the children's work, and it was hoped that they would be able henceforth to report a continued growth of interest in the Sheltering Arms among the younger of Christ's disciples.

There had been from May 1st, 1884, to April 30th, 1885, 596 applications for admission; 40 children had entered, and 45 had been discharged, leaving the present number 161, of whom 72 were boys and 89 girls. Five hundred and forty-six of those seeking admission had been necessarily turned away, thus repeating the mournful story of many a past year. A correspondence, however, had been opened between the Sheltering Arms and other institutions, by means of which room had been found elsewhere for a much larger number than the Sheltering Arms could take in.

The family system early adopted by the Sheltering Arms daily commended itself more and more by its results. One high in authority in the charitable department of the State had written, saying he had seen no institution among the children of the city that interested him more than the Sheltering Arms. The cottage plan was undoubtedly the right one. This system, it was added, the Sheltering Arms proposes to pursue both there and at Mt. Minurn. To its influences were largely owing the freedom from care and the unstrained manners so often remarked upon by visitors. The attendance at public school brought the inmates of the institution in contact with the outside world, and had plainly done its share in bringing about this result.

All but ten of the smallest girls were taught to sew. The Little May girls did all their own work of every kind, in kitchen, sewing-room and laundry, with no help but from the house-mother; and the Furniss boys were kept busy, out of school, except during the hours of play, at the needle, in the kitchen or in the carpenter's shop. For many good suggestions regarding these boys, as well as for the changes for the carpenter, Mr. Nöe, who instructed them, they were indebted to Miss Furniss. She spared neither time nor money for what might tend to their advantage or enjoyment, or add to their presentable appearance.

Sewing classes were held at the house by four ladies from the Church of the Holy Trinity, Harlem, two from St. Andrew's, and one each from the Pilgrim congregation of St. Michael's. The Decorative Art Society continued its most acceptable and useful lessons in drawing and fine sewing, and the teachers express satisfaction with their pupils' progress.

Fifteen Sunday-school classes had been taught by three ladies from the Church of the Holy Trinity, two from St. Michael's, one from St. Mary's, five of the graduates of the

Sheltering Arms, and four ladies of the house. Grateful mention is made of all this ready help.

It was recorded that not a single death had occurred for upwards of two years, and that there had been during the year covered by this report but two children seriously ill, both cases of pneumonia.

Members of the executive committee appointed to take charge of the institution had made, each week, several visits to the cottages, superintending the expenditures and giving necessary directions and advice. Miss Richmond and the ladies associated with her had cordially co-operated in carrying out the wishes of the teachers. To these faithful fellow-laborers was due the unflinching good order which delighted every visitor. Drs. Rodenstein, Pooley and O'Brien continued to give their voluntary services.

The Ladies' Association had collected and paid into the treasury towards the support of its cottages, \$2,107.53. Its members also dressed the tree for the Christmas festival in the original cottages.

The clergy of St. Michael's visited the house for the purpose of giving religious instruction to the children. There were now in course of preparation for confirmation thirteen boys and twelve girls, who gave good evidence of deep interest in spiritual things. A number of the larger children attended service at St. Michael's, and as many as could be accommodated in St. Mary's attended there each Sunday morning. Its rector, the Rev. Dr. Adams, courteously offered the use of the church building whenever it might be wanted.

The Sheltering Arms' monthly paper, now in its eighteenth year, continued its useful course. Its benefits were shared and appreciated by many other charities, eighty-eight hundred copies of each issue being distributed widely throughout the land.

Since the last meeting of the trustees, Mr. Frederick S. Winston, first vice-president of the society, had finished a life full of good works, and noted, above all else, for its long continued and profound interest in children. His presence was light to the heart of childhood, and until the present generation of children had gone, Mr. Winston's memory would be affectionately cherished.

The property at Mt. Minurn, Westchester county, remained as at the last report, no funds having been received to warrant the commencement of operations there.

The trustees in concluding their report, heartily thanked all who had furthered their labors by word or deed, and trusted for a continuance of their willing aid.

NEW YORK.—St. Ignatius' Church.—The assistant-bishop visited this church (the Rev. Arthur Ritchie, rector), on the evening of Thursday, June 25th, and confirmed twenty-two persons presented by the rector.

WESTCHESTER.—Memorial at St. Peter's Church.—In the vestry-room of St. Peter's church, Westchester, (the Rev. J. H. Johnson, rector), is a collection of articles of interest gathered from the descendants of former rectors of the church, and tastefully arranged for future preservation. On one of the walls is a hanging cabinet beautifully made of polished oak, and of an antique pattern, which harmonizes with the architecture of the church. It contains three shelves, on which are arranged a variety of souvenirs given as heirlooms to the corporation of St. Peter's church to be held in trust for all time. The cabinet is closed by a door fitted with a heavy plate-glass panel, and the hinges and mountings are of heavy and handsome brass. Exposed to view are the Prayer Book owned and used by the founder and first rector of the church, the Rev. John Bartow, whose ministrations

covered nearly a quarter of a century, from 1702 to 1726. The Prayer Book shows excellent preservation, and the page exposed to view states that it was "printed for Cave Pullen, London, 1686." A manuscript sermon, yellow with age, written by the Rev. John Bartow, may also be seen. In addition to the text, written on an outer leaf, it bears his indorsements as having been preached from by him at "W. C.," (Westchester), "E. C.," (Eastchester), and "N. R.," (New Rochelle,) with the months and years added to the initials of the towns.

There is also a piece of window-glass with the name of "Isaac Wilkins, August 23d, 1770," scratched on the glass with a diamond. This signature of one of the former rectors of St. Peter's was taken from an old house on Castle Hill, near Westchester, that was owned and occupied by the Rev. Isaac Wilkins, and when it is considered the War of the Revolution made the entire country neutral ground, that was successively overrun by Cow Boys and Skinners, and that nearly every house was plundered, the recent removal of this autographic pane of glass from the window-sash to be placed in a receptacle of honor, tells a wonderful story of the care used for so many years in washing the window and of the vigilance exercised for its preservation. Besides these, there is a very odd book-mark with the figure of the Virgin Mary embroidered upon it, and an old letter written by the Rev. William Powell, one of the former rectors of the parish. Also a manuscript sermon written by the Rev. Charles D. Jackson, the predecessor of the late Rev. Dr. Christopher B. Wyatt.

The Rev. Joseph H. Johnson is the present incumbent, to whose efforts and good taste the church is indebted for this exhibit.

The lower portion of the cabinet is formed by an open shelf, where, protected by a heavy and handsome brass band and padlock, rest two copies of the old Hugh Gaine edition of the "Book of Common Prayer." This edition is of great value, as only a few copies are now in existence, and they are of considerable age. The books are very large and printed in beautiful type, and are copies of the official Prayer Book, "As given to the Church in the United States of America by the House of Bishops, in convention assembled, on the 16th day of October, 1789, printed by Hugh Gaine in New York, by direction of the General Convention, MDCCLXXXV."

On the western wall of the vestry-room, in a handsome frame, hangs the very rare and large engraving of the Rt. Rev. Samuel Seabury, by the celebrated engraver, W. Sharp, of London, from the painting by Thomas S. Duche. Mr. Seabury was the third rector of St. Peter's, from 1796 until the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, and, as is well known, was afterwards Bishop of Connecticut, and the first ordained Episcopal bishop in the United States.

On the opposite side of the wall is a collection of small engravings grouped in a frame made from the oak timber of the first St. Peter's church, built at Westchester in A. D. 1700. The old church was used until the War of the Revolution, when the seats were taken out and it was converted into a hospital. After the war it was sold to Mrs. Sarah Ferris, and removed to her lot, adjoining the churchyard, where it was converted into a barn, and the heavy timber frame of the old church still remains as the central part of a large barn, all but the heavy frame having been supplied with new timbers and planking. In this frame of venerable wood may be seen pictures of especial interest relating to the life of the first rector of St. Peter's church, such as the parish church at Pampisford, Cambridgeshire, England, of which the Rev. John Bartow was

curate or vicar before he came to America; Christ College, Cambridge, of which he was a graduate, and the ancient costumes worn there by the students and professors; the great stone Church of the Holy Cross, at Crediton, in Devon, which he attended with his parents in boyhood, and in whose churchyard his father, Doctor Thomas Bartow, and his mother, Grace Bartow, and his younger brother, Anthony, are buried; and the church records of the Crediton church give the dates of the births and deaths; a beautiful print of the arrest of Charles the First of England, for whom Peter Bartow, the grandfather of the Rev. John Bartow, fought against Cromwell and the Parliament, and for which he was heavily fined and paroled by the joint action of the House of Lords and Commons; an etching of Thomas Tenson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the President of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts at the time it sent the Rev. John Bartow as one of its first missionaries to America; a beautiful little engraving of the Rt. Rev. Symon Patrick, D.D., Bishop of Ely, who especially recommended the Rev. John Bartow to the society for a missionary, and one of Henry Compton, Lord Bishop of London, who signed his credentials to America, and a picture of the bishop's palace at Fulham, on the River Thames, where the credentials were dated; also the scarce engraving of the Hon. Colonel Caleb Heathcote, through whose influence with Lord Cornbury, then Colonial Governor of New York, the young English missionary, Bartow, was settled over the "Church of England" at Westchester, in the Province of New York, i. e. St. Peter's; then an engraving of Queen Mary the Second of England, with whom the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel originated, and King William the Third of England, who granted its charter; and one of Queen Anne, who presented the silver chalice and paten that is so prized as a relic, and has been used in the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in St. Peter's church from the early ministrations of the Rev. John Bartow, who received it from Queen Anne, down to the present time.

There is also the printed "Pedigree of Bartow, of Westchester," taken from the latest edition of Bolton's "History of Westchester County, New York," showing that the Bartow family have given six ministers to the Episcopal Church in America, and that six of its female descendants have married Episcopal clergymen. The Bartows are of Huguenot origin, their ancestors having fled from France into Holland after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, from whence the family went to England and settled near Exeter, in Devon, where the name became anglicized to Bartow, being written in English very nearly as it is pronounced in French, which name has been given to a railway station near Westchester on the Harlem River branch of the New York and New Haven Railway, and to a county in Georgia and to several Southern towns.

St. Peter's church at Westchester is one of the most beautiful country churches in the United States.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

WATERTOWN—Grace Church.—The repairs and improvements on this church (the Rev. Dr. Albert Danker, rector,) which have been in progress for two or three weeks, have been completed, and the sacred edifice presents a neat and handsome appearance. The main walls of the nave are colored in a light and tasteful tint, and the ceiling is paneled and bordered with gilt bands. The chancel is also painted throughout, the ceiling a bright blue with handsome frescoed border and orna-

ments around the windows. The church has been recarpeted, and the pews retained and lacquered, and the whole church has been re-roofed.

The services on the Third Sunday after Trinity, June 21st, were appropriate to the occasion. The church was beautifully decorated, and the music very fine. There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist with numerous communicants. The rector preached from Genesis xxviii. 17. The subject was "The Beautiful Gate," and was an argument for the sanctity of places of Christian worship.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK—Christ Church.—At morning service in this church on Sunday, June 21st, the rector (the Rev. J. N. Stansbury) made an interesting report of the condition of the church, in which he set forth that there had been more money subscribed by his congregation during the past year than ever before, and that there are now attached to the church 180 communicants. He also alluded to the various guilds connected with the church, and announced that the Women's Guild alone has succeeded in raising over \$500, a portion of which went toward building the iron fence on the Congress-street side of the church grounds.

HALEDON—St. Mary's Church.—On Sunday, June 21st, a large and beautiful altar cross was placed in this church (the Rev. J. C. Hall, rector). It is beautifully wrought in an ivy-leaf pattern, with the *Chi Rho* at the intersection of the arms, and is surrounded by a halo, handsomely chased. It is a thank-offering from Mrs. W. S. Hudson. A number of handsome gifts have also been made to the parish, including a retable, an altar desk, altar linen and a prayer desk.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—St. John Baptist's Church, Germantown.—The feast of St. John Baptist was becomingly observed in this church (the Rev. C. H. Hibbard, rector,) on Wednesday, June 24th. There was a plain celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7 A. M. At 8 P. M. there was a full choral festival Evensong, according to the English use, rendered with the surpliced choir, who entered the church from the parish house, preceded by a banner. The rector acted as precentor, and the Rev. Dr. L. L. Nicholson read the lesson. Mendelssohn's anthem, "The Righteous Live Forever," and Barnby's *Magnificat* were sung, and the *Te Deum* followed as an act of thanksgiving, the clergy and chorists facing eastward.

PHILADELPHIA—Death of Mr. James S. McCalla.—Mr. James S. McCalla, a prominent printer and publisher of this city, died on Friday, June 26th, in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. McCalla was the head of the well known Church publishing house of McCalla & Stavelly. He was proprietor and publisher of The Episcopal Recorder until 1865, when it was sold out, and in 1870 he started The Episcopal Register, which last year was merged in The Churchman. Mr. McCalla was a prominent Churchman. He was for some years warden of St. Matthew's church, a delegate to the diocesan convention, and a member of the Board of Missions.

BRIISTOL—Church of St. James the Greater.—This parish (the Rev. Joseph W. Lee, rector,) has lately sustained a loss by the death of Mrs. Maria Morris, who has passed to her rest in Paradise in the advanced age of eighty years. Long an active member of St. James's, leading in works of charity, considerate of the poor, and efficient in Sunday-school labor, she

was one who contributed largely to the prosperity and usefulness of the church. During the War of the Rebellion she devoted herself voluntarily with much self denial to the care of the suffering soldiers in the hospital at Washington.

St. James's church is one of the oldest parishes in this diocese, having been founded more than two centuries ago. It was organized first of all the religious bodies of this ancient town. The house of worship is a substantial edifice of stone, erected about thirty years ago. Somewhat recently the ladies of the parish secured funds and built a beautiful chapel, which provides excellent accommodations for the Sunday-school, with its infant and Bible classes, and for Lenten and other special services. The Sunday-school is under the lay superintendency of A. Weir Gilkeson, and numbers some three hundred members. The church and chapel stand in a large enclosure, laid out in lawns shaded by fine old trees, and having many graves, some very old. It is proposed in the near future to materially improve the Church building, which needs considerable repair and interior adornment. The Rev. John H. Drumm, D.D., now deceased, widely known in the controversies of the past, was for ten years rector of this parish. The present rector has been in charge nearly seven years, and is permitted to see the parish sustaining a vigorous life.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

POTTSVILLE—Ordination at Trinity Church.—On Sunday, June 21st, the bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. J. F. Powers, rector), and ordained to the diaconate Mr. James Powers Hawkes, the nephew of the rector. There was a large congregation present. The bishop preached the ordination sermon, and was assisted in the services by the rector, and the Rev. Messrs. B. W. Atwell and E. J. Koona.

The newly ordained deacon will remain in the parish, doing work as assistant-minister. The parish has four mission chapels under its care.

PITTSBURGH.

STATISTICS FROM EPISCOPAL ADDRESS.—The following items are from the bishop's address at the diocesan convention: Visitations, 108; services, 214; sermons, 127; addresses, 144; confirmation services, 80; number confirmed, 611; celebrations of the Holy Communion, 61; baptisms, adult, 7; infant, 19; total, 26; marriages, 2; burials, 6; Sunday-schools visited, 25; schools visited, 6; public institutions visited, 9; lay-readers licensed, 25; clergy dismissed, 7; received, 10; deceased, 1; ordained, deacons, 3; priests, 1; total, 4; candidates for priests' orders, 7; for deacons' orders, 2; postulants, 2; churches reopened, 3; benedictions of houses, 2; corner-stones laid, 1; clergy in the diocese, bishop, 1; priests, 50; deacons, 8; total, 59.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—St. Bartholomew's Parish.—Dr. N. L. Dashiell and wife have deeded to the rector, wardens, and vestry of this parish a lot of ground in this city, thirty by one hundred feet, and valued at \$4,000, as a site for a rectory. It adjoins the parish church on North Avenue. The vestry have arranged for an expensive pipe organ to be manufactured in New York. These are among some of the fruits of the rectorship of the Rev. Edward H. Ingle, lately assuming charge.

HYATTSVILLE—St. Matthew's Parish.—The sum of \$173 has been raised toward the purchase of a lot in this village for a new church.

The place is one of growing importance, and for some years past the need of church accommodations has been apparent.

BALTIMORE—Grace Church.—The vestry of this church have elected the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, principal of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., as rector. Dr. Coit has not yet signified his acceptance or declination of the election.

BALTIMORE—Resignation of the Rev. Dr. Rankin.—The Rev. Dr. Charles W. Rankin, rector of St. Luke's church, has tendered his resignation on account of declining health. Dr. Rankin has been rector of this congregation for thirty-two years, having come here from St. Peter's church, Morristown, N. J. He is the senior rector of the city, and has always maintained a high degree of respect and popularity among all classes of people.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH—St. Mary's School.—Among the numerous Church schools whose commencement exercises are noticed at this season of the year, it would seem that St. Mary's, Raleigh, N. C., should claim special attention. Her seniority among her sister schools gives her the prestige of a long-established and successful reputation; her course of study is progressive and thorough; her standard of scholarship is unsurpassed; her pupils enjoy unusual advantages for the study of music, art and modern languages; and, as her crown of completeness, she has a noble record as a training school for the daughters of the Church in sound Catholic doctrine, and in the development of their spiritual life and the cultivation of those "good works" which are its outward manifestation. What more could be desired in selecting a school for the education of our children?

Previous to 1842 there was not in all the South Atlantic and Gulf States a single Church school for girls. The want of one in his own diocese was deeply felt by Bishop Ives, and his heart was made glad in that year when the Rev. Aldert Smedes of New York City came to Raleigh, and there laid broad and deep the foundations of an institution which was destined to become a centre of "higher education" in the best sense of the term, from which would radiate theories of Churchly teaching and missionary zeal and religious influence whose value to society and to the Church of Christ cannot be duly estimated.

Throughout the length and breadth of our Southern States (though by no means confined to their limits) the alumnae of St. Mary's are found, everywhere conspicuous among women for earnestness in the duties of life, for loyalty to the Church of their love, and for gentle and refining influence in the social circle. The sons of many of them now minister at the altar; scores of parishes have been founded and churches built by the efforts of others; sisterhoods and struggling parishes and mission fields at home and abroad number among their best workers many whose loving hearts and hands were directed in the right way by St. Mary's precepts and example.

In 1877, after thirty-five years of toil in the vineyard, the venerable founder, beloved and revered by his flock, as few of God's saints are on earth, answered to his Master's call, and passed into the rest of Paradise. His son, the Rev. Bennett Smedes, took up the prophet's mantle, and still conducts the school as its rector and principal, assisted by a lady principal of rare talent and attainments, and with a corps of teachers in every department as able as the country can afford, he carries on the work as though "a double portion of the father's spirit" rested on him; and so, "with words of wisdom on her lips and the law of

kindness in her heart," St. Mary's still wins her children's love, and leads them through the gates of knowledge and religion into paths of holy usefulness in every state of life to which God's providence shall call them.

About the beloved chapel centre the fondest affections of all who love the dear old school. For nearly half a century the daily round of service and of holy teaching have continued there. On Sundays, when the holy feast is spread, scarcely a girl who has reached years of discretion fails to come forward for its reception. From the little font the waters of baptism have been poured upon many a young girl's head, admitting her into the fold of Christ. Here are received the alms and contributions of the school for charitable and missionary purposes. The poor of Raleigh, St. John's Hospital, sundry needy parishes, the Aldert Smedes Scholarship in China were all mentioned this year as having been remembered in the distribution of the funds.

The patronage of St. Mary's, as has been said, is not limited to the Southern States. She has warm and devoted friends both North and West. To Church girls, who would exchange the long severe Northern winters for the balmy climate of the sunny South, she offers peculiar advantages, scholastic and art privileges unsurpassed by any they may leave behind, combined with the refined surroundings and elevating influence of a cultivated happy home.

FLORIDA.

ORANGE LAKE—Acknowledgment of Gifts.—In a private letter to the rector of St. Matthew's church, Jersey City, N. J., the warden of the church at Orange Lake says: "I am so late about writing to you particularly of the beautiful gifts sent to our church on Orange Lake by friends in the North, incited to the good deeds by your never-forgetful interest for me, that I fear you have doubted our appreciation and gratitude. For the windows particularly, so much more beautiful than anything we had planned for; for the solid walnut chancel furniture, a pleasant contrast with the hard pine and red bay finish of the church interior, please present our grateful and hearty thanks to each and every one who contributed, little or much, to make up the gifts, which, together, make such a perfect completion to what you so faithfully and persistently pushed so near to a finish while here."

TENNESSEE.

DIOCESAN CONVENTION.—The fifty-third annual convention met in St. Paul's church, Seawane (the Rev. Dr. F. A. Shoup, rector). The Litany was said at 9 a.m. by the Rev. G. W. Dumbell. The Holy Communion was then celebrated, the Bishop of Texas being celebrant, assisted by the bishop of the diocese and the rector of the parish.

On calling the convention to order, the bishop made an address of welcome to the Bishop of Texas, who returned his thanks.

The Rev. Dr. T. F. Gailor was re-elected secretary.

A picture of the late Bishop Otey, the first bishop of the diocese, was now brought in, by direction of the bishop, and exhibited. The convention purchased the portrait, and presented the same to the University of the South. Bishops Otey, Elliott, and Polk were the original founders of the university.

The bishop read his annual address. "The Book Annexed" was referred to a special committee, with the bishop as chairman, to report to the next convention.

The thanks of the convention were extended to the Rev. Dr. George White of Memphis for his "History of the Church in Tennessee."

This being the twentieth year of the bishop's episcopate, an address was presented him containing a review of his long and earnest labors, and the convention, by a unanimous rising vote, requested the bishop to take six months rest in order that his health, now seriously impaired, may be restored.

The Diocesan Missionary Committee having asked for three hundred dollars, it was resolved to raise the amount desired.

The following officers were elected: Standing Committee—the Rev. Dr. G. White, the Rev. Messrs. W. Klein, and D. Sessums, and Messrs. S. Lamb and D. M. Scales; treasurer, Mr. E. F. Sevier; registrar, the Rev. T. Hodgson.

The venerable Bishop of Mississippi was introduced and welcomed by the convention.

A resolution was adopted "That the Church in Tennessee sympathizes with the movement of the Church Temperance Society, and will cordially welcome a branch of the society in Tennessee."

A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the diocese on the subject of the support of the theological department at Sewanee.

It was resolved to hold the next convention in St. Ann's church, Edgefield, on May 19th, 1886.

After the usual resolutions the convention adjourned on Friday.

SEWANEE—Ordination.—On Thursday, June 15th, the bishop held an ordination in St. Augustine's chapel of the University of the South. The diocesan convention being in session, it adjourned for the occasion, and attended the service. There were present the bishop of the diocese, the Bishops of Mississippi and Texas, and a large number of clergy and laity. The service was choral. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Davis Sessums. The bishop was assisted by the two visiting bishops and the vice-chancellor of the university. Messrs. Hale, Biddell, Sharp, Griffin, and Taylor were admitted to the diaconate, and the Rev. Messrs. H. P. L. Graham and J. Blacklock were advanced to the priesthood.

After the service the bishops, clergy, and delegates inspected St. Luke's Hall.

WISCONSIN.

STANDING COMMITTEE.—The Standing Committee elected at the annual council was incorrectly given in our last issue. The committee elected was the following: The Rev. Drs. W. B. Ashley, L. A. Kemper and E. P. Wright, the Rev. F. Royce, and Messrs. E. P. Brockway, D. G. Hooker, W. Smith and M. M. Welles. The Rev. J. M. Francis was elected registrar.

MINNESOTA.

DIOCESAN COUNCIL.—The twenty-eighth annual council met in the cathedral church of Our Merciful Saviour, Faribault, on Wednesday, June 10th. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. M. N. Gilbert, A. J. Graham, W. Gardam and A. R. Graves. After Morning Prayer the bishop proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, in which he was assisted by the Rev. Drs. F. J. Hawley and E. S. Thomas and the Rev. Messrs. G. C. Tanner and E. Livermore. The sermon was preached by the Rev. E. J. Purdy.

Immediately after the service the council was called to order, and organized by the re-election of the Rev. F. L. Cole as secretary. Mr. H. P. Hoppin was also re-elected treasurer.

The bishop then appointed the Standing Committee of the council.

The report of the Minnesota Church Fund was read and referred to the Finance Committee.

A special committee was appointed to arrange for the legal incorporation of the diocese in accordance with the recent act of the Legislature.

"The Book Annexed" was, on motion, referred to a committee of four clergymen and three laymen, to report to the next council.

On motion, a special committee of four clergymen and three laymen was appointed to report to this council some plan for the relief of the bishop in his arduous labors, either by the election of an assistant-bishop, by the division of the diocese, or in such other way as may be deemed best.

The treasurer's report was read and referred. The reports of the Deans of Convocations were presented and read.

The Standing Committee was re-elected as follows: The Rev. Drs. E. S. Thomas and T. B. Wells, the Rev. G. B. Whipple and Messrs. I. Atwater, J. Gillilan and H. T. Welles.

The report of the Committee on the Incorporation of the Diocese was presented and discussed, and the form of incorporation was adopted and ordered to be filed with the State authorities.

The bishop read his annual address, in which he spoke of methods of systematic giving, of a more generous support from the laity, not merely in money, but in assisting in the upbuilding of the Church. He spoke of the necessity of an assistant-bishop, and gave a summary of episcopal acts: Ordinations, 4; confirmations, 453; churches consecrated, 4.

Committees were appointed on the establishment of an Indian School in Faribault and on Systematic Offerings.

The report of the Standing Committee was presented and read.

The Committee on the Relief of the Bishop reported resolutions that the election of an assistant-bishop is the best means of relieving the bishop of part of the burdens of his great labors, and that the bishop call a special council for this purpose on or before November 1st. These resolutions, after some discussion, were unanimously adopted.

The Committee on Systematic Offerings reported in favor of the appointment of a layman from each parish, who shall collect all mission funds and report the same to a central treasury. The report was adopted.

The report of the Board of Missions showed an excellent condition of the treasury, and was generally encouraging.

The Special Committee reported adversely to the establishment of an Indian school in Faribault.

After the usual resolutions, the council adjourned on Thursday, June 11th.

The next annual council will meet in Gethsemane church, Minneapolis.

FARIBAULT—Seabury Divinity Hall.—The graduating exercises of this institution took place on the evening of Tuesday, June 9th, in the cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour. The address by the Bishop of Missouri was eminently practical and incisive. It was designed to show to the young men how much St. Paul was a model after which they might shape their lives. At the close of the exercises the alumni held their annual dinner at the Brunswick House.

The ordination was held in the cathedral on Sunday, June 14th. The bishop and clergy, preceded by the candidates, entered the cathedral in procession, the bishop's cross being borne by the Rev. Dr. T. C. Yarnall. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Yarnall. Messrs. G. H. Yarnall, S. R. Jeffords, A. B. Hill, E. H. Clark and Robert Coles were admitted to the diaconate, and the Rev. Messrs. P. B. Peabody, C. E. Hixon and W. B. Hamilton were advanced to the priesthood.

IOWA.

BUFFALO—St. John's Mission.—The bishop of the diocese made a visitation of this mission (the Rev. E. H. Downing in charge) and confirmed three persons. The little temporary church was crowded. Buffalo is distant from Davenport about ten miles. It is slowly but surely prospering under many adverse circumstances. A building belonging to Capt. Clark is used for the services, and fitted up by the few ladies of the mission.

MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS—Women's Auxiliary.—The annual meeting of the Missouri Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in Christ church, St. Louis, (the Rev. Dr. M. Schuyler, rector,) on Friday, May 29th. The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke gave the address on "Woman's Work," taking woman as a citizen for his theme. Luncheon was served in the parish guild room to one hundred and thirty persons. Nearly all the city clergy were present, and a number of others remained after convention closed to attend this meeting.

At the afternoon session the Rev. Benjamin E. Reed spoke in behalf of foreign missions, and the Rev. William L. Gibbens in behalf of diocesan missions.

The secretary's report was then read. Twenty-five missionary boxes had been sent, valued at \$1,027.65, and for different missionary objects \$256.75 was given, making a total of \$1,284.35.

Mrs. Clinton Locke gave an interesting account of the Chicago branch of the auxiliary.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Maria Perrino; Vice-President, Miss Annie Bennek; Secretary, Miss Mary W. Triplett; Treasurer, Mrs. Robert M. Wilson.

ST. LOUIS—St. Peter's Church.—This church (the Rev. Herbert Asheton, rector,) received a mark of distinction recently, in the shape of a jewelled altar cross, presented by the Princess of Wales. The cross is of brass, handsomely engraved and ornamented. In the centre is a large and valuable garnet. There is a base of three steps, on which is engraved: "To the Rector and Directory of St. Peter's Episcopal Church. Presented by the Princess of Wales, Great Britain, and Ireland."

OREGON.

ANNUAL CONVOCATION.—The annual convocation of this jurisdiction met in Trinity church, Portland, (the Rev. G. W. Foote, rector,) on Thursday, June 11th.

On Evening Prayer the missionary bishop delivered his annual address. He spoke encouragingly of the work of the diocesan schools, and especially of the establishment of two new schools, one for boys and one for girls, at the Cove in Eastern Oregon. He dwelt at some length on the importance of increasing the Episcopal Fund, and urged that the convocation take some definite action. He spoke of the work in the diocese, and closed with a few earnest words to the clergy.

On Friday morning the convocation organized by the re-election of the Rev. J. W. Sellwood as secretary, who appointed as his assistant the Rev. M. D. Wilson.

At the afternoon session the bishop called on the clergy for an account of work in their respective fields of labor. The clergy made their reports in alphabetical order, and this feature of the convocation was a very interesting and instructive one.

The bishop made the following appointments: Standing Committee, the Rev. Messrs. G. W. Foote and J. W. Sellwood, and Messrs. R. Glisan and J. F. Brown. Board of Mis-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

TENURE OF OFFICE FOR TEACHERS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

May I ask what grounds you have for saying so positively that the "competent teacher is reappointed as surely as if he or she had a five or ten years' contract"? As I write two most competent teachers—not in this neighborhood—have had notice that they had better apply for new schools, as their positions will be filled up by others, relatives of the trustee. The future teachers in this case, I may add, are raw recruits, young and inexperienced, one of whom obtained her certificate by a private examination; the other had here endorsed by a commissioner, who knew nothing of her save that her certificate was good in an adjacent county—better, some say, than her management of her school. In another instance, the two lady teachers will certainly not be re-appointed, if a certain local politician is elected trustee. In the first place, they are respectively the daughters of two men whose political opinions do not jump with his, and in the second, he has a niece and a distant relative—the latter a novice—whom he intends to appoint. In the case of the ladies who are thus to be dispossessed, the religious element also comes in. He is a very bigoted Presbyterian. One of the leaders in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the other a Presbyterian, has shown a disposition to conform to the Church. In neither instance have the people of the district any objection to these teachers. On the contrary, they say they are the best they have had for years, but they are powerless to resist a politico-religious conspiracy, especially when nepotism comes in as a powerful factor. In another case precisely the same state of things is in possibility, the differentiating factor being jealousy and female influence. It is, however, quite likely that this would-be autocratic trustee may be ousted this August—yet great is the power of *heer politiek*. Another case is not precisely similar, but evidences the evil of yearly elections. It is that of a first-class male teacher, who was promised an increase of \$200 this year on his salary. He was given the choice of being re-elected at the old figure, or of seeing a young, untried woman—the daughter of one of the directors—put in his place, and he had to say he submitted to the virtual reduction, rather than run the risk of not obtaining any school elsewhere, or undergo the fatigue and humiliation of canvassing for another situation. In the city of Pittsburg, Pa., last year, personal spite, beer influence, and political rancor deprived one of the largest and most important schools of the services of a man whose equal could not be found, and secured those of a lady who, however excellent, was utterly unable to maintain the necessary discipline. All these instances have occurred within my own personal knowledge, during my short residence in the United States this summer. To me, as an outsider, a system that will admit of such abuses is radically wrong, its tendency being, *me judio*, to discourage the painstaking, conscientious teacher, to render them utterly indifferent, and to encourage wire-pulling and religious, political, or family influence to the detriment of sound learning and thorough education, and the total subversion of all discipline.

ED. RANSFORD.

High Falls, N. Y.

"PAINS OF DEATH."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

A correspondent of THE CHURCHMAN speaks of the origin of this phrase. In the preface to the first series of *Catherine Winkworth's "Lyra Germanica"* it is said: "The hymn, 'In the midst of Life,' is one of those founded on a more ancient hymn, the 'Media in Vita' of Notker, a learned Benedictine of St. Gall, who died in 912. He is said to have composed it while watching some workmen, who were building the bridge of Martinsbruck at the peril of their lives. It was soon set to music, and became universally known; indeed it was

used as a battle-song, until the custom was forbidden on account of its being supposed to exercise magical influences. In a German version it formed part of the service for the burial of the dead as early as the thirteenth century, and is still preserved in an unmetrical form in the Burial Service of our own Church."

The hymn is given under the head "For the Sick and Dying," on page 235 of "Lyra Germanica," beginning:

"In the midst of life, behold,
Death has gird us round.

Holy Lord and God:
Strong and Holy God:
Majestic and Holy Saviour!
Eternal God!
Sink us not beneath
Bitter pain of endless death,
Kyrie eleison.

This is Luther's translation.

St. Gallus, as it is now called, being named from St. Gallus, its founder, an Irish monk, who died on the Lake of Constance. There is a fine church there, with beautiful wood carvings by the Benedictines. The suppressed abbey was an important seat of learning from the eighth to the tenth century. The library, lately restored, has a "Psalter of Notker" of the tenth century in golden letters, and called the "Golden Psalter." There is a book of hymns by Notker. Notker was called the "stutterer," from his slow and awkward manner of speaking. He saw one of the workmen at the bridge accidentally killed, hence he wrote the lines on the nearness of death to life. Notker is said to have been skilful in church music, though humble and retiring. He was called by Pope John II. and was therefore on the list of saints. A modern traveler (E. T. D.) having visited the monastery, has collected the particulars here given, with some traditions which are not so important.

S. F. HOTCHKIN.

THE PAINS OF DEATH.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The discussion thus far appears to me unsatisfactory.

Has not this petition its origin, or at least its adoption into the English Burial Service in times when every Christian man, however great or humble his station, might be called upon to choose between apostasy or death?

In the ninth century, when its origin is laid, the missionaries and their converts were certainly confronted almost hourly with this dread alternative. They were surrounded by paganism, heathenism, and idolatry, equally appropriate in the mouth of every Englishman in the sixteenth century when at home and abroad he was exposed to Roman intolerance.

Was it not an appropriate prayer in Cranmer's mouth? Was it not an appropriate prayer to be said over his mortal remains, and over the remains of every one who departed in the true faith at that time!

The English sailor every time he left his native shore had the inquisition, or the infidel, or the "salvages" ever in his mind. If he fell into the hands of the Spaniard, or the Moroese, or the salvage men, he had need to have this prayer ever on his lips. Thousands of English captives were put the death, and compelled to make the election—apostasy or death.

Kingsley puts it into the mouth of one of his Devoushiremen in "Westward Ho!" and it was ever on the lips of Englishmen in those most glorious and stirring times. Gilbert and Sullivan knew exactly what it was in the Burial Service.

Shall we mutilate this most worthy anthem because in a period of the Church's deep security we have ceased to understand its high import!

Let it remain. With many another petition of peace and defense from enemies, now barely understood, the Church will yet use it with high feeling and deep appreciation.

JAMES A. WATERWORTH.

POINTING OF THE PSALTER.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The communication of the Rev. J. D. Herron, in the last number, emboldens me to ask

through your columns if there be not some standard to the pointing of the canticles.

In training Sunday-school scholars to chant, I have found as the easiest and most practicable the arrangement as set forth in the "Trinity Psalter." I prepared a compendium of the canticles thus arranged, with suitable music, and this was published. To make sure of the correctness of my views, I consulted the best authorities, and found a strange diversity of opinion.

Trinity church of New York uses neither the accenting nor the pointing of the "Trinity Psalter." St. George's uses neither that of Trinity church nor the "Psalter."

The Rev. C. L. Hutchins, in the last edition of the Hymnal, discards all accented words, and in a private letter says: "I also omitted the italicizing of words or syllables, because there is a tendency to prolong those words, and produces a monotonous and drawing effect. The most recent of the best Psalters in England omit the emphasized words altogether."

Now, I find, in consulting the standard English authorities, the same difference of opinion.

In "The Canticles," edited by Sir Gore Ouseley and Edw. Monk, the pointing authorized by the Archbishop of York, only four words in the Venite emphasized, and the pointing peculiar, and unlike anything I have seen here. In the "Cathedral Psalter," by Messrs. Jones, Troutbeck, Turle, Stainer, and Barry, accented words are used throughout, and the pointing is with few exceptions, identical with that in the "Trinity Psalter." I refer, of course, only to the canticles.

Among so many authorities, no two of which agree, which might be considered in general use, or should every choir-master be a law unto himself!

NEW HAVEN.

JOHN J. MATTHIAS.

A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company is establishing reading rooms at the ends of divisions, along the line of their great road.

This road now extends from the Missouri river to the Pacific Ocean, with branches to Denver, the City of Mexico, and the Gulf of California. It is the shortest route to the Pacific coast, and from its central position is alike free from the extreme heat of the South and the snow blockades of lines farther North.

The great corporation—this one has a soul—has also erected hospitals for the employees of the company. At present I am especially interested in the reading rooms. These will be of much service in furnishing entertainment for the men and keeping them away from temptation. I have myself given some books to the one in Las Vegas. I write to suggest that you give such books as they can spare to the same object. Histories, biographies, travels, novels, and religious books on practical subjects would be suitable. Send to Mr. W. J. Way, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Office, Topeka, Kansas, by the American Express Company—not prepaid, the road will not accept it, and Mr. Way will know how to distribute them.

I would be obliged if persons sending would mention me as having made the suggestion, as I am under many obligations to the road, not only personally, but also for my clergy, which has helped me much in pushing my missionary work.

GEORGE K. DUNLAP.

"THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND" IN APPLETON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In a recent communication to THE CHURCHMAN, on the subject of Appleton's Encyclopedia, it was stated that the Rev. A. A. Spencer, D.D., was the author of the article, "Church of England," in the Encyclopedia. My authority was Messrs. Appleton's general manager for Missouri, and their printed prospectus of the Encyclopedia. In a note received to day from Dr. Spencer he says: "There is an error in stating that I wrote the

article on the "Church of England." I did not do this, nor do I know who was the writer." If my previous communication is not in print, please correct by striking out the part referring to Dr. Spencer. If it is too late to remedy in that way, please insert the substance of this as a "correction." SAM'L N. WATSON.

Mexico, Mo., June 12th, 1885.

NEW BOOKS.

EARTH'S EARLIER AGES, and Their Connection With Modern Spirituality and Theosophy. By G. H. Pember, M.A., Author of "The Great Prophecies," etc. [New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.] pp. 85.

Probably some of our readers would dissent to the propositions of this book. It is certainly uncompromising in its exposition of Scripture. It claims for the Book of Genesis absolute truth, and endeavors to reconcile it with the discoveries of science. According to the rule of interpretation, in which we were taught, viz., that an indefinite interval exists between the creation of matter and the creation of the earth that now is, there seems no difficulty in accepting Mr. Pember's theories. His belief concerning evil spirits is more absolute and daring than that of most men, but he certainly has a very strong support in Scripture. In fact, one can hardly get away from his conclusions, except by allegorizing to a dangerous degree, or by the modern hypothesis that our Lord and His apostles spoke according to the current beliefs of their time. Either of these alternatives seems to us less reasonable and probable than to accept Scripture as it is, and to believe it to be true. The latter portion of the book is devoted to an attack on Spiritualism and its kindred beliefs. These Mr. Pember considers as the direct tampering with evil spirits. Of course this depends upon the question whether or not the "manifestations" alleged are true or are impostures. We know that so many of these are nothing but the most vulgar and cheap trickery, that we are still in great doubt whether any of them are otherwise. If they are not impostures, then it is not easy to evade Mr. Pember's conclusions, but as yet there is no evidence strong enough to overthrow the impression which repeated exposure of the tricks of "professional spiritualists" leads to. The trouble is that the "genuine" displays (if any there be) demand exactly the same apparatus and surroundings as those in which imposture has been fully detected.

We do not say this as intending to detract from the value of Mr. Pember's book. We have been very greatly pleased with his general tone of Scripture interpretation. If we do not receive it in every particular it is only that he is more positive in one or two places than the text seems to warrant; but we must admit that he is consistent throughout, and that we merely hold back from full acceptance while we by no means deny. We consider that this book deserves a thoughtful study, especially from the clergy; and we like it none the less because it is perfectly outspoken upon some points of doctrine where the mind of the Church has indeed been fully expressed, but where the lax believers of the present day are often at sea. In fact, the positions of Mr. Pember are easier to sneer at than to answer, and he is certainly too well up in the scientific knowledge of the day to be put off with any convenient generalizations.

We need not say that he is no evolutionist, and that in his mind the idea of a Simian ancestry is simply destructive of the truth of Scripture. It is refreshing to meet with such a firm believer in these days when men, who have never verified a single fact of science, blindly accept the widest theories put forth in its name so long as these are sufficiently opposed to the Bible. There are many men of science who are incapable of drawing a correct

inference, save in the matter of the pettiest details, but the man of all men, who leaves reason out of the question, is the clerical rationalist who forsakes the faith in which he has been reared and is pledged to defend, simply because he is told to do so by the pseudo experts of half discovered truths.

MEMOIRS. By Mark Pattison, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co.] pp. 391. Price \$2.50.

"Memoirs" is here another name for "autobiography." It is a book full of interest, first because it is an account of a very curious and marked mental and moral history, very graphically told, and next because it gives a picture of the "Oxford Movement," so called, by one who was in the heart of it. It is given with a frankness and unreserve which is very unusual. The author criticises his own past with the same vigor as he applauds his own progress. It is the life of a student and university man exclusively.

At the time of Cardinal Newman's famous mission to Rome, Pattison was one of those who might have been expected to follow him almost immediately. Only for the fact that Newman's personal influence with him was less intimate and prevailing than it was in the case of others, he would have gone blindly into the abyss. Instead of that he followed the reactionary tendency toward a "Broad Church" standard, and finally seems to have reached what has been designated as "The All-Broad Church" platform. About one thing he was always terribly in earnest, and that was the elevation of the university standard in life, morals, discipline, and instruction. No one can read this very entertaining book without getting many new and valuable ideas, and without also feeling that Pattison was a pleasant man to meet in a book than he might have been to his contemporaries in real life. Pattison was the author of the sixth paper in "Essays and Reviews" on "The Tendencies of Religious Thought in England from 1688 to 1750." This, of course, belongs to the period when he threw off the influence of Newman and Pusey. Certainly these "Memoirs" are a contribution to the history of the great ecclesiastical revival of this century, and as such will be interesting reading, and we do not think they will be in any way likely to disturb the religious balance of the reader. They show one thing at least, if nothing more, and that is the exact point at which the "Oxford Movement" went astray, and that was due to the inherent skeptical tendencies of the brothers Newman. It was the agony of irrefragable doubt which drove the cardinal into the arms of Rome.

THE POWER AND AUTHORITY OF SCHOOL OFFICERS AND TEACHERS in the Management and Government of Public Schools and over pupils out of school, as determined by the Courts of the several States. By a member of the Massachusetts Bar. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] pp. 181.

Many years ago, when the New England Lyceum flourished, a distinguished lawyer of Boston was invited to deliver two lectures in a country town. He took for his subjects, "The Law of Husband and Wife," and "The Law of Parent and Child, Master and Apprentice." In a quiet, easy, and familiar way he gave a general outline, illustrated by experiences of his own practice, and a general reference to cases, of these two topics, and probably not one person of his audiences but went away with clearer ideas and better knowledge than before. This little book undertakes to do very much the same thing regarding the relations of teacher and pupil. There are two opposed views regarding common schools, both of which are erroneous. One is the teacher's view, that of absolute power and discretion in regard to school life; the other the parent's and pupil's view, that of a very wide freedom in the exercise of their own preferences. This

little treatise shows what is the true condition of things, as determined by judicial decisions. Of course there is some surface conflict of laws, arising from the fact that each State tribunal is independent of those of other States, but the general principles are fairly deducible that the teacher is to be sustained in all regulations not in themselves unreasonable, unless in cases where the reserved and paramount right of the parent comes in. Thus, where there is a choice of studies allowed, the parent is permitted to judge of the child's capacity, but not to interfere so far as to break in upon the orderly working necessary to the progress of the whole school. The general common law principle seems to be "ut res valeat, magis quam pereat," viz., that the great end of properly educating in common the children of a community should be kept in view.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Edited by Sidney J. Lee. Lecturer on Modern History in King's College, London, and F. S. Pulling, Late Professor in Yorkshire College, Leeds. [New York: Cassell & Co., 1885.] pp. 1,112.

It is not often that we are called upon to notice a reference book so valuable as this "Dictionary of English History." It supplies a real want, long felt, and it has been surprising that we have had to wait so long for it. We often need to refer to some historical subject or event, or to some noted person connected with it, and for any adequate idea of either one or the other, we have been compelled to search through one or more volumes of history, at a considerable loss of time. In this volume the work is done to our hand in a brief, condensed form, and there are few subjects, events, or persons of English history, or rather of the history of Great Britain and Ireland, which are not sufficiently discussed in this volume for purposes of reference, and they are all arranged in alphabetical order. It is, in fact, a dictionary of biographical, chronological, and historical information on the subject of which it treats. It is not an encyclopedia, nor intended to be—some things are necessarily omitted; but it is not often that the general reader will consult it in vain. As a matter of course it is condensed; but it has been done by skilled hands, by those who knew what to omit and what to use, and the very best judgment has been shown in the space proportioned to its topics. Many of the articles are written by specialists, whose names give assurance of accuracy, and besides the article by Bass Ballinger on "Authorities on English History," references and authorities are appended to the other articles. No pains have been spared to make the work complete in itself, and a good index is given of subjects not specially treated. It is a royal octavo volume, printed in double columns, and we can cordially commend it to our readers as a safe book to buy and use, and one whose title is no misnomer. It does what it professes to do, and does it well.

THE CATHARIN'S PORTRAIT. By Alexander Macleod, D.D. [New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.] pp. 37.

"And that he may know these things the better, ye shall call upon him to hear sermons." This sentence out of the address to godparents in the baptismal office almost always brings to our mind the thought that it is incumbent on the minister who utters it to provide sermons for the child when brought. Yet this is no easy thing to do, especially to do it as well as Dr. Macleod has in this volume. Many of them are exceedingly lovely—sweet and touching stories, especially that of "Lizzie Laird," and, what is remarkable, of a very wide range and variety. We have but one criticism to make, and that is that we question the wisdom of telling stories that are not certainly true without due caution to that effect. There are several of the monastic legends which the

doctor uses that are very excellent in their way as illustrations or parables, but which we do not think he himself believed ever to have happened. These should be told simply as legends, and not in the same way as the stories of the colliers and peasants whom the doctor knew. A grown-up person makes the distinction and says, "si non e vero, e ben trovato," but a child cannot. In fact our own advice would be to leave out the mediæval legend altogether when it occupies the debatable land between allegory and fact. For instance, the story of the Abbot Trithemius is given exactly as if it were a true one; it is told in the same way as that of the little boy who was tempted to run away from his duty of watching his baby sister. We say this because (with these exceptions) we should advise any rector who cannot furnish his children with sermons to make use of this admirable volume, at any rate to take it as a pattern for constructing others. Once a month, at least, the children have their rights, and it is a great pity that parents and sponsors do not see that these are enforced.

SAMUEL GOBAT, Bishop of Jerusalem, His Life and Work. A Biographical Sketch, drawn chiefly from his own journals. With preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury. With portraits and illustrations. [New York: Thomas Whittaker; pp. 404. Price 85c.]

The name of Bishop Gobat was for years a watchword of controversy. There were strong opinions held by English Churchmen as to the propriety of the Anglo-Prussian "Concordat," and the introduction of an English prelate into the field of the Eastern Churches. To one party the canonical and ecclesiastical principle involved was indisputable; to the other it was equally clear that the Christianity of the Eastern Churches in Palestine was in practice a nullity. It is well, therefore, to see what the actual experience of the attempt came to, and how far practical results justified either view.

The life of Bishop Gobat (apart from his position) is certainly one to be read. There is a charming simplicity and earnestness about his own account of himself, which gives reality to what might otherwise seem the conventional language of religion. In contrast with many books we have read upon African Missions, the account of the work in Abyssinia is full of interest. The book is in two parts, the first being entirely autobiographical, the second largely compiled from his journals and letters.

THE SECRET OF DEATH. (From the Sandstr.) With Some Collected Poems. By Edwin Arnold, M.A. Author of "The Light of Asia," etc. [Boston: Robert's Brothers.] pp. 292. Price 81c.

"The Secret of Death" is the leading poem in this volume, but occupies only some thirty odd of the two hundred and fifty pages of the book. The rest is made up of short poems, quite unequal in value, and evidently written at very different times. Many are translations, and some of these are exceedingly spirited. There is a very strong Oriental flavor about the most of them, almost too strong for one whose tastes are not Oriental, and some of the verses have that dreamy "impressionist" vagueness against which we protest, although it is the favorite style of almost all the latest poetry. We believe it to be a mere cover for laziness or weakness of thought in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Having said this much, we can conscientiously say that there is also much fine poetry in Mr. Arnold's verses, and while we do not think that, on the whole, this volume equals "The Light of Asia," yet it is pretty sure of public favor.

THE VOCALIST, FOR USE IN Social Assemblies, Seminars, and Graded Schools. By James E. Ryan. [New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1885.] pp. 210.

The elements of music given as an introduction to this work are an exposition of the system in use in the public schools of Brooklyn,

but so modified as to be in correspondence with staff notation, and there is added to it a series of exercises on the diatonic scale. There are in the book many compositions by well-known masters of music in Germany and England, and it consists largely of part songs for equal voices, solos or chorus, and for both sexes. The selections have good melodies, with appropriate supporting parts within the compass of most voices, and the harmonies are carefully arranged. The words, in some cases, original or adopted, are chosen with reference to the music. Of the hundred selections, twenty are hymns for chapel exercises. The work will serve a useful purpose to the classes for whom it is prepared.

ACROSS THE CHAIN. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] pp. 310. Price 41c.

The authoress of this is said to be a Southern lady, and we feel it our duty to speak of her work as remarkably good. It is a striking study of character, and it brings out the points of difference between the Northern and Southern natures with marked skill. But we are most pleased with the high ideal of manly and womanly refinement here insisted upon. The impress of a genuine love of nobleness in thought, word and deed is set upon every line of the story without being exaggerated into any romantic impossibilities. The artistic unfolding of the novel is very well managed. There is no diffuseness, no redundancy, and no attempt at sensational incident. The story is as simply and directly told as if it were a record of actual experience; and it seems to us likely to help in the good work of closing up "the chasm," by giving to both North and South a better idea of each other's best qualities.

MIND READING AND BEYOND. By William A. Hovey. [Boston: Lee & Shepard.] pp. 301.

We are disposed to welcome this as an attempt to submit to a fair and candid examination the mental phenomena involved in magnetism, hypnotism and the like. If there is anything in the facts, they should be treated scientifically; if they are tricks, let them be exposed; if they are delusions, let them be done away; if they are truths in whole or in part, let the true and the false be separated. The only question in our mind as to the statements of the present volume is as to how far they have been colored by a strongly favorable prepossession. They appear to be fairly given by Mr. Hovey, and there is no savor of charlatanism in his pages. Still, we know well the extreme power of a foregone conclusion upon minds not habituated to the study of evidence. Nothing short of demonstration will do in dealing with a matter in which deception, intentional or accidental, is so easy.

THE DIAMOND LOSS, with Other Stories. By Fitz-James O'Brien. Collected and Edited with a Sketch of the Author by William Winter. A New Edition. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] Pp. 287. Price 10 cents.

Many of these stories—they are thirteen in number—are well known to the readers of magazines. They are all of that grotesque order in which Poe and Hawthorne wrote, and turn principally upon the possibility of some occult discovery or weird fancy. The best of them is, we think, "The Golden Ingot," which is entirely natural and tragically pathetic. Most of the others are only entertaining because of the wild fancy displayed. All of them are clever, but not likely to take very deep hold of the reader. The sketch of the author's life is an interesting bit of biography, a little glimpse into the *rien en Bohème*, of which there is probably less now than in the days when O'Brien wrote. He himself was a true son of Bohemia.

QUEER BESS; or, What's in a Name? By Marian Shaw. [New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 301.

"What's in a Name?" fairly describes this

story, since it all turns upon the fact that the heroine bears at different times, yet in a perfectly natural manner, two quite unlike names. There is some quite clever writing in this novel, and if it is, as we think, a first attempt, it promises very well. There is a specimen of a school newspaper which is so fairly done that we fancy it is "drawn from the life." We think the conclusion is needlessly protracted, and there are some other marks of unpractised work, but, on the whole, "Queen Bess" is quite above the average of "first attempts."

ROBERT GRABAM'S PROMISE. A Story for Boys. By the Author of "The Wise and West Story." [New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.] pp. 321. Price 11.25.

Old pupils of "Phillips Academy, Andover," will probably without difficulty recognize in "Alertton," where the scene of this story is laid, the home of their school-days. We have only to say that either the writers who picture boy-life from this author's point of view, or the boy-life itself, if accurately described, or both together, are not to our taste. The adult standard is painfully apparent, and the book is therefore unreal. It is a story for boys that we have here, not a story of boys.

GREAT HEART: or, Sermons to Children. By William Wilburforce Newton. [New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.] pp. 348. Price 81.25.

Mr. Newton comes legitimately by the gift of talking well to children. These sermons are founded on "The Pilgrim's Progress." They are rather longer than the measure which seems to us sufficient, and they are quite as secular in tone as is desirable, but they are lively and spirited, and to the point, which is the main thing. When we say "secular," we mean that there are passages intended to raise a laugh, and we doubt whether that is a safe experiment with children.

LITERATURE.

BISHOP LYMAN'S convention address has been printed, for wider circulation, separately from the Journal.

MISS ROSE G. KINGSLEY, who writes on "George Eliot's County" in the Century, is a daughter of Charles Kingsley.

"**THINE FOREVER**" is the title of a practical, short tract issued by Mr. Whittaker, which the clergy will find serviceable for distribution.

The June number of the Art Age is printed in three colors, and has a portrait head by Miss Eleanor C. Bannister, photo-engraved. The Art Age improves with every number.

In the Unitarian Review for June there are five articles, besides the editor's note-book and the review of current literature. It is ably conducted, and appeals to intelligent readers.

The Rev. Dr. Geo. H. Houghton's sermon, "A Good Degree," delivered at St. Paul's School, on occasion of the ordination to the diaconate of Charles W. Coit, is published by Theo. L. DeVinne & Co. in this city.

"**EXPOSITIONS**," by Samuel Cox, D.D., late editor of the Expositor, is announced by Mr. Whittaker. The essays are original, and not reprints from the Expositor. Dr. Cox is well known as the author of "Salvator Mundi," and "Expositions" is meeting a large sale in London.

The Indian Rights Association has published at Philadelphia their action in reference to Crow Creek Reservation, Dakota, with opinions of the press West and East as to its occupation by white settlers. We like the name of the association, Indian Rights. It may yet bring the topic.

The July Eclectic Magazine has for a frontispiece an elegant engraving, "The Neapolitan Girl." There are twenty selections from fourteen of the current periodicals and reviews.

Two of the articles are upon General Gordon. The Eclectic gives *multum in parvo*, and will make a pleasant companion for the country side.

The July Magazine of American History is almost entirely devoted to reminiscences of the late war. There are illustrated papers by Generals Stone, Jordan, Meredith Read, Vele, Col. Jones, Geo. R. Gilson, Horatio King, and others, and it is a number of unusual interest. For a frontispiece it has a portrait of President Lincoln.

"The Witness of the Church to Christian Faith," a volume of sermons by the Rev. James Malchabey, D.D., one of the assistant-ministers of Trinity church, is announced as in press by James Felt & Co., and will appear early in the fall. It will endeavor to show that "Christian truth, and that alone, is the salvation of the world," and will be found to be both able and timely.

The Atlantic for July is one of its brightest numbers. Holmes contributes to it, and Whittier writes for it, called "The Two Elizabeths." (Miss) Charles Egbert Cradock—the recently discovered identity of this author lends additional interest to her writings—contributes two chapters to her new serial, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." Nora Perry, Mrs. Oliphant, Olive Thorne Miller, Charles Dudley Warner, and Edward Everett Hale have all something of interest to say in their happiest vein.

St. NICHOLAS is always welcome. To establish the reputation of a magazine as bright, entertaining, useful, and instructive is one thing; to keep the magazine up to this same standard is quite another—a serious problem, not easily solved. But the editors of St. Nicholas are well up in literary arithmetic of this nature, and in consequence the question as to how the reputation and charm of St. Nicholas shall be maintained each month is ably answered. The illustrations, stories, and verses continue to be the best.

L'ART, No. 504, has an account of the Salon of 1885, by Eugene Véron, and the third bronze gate of the Baptistery of Florence, by Charles Perkins. The latter paper has nine illustrations of the sculptural scenes carved upon the gate, and the former a number of reproductions of paintings in the Salon, two of them full page. The etching of the number is by Daniel Mordant, from a picture "Prayer," by Jean Béraud. No. 505 continues Eugene Véron's account of the Salon of 1885, with two full-page illustrations and others besides, and there is an etching by A. Masson, after L'Homme a la Manche Jaune of Th. Ribot. Charles Yriarte has a paper on the Chateau Chantilly, illustrated. With these two numbers of L'Art came the Courrier de L'Art for May, which would seem indispensable to one who desires to be informed about current art in Europe. One of the numbers of the Courrier contains a catalogue of the pictures in the Salon.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GORDON AT KARTOUM.

GENERAL GORDON'S JOURNALS AT KARTOUM. With an Introductory Narrative of Events; Notes by A. EDWORTH BLAKE, cousin of General Gordon, and author of a Biography of him; and several Appendices, including Letters to General Gordon by the Mad, and other documents of great interest. Illustrated with a Portrait of General Gordon, Maps, and a number of Diagrams from General Gordon's sketches. 1 vol. crown 96, 92.

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THE ENGLISH
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NO. 29.....JULY.

- 1. REFLECTIONS. From a Drawing by G. L. Seymour.
- 2. THE ART OF ACTING. Henry Irving. With a Portrait of Henry Irving from a Photograph.
- 3. THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE THAMES. Part I. A. Hastings Lyon. With Illustrations.
- 4. IN THE LION'S DEN. The Author of "John Bulling."
- 5. IN THE NEW FOREST. Part 2. Mabel Collins. Illustrated.
- 6. THE SIREN'S THREE. Walter Crane. Illustrated.
- 7. A FAMILY AFFAIR. Hugh Conway.
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OF THE
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CALENDAR FOR JULY.

5. Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
 10. Friday—Fast.
 12. Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
 17. Friday—Fast.
 19. Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
 24. Friday—Fast.
 25. S. JAMES.
 26. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
 31. Friday—Fast.

IN MEMORY

OF THE MEN WHOSE CAUSE IS DEAD, BUT
 WHOSE DEEDS LIVE ON.

A Memorial Ode Delivered at Norfolk, Va.,
 Memorial Day, June 14th, 1865, by the Rev. B. D.
 Tucker, Rector of Old St. Paul's Protestant Epis-
 copal Church.

[PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL REQUEST.]

Vineti Sed Victores.

From hearts of men, from off the country's
 face,
 Whose beauty once the stains of blood did
 mar,
 Long years of peace have labored to efface
 The cruel tracks and vestiges of war.

Each Spring has brought its tender wealth of
 green
 To hide the gory battlements of earth,
 Till now the barren mounds, that once had
 been
 The place of death, to flowers and grass give
 birth.

The dusty plains once tramped by the feet
 Of angry hosts, whose battle shout was
 heard
 Above the cannon's din, are fields of wheat,
 Or meadows where we list the song of bird.

On ships that sail the seas, in churches'
 busy marts, in country and in town,
 They meet and greet, with kindly words and
 smiles.
 Who once in battle faced, with warlike
 frown.

To God be praise! for Passion yields her sway,
 And cloud no longer veils the sky above,
 As storm to calm, and night to day gives way,
 So war gives place to peace, and hate to
 love!

Gone is the bitterness that once we knew,
 Tho' still the woe is traced in many eyes;
 Gone are the dreams of yore, and ended, too,
 The old heroic life of sacrifice!

Gone, like a meteor thro' the cloudless skies,
 The hopes with which we sought the stubborn
 fray;

Gone, like the music when the singer dies,
 The fancies which beguiled us for a day!

Gone, like a harvest swept by cruel hail,
 The hard-won fruits of each victorious
 fight—
 Aye, country, flag, and cause! gone, like a sail
 That dots the seas, and passes out of sight!

Is this, then, all that's left—these many
 graves,
 Which, far and wide, are found in mount
 and plain,
 In valleys fair, and where the ocean waves
 Sing requiem—do these alone remain?

Nay, surely, nay, but like as Samson drew
 The honey from the lion he had slain,
 So from our lion, war, we, comrades, too,
 May draw the strong and sweet, ah! not in
 vain.

'Twas not in vain that these undying men
 With Lee and Jackson charged thro' storms
 of lead;
 A page they wrote, with sword more strong
 than pen,
 Which long shall teach in dnty's path to
 tread!

'Twas not in vain that these in camp and field,
 And women brave as they, 'mid dark'ning
 skies,
 Endured and suffered, would not cringe, nor
 yield,
 But gave their all, and taught of sacrifice!

More fair these fruits we gather from defeat
 Than some which grows on Vict'ry's highest
 tree,
 That duty's self, that sacrifice is sweet—
 Ah! this to learn is more than victory!

This much is left of all our fateful strife,
 These names that shine in Honor's glorious
 sky,
 These dead to teach us how to live our life,
 Or show us how, if duty call, to die!

And now, because they dying left this gift
 Of names untarnished and of memories
 bright,
 Whose glory made in leaden skies a rift,
 And bathed fore'er our Southern land in
 light;

Because they give us all they could, we bring
 This tribute wrought of flow'rs, of verse, of
 tears,
 And vow to keep from dark Oblivion's wing
 Their names and deeds thro' all the changing
 years.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUICHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Down on the Stairs.

"She has an eye that can speak
 Though her tongue were silent."
 —Aaron Hill.

"Sometimes when hard need has pressed me
 To bow down where I despise,
 I have read stern words of counsel
 In those sad reproachful eyes."
 —Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Meanwhile the shirt-making progressed
 most satisfactorily; but, alas, Belle was not
 among the workers.

Ever since the day of her hysterical at-
 tack a gradual, and at first scarcely per-
 ceptible change had come over her; the
 strange wanness and shlow that Rotha
 had noticed became more marked; day by
 day she grew thinner and paler; the pain
 in the side was almost constant now. Rotha
 sometimes met her on the stairs laboring as
 though for breath. Now and then Mary
 started and changed color at the sound of
 her sister's hard dry cough. She and the
 vicar were growing seriously uneasy; but
 still Belle, rigid in her waywardness, would
 have it that nothing ailed her.

"I am only so tired—so very tired," she
 would say when Mary with tears in her
 eyes implored her to spare herself. "I
 think I took cold that night at church. I
 shall have to give up evening service this
 bitter weather, that is all."

Poor Belle! Evening service was not the
 only thing she gave up. One by one her
 duties were laid aside; Rotha had her dis-
 triction; she never went among her poor
 people.

"When the spring comes I must take up
 my work again," she said to Rotha. But
 she never told her that the day before she
 had tried to creep to the nearest cottage and
 had failed.

She was more alone than ever now.
 Working made the pain in her side worse,
 and after a time she found it impossible to
 conceal her sufferings. She would lie for
 hours on the little square couch in the
 drawing-room, looking out vacantly at the
 blue tops of the Leatham hills; but she

never cared for Mary or Rotha to keep her
 company. The morbid reserve that seemed
 inherent in her nature grew upon her with
 indulgence. She never seemed to talk much
 to any one but Robert.

"It only makes me cough," she said
 fretfully, when Mary's affectionate re-
 proaches were unusually urgent. "I am
 so tired, and I want to be quiet and get
 rested for the evening."

"But you are always tired, Belle!" Mary
 would reply. "It seems to me you are
 more tired every day. I wish Robert could
 see you now; he would not think that
 Austin and I were making a fuss about
 nothing."

Belle shivered slightly at the mention of
 Robert.

By what superhuman exertions she con-
 tinued to blind him was known best to her-
 self. He was the only one who was igno-
 rant of the real state of the case. Mary,
 with all her efforts, failed to enlighten
 him.

"Belle has never been strong," he would
 say, "and this cold she has caught hangs
 about her and keeps her weak;" and he
 would go about his daily work quite cheer-
 fully. "She will be better when this damp
 raw weather is over," he would think as he
 went to and fro through the slushy streets.
 He always believed Belle's version of her-
 self.

"She was better," she would assure him,
 "much better, only she was so tired, and her
 cough was still troublesome." He knew
 nothing about those long mornings and
 afternoons on the couch. She had always
 a bright color of an evening. No matter
 how ill she had been that day, she would
 creep down from her room to meet him,
 looking lovelier than ever.

"Mary tells me you have been worse to-
 day," he would say sometimes, looking at
 her anxiously; but she always contrived to
 evade his inquiries. As she sat talking to
 him he would wonder at the brilliancy of
 her beauty. How was he to know that her
 eyes were bright with repressed fever, and
 that it was only his presence that stimu-
 lated her to such exertion? How was he to
 know? She was never pale or silent with
 him.

She was always so ready with her ex-
 cuses, too. "Where is your opal ring?" he
 asked her once, rather reproachfully, and
 she had returned him an evasive answer;
 she never told him the ring had dropped so
 repeatedly from her wasted hand that she
 feared to lose it. Soon after this she bor-
 rowed a certain old-fashioned keeper that Mary
 wore on her little finger; the next day the
 opals shone in their accustomed place.

With her strong will she was blinding
 herself and him; she would go up-stairs to
 her own room when her lover had said
 good-night, carefully closing the door be-
 hind her; but if any one had seen her hold-
 ing on with her frail strength to the bal-
 ustrade and coughing at every step! The
 vicarage walls were unapparently thick. Belle
 never spoke of the slow torture of those
 long wakeful nights, of the restlessness and
 burning fever that consumed her, and so no
 one knew why nature took its revenge in
 added prostration in the morning. Mary
 declared that anxiety about her sister was
 aging her. One day she came down half
 crying to the vicar to avow her belief that
 Belle was using rouge to deceive her lover.

Rotha, who was doing some copying work in the study, quite started at the idea.

"She was as white as that cloth, quite ghastly ten minutes ago," reiterated Mary; "and I gave her some sal volatile, but when Robert came in just now she begged me quite in a flurry to go down to him, and when she came into the room a few minutes afterwards her cheeks had a fixed red in them, quite a spot of color, just as though they were painted. You know yourself, Austin, Belle never had a high color."

"No, Mary, you were the blooming one," returned the vicar lightly. "Do you remember when I used to compare you to a pink apple-blossom?" and then as she persisted in her uneasy suspicion he grew serious, and muttered something about "hectic" and "fever." By and by he told Mary that he was determined to speak very firmly to Belle, and insist on her seeing a doctor.

Rotha was obliged to leave early that evening, but the next morning she learnt from Mrs. Ord that the vicar's firmness had been unavailing. Belle seemed to have a rooted antipathy to the very idea. "Austin had been very stern," Mary added, "and Belle had been hysterical." Next day the doctor had come to the house by the vicar's express orders, and Belle had locked herself up in her room, and had refused to see him, and the vicar was very angry.

Robert was angry, too. He thought it very childish of Belle; but he added in the same breath that in his opinion Mary and Austin were teasing her unnecessarily. "If she were really ill she would be only too glad to see a doctor," he said. "Why not leave her alone a little? It is this dreary weather that tries her. I really thought she looked much better last evening till Austin upset her; he had no right to issue his commands like that."

Mary, as she heard him, could have wrung her hands over his blindness and her sister's obstinacy. In her eyes it was little short of suicidal; but Rotha, though she would not have hinted at it for worlds, had a dim suspicion of the real state of the case. She was sure that Belle's refusal to see a doctor of her brother-in-law's providing was based upon far different motives, and that she knew more about herself than any one guessed.

One raw November day she had come upon Belle within a stone's throw of the Blackscarf Infirmary, and Belle had a little white parcel in her hand very much resembling a bottle of medicine. Rotha had not seemed to notice, however; but shortly after she had questioned one of the nurses whom she knew, and had learnt that Miss Clinton often visited the infirmary, and that to her knowledge she was more than once closeted a long time with Mr. Greenock, the house surgeon, so that it was very probable she was on the list of out-patients.

Rotha would have given words to have shared this knowledge with her friends, but on reflection she dared not; her quick intuition had instantly divined that there was a twofold motive for this secrecy. Doubtless, in the first instance, Belle's unselfish generosity had induced her to take this step, fearing that her brother-in-law would incur serious expense by her constant ill health; the other motive, too, it was not difficult to guess.

Rotha was sure that Belle was uneasy

about herself; at times there had been a haggardness and despondency about her for which there would seem no adequate reason. Rotha noticed she never spoke of the future. There seemed no buoyancy of hope in her life when Robert talked of the summer and of the pleasant holiday he hoped to have, and how he meant to take her and Mary for a week to ramble along the glens of Burnley-upon-sea. Burnley-upon-sea, where the cows walked over the sands at evening, and the long green woods stretched dimly down to the shore. Belle would turn away her head to hide the tears in her eyes; she would choke something down as she tried to return a cheerful answer.

"Do sing something lively," she would say of an evening when Mrs. Carruthers sat down to play one of her glorious symphonies; a terrible weariness would be on her when Meg sang some of her old favorites—"Eve's Lament" or "Angels ever bright and fair"—but no one could get Meg to lay aside her sacred music now. Rotha would take her place sometimes and sing old-fashioned ballads in her fresh young voice; it came somewhat flatly after Meg's grand music, to be sure. "It is rather like hearing the twittering of birds after service," the vicar would say in his droll way, but I rather think they all loved the girl's voice. Belle would ask faintly for "Auld Robin Gray" or "My mother bids me bind my hair" the last she was never tired of hearing. "Those are not very gay songs, Bella darling," Robert would say with a smile; he rather preferred Meg's selections. Rotha would go back to the music-stool again and again; she knew why Meg's anthems jarred on the sick nerves. What if no chord of Belle's nature thrilled in unison with their sublime lessons of faith and resignation, still clinging as she was with a breaking heart to the objects of her earthly love?

"Will any one sing?" It grew a habit with her to say this, and so it came to pass that Rotha no longer needed the vicar's invitation; and even Robert looked to her presence of an evening as a necessary ingredient to Belle's pleasure—Belle, who, since the day of their reconciliation, had never repelled her advances.

Rotha was able to watch her very closely therefore, and this was the result of her watching. She was convinced that up to a certain point Belle knew the truth about herself, and that she was bent on concealing her knowledge for some purpose of her own. Rotha shuddered at the thought of those dreary pilgrimages to the infirmary; she used to wonder how Belle got there. Mr. Greenock had the reputation of being a very clever man, but, as he said himself, he was no alarmist. It was just possible, therefore, he might confirm Belle in her blindness, and that she might scarcely know the extent of her danger. But if this were not so, and Belle really understood the grave nature of her symptoms, she might possibly be deriving great benefit from the proper remedies, which the surgeon's skill would be sure to devise.

To betray this secret of Belle's seemed to Rotha perfectly useless. She knew her quite well enough by this time to be sure that such interference on her part would never be forgiven. Not that such a motive alone would have influenced her; but she knew that if she told Mrs. Ord, Mary would at once inform the vicar and Robert. Every

one would be up in arms; Mr. Greenock would be consulted; the real nature of the mysterious malady would certainly be known; but the result would be such a fit of angry obstinacy on Belle's part that it would be doubtful where the mischief would end. No, no; she must let things take their course a little longer; if matters grew worse, she might take upon herself to speak.

Rotha's intention was good, but it was the reasoning of inexperience. She was ignorant of the nature of Belle's disease; it never occurred to her that contact with the sharp northern breezes was as injurious to her physical frame as the secret strain on her spirits was to her mental frame. It might be that the doctor's skill would be brought to bear in vain on the overwrought mind and body, reacting on each other so lamentably. If Rotha had spoken out, doubtless the result would have been exactly as she prophesied, and there would have been much bitter work to go through with Belle, but it would have answered better in the end; a great deal of precious time would not have been lost, and Robert Ord would have been spared the heavy remorse that was to embitter his life for so long.

But, if Rotha made this mistake, she was nobly to atone for it; her secret uneasiness and a few words that Mrs. Ord had dropped in her trouble led her to form all sorts of impracticable and generous projects for Belle's relief; till at last, one of those appearing rather more tangible and worthy of trial than the others, it was determined to put it to the proof without delay.

"If things are allowed to go on like this," Mrs. Ord had said to her, "I shall not have a sister long; Belle will go into a decline."

And it was during the long, sorrowful conversation that followed these words that Rotha proposed that change of scene and a milder climate should be tried for Belle.

"If I can only get your brother-in-law's consent," finished Rotha, "the thing can be done without delay. She will not listen to such a plan from us, I know, but a word from him will do it."

"Yes; if he will only say the word," sighed Mary.

"He will if you put it before him properly; could not the vicar speak to him, dear Mrs. Ord? He might tell him that we would go wherever he thought best—the Isle of Wight, or Devonshire, or even the south of France, and if you liked Laurie might go with us too;" for just now Mary chose to believe that Laurie was delicate.

"Oh, Rotha, how good you are!" said the mother, gratefully, and then there was an instant's silence, during which Mary turned over the project in her mind; in her eyes it seemed without a single flaw.

"But I shall never dare to speak to Robert," she said, shaking her head mournfully. "I have no influence over him now. The time was when he would listen to a word from 'Mother Mary,' as he called me; that was when Belle and he were first engaged, and I used to think him the dearest fellow in the world; but now—oh, Rotha, I never saw a man so altered;" and Mary looked so sad and so unlike herself that Rotha hastened to console her.

"Never mind about speaking to him," she said; "perhaps it would be better for me to do the whole thing myself; a stranger can sometimes put a thing more strongly,

and I think he is too just to let his personal dislike interfere with Belle's good."

"But supposing he does not consider it for her good?" interrupted Mary; she was very despondent about the whole affair. "He is as blind now as a man in his proper senses can be, and he is just as likely to throw cold water on your generous offer as mine. Talk of pride—the proudest Ord that ever lived could not hold a candle to him."

"Never mind, I will try," returned Rotha, bravely; she was very frightened at the thought of the task she had undertaken, but she would not hear of cold water for a moment. "I suppose I would as soon take a hull by the horns," she finished, with an attempt at a smile; "but I mean to carry it through."

Rotha spoke of her plan very quietly in discussing it with Mrs. Ord, but it was the greatest sacrifice she had made in her life. Kirby was just now especially dear to her, and the thought of leaving it, perhaps for months, was very bitter; it was simply banishment from all she loved, and that was not all—the charge she contemplated was in itself somewhat overwhelming; how was she to nurse a person of Belle's unhappy disposition? and yet she would be responsible for such nursing. Belle was at all times difficult to manage, and Rotha had very honest doubts as to her own powers of management.

"Perhaps, when we are alone together, she might be more sociable and allow me to do things for her," she said to herself, as she pondered over these difficulties; "but anyhow I am the only one who can go with her. I wish I were more fit for such a responsibility."

"Poor generous-hearted Rotha—but it was just these things which tested the girl's nobleness—the basis of her whole nature was self-sacrifice."

The woman who, if she had had the power would most certainly have had the magnanimity to boggar herself for her enemies would assuredly not scruple at any personal self-denial that might benefit her friends. To see a duty clearly and to try and perform it was a natural sequence with Rotha. It was this singleness of aim, this great-heartedness—if there be such a word—that first won the vicar's respect for her. He told Mary one day that she was at once the weakest and the strongest woman he had ever seen.

It had come into her heart to return good for evil in her dealings with Robert Ord, and no amount of ill usage upon his part could move her from her purpose. Robert Ord's pride literally shrank from the scorching of her coals of fire; her gentleness was pitiless cruelty to him. It was this recognition of her strength for good that brought out all his latent obstinacy. It grew to be a neck-and-neck race between them; but as the stars of heaven fought against Siera, so circumstances fought against Robert Ord and forced him to succumb at last to a woman's hand—when his will was divided against itself, and the man sat down in his weakness and gloried in it.

Rotha said nothing about her regrets to Mary. A little shrinking consciousness kept her silent on that point; but she put the whole scheme in such a bright light that Mrs. Ord was quite cheered. The only difficulty was in the impossibility of Rotha ever finding an opportunity for a private

talk with Robert. He never came to the vicarage till tea was over, and then he went straight into the drawing-room, where they were all assembled. Rotha could neither seek him at his own house nor ask him to Bryn.

"I am sure I don't know how we are to manage it," said Mrs. Ord helplessly, "unless you are to waylay him in the passage;" but Rotha had a better plan than that. She knew he came home from Thornborough on Saturday at an early hour in the afternoon, and she resolved to go and meet him.

"I think the sea-wall would be a better place of rendezvous than the draughty passage," she said, trying to look very brave; but she felt rather like a mouse trying on a lion's skin—it was such a gigantic purpose, and then the skin was such a tough one.

How she hated the very thought of Saturday; but she was not going to flinch for all that. Every time Belle coughed she felt convinced her plan was a wise one.

"She wants sunshine and change of air," she thought. "It is so dreadfully bleak up here."

At the appointed hour she was pacing up and down the sea-wall like a sentinel on duty, and looking not very unlike a mouse—with plenty of soft fur outside and many inward shivers within. She had a fresh shiver every time she saw a tall man in the distance, and then she chafed and grew hot because he was late. She knew that he always came home by the way of the sea-wall. She had kept a strict look-out, but yet she feared she had missed him. No; there he was, in his brown overcoat, looking straight before him, as he always did, as though he were challenging some distant object.

Of course he stopped to accost her, and of course Rotha stopped too; the time had gone by when he would pass her with a slight bow; since then there had been much surface intercourse between them, and Robert was always extremely civil—he was very civil now, exceedingly so.

"It is rather a cold afternoon for a walk," he remarked, with a smile. Rotha, when she was more than usually provoked, always said Robert had a special smile for her. When asked to describe it, she would turn round and demand "if you had seen an icicle trying to thaw—and failing?" she would add when particularly severe. This frosty smile was a matter of course, but that he should add that she looked pale and tired was rather surprising—it almost took her breath away.

"I suppose I am somewhat tired," she returned hurriedly; "I have been waiting for you such a long time." It was his turn now to look astounded.

"Waiting for me! Is anything the matter?" as a sudden thought turned him chill.

"Anything the matter—no, not more than usual. It is only a slight favor that I am going to ask you. Do you mind returning by the sands, there are so many people about here?" She spoke in a quick, nervous manner, as she often did to him, but her movement left him no choice. When a lady tells a gentleman that there are so many people about, he may be sure she has something very important for his private ear; and therefore, much as he disliked having business with Miss Maturin, he could

do no less than assist her civilly down the sandy bank and wait for her to explain herself; he could not well remonstrate in words, whatever he might do in manner.

"Don't you find this soft sand very unpleasant?" he remarked in a voice that told Rotha very plainly that he did. He had promised Belle an afternoon's reading, and he had brought a book by her favorite author, and this lengthened detour by the sea did not please him at all; but Rotha pointed to a crisp line lying apparently right out to sea. "The sand is quite hard and firm out there, and the tide is going out. I never walk in these sandy ruts if I can help it," and she began to walk very quickly and decidedly towards a range of salt-water pools with rugged stepping stones thrown in here and there. Robert Ord, as he followed her, felt compelled to admire the agility with which she sprang over the slippery rocks. "Now we are on *terra firma*, and I can talk," she said as they gained the slip of sand. They were on a long island now; the waves came lapping in with a little splash and gurgle; a gray line of sea closed in everywhere; the sky overhead had a faint red light in it. In the west a great crimson sun hung like a ball of fire; a rough wind swept over the surface of the slungish pools; black driets of seaweed lay everywhere. Rotha, walking very swiftly, turned her face to him and began:

"I darsay you thnk it very strange of me to waylay you like this; I never can do things as other people do, however much I try." Then Robert essayed another frosty smile—a gentleman cannot always say the truth to a lady; nevertheless, he thought it very strange indeed.

"I had no other opportunity of speaking to you alone, and every day is so important, and then one cannot ask such a favor as that in a moment."

"I thought you said it was a slight one," he retorted. He could not resist the pleasure of taking up her words, though he knew it made her nervous—it made her nervous now.

"I suppose it is a great one, after all," she returned very humbly; "for I am going to ask you to entrust something very precious to me. Mr. Ord—we are all growing so very anxious about Belle."

Now, if he had not flurried her so, Rotha would hardly have constructed her sentence in that way. One cannot pick and choose one's words in a flurry. Of course he took umbrage at her calling Miss Clinton Belle, and still more at her using the pronoun "we." "She seems determined to make herself one of the family," was his inward comment. "I wonder if she thinks we are all as blind as he is," which enigmatical thought must be unriddled by and by.

"About Belle?" he repeated, elongating every letter till it seemed a separate syllable—"anxious about B-e-l-l-e?"

Rotha, who felt she had compromised herself in some way, went on hurriedly, "Is it possible, Mr. Ord, that you do not see how really ill she is? I know she tries to conceal her sufferings from you; but, indeed, you must not allow yourself to be so blinded." Her tone was very earnest, almost solemn, but Robert interrupted her angrily:

"Blinded! That is just what Mary says. How one woman will use another woman's

words! If you listen to all Mary's exaggerations you will have enough to do, Miss Maturin. I suppose she has asked you to come and tell me this; but I warn you that I am not easily frightened."

"I can see that you consider it a liberty," returned Rotha, in a low voice. "You are always so ready to misunderstand me, Mrs. Ord has not sent me; I have come of my own accord, because I thought that a stranger"—laying emphasis on the word—"might more easily open your eyes."

"You mean cure my blindness?" returned Robert sarcastically.

"Yes, if you prefer that term," and then she hesitated for a moment, as though at a loss how to proceed. "You are making my task a very difficult one for me; but I expected that. I knew you would resent my interference; but I have begun to love Miss Clinton very dearly, and I have grown to be so very, very sorry for her that I could no longer keep silence."

"Belle ought to be very much obliged," began Rotha, in the same sarcastic tone; but Rotha stopped him.

"Belle understands me now. She will know I mean kindly. Mr. Ord, please do this in my favor. Try to forget that it is I who am speaking to you, and listen to me, if it be only for her sake. I do fear—I begin to fear greatly—that she is more ill than you believe her to be."

"There I differ from you," he returned decidedly. "Miss Maturin, I put it to your good sense—if Belle were as ill as you make out, would she refuse to see a doctor?"

Rotha paused. What would he say if he knew that Belle was an out-patient of the Blackcar Infirmary?

"I don't think your criterion is a good one," she replied at last. "Miss Clinton is one who would endure a martyrdom rather than own her own sufferings. I have heard of certain animals who always hide away from their kind when they are wounded. I think Miss Clinton would do the same."

"She is not a woman who complains if her finger aches," returned Robert sharply. Rotha sighed at his evident incredulity.

"No; she never complains. You are right there. It is only we who have watched her know that she has sleepless nights; that she eats next to nothing; that the pain in her side is at times infernal; and that she can get no rest by night and day from her harassing cough. Mr. Ord, you say you are not easily frightened; I think you would be if you saw how ghastly she looks sometimes."

"Mary has contrived to frighten you, that is certain," he returned somewhat impatiently. "Poor Belle! I don't think she would thank you for exaggerating all her little symptoms to me, Miss Maturin. I am sure you mean it kindly; but you do not know Belle as well as I do. She has never been strong."

"Never, Mr. Ord!"

"No, not for many years. I suppose circumstances have somewhat tried her; but she never lost her spirits so completely till this summer. To add to her depression she has a bad feverish cold. I think that is about the long and short of it."

Rotha shook her head.

"You have not accounted for the pain in her side, Mr. Ord."

"She has had that for years," he returned

eagerly. "It is only rather worse lately. You talk of her sleepless nights and loss of appetite. Belle never was a good sleeper, she is nervous, too, and her close confinement to the house these last few weeks has destroyed her appetite. Her malady is a bad feverish cold, you may depend upon it."

"Cannot you induce her to see a doctor?" pleaded Rotha. Like Mary, she could have wrung her hands over his blindness.

"By and by," was the somewhat evasive answer.

Then, in despair, Rotha tried upon another tack.

"I think Blackcar does not suit her," she said presently; "these northern winds are so piercing." And Rotha gave a little shiver.

"That is because you are not acclimated," was the response. "Belle has lived here more than half her life. She likes a bracing atmosphere; I have often heard her say so."

"People do not know what is best for them," said Rotha quickly. "One may get uneasy even about a feverish cold. I will not heat about the bush any more, Mr. Ord, for it seems that we can never agree. I am not very old, and I do not understand nursing; but, nevertheless, I am going to ask you to trust Miss Clinton to me for a little while."

"To you?" he repeated in a tone of displeased astonishment.

"Yes; to me. I wanted Mrs. Ord to tell you all about our plans, and she would not; she thought I ought to speak to you myself. We would go anywhere you wished, Mr. Ord—to Ventnor or Torquay, or to the south of France; it does not matter where, so that you will let her go. I promise you I would care for her; I would indeed, as though she were my own sister."

"This is a very extraordinary proposal," muttered Robert, and then he walked on in displeased silence. Would she never understand that he loathed her gifts and her kindness? He knew all about Tyler & Tyler's now. She was going to surfeit them with her patronage—them, the Ords! It would not be too much to say that the coal-bill literally suffocated him; and now she wanted to extend her patronage to him and Belle. Belle's ill health was to make his life a burthen to him; she would take her to the south of France, anywhere—to Madeira, perhaps, or Mentone. What was money and time to her?

"Well?" said Rotha, wearily. She had only been a short half-hour with him, but her face was utterly changed, the freshness and dimples all faded—she looked, as she felt, sick at heart; they had passed the chain of pools now and were toiling up the sandy ruts by the rabbit-warren. "Well?" she reiterated, and then he forced himself to speak.

"I cannot say that I quite approve of your plan," he returned coldly; "but, all the same, I feel I ought to thank you."

"Why do you not approve of it?" she inquired; then again he was silent.

"Is it because you are afraid to trust Miss Clinton to my care—that you are unwilling to part with her? Mr. Ord, I did not think you could be so selfish."

That stung him in a moment.

"You have no right to say that," he returned angrily. "I am not thinking of myself. Miss Clinton may go if she please."

"Do you think she will go against your wishes?"

"You must take your chance of that," he replied coldly; "I shall certainly not argue against my conscience. I do not believe Miss Clinton to be as ill as you and Mary make out. I suppose I have my own opinion, and my opinion is that her disease is partly mental. I don't think a prolonged absence from those she loves best, and the society of strangers"—again a stress on the word—"will conduce materially to her well-being; but I have no objection to her trying it."

"You have every objection, you mean," exclaimed Rotha indignantly; she could not quite keep her temper—never had he been so provoking. "Why do you not say at once that none of your belongings shall ever be entrusted to my care? Why not speak out plainly and tell me this?"

"Because I cannot be so churlish to a lady. Miss Maturin, why will you always force me to say unpleasant things? You know that nothing will induce me to accept a favor at your hands; but, as you choose to accuse me of selfishness, I shall certainly not stand in Belle's light; she may go with you if she like."

"Do you think she will go without a word from you? One word will do it, remember; she trusts me now. Mr. Ord, you have made me so angry that I do not know how to entreat you; yet for Belle's sake I would entreat you; if I could, to say that word."

"You may spare your entreaties," he replied, still more coldly; "for I shall certainly not persuade her. How do I know whether such a course will be for her good? Miss Maturin, I cannot help it if you and Mary will misunderstand my motives."

"I understand you," she repeated sadly. "I feel as though I have known you for a hundred years, and that in all those hundred years you had never said a kind word to me, as you never will—as I feel you never will."

"Another home truth," he replied bitterly. Her reproach seemed to sting him with sudden pain; his brow grew darker as they went toiling up among the sand-hills of the warren; now and then Rotha stumbled wearily over the grassy ruts.

"How tired I am!" she said suddenly, with a tremble of the lip like a child; "but then you always tire me so."

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied, coldly. "Pray allow me to offer you my arm," and he extended it as he spoke, but he was not prepared for the fire that flashed from her eyes.

"I would rather walk till I dropped—till I died," she returned, "than take your arm."

Her face was crimson with shame when she had said it; she was hot and cold all over; that she should be betrayed into passion with him, that she should have spoken to one of them in that way! Oh, if she could only throw her arms round Mary's neck and confess her sin; she was so miserable, so very miserable. Robert had made her no answer; he had dropped his arm and was walking a little way apart. What would she have said if she had known that he liked her all the better for the speech? It was as though an angry dove had suddenly flown into his face and startled him. It was her unchanging gentleness that had always goaded him so; it made him feel so

desperately in the wrong. Yes; he was sure he liked her the better for her petulance. When he next spoke his voice was quite gentle.

"I think you have had your say," he returned, with a smile that was not at all frosty; "supposing, as you are tired, that we go home, it is getting quite dark now." Then Rotha turned her hot face to him very humbly.

"I think I should ask you to forgive me, if there were any hope of your doing so," she said, with the sweet dignity that belonged to her.

"There is nothing to forgive," he returned quietly; "I like you all the better for your speech; I deserved it for provoking you. You and I never can get on together, Miss Maturin; we are always making each other sore; but I had no right to be so savage with you just now."

He wanted to hear her speak again, but she only gave him an odd, wistful look, full of yearning pain. Why was it that, with all her happiness, she longed so intensely for this man to be her friend? And he—did he really hate her as much as he thought he did? Was this bitter antagonism, this strife of words, bred only out of his hatred and his pride?

He wanted her to speak again, and yet he carped at her every word; in one short half-hour he had run the gauntlet of his passion; he was even more fiercely weary than she.

"I will mention your plan to Belle when I get home," he said, trying to rouse her from her apathy.

Her white face and weary bearing seemed to reproach him more every moment; that cursed temper of his—why could he not keep his sarcastic tongue within bounds? That very patronage that irritated him so was meant kindly. She looked so footsore and tired that if he dared he would have offered his arm again. Once he did put out his hand to save her from a deep rut, but she shook off his touch almost unconsciously. "Perhaps Belle had better give her answer herself," he continued still more gently, as he noticed the movement.

"No," answered Rotha, looking hopelessly across the long dim waste that lay before her; "there is no need for any talk between her and me. I have promised Mrs. Ord to come up this evening, and then you can tell me yourself." The plan had lost all its interest to her now.

There was very little more talk between them, and at the gates of Bryn they parted. Rotha told Meg she was tired to death, and shortly afterwards went up to her own room, and Robert went to the vicarage and sat down beside Belle, but he did not at once open his book.

"I have something to tell you first," he said, and then and there he told her of Rotha's plan.

"How kind—how very kind!" murmured Belle, and a faint color came to her faded cheek—a touch of the old lovely color; this new thoughtfulness on Rotha's part filled her with astonishment and gratitude. As Robert talked, a feeling of hopefulness crept into her heart—might it really be that the disease could be arrested? She had heard of wonderful cures at Mentone; it was a long way certainly, but if he wished it, Rotha was right when she told Robert Ord that one word from him would do it.

Robert had repeated Rotha's words very correctly, and no one could have found fault with his manner, although it might have been slightly deficient in warmth. He put before Belle all the advantages and disadvantages of the scheme as he saw them himself; this thing was practicable and worthy of consideration, but another would not do for a moment.

"Now I must leave you to decide for yourself," he said; and Belle, waking up from a rose-colored dream, missed a certain enthusiasm in his voice.

"But what do you wish, Robert?" she asked, looking full at him. "Of course I shall not go without your consent."

"You have my consent, certainly," he returned, but his manner was decidedly cold.

"And your approval, I suppose? I mean that you wish me to go."

"Nay, Belle, that is putting it too strongly, my dear. Of course I cannot be enthusiastic at the thought of our being separated perhaps for months, but if you think it will be of benefit to your health, I am very willing for you to try it, and doubtless Miss Maturin will take good care of you; but it is a long way."

His voice was very affectionate, but Belle understood him in a moment.

"He does not care about accepting such a favor from her," she thought; "but she is kind, very kind. You are right," she said aloud, "it is a long way; and—no, no—I cannot go!" Her eyes grew feverish, and for a moment she held his hand convulsively between her own.

"But, Belle!" he remonstrated.

"No, no; I have decided. I can see you do not wish it in your heart. I never meant to go away from you—never, Bertie. Let us talk of it any more, dear; now read to me a little because my head aches so."

He could not refuse her, and so he opened the book; but, as he read, the sentences were meaningless to him. Do what he would, he could not feel easy with himself. She had told him that one word from him would do it, and he knew what she meant; but he also knew that no such word had been spoken. All the time he had been conscious that his manner betrayed him, and that his words lacked enthusiasm. What if the time should come when not one word, but a hundred, would hardly suffice to get her from his side? What if he must lose her clinging arms with his own hands and pray her, for her dear love, to leave him?

What are the shadows that darken Robert Ord's face as he sits reading by the firelight? They are not caused by the story he reads, pathetic as it is. No—he is down on the shore again. There are the grey salt pools stretching into watery chains, with their tangle of slimy seaweed. Far out to sea the black rocks lie unhidden and bedded in slime. Faint creeping shadows haunt the sand-hills; their green tops look rugged and bare; a rough wind rushes to meet them as they plow their way through the coarse vegetation. A slim tall figure by his side goes swiftly on. What does he hear?

"I would rather walk till I dropped—till I died—than take your arm."

Were those the words she used? How her eyes flashed with brown fire! He could see her tremble as she said it.

"Robert, how tired your voice sounds to-night!" says Belle, tenderly.

Yes, he is tired; there is a terrible ache at his heart, which he cannot understand. By and by, when Belle speaks again to him, he closes his book and sits beside her moodily. What's this weight that has suddenly fallen upon him?

"I feel as though I have known you for a hundred years, and that in all those hundred years you have never spoken a kind word to me."

With what pitiless sweetness the voice breaks in upon him! Oh, darkening shadows of the coming years, how does Robert Ord read them? Listen to a word of his said as he sat alone in a strange homestead in a foreign city:

"Oh, fool, fool that I have been! Do men gather grapes of thistles? She is right; I have sown the wind, to reap the whirlwind," and have richly deserved my harvest."

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XVIII.

When children begin to comprehend the external world their early curiosity is strangely attracted towards the animals inferior to man. The child seems to feel itself, in a sense, akin to birds and beasts, and in the exuberant wealth of love which is characteristic of children, ere their simplicity is marred by selfishness, it forms strong alliance with them, and finds in them friends, companions, and teachers.

I sometimes think that we men and women are but children of a larger growth, and the world is but a nursery and a school. And the Father's method of teaching is largely by object-lessons. The nursery has its pictures framed and set in view, which stimulate thought, although their meaning and their beauty are not soon comprehended. And the play-ground and the workshop (for the world is both of these to us) are stocked with a variety of living things, in many of their characteristics strangely human and like ourselves, and yet strangely subordinate to the power of a superior intelligence.

It is not a fancy to suppose that when men append a moral to the fable about birds and beasts, they are striving to interpret certain inarticulate lessons of nature itself. One who recognizes in creation and in Providence the thread of an ulterior and spiritual intent, sees in the animal existences around him something more than a mere physical excellence. They seem, each one, to be the incarnation of a thought, the embodiment in type of a virtue or a vice. The illustrations drawn in Scripture from the brutes would be unreal unless they rested on some foundation more solid than mere fancy. We may well believe that in this lower department of His creation, regard has been had to the culture of us, God's children. Unlettered men, for instance, who have much to do with brutes, how many an ennobling suggestion comes to them as they read the pages of this volume which, at least, is open to them. To look upon the lion is suggestive of the excellence of repose and strength. To follow the eagle in its flight is to think, at once, of aspiration. The bee has, itself, been the world's teacher, touching the value of industry

guided by economy and artistic skill. God's visible creation is one great complex instrument, whose harmonies we dimly understand; only our instinct tells us there is a harmony, from the heavy beat of its ocean sigh, through all the scale, up to the clear treble of its little birds. And when the window of heaven is opened to let in upon us a gush of higher music, the Song of Moses mingles with the Song of the Lamb, and mysterious, emblematic forms of living creatures find place among the ranks of angels and of perfected spirits.

I dare not define more explicitly what is disclosed to us only in enigmas; but this I may say, with much assurance and with divine warrant, that he who, ascending the mount of God's spoken revelation, has caught a glimpse of the Divine glory and listened to the words of the Divine wisdom, when he descends, his heart all aglow, into the lower vale, shall discern the flashing of that glory from common things, and hear the echo of that heavenly teaching in the voices of most familiar sounds. As Peter, according to legend, had always a tear to shed when the cock crew, so God's children, experienced in the school of sin and of pardon, may be incited to remember their dependence by the lowing of an ox, or to thoughts of pity by the cooing of a dove.

Say not of all this that it is necessarily affectation or mere sentiment; it may be no more than a mere counterfeit, the poetic illusion of the mind. But that is true Christian sensibility which sees God everywhere, and hears His voice where others would say only that it thunders, and finds an intimation of His purpose where others discern no more than a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.

How lovely is that story of the dove returning to the ark—of the dove at rest. It is one of those medallion pictures of Holy Scripture, wonderful not more for beauty than for simplicity and brevity. As a skillful artist with a few bold outline touches of his pencil will tell a tale more impressive than an elaborate painting, so there are these miniatures set here and there in the Bible which have a fascination for all times. The dove at rest is inscribed on the coins of heathen people; it finds a place over the graves of faithful men in the catacombs; it enters into the literature of the world, and inspires the rhapsody of the Christian poet. Nay, it touches the heart of humanity with a peculiar tenderness for a little bird, a humble member of God's creation.

Its associations in the Bible are various. Harmlessness is one of them—"Wise as serpents, harmless as doves." And purity also, as when we read: "My dove, my undefiled is one," and when we remember that when the one only pure Infant of our race was presented in the temple, a dove was the appropriate offering.

There is an element of pathos in the allusions—its reticency, for instance: "Leave the cities and dwell in the rock, and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth." Its note is the expression of plaintiveness: "I did mourn as a dove," "We mourn sore like doves," says Isaiah; and in Nahum, the captive Queen of Nineveh is represented as led by her maids "with the voice of doves, taboring upon their breasts."

And then there is another side of allusion. The dove hath a quick, strong wing, and

the Psalmist envies her her pinions when he would make a rapid flight into a far-off land. And then again, despite her humility, when one comes to see her in the sunlight, very brilliant and ever-changing is the sheen of her plumage, and so the Psalmist speaks of "her wings covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold."

THE DUTY AND NEEDS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE BISHOP OF IOWA.

The consecration of eight churches during the past year, freed from encumbrance and transferred to the diocesan trustees, is a noteworthy proof of the Church's advance. The number could easily have been increased, if, in several instances, there could have been provided the few hundred dollars requisite to remove the remaining indebtedness on the property, and thus secure it inalienably to the Church. In two or three instances where parishes and congregations have exceeded their means in the erection of their churches, temporary loans have been extended to them by the American Church Building Fund Commission, thus enabling the people to complete and occupy their places of worship, and to defer the last payments for the same for a longer or shorter term of years. This assistance, though certainly a kindness, is not to be regarded as a charity. The parish or mission thus aided is required to mortgage its property to the lender, and to pay a fair rate of interest. No provision is made for gifts to our needy organizations, stimulating or aiding them to arise and build; and it is certainly incumbent upon us to provide some diocesan organization whereby from three to five hundred dollars can be given to congregations requiring assistance in the erection of their humble churches. It is strange that so little interest in this most important charity is felt in the Church at large, and it would be a source of great encouragement, if, at this session of our convention, there could be organized and equipped, through the liberality of our laity, a diocesan society or committee, through which there might be raised in Iowa, the coming year, at least \$2,500 for church building purposes. If this should be done, I could pledge that the number of consecrations the coming year would exceed that I report to-day. In what way could there be a richer return for individual or parochial beneficence?

In this connection I would refer to the enrollment plan devised at the East, and proposing the gift, on the part of each baptized member of the Church, of five dollars for general missionary work, prior to the General Convention of 1886. I have given my approval of the scheme, conditioned on the appropriation of the money raised in Iowa to our own pressing mission needs. The fact is often overlooked that, although not a missionary diocese, there is more actual mission work undertaken and maintained in Iowa than in ten of our missionary jurisdictions. If our general mission work was conducted on the business principle of expending the largest sums where the largest results could be attained, the scale of appropriations adopted in New York would be changed, and in place of assigning to a territory larger than all England, into which during the present episcopate fully one hun-

ded thousand souls have come each year, till the population has now become upward of two millions, the sum of \$3,500, this amount would be increased ten-fold. It is in view of pressing needs and actual possibilities that I have been constrained to stipulate that the gifts of the baptized in Iowa toward the centenary gift of a million of dollars shall be expended within our own borders. I ask this in full sympathy with our general work, and praying at the same time that we may, as a diocese, as parishes, as individuals, sow beside all waters. Let us awaken to these calls for charity on every side. Freely we have received, freely let us give.

A scheme of clerical insurance has been devised by one of our most astute as well as intelligent clergy, which, in connection with a plan for increasing the circulation of our leading religious periodicals and papers, promises the return to each parish, on the death of its rector, of all antecedent subscriptions to these papers as a relief fund for the widow and children of the deceased. The scheme has commended itself to the approval of business men. I have examined the details, and it should be enough to inspire general confidence in its favor that, although it involves no expenditure of money for which it does not at once give a full and fair return, it makes possible and probable a most beneficent and happy result besides. Even if the sole result were the increased circulation of our periodical press, good would be done; and in the event that this increase in subscriptions and circulation should provide for the relief of the needy widows and orphans of the clergy, the scheme and its contriver would rightly claim at our hands unmeasured praise.

It is especially incumbent upon us as Churchmen to exercise a constant and intelligent vigilance with respect to the literature of our households. The volumes, magazines and papers crowding our library tables or book-shelves, read at our firesides, placed in the hands of our children, and naturally regarded by the inmates or visitors of our homes as indicating our literary tastes, our principles, and our belief, are, too often, such as cannot fail to undo the teachings of the Prayer Book and the work of the parish priest. We are at pains to guard the members of our families from improper and degrading associations found outside the walls of the home; but are we alive to the fact that it is largely through the influence of books and papers that characters are made or marred, and that these silent instructors for good or evil are often far more potent in their power of moulding the future belief, the practice, and the life of the young, than either our example or our words? When our eyes are closed in slumber, when the heads of the household are busy at their daily tasks, when we are seeking a brief enjoyment in the reading of our own literary favorites, the child, the youth, the visitor, the friend, are each and all drawing mental aliment from the books and papers scattered around, or, it may be, silently and surreptitiously brought in from without to work their purpose of undermining principle or destroying innocence, reverence and faith. If we recognize the being and sovereignty of God, if we revere the person and work of Christ, if we look for and desire the sanctifying operations of the Holy Ghost, if we have faith in the creeds of Christendom, and

believe in the Church and sacraments of our Lord's own institution, and would train our families in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we are neither wise, consistent, nor safe in failing to interest ourselves in the reading matter of our households.

The Churchman's home should be well furnished with the literature of the Church. We are preeminently a cultured and a reading communion. Our Church has been largely built up, in the past, under God's blessing, by the sound and convincing arguments of the champions of the faith. Any one at all familiar with the literature of our land will recognize the abundant use of the press, in the years gone by, in the dissemination of Church literature—apologetic, controversial, explanatory. The well-argued and compactly written tracts and volumes of the past hundred years, from the pens of Checkley, Johnson, Beach, Apthorp, Learning, Chandler, Sealbury, and others, were felt throughout the land; and early in the present century the works of Hobart, Bowden, Onderdonk, and White, and later, the popular treatises and sermons of John A. Clark and George T. Chapman, of Bishops Kip, Randall, and Cleveland Cox, have won thousands to embrace "the faith once delivered to the saints." In prose or poetry, in the graceful essay or the labored and polished treatise, in incisive arguments and in attractive and instructive discourses, we have a literature at once pure, elevating and pervaded with a Churchly and Christian tone. But as time has sped a new generation has come forward, unacquainted with our intellectual heritage. We have to guard that which has been transmitted to us as the results of the old controversies and long-continued strife. We have to fortify even our own households against insidious foes who would rob us of our faith, our Church, our common Christianity. We have to raise the old standard anew, and rally beneath the old-time legend—"for the Church of God." It is without question, the duty of the heads of our households to provide in their homes, for the use of the family, the books that illustrate and defend our faith and practice, both as Christians and as Churchmen. The performance of this duty need not be onerous. Books and papers are a necessity. We can certainly exercise a measure of discrimination and choice in supplying the demand for reading matter that comes alike from young and old. We are certainly at fault if, through our failure to provide good reading, the minds of our children are driven to feed on that which is bad.

The primary want of a Church household is a comment on the Word of God. We need not place in the hands of our children and the catechumens of our Church commentaries and expositions prepared by those who are not in sympathy with our teachings or our practices, for we have, in comparatively inexpensive form and in most attractive guise, the results of the latest scholarship and the widest erudition supplied by the members of our own communion. With such a storehouse of information as to the meaning of the Book of God, the inmates of our homes would be fortified against the cavils of modern doubt or the misrepresentations and fallacies of ignorant and presumptuous assailants of revelation. Added to the family commentary there should be works explanatory and illustrative of the

Bible, the Church, and the life of our Lord—all of which are easily accessible, and attainable at a cost so small as to bring them within the means of every household where there are books at all. The Church press should be sustained, and its periodic issues welcomed as a means of acquainting ourselves and our families with the progress of the Church of God in the world and especially of that branch of it to which we individually belong. The Prayer Book claims for itself, so deeply does it enter into the spiritual life of each one of us, its works of illustration and defence. The knowledge of its historic associations, the full perception of its spirituality, its scripturalness, its sanctity, will deepen our devotion and make us prize more and more our heritage of prayer. It were surely unnecessary to commend such works as Keble's *Christian Year*, and Bishop Cox's *Thoughts on the Services*, which every Churchman and Churchwoman, young or old, should own and prize. It needs but a little effort on the part of our people to place in each household the nucleus of a Church library, to be added to year by year, until, by the help of these eloquent though voiceless teachers, our families will be trained intelligently in the Church's ways. I speak because the examinations I have made of the home libraries of our Church families has revealed, oftentimes, the presence of most pernicious and demoralizing literature, as well as that which is avowedly and strongly antagonistic, both to the Church and Christianity. We may be guilty of the blood of souls if we are not more careful on this point. A bad book may undo the teachings and training of years. It is wiser to fill the shelves with that which is pure and of good report, offering to the young or older reader that which accords with the doctrine and practice of the Church of Christ, than to gather our home libraries at hap-hazard, and buy books only because they are cheap.—*Convention Address.*

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Help from God and Man.

Exodus iv. 1-17.

Verse 1. This answer of Moses is made to the promise of deliverance and the promise of favor in the eyes of the Egyptians. He is sure that the people will refuse to believe his word, and his subsequent experience with the people shows that this was no vain fear. The sign which God gives him proves that it was not in excuse or opposition that he thus objects.

Verse 2. "A rod." The staff in the hand of Moses, his shepherd's crook. The question of the Lord is evidently to draw Moses' attention to the miracle about to be wrought.

Verse 3. "He said"—that is, the Lord said. "It became a serpent." This was a sign to Moses that he was to exercise miraculous powers; also, that he was to be exposed to dangers and threatenings. It is also a sign of the power of the wicked one, which was to be exerted against Israel through Egypt. Lastly, it is a type of the redemptive work hereafter to be wrought. "The rod and staff" became the symbol of evil—even as the Lord "was made sin for us, who knew no sin."

Verse 4. Moses put forth his hand and seized the serpent, and it became a rod again. So with the rod of his power he was

to subdue Egypt, and by this sign Israel was to see that he was truly commissioned to lead them forth.

Verse 5. There were two points to be settled for the Israelites: First, that Moses had truly seen a Divine Vision; and next, that the God who appeared unto him was the God of Israel, the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob.

Verse 6. The leprous hand of Moses is difficult to explain, with entire certainty. Various arbitrary interpretations have been given; but this appears probable, that as leprosy is the type of sin throughout the whole Old Testament, the sign was that Israel had contracted defilement through its sojourn in Egypt, but should be delivered therefrom. The whole Exodus is a type of the greater work which the true Moses was to perform.

Verse 7. The first object of the sign was of course to convince the Hebrew people. Now, leprosy was supposed to be incurable, especially after reaching a certain stage. This instant restoration would therefore be a manifest miracle. It was also a type of Israel purified and restored. In fact, the great teaching of the second dispensation is of sin and its removal. The Law brings the conviction of sin, and expiation removes sin. These were the leading ideas into which Israel was to be educated, and the whole purpose of the Mosaic Law was to teach these two facts.

Verse 8. These two signs were well fitted to convince a childish people, and the entire unlikeness of the two would add to their strength in reaching their minds; but still their obstinacy was very great, as well as their selfish and slavish fear. It will be noted that there is a certain progressiveness in the nature of the signs.

Verse 9. "The water of the river." The river is of course the Nile. The change of the water into blood is, first, a token of the power of Moses to convert that which was the great source of life to Egypt into a form of destruction; next, probably, a mystical token of the sacramental efficacy of water and blood. It will be noted that while the first miracle of Moses in Egypt is the turning of water into blood, that of the Saviour is the turning of water into wine. The contrast of the two dispensations is one not to be overlooked.

Verse 10. Moses here starts a new objection. Moses had been for forty years in exile, away from the contact with men and busy life, and doubtless felt the decay of his power of expression through disuse. He acknowledges that God's presence to him had not quickened this power anew. "Slow of speech and of a slow tongue." Not exactly stammering or defective in utterance, but slow, that is, unready. Moses finds the weight of his mission magnified upon him as the new powers are conferred. He dreads more and more the task as the way is opened.

Verse 11. Here God does not give him a new sign, but simply reminds him of His power. Here the Speaker of the Burning Bush claims to Himself the creative office—therefore is God.

Verse 12. Here God begins to reveal Himself as the Holy Ghost, the Inspirer. Compare this with the promise of the Saviour to His disciples, in the Gospels.

Verse 13. The words of Moses appear to be words of submission; but they probably

before a different sense. They are probably equivalent to saying, "I will go because I must, but I do not wish to go."

Verse 14. "The anger of the Lord." This shows that the last anger of Moses was no true submission. Yet God in mercy finds a way out of it. "Aaron the Levite." Aaron was probably the representative of the House of Levi—the chief of the tribe—not yet made the sacerdotal tribe. He was the elder brother of Moses. He had lived among his own people, and had that gift of eloquence which impresses the Oriental heart. Moreover Aaron was already on the way to seek Moses, very likely with an idea of the deliverance of Israel.

Verse 15. As God was to be the Inspirer of Moses, so Moses was to be the teacher of Aaron. God will not take away the leadership from Moses, in spite of his reluctance to assume the burden, for which he was really the best fitted.

Verse 16. Literally, "He shall be to thee, mouth, thou shalt be to him, God." That is, God's word should so come to Moses that Aaron should receive it implicitly, without question, as if God's direct voice.

Verse 17. "Thou shalt take this rod." The shepherd's crook. Moses becomes type of the Good Shepherd. "Do signs," viz., the infliction of the piskus upon Egypt, for which Moses used his rod repeatedly.

THE PASSIONSPIEL AT OBERAMMERGAU.*

BY THE "CHEL."

"A chiel's amang you, takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent it."—Robert Burns.

So much has already been written about the Passion Play in the Bavarian Highlands that it seems almost superfluous to add to the numerous accounts, and yet not one that I have read conveys the impression produced upon myself by this truly wonderful representation.

By this time all the world knows that every ten years crowds come to this dirty and dramatic little village to see upon each Sunday a series of tableaux, oddly combined with acting and singing, the whole representing the principal events in the life of our Saviour, and that this Passion Play was originally performed in fulfilment of a pious vow made by the peasants during the scourge of a terrible pestilence which threatened destruction to their village.

So runs the story, which having heard told most enthusiastically by a devout Roman Catholic friend, I became infected by her enthusiasm, and allowed the uncomfortable scruples which from the beginning I had felt about the whole affair to grow fainter and fainter as she described the reverence with which the actors themselves treated the subject, and the fervent piety which was felt in the hearts of all spectators of the solemn scenes so touchingly portrayed.

So with friends I, too, directed my steps to Oberammergau.

At last the slow train from Munich had dragged its weary way as far as Murnau, at which place carriages, carts, and vehicles of all descriptions were awaiting the crowd of sight-seers; but woe betide those whose fore-sight had omitted to order places beforehand; their chances of transportation to

the overcrowded village, or of reception when there, were but the very slightest.

A three-hours' drive through meadows carpeted with wild flowers, blue gentian and gold-hearted Marguerites, clumps of forget-me-nots, together with cowslips, primroses, and primulas; a long pull on foot over the Eital mountain, where the steep way is marked by tiny shrines or pictures, telling of accidents or marvellous escapes of former travellers, and at last comes in sight the narrow, cramped village, of ordinary Swiss pattern, with cross-topped houses, where placards of excursion agents look oddly misplaced beside the rough frescos of saints and holy subjects, and a curious old church filled with pious epitaphs testifies to the tenderness with which Germans regard their dead.

We were lodged in a small peasant house belonging to one of the numerous family of Lang, and there found everything scrupulously clean, if more than plain, and the fact of being obliged to mount a ladder and go through a trap-door to reach our apartments only added to the novelty. Excellent coffee was furnished by our hostess in the morning, and for our early dinner and supper we went to the house of one George Lang, considered the best in the village, where we found plenty to eat, although the variety of dishes was naturally limited.

Those accustomed to brilliantly-lit and well-warmed theatres must dismiss all such preconceived ideas in regard to the very simple wooden construction at Oberammergau, where the whole stage is open, and real mountains rise behind and around as background to the scenes and pictures. Only a few of the seats, even, are covered, and are by no means free from draughts of all kinds. To any one who has not seen this theatre it is difficult to describe the plan of the stage, where, in fact, there are five different places for action—the centre division, which is enclosed, and where the curtain rises to display the tableaux; the two side streets of Jerusalem through which the crowds hurry and the different processions move, and the two balconies, belonging respectively to the houses of Pilate and of Annas the high priest, upon both of which several scenes take place.

Until now all has been hurry and confusion; bells ringing, bands of music parading the streets, peasants streaming by in crowds, tourists hurrying for places, all alike tramping through mud ankle-deep—all eager to be in their seats before the cannon shall fire which is the signal that the great Passion Play is about to begin. The surrounding hills echo and re-echo the sound of the first shot, and still the stage is empty, with only the dull, cloudy sky as covering. My Roman Catholic friend whispers enthusiastically:

"Now they are praying—the priest is with them—they are on their knees!"

A second time the cannon is fired, and then a soft, wailing melody is heard, as from either side comes the wonderful chorus of "Schützgeister," or Guardian Angels, in their many-hued raiments, the long fair hair of the women blown by the fresh morning breeze, whilst the choragus, a grand, solemn looking man, explains in a harmonious sort of rhythm how the history of the Old Testament is typical of the New. Then, in a mysterious monotone, the chorus take up his complaint, leading one's imagination to

contemplate the tale of lore, and woe, and agony which they will tell. The women's voices are atrocious, the men's good, and without the chorus the tedium of the play itself would be unbearable.

Anxious to be convinced of the reverence with which these peasants look upon the characters they represent, I had gone in person to see three of the chief actors.

She who personated the Virgin Mary I found to be the daughter of a widow, said to be the poorest person in the village. The girl was modest and retiring, and spoke so reverently of the great honor which had come to her in having been chosen for the part, that it made me feel decidedly better, and caused me to take much interest in her. On the stage, however, she was a failure, her voice being harsh and disagreeable and her acting feeble. She took me to see Joseph Maier, a wood-carver, and the Christus of the play. From his appearance in his every-day dress, as I first saw him, I was not prepared for the perfect grace and gentle dignity which throughout he displayed in acting the Christ; for his face is not the ideal one it should be, and only the manner in which his wealth of hair and beard are arranged forms his resemblance to the pictures of the Saviour. His voice is one of the most musical I have ever heard, and its tone never loses the tenderness and dignity suited to his part. The Magdalen, the third character I visited, was not pretty, and very commonplace.

The first scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem was disappointing, and the scourging of the money-lenders in the Temple caused only laughter in the audience by the utter ineffectiveness of what was meant to be indignant reality. The only success of this scene is obtained by power of contrast, the Christus remaining a grand, calm figure amidst the shouts and derision of the multitude. In the scene of the Last Supper, and the washing of the disciples' feet, no words of praise are too strong for the beauty and dignity of the Christus; but to hear the solemn words spoken, and see the bread and wine given as in reality at the Holy Communion, produced (upon me) the most painful and unpleasant impression.

The parting of Christ with his mother was touching to a degree, and the agony in the garden, with which the first part of the play ended, too real, and too deep in pathos to be looked at unmoved.

After an interval of one hour the performance continues, when the terrible struggle between avarice and love of his Master takes place in the mind of Judas, and is followed by his miserable treachery and wretched death. The acting throughout this whole scene is superb. Then follows the dragging of Jesus back and forth from Pilate to Herod, and the contrast between the hideous murderer Barabbas, grown gray in sin, and the sad-faced Christ, speechless before his tormentors, appeals powerfully to the imagination. The brutality of the soldiers in the judgment scene was so great, that an Englishman sitting behind us left in disgust, saying he "had had enough."

The realism of the following pictures was simply terrible. Nothing was omitted: the insults of the wandering Jew, the handkerchief of St. Veronica, the meeting with Simon of Cyrene, the final parting of Jesus with His mother, and the gibes and jeers of the

* Written after witnessing the performance, June 6th, 1880.

multitude as stumbling and falling under the heavy burden of His cross, the Man of Sorrows is compelled to follow the weary way which leads to Golgotha and death.

At this point I myself left the theatre, and no persuasions could tempt me to remain for the scene of the crucifixion.

Surely it is open to the very gravest question whether such a spectacle should be permitted.

In greatest triumph was I afterwards assured that no support was allowed for the feet of Maier as he hung upon the cross; that the spectators could plainly see the body descend several inches by its own weight, and that the man really suffered, even as Christ must have suffered, upon the shameful tree. To myself it seemed simple blasphemy, the whole description; for even were these peasants and wood-carvers the very purest and best of the human race, what human man dare personate the God-man in His sacrifice for the "sins of the whole world?"

The entire account was ghastly in its grim reality, and I cannot but think as I said before, that the whole performance and the tendency thereof is open to the gravest question.

For the future preservation from pestilence of the village and its inhabitants, a few commonest rules of cleanliness as to the condition of the streets, etc., would I fancy equal in effectiveness the acting of the Passion Play every ten years; and useful as these miracle plays may have been in olden times, when pious peasants explained them to others as simple as themselves, I cannot believe that the effect is the same upon the crowd of summer tourists who court Oberammergau as a new sensation.

Cook's agency and Gaye's new English hotel have certainly taken from the simple purity of the whole idea, and the laughing, hurrying, beer-drinking crowd remind one rather too much of the return from the Derby to be in harmony with the sacred subject just enacted.

The remark meets one at every turn from enthusiastic believers in the whole entertainment, that, considering they are untaught peasants, etc., the acting is wonderful. So it would be, were they entirely untaught, but few, I fancy, are aware that for years past the old priest, Daisenberger, who first, in 1850, arranged this *Passionspiel* on its present elaborate scale, has taught the wood-carvers in Oberammergau how to act, and act well. The smallest children learn to take their parts in the tableaux, and enter so fully into the spirit of it all that Joseph Maier's wife herself told me how her husband had related that when, for the first time, his little Rosa, a child about seven years old, took part in the play, he had explained to her that when he said to the women of Jerusalem, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children," she must cover her eyes, and appear to cry. To his surprise, she not only appeared to, but actually *did* weep bitterly, and this is the spirit in which the whole community enter into the subject. This venerable priest adapts, explains, and directs the dramatic representations of the villagers, which are by no means confined to the performance of the Passion Play, and no intelligent observer could possibly watch the manner in which they cross the stage, remark their gestures, voices, or movements, without being per-

fectly convinced that they have been taught, and taught well. All praise is due to the good old priest who is their very capable teacher, and who has arranged for them even plays from Goethe and Schiller, and has himself written a semi-religious drama entitled "The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal," which they performed in 1875.

The religious enthusiasts who tell you that these good people have no instruction, but act by "heaven-born instinct," defraud the worthy priest, Daisenberger, of the very great credit to which he is entitled, and sacrifice truth to a morbid love of the wonderful and impossible.

Whether or, no the continued representation of the *Passionspiel* is productive of good or evil, is a question difficult of solution, and one which does not promise to be easily settled.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

LIFE'S TROUBLES.

BY MRS. E. B. SANFORD.

"What a pretty little thing! What bright eyes she has! Is that your sister, Eva?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say it," returned Eva Roberts crossly. "'Bright eyes.' I should think so! Bright enough for mischief, they are. You can't lay a thing out of your hand but she will discover it, and spoil it if it can be spoiled."

"I should think she must be a little darling, for all that," said Cherry Edwards, playing "peep, bo," with the baby as she spoke. "But I came to see if you could go to walk with me this afternoon, can you?"

"No, I wish I could. But, you see, mamma has gone out and left me to take care of Gracie, so there is no walk for me."

"Can't you bring her with you, and come a little way?" asked Cherry.

"Oh, it wouldn't be worth while. I don't want the bother of getting out her carriage, and she couldn't walk far enough to pay for the trouble of getting her ready."

Little Gracie had seemed to understand the talk about taking a walk, for she ran into another room and came back with a dolly's skirt pulled on her head for a cap, and her fat little hands thrust into a pair of her mamma's nice kid gloves.

"Me go walkey wid Sissy," she said.

"No, you can't; Sissy isn't going," Eva answered shortly.

The child did not cry, but turned her attention to a cup of milk which stood near the edge of the table. Trying to reach it she spilled some on the table.

"Oh, careful!" she exclaimed with a funny look of concern, and began trying to pick up the stream of milk with the thumb and finger. Failing in this, she seized one of the kid gloves and was about to sop up the milk with it when Cherry laughingly caught her little hands.

"There, you see how it is!" exclaimed

Eva. "She goes from one piece of mischief like that to another all the time."

"She didn't mean it for mischief," said Cherry gently. "She only wants to be doing something, and don't know how. But I must run, for my walk is to do an errand for auntie. Kiss me, baby, will you? There's a darling!"

"Now, Cherry, I know just what you are thinking. Pitying Gracie, and saying to yourself what a cross thing her sister is. But, I tell you, you don't know a thing about it. All you ever have to do is just what is nice and pleasant—like taking a walk this lovely afternoon. Nobody can know what trouble is unless they have two or three children around, interfering with everything."

"Oh, Eva!" said Cherry, with tears starting to her eyes. And then Eva suddenly remembered that Cherry had lost her father and mother, and a little sister, too; and that her home now was with an aunt who was a great invalid, and "very nervous," so people said. Unwillingly Eva owned to herself that there might be troubles harder to bear than having two or three merry little ones about the house.

"Cherry, dear, I didn't think!" she said, kissing her girl-friend's cheek.

"I know—you thought only one side," responded Cherry, smiling as she brushed away the tears. "I do so, too, sometimes—yes, often! But, Eva, it isn't right; is it?"

"Why not? Who can help feeling put out by such things?"

"But you know our verse last Sunday," said Cherry, quietly. "'Do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks.' I think Miss Hardy talked so nicely about it, don't you? You remember she said that if we took up the daily duties that we didn't like, and did them in His Name, and for the love of Jesus, they would seem so different. But I must go now. Good-by!"

Eva sat still on the door-step, looking after Cherry, and wishing that she had her cheerful spirit, and her way of looking at things.

From this wish she lapsed into others, and there is no telling how long she might have dreamed there, had not a sudden crash brought her to her feet. Little Gracie, unwatched, had trotted into the pantry, and was making a mixture after her own heart, when she let fall a bowl which caused the crash.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed her sister, "was there ever such a bother! Do come along and let's find something for you to do, as Cherry says."

The little one turned from her dolls, which had been forced into her arms until she was tired of them; but when Eva produced a large box of cards for her to sort she was delighted.

A half hour passed, and the cards had not lost their charm.

"I declare," thought Eva, "I believe I might run off now and see Julie about that edging pattern; it won't take long to learn it, and I do so want to begin."

She stole out of the room and went in search of the other children. They were making a mock garden in their own little plot of ground, and very intent upon their work.

"If I say anything to them they'll want to go with me," thought Eva, and she turned back to the house. "Rosy, can't you have half an eye to baby just a few minutes? She's playing now, as good as need be."

"Sure an' it's only a *quarther* of an eye I can spare," answered good-natured Rosy; "for I daren't leave me kitchen a minit wid all this on the fire."

"I don't believe you'll need to," said Eva, and away she ran.

The edging pattern was much more intricate than Eva had imagined, but it was a merry lesson with Julie for a teacher, and nearly two hours had been spent at the task, when, aroused by the striking of the clock, Eve sprang up to go home.

"I think I can manage it; thank you ever so much, Julie. I must run home and look after the baby."

"Look after her"—but where was she? Rosy did not know; she was still bending anxiously over her preserving kettle, and "hadn't heard a lip of the darlint at all!"

Robby and Sam were swinging in the hammock now—no, they had not seen Gracie! Where could the little creature have gone?

Thoroughly anxious now, Eva rushed about, over the yard and garden, up and down the street, searching everywhere that the child might probably have gone.

"She could not have gone up the road far," reasoned the sister, "for Mrs. Graves would have seen her; she is sitting out under the trees; or Julie and I would surely! And she wouldn't have gone down the road far, because she is so afraid of the cars."

But even as she argued thus, Eva's cheeks turned pale. What if Gracie had gone that way? The railroad crossed the road a few rods below her home, and it led away through the woods—a tempting path it might be to little feet, all unconscious of danger.

"The train will be due in ten—yes, in five minutes!" groaned poor Eva, and she flew down to the crossing, and stood gazing fearfully up and down when the train thundered by.

Eva quite forgot in her misery that her papa was expected to return home by that train. And Mr. Roberts, seated on that side to catch a first glimpse of home, was astonished to see his little daughter standing there, with pallid face and anxious eyes. "What ailed the child?" he questioned uneasily. "Could it be that something had gone wrong at home?"

And where was the truant baby all this time?



"THE LITTLE ONE SAT CONTENTEDLY ON THE STEPS."

She had soon missed Eva, and then she soon wearied of the cards.

"Sissy gone!" she said; "me put on sings, go fin' her!"

Putting on "things" was a funny operation, and an odd little figure was Gracie when ready to set out. "Dolly go to!" she went on, and thrust poor dollie into a basket which she took upon her arm. Robby and Sam were still busy with their garden, and did not notice the little one as she sallied forth. Down the garden path she trotted, and, at the very end of it, she noticed a gap in the fence through which she easily crept; and there she was, in Neighbor Brace's great cornfield.

The tall corn stalks were high above her head. Baby looked up at them and cried out: "Pitty, pity tees!" as she pushed her way in among them.

On and on trudged Baby, amidst the "pretty trees;" and, however much she may have tried to make her way out, she only went farther in; she was fairly lost in the corn. By and by she stood still and cried out shrilly:

"Go 'way! naughty tees! Mamma come! Fin' G'acie! Oh—h!" The call ended in a pitiful cry.

Mamma was spending the afternoon in a dentist's chair, and could not hear the baby. But the wailing voice reached the ears of Neighbor Brace, as he was

cutting down some corn stalks to feed his horse. He stopped and looked all about.

"Queer," said he, "where that cry came from! Sounded as if some little body was in trouble."

The good man went back towards the house; but the cry still sounded in his ears and he spoke to his wife about it.

"Couldn't be that some little tot has strayed in amongst the corn, eh?" said she; "it might 'most as well be lost in the woods, for all getting out!"

Neighbor Brace had a soft spot in his heart for all "little tots," and he at once put on his hat and went to see.

Pushing in between the rows, he presently found the basket with Dolly in it; and a few paces further lay Dolly's little mistress, tired, sobbing, and almost asleep.

"Hallo, little Pussy! Got lost in uncle's big cornfield? Well, come; we'll find the way out. Poor little heart! Who be you, I wonder?"

"I'm Gracie!" said the baby, and she patted his shoulder confidently:

Now the Brace homestead was at some distance on the further side of the big corn-field, so that these good people had not happened to meet the Roberts' children very often, and had never seen little Grace. They did not know of the gap in the fence, and so were much puzzled to guess where the child came from.

"Well, she's hungry, I know!" said Aunty Brace. She brought a mug of milk, which Gracie drank eagerly; and then, with a big sweet apple in one hand and a piece of gingerbread in the other, the little one sat contentedly

on the steps of the porch, for she seemed to prefer that place.

"We must call Tim, and send him round to find where she belongs," said Aunty Brace. "Somebody's worrying about the pretty dear!"

But there was no need of sending. Mr. Roberts, when he reached the station, started across lots by the shortest way home, for he felt rather anxious.

This short-cut took him within sight of Mr. Brace's door, and his little girl espied him, and hailed him with a joyful shout:

"Papa! Mine papa!"

A few words explained how the child came there, and explained Eva's troubled looks also, to the father's great relief.

Eva was returning from another fruitless search when her father reached the house, with the little runaway in his arms.

"Oh, Papa! Where did you find her? I'm so glad!" she cried excitedly, and then burst into tears.

"Mamma had to keep her appointment with Dr. Bliss—eh, daughter!—and left you in charge of Gracie? I see!" said her father, stroking the bowed head.

"When will my girlie learn to find her pleasure in doing her duty 'as unto the Lord'!"

"That is like what Cherry said!" thought the sobbing girl. "Oh, I wish I had tried this afternoon!"

It was well for Eva, as it so often is for each of us, that she had the opportunity to try again. The Lord, who asks of us our hearts' love and service, is "very pitiful and of tender mercy."

And we will hope that Eva, and we also, may find it true that "doing all things to Jesus . . . will shed pleasure over all dull things, softness over all hard things, peace over all trial."

"BUT CONTRARIWISE, BLESSING."

BY IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

Herbert Rylance could not have given a good reason, if asked, for his quarrel with Anthony James. Their disputing began in fun. Then Anthony said something rather sharp which vexed Herbert, although he knew he was not in earnest. His own retort was as unkind, and angered Anthony, and from that evening they went on saying unkind things, getting more and more in earnest, till it grew to be a quarrel which culminated in very angry words that Sunday morning, as they went into church side by side.

They were the leaders of the choir—Anthony of the Decani side and Herbert of the Cantoris; and as they were nearly the same size, and sat opposite each other, they walked together in the procession.

The first note of the processional was not struck correctly, and they came in, singing the least trifle flat, just enough to jar on the ears of every one, especially of a musician, and they did not get righted till the third verse was begun. The chorister came in frowning, with what seemed to the boys a threat in his face. Herbert blamed Anthouy, and Anthony blamed Herbert. They were whispering excitedly to each other, instead of singing, as they came up to the chancel steps, and parted with threats. During the Exhortation they glanced angrily over to each other, and in the Confession, which followed, it was their lips only which uttered the contrite words, mocking the Lord, while their hearts stood very far from Him.

Herbert heard as in a dream "that those things may please Him which we do at this present, and that the rest of our lives may be pure and holy." Before this trouble with Anthony arose he liked to hear these words, and prayed always that what he did at this present would please Him, and that the rest of his life would be pure and holy. He had entered into the choir only to please the Lord, not to please himself; for the rehearsals were frequent and irksome, and such regularity of attendance was required, that it was a tax on his time and even on his strength. He had tried to make his life pure and holy too, but this quarrel had dragged him down to anything but a holy life and heart. This morning, as he prayed, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," he was thinking of turning his back on his duty, and do this one thing no longer he was doing now to please the Lord. He was really half of a mind to leave the choir; and, as Anthony's voice led off the *Venite*, he thought how he hated him, and if he did stop singing he would never have to see him any more, for their paths in life otherwise lay far apart.

"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving," Herbert returned with his side, and he had come before that holy presence with anger and hatred instead of "with thanksgiving," and "show ourselves glad in Him with psalms." Herbert had once showed himself "glad in Him," he had "worshipped the Lord in the beauty of holiness," delighting to sing His praises here. His heart pained that those days were gone, and he joyed no longer in serving Him. It was all Anthony's fault, he said to himself, and if it were not for Anthony he would do as well now as he used to.

They had determined to fight. They parted before the altar with mutual threats, and Herbert was glad the trouble was going to be settled thus. He had no doubt of coming off victor, and was certain that if he gave Anthony a good thrashing he would let him alone. He

surveyed with some satisfaction the delicate hands opposite which held the heavy tune-book, and thought how the other boys would cheer him while he was thrashing Anthony and respect him more after the victory.

As he turned over the pages of his prayer-book to the Collect for the day, he saw with a remembrance of the one great sorrow of his boyhood that it was the fifth Sunday after Trinity. Last year he learned with an elder sister, who had died a few weeks afterwards. It was the last one she had learned, and as he heard the words, "That Thy Church may joyfully see Thee in all godly quietness," he heard, too, her voice saying as she said them, "Oh, Herbert, let us pray always that we may serve Him in godly quietness. What can be more like Heaven on earth than a life of 'godly quietness?'"

The tears welled to his eyes. With what ungodly restlessness was he turning from serving the Lord; in what ungodly turmoil was he living now? He uttered almost a sob instead of an amen, and hastily brushed the tears away as he arose from his knees.

If she had not died, but were still here, an earthly guide and helper, all this trouble and quarrel with Anthony would never have occurred; for he used to tell her all his vexations, and when they had talked them over she made them seem of so little account and the quiet serving of God of great account, that the annoyances were swallowed up always in a greater desire to walk more closely with our Lord.

He kept his eyes from Anthony's face, and tried not to hear the words of the epistle, yet wondered if Anthony heard them: "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion on one another; love as brethren; be pitiful, be courteous; not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing. . . . Let him seek peace and ensue it."

It had been railing for railing from the beginning of the difficulty till now; no bearing or forbearing on either side.

Neither had tried to love each other as a brother; neither had been pitiful or courteous, and Herbert used to pride himself on his courteous and polite manners.

The sermon was on the gospel for the day. Herbert listened to the text, which was the words of St. Peter: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," then his thoughts wandered. The day was hot, and after awhile he must have slept; but the vision which came to him seemed so real he could not think he dreamed. He thought service was over, and he was rushing from the robing-room to meet Anthony and fight him. He could not find him at first, then he saw him standing a long way off at the other side of the churchyard still in his surplice.

"Maybe he's afraid, and thinks I will not touch him if he has that on," he muttered, as he ran over to him. "He always was a coward, but I'll show him."

Running as fast as he could, it was a long time before he reached him. The surplice assumed a brilliant, shiny whiteness, he thought, and the delicate hands stretched out had holes in them, and looking up, Herbert saw, not Anthony, the boy with whom he would fight, but our Lord.

"Anthony, I thought it was Anthony," he heard himself say.

"Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me," a voice returned.

He thought he cried out, yet another seemed to say it for him: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord."

The congregation arising for the Ascription after sermon aroused him, and as he arose he glanced over to see if Anthony still stood there. Yes, it was he; yet not he simply, but one of whom the Lord said: "What ye have unto him, ye have done unto Me." The hate Herbert felt for him he might as well have felt for our Lord; the unkind words he had spoken might have been spoken to our Lord; for Herbert knew that in the way he treated one for whom the Saviour died, he treated Him. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

The last strain of the hymn had died away in the dim distance. Herbert knelt in the robing-room, as he had knelt for more than a year. Herbert did not pay any attention to the scowl on Anthony's face, when they rose from their knees, but stretched out his hand, and said hurriedly:

"Let bygones be bygones, Anthony, and let us begin over again and be friends."

Anthony hesitated for a moment, the collect and epistle had fallen on a more stony heart than Herbert's, and he would not see in his antagonist the representative of his Lord. His better nature conquered, however, and he took the proffered hand.

"All right," he said; "but I say that you struck in before I did."

Herbert knew he had not; for he especially remembered being annoyed with himself for coming in on the second word, when the chorister had so strongly enjoined the boys to start right in on the first, so he could not confess to the false note.

"Well, whoever did it," he said, "it could be avoided if we had a small organ in here to give us the note. We can't always catch it from the large organ."

The chorister was speaking, and there was no reply.

"Whoever struck the wrong note began a half a beat too soon, and deserves to be put out of the choir," he was saying.

"I think it was I, sir," spoke up one of the smaller boys, and one whose fine voice gave promise of eclipsing both Herbert and Anthony. He stepped quietly up to the chorister, and stood waiting respectfully for his decision.

"Look out that it don't happen again, that's all," as he divested himself of his surplice, not giving a thought to the manliness of the little fellow. But there was one who did give a great many thoughts to it, and that was Herbert. He thought he had been brave himself when he had offered his hand to Anthony; but this boy had acknowledged a failure before all the boys, and boys who were jealous of his abilities.

"How did you ever do that?" Herbert said to him; "Copp would have been none the wiser."

"But he would have blamed some one else, and somehow," he said, speaking very low, as if he was not certain how Herbert would receive it, "that would not have been doing just as the epistle said; it would not have been courteous or pitiful to the one blamed." And he looked at Tracy as if he thought it were he. The boys all blamed Tracy, anyway.

Herbert took the little hand that was laid in his own.

"I am glad the epistle helped you," he returned, "it helped me more than I can tell you."

There was an order for the boys to hurry off their surplices and go. Herbert obeyed, so there was no more time for talking.

ART.

The new store of E. P. Dutton & Co., No. 31 West Twenty-third street, from the great beauty of its decorations, well deserves a place under Art. With a front of fifty feet on Twenty-third street and extending back to Twenty-fourth, bronze pillars, covered with relief work, support a ceiling broken by arches of light pink, with borders of green and gold in intricate and beautiful patterns. The walls, deep salmon in color, are covered with flageuse work in elaborate designs, and serve as a background for the unbroken line of shelving of cherry, which is carved and embellished. Bronze faces, representing conventional suns, with wavy, radiating points of light, are set in the ceiling at regular intervals between the arches, and from the mouths of these faces gas fixtures of brass, covered with flageuse and repoussé work of antique and rare designs, depend. On the left is an elegant parlor for visitors, with one of Conover's Queen Anne fire-places, with intricate carving and relief work. Here are to be found a sofa, venerable with two hundred years, and which has been in possession of the firm and its predecessors for one hundred years, writing-desks, reading-tables, and other conveniences for visitors, and the *tout ensemble* has an air of comfort that will be sure to attract friends and buyers. This house was established in Boston in 1856, and removed to New York in 1869. They have brought out the works of many of the leading divines of the Church, such as Drs. Dix, Washburn, Phillips Brooks, Bishop Potter, etc., besides their reprints of books by the strong men of the Church of England, and they have also made a specialty of children's

books, illustrated with colored and other pictures of high character. The firm now consists of Messrs. E. P. Dutton, C. A. Clapp, and E. C. Swayne, and we are glad to note the signs of their success.

THE recent announcement of the ninth annual meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association, to be held in the Academy of Music, New York, on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, demonstrates that for a strongly significant term of years a body of musicians fairly representative of the divine art in the United States has preserved an efficient and valuable organization. The list of the officers, with Mr. S. N. Penfield of New York City as president, abounds with names of prominent musicians from widely-separated parts of the country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine and Minnesota to the Gulf States in the South.

The programme for the three days' session is well considered, thoroughly digested, and freshly varied in art, literature, and criticism in such nice proportions that general edification is a foregone conclusion.

It may serve the interests of our music-loving readers if we present a memorandum of the work, its order and range. On Wednesday, after an opening anthem, follows the president's address, with various formal reports. At 10:30 Mr. Krebbs, the accomplished and versatile musical editor of the *Tribune*, reads an essay, "Mæsiæan, Critic, and Public." It is noteworthy that all the essays of this meeting are followed by free discussions among the members. At 2 P. M. C. L. Capen of Boston reads an essay on "Harmony as Introductory to Composition," and at 3 the veteran, Mr. George H. Bristol, reads another on "Music in Public Schools," both followed by selected speakers. At 4 P. M. Mr. Carl Faellen, who gained much distinction at one of the Symphony Society concerts a year ago, gives a piano recital, with vocal assistance, while at 8 P. M. Mr. S. P. Warren, organist of Grace church, gives an organ concert at Chickering Hall, assisted by the Philharmonic Club and others.

Thursday is equally crowded with important events. There is the opening chorus at 9 A. M., followed by an essay, "Education in Music at Home and Abroad," by the Hon. John Eaton, Washington, with another at 10:15 on "The Italian and German Schools of Vocal Music," by F. W. Root of Chicago, after which, at 11:30, Mr. S. B. Mills gives a piano recital. At 2 P. M. William Mason lectures on "Accentuation in Pianoforte Playing," followed by an essay, "What is Church Music?" by John H. Cornell, New York. At 3:45 E. A. Schultze of Atlanta reads an essay on "Violin Bowing." At 4:30 Emil Liebling of Chicago gives a piano recital, and the day concludes with a general concert at the Academy of Music at 8 P. M.

Friday is an easier day, broken by an excursion at 1:30 P. M. The morning is given up to technical discussions of professional subjects, miscellaneous essays, and a piano recital at 11:30 A. M., by Carlyle Petersiles of Boston with Mr. J. A. Metcalf, vocalist. At 8 P. M. a concluding general concert follows at the Academy, with Miss Bloomfield, the brilliant pianiste, as a chief attraction, whose *debut*, it will be remembered, was a leading event in art circles during the last season. Considered in its æsthetic relations with the public, such a series of vigorous working sessions, bringing together much of the highest musical intelligence in the country, cannot but result in great and permanent advantages. Hereafter other compelling topics must be entertained and considered, such as the choral service, men and boy choirs, the revival and uses of the Gregorian, and of the great Paëstrina period of polyphonic religious art.

SCIENCE.

On the southeast coast of Spain there are flourishing groves of date palms in soil saturated with the salt sea water.

TELEPHONIC tickets in Paris, at half a franc, issued at the post offices, entitle the holder to five-minutes' conversation at any other city post office or at the telephonic stations of the company. The same offer is made by the company of conversation at any of its eleven stations, or at the residence of any of the members.

A QUARRY on the east coast of Scotland (the Granton) admits the sea, and at high tide there is a surface area of ten acres and a depth of sixty feet. Its mouth is so closed as to be impervious to fishes and other marine animals, while admitting the water. The area is to be stocked with marine life of every kind, and so converted into a great aquarium to be used for scientific purposes.

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Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

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INSTRUCTION.

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The next year will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 10th, 1895. This seminary was organized in 1825, and has since that time been the most prominent theological institution in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete theological seminary in the world.

There is also a Post Graduate Course for students of the Seminary who desire to prepare special studies will be offered. The course will be completed in one year.

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Rev. DR. Z. GRAY, D.D., Dean and Professor of History, and of Theology, is the principal of the school. The school is now in its twenty-third year, and has a reputation for its high quality of instruction. The school is now the largest and most complete theological school in the United States.

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This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE.

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HOMER COLLEGE.

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HOMER SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

KEBLE SCHOOL, Syracuse, N. Y.

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

KIRKLAND HALL, Clinton, N. Y.

This hall was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent hall in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete hall in the world.

MADAME CLEMENT'S

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA.

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

MISS ANNE'S SCHOOL for Young Ladies.

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

NEW ENGLAND

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

This conservatory was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent conservatory in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete conservatory in the world.

JOINTZ Ladies' School.

This school was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent school in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete school in the world.

PARK INSTITUTE FOR BOYS.

This institute was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent institute in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete institute in the world.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY.

This academy was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent academy in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete academy in the world.

PRIVATE AND SELECT HOME FOR YOUNG

This home was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent home in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete home in the world.

REVIEW ACADEMY.

This academy was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent academy in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete academy in the world.

ROCKLAND COLLEGE, Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

This college was organized in 1847, and has since that time been the most prominent college in the United States. It is now the largest and most complete college in the world.

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885.

THE very efficient committee which has been preparing the rules and ritual of an order to be called the Knights of Temperance has worked out an idea which may be of very great value. Not only has it carefully worked it out on paper, but certain members of the committee propose to test it in the way of actual experiment. They will at once start organizations in connection with their parishes to determine how far a device more or less military, and an order of proceedings designed to be as thoroughly religious as entertaining, will be of service to boys in the way of soberness, purity and obedience. Those who are interested in the practical workings of this scheme may rest assured of one thing: It is thoroughly religious and as thoroughly churchly. With all the rest it is intended to work according to the chivalrous ideas of honor and self-respect, ideas which most boys so easily respond to.

THE English Church Congress is to be held at Portsmouth, beginning on October 6th. The list of subjects to be treated of is an indication of what is now moving the English mind. Burning questions, which will burn as much after as before discussion, are left out, and so are abstract questions, theological or other, which do not concern the needs and activities of the time. The Prayer Book in Connection with Re-arrangement of Services, Supplementary Services, etc.; Work of Women in the Church; Young Men between School and Marriage; Workingmen's Clubs, etc.; the Bearing of Christianity upon Local Economics with Respect to the Mutual Relations of Rich and Poor—such are the subjects which are to engage some of the foremost minds in the English Church. They are equally practical and, so to speak, inevitable. The entire list, in fact, well illustrates in its way a remark by the Bishop of Durham, that no Church in recent centuries shows such a capacity in the way of practical development as appears in the Church of England.

DR. MÜHLEBERG, as in so many other things, builded better than he knew when he started the Fresh Air Fund. This castle in the air, as some might have supposed it, has taken on a solid and permanent shaping. The rapid growth of this beautiful charity finely illustrates the heartiness with which our people respond to any movement which is really beneficial. It is now seen—and it is seen with greater

and greater clearness, and by an increased number of people from year to year—that the greatest need of the overworked and enfeebled, and especially the children living in the crowded districts in our cities, is a few days of the air, and quiet, and freshness of the country. All other things combined could not serve their purpose, and in hundreds of cases could not save them from fatal sickness. The consequence is that the Fresh Air Fund has grown, and is growing with very great rapidity. Thousands are given where only hundreds, and but a few hundreds at that, seemed sufficient a few years ago, and the scores of homes by the seaside, or in quiet places, and the coming and going of successive households tell of a charitable giving which is as generous and beautiful as the results are beneficial.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE IN VACATION.

More and more each year the vacation season finds a place for itself in American life. The changes in industries compel nearly every class of toilers to take time for rest, and the hurry in which work is done enforces upon business and professional people a period in which they can recruit their exhausted energies. It is not strange that the churches take a vacation when minister and people are absent from home. Once it seemed like an infringement of order to have the services in the parish church discontinued even for a Sunday, but now there are nearly two months in the year during which the clergy are taking a much-needed rest, and the people who are most helpful in parish affairs are absent from their homes in quest of health or a change of life. Clergy and people are both as one in the manner in which they are affected by the rapid way of doing things which has become well-nigh universal in all American communities. Practically religious work has to be done in nine months of the year, and the Church during the other three is in the situation of every other interest in life. It is in a state of suspended animation.

There is nothing to deplore in this state of things. It is one of the conditions of modern life, and can no more be changed than the ebb and flow of the tides or the rising and setting of the sun. It does not mean the declension of religious life. It does not mean that religious people are weary of well-doing. It simply means that the quick way of doing things has compelled a different way of living and thinking, and that all of us unconsciously conform to the necessities in which we find ourselves.

But there is need that Christian people

shall not forget the constant things of the spiritual life, even in vacation time. The mind and the heart need change or rest, but the soul finds its strength and refreshment not so much through the negation of activity as through increasing intimacy with God. This intimacy is not reduced when the body is weary or when the mind is at rest. The soul is never tired, as mind and body are. Again and again it stills the mind and heart, because it shares in an unseen life with Christ in God, which expresses the fulness of living. It is a mistake to shut up the soul as you shut up the church or your own dwelling in the vacation season. At the seaside, or in the quiet country, or on mountain cliffs, God speaks to the soul in the same voice that Abraham heard in the far East and Moses heard by the burning bush of Sinai, and it is through this inward consciousness of the spiritual life that Christian people resist the encroachments of the world wherever they may be. This spiritual refreshment should not be lost. It should be like our personal consciousness. It should attend us like a guardian angel. It is just here that the difference lies between Christians who have tone and those who seem always to be in the drift. The spiritual element will always consecrate the day or the hour, whatever may be the place or the condition. The religious activity may be diminished in vacation time, but the spiritual life will sanctify every passing event or experience as truly as if one were in the snug quarters of home. It is this sanctifying process that constitutes the daily refreshment of living.

THE NEW ENSLAVEMENT OF AFRICA.

In the hold of a single vessel recently sailing from Boston, bound for West Africa, were stored one hundred and thirty-two thousand gallons of ardent spirits.* A ship which sailed previously carried a few missionaries to the tribes on the Congo, and also bore five thousand two hundred gallons of rum to the same tribes. Vessels also leave New York and Philadelphia with similar cargoes for the same destination.

England, which has been ruining China with opium, sends an immense quantity of the destructive "fire-water" to many parts of the heathen world, and especially to Africa; and almost everywhere the work of her missionaries is hindered, and in some fields almost annihilated by her traffickers in rum.

The Secretary of the Church Missionary Society's Mission on the Niger reports that he knows, from his own observation on the river, that the amount

of intoxicating liquor introduced on the Niger is enormous, and that one vessel which lately arrived was laden with no less than twenty-five thousand cases of gin and demijohns of rum, and that this is the common article of barter with the natives.

Formerly Liverpool and Glasgow supplied about nine-tenths of the intoxicants sent to the west coast of Africa and some other parts of the heathen world, but now Hamburg, Boston, and New York are beginning to compete with them in this baneful traffic. New companies are being started in Hamburg to send liquor of the worst kind to the tribes on the Congo, and the Niger, and other parts of Africa.

During the sessions of the Berlin West Africa Conference a deputation from the Church Missionary Society, consisting of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a number of bishops, deans, noblemen, and members of Parliament, attended at the British Foreign Office to urge upon the Government the importance in the negotiations at the conference of restraining the liquor traffic in the Niger and Congo regions. The memorialists stated that the traffic was becoming so enormous that there were grave reasons for alarm, lest not only the missions be ruined and the cause of Christianity be irreparably injured, but the native races be destroyed.

The Bishop of Sierra Leone, who was to sail the next day for Africa, mentioned that the steamer he went out in before was laden with rum and gin, and those of the very worst quality, all from Hamburg.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, in a speech in the Senate in which he advocated that America's representatives at the conference should use their influence to have the liquor traffic restricted, said that Europe and America by this baneful trade have been scattering the seeds of death in Africa more rapidly than the Christian Church, the International Association and all other philanthropic associations had been scattering the seeds of life.

But notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of our representatives, aided by the British members, the conference would do nothing, and the monstrous evil is to continue in all the vast regions which have been the scenes of the inhumanity and sufferings of Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley.

Indeed the conference has indirectly been the means of giving a great impetus to the traffic, as the attention of European and American merchants has been more extensively drawn to the trade of the Congo and the Niger, and especially to the profits of the liquor business then.

What a huge curse the unlimited and uncontrolled supply of alcoholic liquors, especially the chemically poisonous kind

now furnished, is to the Africans, and what a formidable obstacle it is to the regeneration of "the dark continent!"

Our country and England expended millions of money, and sacrificed hundreds of lives, in putting down the slave trade, by sea, from the west coast of Africa, and England still has her cruisers to prevent the Arabs from carrying on their abominable traffic on the east coast; but nothing is done by any government to prevent the bringing of thousands and millions of the natives of Africa into a far worse slavery than that of Cuba and Brazil, or Persia and Arabia.

Surely a sentiment should be awakened throughout Christendom against the policy of "free rum" in Africa.

ENGLAND.

A USEFUL SOCIETY.—The annual report of the Church of England Society for Providing for Waifs and Strays shows that its income has rapidly increased during the short period of its existence from 789*l.* in 1881-82, to 8,564*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.* in the past year. There are 3,944 children belonging to the society, situated in various parts of England, and one in Canada. These accommodate from ten to forty children each, and are under the superintendence of the parish clergy, assisted by local committees. In addition, there are about 130 little ones boarded out at the society's expense with respectable villagers, under efficient supervision, and 72 have been placed in other voluntary Church homes and institutions. The total number of children under the care of the society at the close of the past year was 375. A main feature of the work is that orphans and destitute children are provided with homes in whatever way may be best suited to their sex, age, and antecedents. Thus some of the homes are certified under the Industrial Schools Act Amendment Act, and others under the Pauper Education Act. The very young children are boarded out, and those whom it is desirable to separate entirely from their former evil surroundings are sent to Canada, after having had the necessary preliminary training.

RETIREMENT FROM THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—The Hon. and Rev. E. V. Bligh of West Malling, Kent, a member of the Church Association, has withdrawn from that body, avowedly on the ground that the chief position of "the enemy," by which he means the ritualists, namely, the ornaments rubric, the eastward position, and the confessional, "cannot be taken, or even turned," without some alteration in the rubrics and phraseology of the Prayer Book. He has recently awaked to the fact that, as a member of the Prayer Book Revision Society, which seeks to have the Prayer Book altered on the ground that it supports ritualism, it is not very consistent to remain a member of the Church Association, which takes action against ritualists on the ground that they are violating the Church of England's rules and laws, as set forth in the Prayer Book as it is.

ADDRESS TO THE LATE BISHOP WORDSWORTH.—An address, largely signed by the clergy of Lincoln, which was intended to be presented to the late bishop, and was in circulation for signatures at the time of his death, has since been completed and forwarded to his eldest son, Canon Wordsworth. The address is contained in a book bound in purple leather, having silver clasps. It is beautifully illuminated, and following the address are the signatures

of the clergy. Canon Wordsworth has feelingly responded.

MOVEMENT FOR A NON-CONFORMIST COLLEGE AT OXFORD.—A movement has been going on for the transfer of the training college for Non-conformists in England to Oxford, under the name of Mansfield College, and money has been raised for the purpose. The project does not meet with general favor, and several protests have been made against it. Some of the Non-conformists themselves oppose it, and the Cambridge University Non-conformist Union has decidedly pronounced against it.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.—The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge proposes to found studentships, of not more than £750 value each, for the training, during a period not exceeding four years, of young men offering themselves for the work of medical missionaries abroad, in preparation for such work, the students to be nominated by the Standing Committee, and the following classes to be eligible for appointment to them: 1. Medical men who, having completed their professional education, are willing to go through the training needful for ordination, and, after being ordained, to go out to exercise their medical skill and experience as missionaries among the heathen. Clergymen who are willing to go through the needful training for the medical profession, and, after obtaining their diploma, to go out as missionaries as those described under class 1. 3. Medical men who, having completed their medical training, desire to undertake lay mission work among the heathen, and are willing to undergo at least one year's training with that object.

MORTUARY COMMUNION AT EXETER CATHEDRAL.—The English Churchman is evidently distressed at some proceedings in Exeter Cathedral. It says (June 18th), "We regret to learn that a Communion Service was held in the Lady Chapel of Exeter Cathedral last week, in the presence of the body of the late Archdeacon Woolcombe. The corpse was specially moved to the Cathedral for the occasion. Was it a Mass for the dead that was held?"

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—As we go to press the death is announced of the Right Rev. George Moberly, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Salisbury, in the eighty third year of his age, and the sixteenth of his episcopate.

SCOTLAND.

A COADJUTOR-BISHOP FOR MORAY AND ROSS.—The College of Bishops, on the application of the Primus, has sanctioned the appointment and election of a coadjutor-bishop for his diocese, and the Primus has issued a mandate for the election.

IRELAND.

THE MEATH EPISCOPATE.—The diocesan synod of Meath met on Monday, June 15th, for the purpose of electing a bishop, the former election having been declared null and void. After three ballots it was again found that no one had received a sufficient number of votes to elect. The synod, therefore, again sent up the names of the Rev. Dr. J. S. Bell and the Rev. Dean Reichel to the Bench of Bishops, with whom the final choice between these two names now rests.

AUSTRIA.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE LAW.—The new Sunday Observance law went into operation in Vienna on Sunday, June 14th. The following statements from Vienna describe the effect of the change. The first is dated Sunday night, and the second Monday night, June 14th and 15th:

"To-day Vienna is for the first time without Sunday afternoon papers. All the editorial offices and telegraphic news agencies are closed, and no house-building or factory work is going on except in the case of a few trades exempted from the Sunday Observance Law. The public vehicles are, however, going about as usual, and the coffee-houses, restaurants and beer-houses are open and overcrowded by workmen, who for the first time enjoy their full Sunday's rest. It is calculated that in Vienna alone about fifty thousand people are freed from Sunday work by the new law, the majority of whom went with their families into the suburbs, where the beer gardens as well as the rail-ways, tramways, and omnibuses have reaped an abundant harvest."

"The Viennese have had to miss their accustomed morning paper to-day. Not a single journal appeared this morning. This will henceforward be the case every Monday. A new law, which came into force a few days ago, decrees that on Sunday all trade labor should rest. Compositors and printers being likewise regarded as industrial laborers, it becomes impossible for newspapers to produce their Monday editions. Not as a church celebration of Sunday, but as a day of recreation for the workman, has the legal Sunday rest been decreed. Its duration is fixed from 6 A. M. on Sunday till 6 A. M. on Monday. The law has been well received in the industrial and working circles, although in some respects it will render the competition of Austrian industry with Germany more difficult, for a law of this kind does not exist in Germany, nor does the normal working day of eleven hours for factories exist in Germany, whereas it is actually introduced in Austria. The public has not taken umbrage to-day at the non-appearance of the morning papers; but in stirring times when important events occupy the attention in a higher degree, the newspapers will have to think of some plan to satisfy the curiosity and interest of the public on Mondays."

CHINA.

MISSION ITEMS.—It has been customary for several years to have all the choir women in the neighboring stations meet at St. Mary's school, Shanghai, on Ascension Day, and after service in the college chapel to have a quiet afternoon tea at the episcopal residence. It has always been a pleasant and profitable occasion to all who could come, and this year the numbers were unusually large. The gathering was held on the Monday following Ascension Day, that day having been cold and stormy. The broad verandahs of the bishop's house were covered with Chinese tables, and here the celestial meal and tea were served to all visitors.

On Whitsunday the bishop made a visitation to St. Paul's, at Kong Wan, and confirmed eleven persons presented by the rector, the Rev. Zn Soong Yen. Kong Wan is a town of about 12,000 inhabitants, situated several miles north of Shanghai. St. Paul's is a large and flourishing parish, and the present church edifice is inadequate to the needs of the congregation. The rector, who is entitled to the greatest credit for his successful efforts, (Kong Wan being a strong heathen centre), hopes that in a very few years funds may be forthcoming to begin the new building. The rector preached a stirring sermon in the local dialect from Gal. vi. 8, and the bishop, after the confirmation, made a brief address in the same tongue, alluding to the significance of Whitsunday and its connection with the gifts of the Holy Ghost and the laying-on of hands. The congregation seemed deeply impressed with the services, and between forty and fifty returned to the celebration of the Holy Communion.

On June 1st the bishop left Shanghai for his regular visitations to Wuchang and Hankow, and stations on the Yang Tso River.

EGYPT.

THE COPTIC CHURCH.—In continuance of the friendly communications which have been held with the Copts in Cairo by the Association for the Furtherance of Christianity in Egypt, the Rev. George Greenwood was requested by the association to proceed to Egypt in November last year, and he remained in Cairo till the middle of March last. During that period he had ample opportunities of making himself acquainted with the ecclesiastical authorities of the Coptic Church, and of studying the doctrines, discipline, and ritual of that Church. The result of his visit was embodied in a report read by him on May 15th last at a meeting of the association, and is now published in the form of a pamphlet. Mr. Greenwood not only gives us very interesting details concerning this Church, which numbers nearly half a million of worshippers, and is, as he says, the backbone of Christianity in that down-trodden land; he also makes a practical suggestion for enabling the association, or rather the Church of England, to raise the whole tone of spiritual and moral life in Egypt without seeking to draw proselytes to itself from any existing Church. This proposes to do by the establishment of a school in Cairo, combining a good secular education with religious training; the latter, he is careful to say, having no tendency to render the Coptic pupils disloyal to their Church. Such pupils, he says, would be in time well fitted for holy orders, and might possibly be sought for above others. The head of the institution should be an English clergyman, with almost autocratic power; the pupils should be resident, and the school should be open to all comers. The association, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is president, after hearing Mr. Greenwood's paper read, accepted the proposals, and directed its committee to take steps for carrying them into effect.—*John Bull.*

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE NATAL TROUBLES.—A letter is published under date of April 21st, as written by a presbyter of the Colenso faction in Natal, and addressed to Dr. Gregg, senior-bishop of the "Reformed Church of England" (Cummisite), inveighing against the declination of the six prelates of the Church of England to consecrate a successor to Dr. Colenso, and stating that the next step the Colenso faction proposes to take is to go direct to the Secretary of State for a royal mandate to consecrate a new Bishop of Natal. Failing this, the writer more than hints that official communication will be opened with Dr. Gregg.

Pro contra, the London Guardian (June 17th) says that "later news from Natal seems to show that the very distinct, though courteous and well-reasoned refusal which Archbishop Colley received is producing its effect. A respectful rejoinder which Archbishop Colley has personally made exhibits a far more subdued tone than some former utterances from kindred quarters have done, and tidings of certain vestry meetings held in the Easter season by the friends and supporters of Bishop Colenso's separation, who call themselves the 'Church of England in Natal,' . . . show that they are falling out amongst themselves, and indicate, moreover, that their pecuniary resources for maintaining their position are rapidly falling away. It is plain enough that the schism will die if let alone."

The same paper says that "at Grahamstown all appears at present to be quiet."

MASSACHUSETTS.

SALEM.—St. Peter's Church.—A chime of bells, ten in number, has been placed in the tower of this church (the Rev. Dr. Charles Argy, rector). Several years ago a suggestion was made for a chime of bells to be placed in the tower of the "North Church," but the suggestion was never followed up. Within the last year the subject was brought forward again, and a deep interest created by a member of St. Peter's parish, a lady asking a subscription from three hundred and sixty-seven Church people, of one cent per day for one year. Thirty-three friends and neighbors also gave with like good will, making the number of givers four hundred. The Sunday-school also gave \$150. In addition to this, and giving a rare value to the chime, are the memorial bells, given by individuals in memory of deceased members of their families. These donors were Messrs. George Peabody, A. A. Low, George A. Gardner, James B. Curwen and Benjamin W. Russell. The Parish Bell and the Rectors' Bell came from the general contributions raised by Miss Tukey; the Howard Bell was given by the Howard family, and the Safford Bell by the Safford family. The bells are from the foundry of the C. H. Meneely Bell Company of Troy, N. Y. The ringing case is set in the tower below the bells. It is firmly attached to the floor, and is connected with the clappers of the bells by wooden trackers, on the same principle as organ keys are connected with the organ valves. Instead of keys each bell is represented by a hand lever, and these levers are marked with the musical notes of the bells. The ringer stands in front of this case, a music-rack being before him, and by quickly pressing the levers the clappers are drawn against the bells. The clappers are promptly withdrawn by steel springs, which are set on the inside of the bells and are attached to the clappers by adjustable straps. This use of levers, rods and adjustable springs, allows music to be played rapidly and with expression, and is a great change from the old system of rope connections.

The Rectors' Bell is in memory of previous rectors, ten names being inscribed on it. Mr. Peabody's bell is in memory of his daughter, Mrs. Clara Endicott Payson. Mr. A. A. Low's bell is in memory of his father, Seth Low. Mr. Gardner's bell is in memory of Eliza Endicott Gardner. The Safford Bell is in memory of James Osborn Safford. Mr. James B. Curwen gives two bells in memory of Priscilla Barr Curwen and Mrs. Rebecca Hovey Curwen. Mr. Benjamin W. Russell's bell is in memory of his mother, Mrs. Betsey Cleveland Russell, and the Howard Bell is in memory of John Howard. In addition to these there is the Parish Bell, suitably inscribed. The old bell, cast in 1740, forms no part of the chime, but it will still be used as occasion may demand.

On St. Peter's day, Monday, June 29th, "the festival of the bells" was held in honor of their first use. The chimes rang out sweetly, and summoned a large congregation to participate in the special services arranged for the occasion. The church was beautifully decorated, and the surpliced choirs of St. Stephen's church, Lynn, and St. Paul's church, Peabody, were present, and, with the surpliced choir of the parish, made up a choir of sixty chorists. The professional was "Rejoice ye pure in heart," the procession entering the front door of the church, and proceeding up the middle aisle.

Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. C. E. Barnes and George Walker. After the singing of an anthem, the rector made an impressive address, in which he briefly referred to the history of church bells, and recapitulated the story of this special chime. He concluded

as follows: "The chime is for us a happy possession, but I am sure it is an unselfish one. Like our religion, it is for all, and, like the first of its graces, it will speak a language which all can understand. Though as many nationalities were represented in this large assemblage as at the first great festival of Pentecost, all could appropriate now the words of their gratified astonishment then, 'We do hear

CONNECTICUT.

MIDDLE HADNAM—*Christ Church*.—This parish, (the Rev. F. D. Harriman, rector,) organized April 23th, 1785, while Bishop Seabury was on his return voyage from Scotland, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary on Wednesday, June 17th.

The Middlesex archdeaconry held its business meeting at 10 A.M.

bishop then proceeded with the Communion, assisted by the rector and the Rev. Messrs. John Townsend and F. R. Sanford.

At noon the bishop, clergy, and visitors were entertained by the ladies of the parish.

At 3 P.M. the congregation reassembled in the church, and, after a brief service, a brief historical sketch of the parish was read by Mr. J. H. Stewart.



NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE INCARNATION, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.

them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.' And we could wish that one of their first and abiding associations might henceforth be with the hymn which broke the silence of the heavens on the night of the Nativity, Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will to men." The Te Deum was then sung, and the service ended with appropriate collects and the benediction.

At 11 A.M. the wardens and vestry received the bishop and clergy at the door of the school-house adjoining the church, and escorted the procession to the church. The bishop began the Communion Office, and after the Nicene Creed, administered confirmation. He then delivered a centennial address of great force and beauty, in which he applied the lessons of the past to the present and the future. The

Addresses followed from the Rev. Messrs. F. W. Harriman, John Townsend, and J. L. Parks. The final address was made by the Rev. Dr. F. B. Woodward, a former rector of the parish.

The congregations at both services filled the church to overflowing. The music was well rendered by a select choir, and the people joined heartily. The church (now ninety-nine

years old was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants.

There were present, besides the bishop and rector, the Rev. Dr. F. B. Woodward and the Rev. Messrs. W. A. Johnson, J. H. Betts, R. H. Tuttle, J. Townsend, J. Brush, J. L. Parks, A. I. Parsons, W. C. Knowles, R. C. Searing, F. R. Sanford, F. W. Harriman, and C. Westerman.

NEW LONDON—Eastern Archdiocesan.—The annual meeting of this archdiocesan was held in New London on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 16th and 17th. The business meeting was held in Memorial Hall. The usual appropriations and apportionments were made, and reports from the missionaries received and discussed. It was decided that the work of the Church in the town of Groton demanded that Bishop Seabury's mission should become a part of the care of the rector of St. Mark's parish, at Mystic River, a village to the east of Groton, and a resolution to that effect was adopted.

A missionary meeting was held in the evening in St. James's church, (the Rev. W. B. Buckingham, rector,) at which addresses were made by the rector, who is also the archdeacon, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Jewett, and the Rev. Messrs. G. R. Warner and Frederick Burgess.

On Wednesday the business meeting was resumed at 9 A. M. The Rev. A. P. Chapman read a carefully prepared paper on "The Confusion of Tongues."

It was determined to hold the next quarterly meeting at Pomfret, in September.

At 10:30 A. M. there was a celebration of the Holy Communion. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Stevens Parker, from St. Luke xiv. 18.

LONG ISLAND.

GARDEN CITY—Cathedral of the Incarnation.—We have already spoken of the Cathedral of the Incarnation itself, of its ornate windows and its great organ, but we cannot bring ourselves to dismiss the subject until we have said something of the other appointments and accessories which contribute so much to the beauty and solemnity of the worship of God within those consecrated walls. They are well worthy of a more elaborate notice than we can find space for, both in beauty of design and in the tasteful execution of those designs. It should not be forgotten that the object of the cathedral was two-fold. It was to be a sanctuary of the Most High and a monument of the merchant prince, to whose wealth it owes its existence; and in either character it was felt that nothing could be too elaborate and fine. God was not to be served with that which cost nothing, and what museum could be magnificent enough to be the shrine of departed worth. Zion's walls must be salvation and its gates praise, and love would fain make the resting place of the dead "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." These two thoughts were in the mind of the architect in the work as a whole and in its details. It was God's house. It was to be A. T. Stewart's tomb, and these thoughts are embodied in the costly marble and carved work.

The chancel of the cathedral consists of choir and sacristy, separated by a rail of gilded bronze. In the choir are five richly carved stalls of mahogany, with ornate canopies pierced and crocketed, being seats for

the clergy, each having its *præ-Dieu* before it. The pavement is made of inlaid red granite and verd antique marbles with black borders, and in the centre may be seen the heraldic arms of the cathedral in brass, enameled with floriated border, presenting upon a shield three crozets and a chevron Barry, wavy with white and blue tinctures, indicating the insular jurisdiction, which is further intimated by dolphins as supporters. The crest is a ship upon waves, the well-known symbol of the Church, and the motto is "I will set His Dominion in the sea." The sacristy or sanctuary, which is paved with highly variegated Sienna and griotte marbles, rich in design, is entered by a Sienna marble step and two leaved gates, elegantly wrought in gilded bronze. The sedilia around the apsidal walls are stone, with canopies of carved stone, the bishop's chair being in the centre, slightly elevated, corresponding with the bema in the oriental basilicas. On one side in a niche elegantly canopied is the piscina, and on the other the credence with the aumbry beneath it.

The credence is a work of special beauty and symbolical meaning. Above the projecting shelf of the niche there are three establish-



ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE INCARNATION, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND.

ments in sunken panels of gothic tracery, the upper one presenting the head of an angel in clouds. The one on the right contains in *alto-relievo* a high priest in his sacerdotal vestments, admirably sculptured in light brown stone. He stands beside an altar, upon which is lying a lamb slain, the emblem of our Lord and the type of the great sacrifice upon Calvary. Youthful figures with timbrel and censer are standing by, and suggest adoration and praise. On the other tablet is seen our Lord Himself, the anti-type of the Paschal Lamb, sitting apart and consecrating by His own benediction the wheat and the grape, a sheaf and cluster being held high by attending cherubs, the memorials of Christ's Body and Blood, and thus are seen in juxtaposition the bloody and the unbloody sacrifice. Beneath the enlacements are engraved the words, "Thou art a Priest forever after the order of Melchizedek," and upon the outer edge of the credence, "I am the Bread of Life."

The altar, of which we give an illustration, stands on a foot-piece of white marble, and was constructed of white and colored marbles by Cox & Sons, of London, the workmen being some of the best sculptors of Antwerp. The surface is carved in gothic panels, shields and varied tracery, and the projecting cornice is adorned with the passion flower, the wheat and grape and delicately wrought cherub

faces. The frieze and cornice are supported at the four corners by shafts of Irish black fossil marble, with white capitals carved in flowers. There are enlacements around the sides and ends of the altar in three-quarters relief, exquisitely executed in pure Italian marble, and bordered by delicate columns of Languedoc and Sienna marbles. The subjects treated on these panels are a pictorial history of Redemption. Beginning at the rear of the altar we have the Temptation and Fall in Eden, the offering of Isaac on Mt. Moriah, Moses and the Brazen Serpent, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Meeting with the Disciples at Emmaus. Upon the top of the altar are five crosses to symbolize the five wounds of our Lord, inlaid in red griotte marble, the central and largest one showing the sacred monogram, I. H. S. The careful finish of the figures, with the high relief and other details, and the symbolic teaching of the groups, teach in a way that cannot be gainsaid that we also have an altar. The light from the thirteen windows, around the chancel, before described, adds to the effectiveness of the altar, all of whose surroundings are in harmony with the sacred place.

The baptistery of the cathedral, second only to the chancel in beauty and its fine workmanship, is apsidal in form, and adjoins the south transept and the choir. Its exterior walls are crowned with a graceful stone turret and spire, flanked by flying buttresses, and prepared for a small peal of bells. The topmost finial is surmounted by a star, the *Ursa Major*, on which the sun never sets, and which is therefore the significant emblem of the universal Church. The interior of the baptistery, through large arches, is open to the transept and the choir, the arches being filled with elegant wrought Gothic tracery, and having below ornate and massive bronze gates. The piers on which the gates are hung are ornamented on their sides with clustered columns of variegated marbles, three at each corner. The pavement is of inlaid marbles, white and dove color, radiating from the centre, and the wainscoting is of statuary marble with panels of verd-antique. In the angles of the walls stand columns of variegated American, French and Italian marbles, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon dove color, Languedoc, Tennessee, etc., with boldly sculptured capitals of statuary marble supporting the dome-shaped ceiling. The windows representing the personages and events alluded to in the Office of Baptism have been before described, and to that description our readers are referred.

Upon an octagonal base of two steps of white marble, in the centre of the baptistery, stands the white marble font, made by Robert Fisher of New York. The base is panelled with floriated mouldings. The stem consists of kneeling cherubs with wings and folded hands, finished in statuary marble, and the large octagonal bowl is enriched by sunken panels, which contain, in high relief, appropriate emblems: the double triangle and cross, the pelican feeding its young with its blood, the Alpha and Omega, the Dove, the I. H. S., the Lamb with cross and banner, the Chi Rho, and the Annunciation lilies. The canopy of the font rises and falls by a massive gilt chain of square links, and is carved in dark

mahogany, with open panel work adorned with flowers, and doves, and around its base, in raised letters, is the legend: "One Body, One Spirit, One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism, One God and Father of all." Above the canopy is a crown, also wrought in bronze, gilded and ornamented with jewels.

The organs, before described, are enclosed in richly carved, mahogany cases, ornamented by rich, gothic panels and a profusion of flowers copied from nature, the pendant bosses consisting of fuchsias very delicately executed.

The episcopal throne or cathedra stands next to the chancel, and is very notable for its lofty and elegant canopy, shaped like a spire and perforated with exquisite tracery, giving the whole a light and pleasing effect. The dean's seat opposite is similar to the bishop's, but with a lower canopy. The stalls for the officiating clergy and chorists are also of mahogany, tastefully finished with panelled ends and finials. Upon the broad steps of the choir stand the pulpit and the lectern, both original and exceedingly happy in design, modelled by Joseph Sitbel of New York, and executed in bronze by Morris J. Powers of the New York Fine Art Bronze Foundry. Around the base of the pulpit is a group, "The Hearers of the Word," consisting of old and young in the attitude of listening, with earnest devotion, to the preaching of the Gospel. The group shows much naturalness and grace in the treatment of the figures in their various positions, standing and sitting, and the desk above is admirably supported by a cluster of branching leaves and lilies. The lectern has for its group, "Christ Blessing Little Children." The stately and benignant figure of our Lord and the eager faces of the little ones around Him express the feeling and teaching of the incident with entire success. The upper portion of the lectern consists of the eagle supporting the Bible, which, for eleven centuries, at least, has been an approved and significant emblem of the Gospel itself, perhaps as the symbol of St. John, who soared above all others in his exposition of the Divine Nature of our Lord, or perhaps, as Durandus suggests, as bearing the Word of God upon its expanded wings even unto the ends of the world.

We have thus, in three papers, given some account of the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, with its beautiful appointments, making use freely of the many notes that have been kindly sent to us, and in much using the *ipsissima verba* of our contributors. The erection of such a cathedral, its presentation with its endowment, see house, schools, and domain to the Diocese of Long Island, was an event unique in our history as a Church, and deserved to be commemorated; it was a matter of interest to the whole Church. Now, as we bring these papers to an end, we can not forbear to name once more the accomplished architect of this cathedral, who is also the architect of the cathedral at Omaha, Mr. Henry G. Harrison of New York City, who has given not only days and nights, but months and years, to a work which has been very near to his heart, and we can but say, Well done! Of the munificence of the venerable widow of the merchant prince, of whom the cathedral is the monument, of her counsellor and friend, Judge Hilton, and of the Bishop of Long Island, we have a fortnight spoken, and we need only add now that they have reared not only to A. T. Stewart, but to themselves as well, a monument that shall outlive the brazen statue or the enduring marble. They may not have builded wiser than they knew, but they have been wise master builders, and generations to come shall rise up to call them blessed.

BROOKLYN—St. Mark's Church.—On Sunday, June 28th, the morning service at this church was made memorial of the late Mrs. Lucy S. Haskins, the wife of the rector, the Rev. Sannel M. Haskins, D.D. Flowers and floral wreaths festooned the chancel, and the banner of the infant class of the Sunday-school, of which Mrs. Haskins had been the teacher, stood at the side of the choir draped in black. The surplised choir, under the leadership of Mr. Edward Ducharme, rendered the music, which included some especial selections, of which one was the anthem, "The Lord is Mindful of His Own." The Rev. Cornelius L. Twing, minister in charge of St. Thomas's Mission, assisted the rector in the services, and preached the sermon, his text being Ps. cxvii. 2, "He giveth His beloved sleep." At the end he said: "When one dies, as did Mrs. Haskins, after a life of sweet and holy usefulness, those who mourn her loss can almost rejoice that she has been released from the toils and cares of life to enter into the rest of Paradise. Those who knew her loved her, and thanked God for the example of a Christian life she left behind. For a quarter of a century she devoted herself with unselfishness to the work of the parish. In the Sunday-school she was a teacher of rare proficiency, especially among the smaller children of the infant class. The worshippers at St. Mark's will long remember how zealously she labored each year to make Easter Day memorable in the history of the Church, and how she adorned with her own hands the decorations of the chancel, until it has become one of the most completely appointed to be found in any sanctuary in the two cities. In all the charitable, benevolent and social work of St. Mark's, and of the Church at large, she was indefatigable. St. Mark's was to her, in the highest and holiest sense, the house of God and the gate of heaven. In life she frequently expressed the hope that she might be laid at rest beneath the shadows of the church her husband had built, and for which she had labored so long and faithfully, and her wishes have been complied with. Her life and death demonstrate the beauty of the religion of Christ, and its sweet memories will linger long in this sacred place." In closing his discourse Mr. Twing addressed a few words of sympathy and consolation to the bereaved rector, and assured him that he is tenderly remembered in the prayers of his entire congregation in this his hour of grief, even as his sympathy has been with them when they have been called upon to mourn the loss of loved ones.

BROOKLYN—St. Mary's Church.—On the Fourth Sunday after Trinity occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the rector of the parish (the Rev. Dr. D. V. M. Johnson) to the ministry, and the occasion was made one of especial interest. The congregations, morning and evening, were large. Floral decorations adorned the altar and chancel generally, and conspicuous, in white and red carnations, were the figures "1835-1885." At morning service the rector gave details in his personal history, taking for the text of his sermon Ps. cxv. 1. After speaking of his devout thankfulness at having been permitted to see this day, he said: "I was led to leave secular employments and enter college to study for the ministry at the age of sixteen. On June 28th, 1835, I was ordained by the Rt. Rev. B. T. Onderdonk, D.D., Bishop of New York, in St. John's church, Brooklyn, with thirteen others, to the diaconate. All but four of the latter, one of them, Bishop W. I. Kip of California, have finished their work here below, and have gone to meet their Great Redeemer. I first served and preached with fear and trembling in St. John's church, then at the corner of Washington and Johnson streets, on the after-

noon of the day of ordination, and went from there to Trinity church, now St. Luke's, Clinton Avenue. I was five years West, in Michigan City, Ind., and was compelled to return home, in consequence of broken health. For two years I was unable to preach at all, bronchitis having affected my voice. I afterward went to a little church, with a membership of twelve persons, at Lalip, L. I., remaining there five years, and then went to the Seamen's Mission, New York, where I remained nine years, coming to this parish in December, 1856. Since I have been here 2,675 infants have been baptized, 1,575 persons have been confirmed, 2,000 admitted to the Holy Communion, 677 couples married, and 2,388 funerals have been attended. Many old faces are missing, and I find few who greeted me when I came here."

In the evening the rector was assisted by his cousin, the Rev. Professor William A. Johnson of Middletown, Conn., the Rev. G. R. Van De Water, rector of St. Luke's, the Rev. Alfred Poole Grant, assistant-minister at St. Mary's, and others. Professor Johnson preached from II. Timothy iv. 7.

In connection with the morning service a presentation was made to the venerable rector of a purse of money, the gift of the Sunday-school and members of the parish, accompanied with a few appropriate words by the senior warden, Mr. William A. Pars. After the service a gold-headed cane, beautifully engraved, was presented to him in the vestry-room, by Mr. J. W. Shepard, in behalf of the Young Men's Guild. A new surplice, sum of money additional to that contained in the purse, and other articles also helped to testify the affection of his people.

St. Mary's is one of the most successful of free churches, having a handsome house of worship of Belleville stone, accommodations for chapel, Sunday-school, parish school, and parochial societies, and a beautiful rectory. The buildings are all elegant and substantial, and finely appointed, and toward the furnishing of the rectory the ladies supplied Dr. Johnson with \$1,500. The lots on which it stands, adjoining the church, were secured by their foresight and energy, and toward the cost of this residence, when completed, one gentleman gave, in a single Easter offering, \$10,000. The parish is well organized with some eight or ten effective societies for useful work. First is the Parochial Society, which, under the presidency of the rector, looks after the affairs of all the subordinate societies, and gives direction to their efforts. The others are: The Women's Benevolent Society (Mrs. R. J. Shinnell, president), its object the making of garments for the poor, clothing poor children, and ministering to the sick; the Sowers and Reapers (Miss Johnson, president), its object attending to the wants of the Sunday-school, and its libraries, and the vestry-room; the Missionary Guild (Mrs. W. T. Pelletier, president), its object missionary work generally, and the maintaining of a bed in St. John's Hospital for sick poor; the Daily Parish School (Mrs. William Diller in charge); the Sewing-school (Mrs. W. H. Pars, directress); the Young Men's Guild (J. Woolsey Shepard, master); and the Workingmen's Club (the rector president). This last, and the sewing-school and mothers' meetings are held in the Branch Sunday-school building, where, in the midst of a formerly neglected population, practical religious work of a missionary character is actively sustained.

St. Mary's is another evidence that the free church system, whenever given a fair trial, will surely be successful. The wide range of its work shows that the system has not the effect of concentrating the efforts of the people within their own circle.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—The Advent Mission.—The following is a corrected list of the missionaries to be employed in the forthcoming mission to be held in Advent, as also of the churches with which they are to be connected. The Rev. L. C. Du Vernet will have charge at Holy Trinity church, Harlem, the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, rector, while the Rev. Dr. Shackelford has engaged the Rev. C. C. Grafton to take charge of the Church of the Redeemer. The Rev. Campbell Fair has accepted as missionary for the Church of the Reconciliation, in charge of the Rev. Newton Perkins; the Rev. Dr. Francis Pigeon will have charge at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and the Rev. G. R. Van De Water at St. Michael's. The Rev. Dr. Courtney has been engaged by the Rev. Mr. Mottet for the Church of the Holy Communion, and the Rev. Mr. Aitken as missionary to St. George's. The Rev. Dr. Watkins is in correspondence with the Rev. Mr. Atherton of England, and the Rev. Edmund Guilbert, now in England, will probably secure a missionary for the Church of the Holy Spirit. It is understood that the rectors of the Church of the Incarnation and Zion Church, the Rev. Messrs. Brooks and Tiffany, will join together in holding a mission, and that they are in correspondence with Professor William Clark of Toronto. The Rev. Alford A. Butler, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, is in communication with the Rev. Mr. Glazebrook, late chaplain of the University of Virginia. It is probable that St. Mark's church will have a mission.

The following is a list of possible missionaries who have expressed a desire to hold missions: Drs. McVicker and Currie, Phila., Messrs. Fiske of Providence, R. I., and Hart of Denver, Col.; Jenvey, Hoboken; Perry, Baltimore; Field and Maturin, Philadelphia; Bedinger, Matamoras, N. Y.; Davenport, St. John's, N. B.; Sword, Hoboken, N. J., and Riley, Nashotah, Wis.; Osborne, Hall and Munroe, Boston; Crapay, Rochester; Thompson, Woodbury, N. J.; and Mortimer, Staten Island; Larrabee, Chicago; Andrews, Washington, and Powers, Pottsville, Pa.; Vinton, Worcester, Mass.; Houghton, Salem, N. Y., and Partridge, Halifax; Munroe, Boston, and Talbot, Macon City, Missouri.

Of clergymen from abroad, the list includes Canon Clergyman Care, Rev. J. P. Waldo, Rev. R. Thornton, Notting Hill, and Canon Furse, Abbey Gardens, Westminster, all of London; Rev. J. H. Haslam, Birmingham; Prebendary F. Carter, Truro, Cornwall, England; Canon Hole, Newark-on-Trent; Rev. Sir J. E. Phillips, Westminster; Rev. J. S. Thornton, Southampton, and Rev. J. N. Thwaites, Fisherton, Salisbury. Of the English clergy named, all have had experience in holding missions.

NEW YORK—An Important Report.—At the meeting of the Calvary Branch of the Church Temperance Society, held in May, a report was read by the chairman of the committee appointed to procure statistics relative to drunkenness and breaches of the excise laws in the city of New York, which was of great interest. The report sets forth a showing of ten years from the beginning of 1875 to the end of 1884. According to the figures, there has been a decrease in the number of arrests and convictions for intemperance, the decrease in arrests amounting to 15,646, and in convictions to 9,736. In 1875, 96,091 persons were arrested for drunkenness, and of these 34,517 were convicted. Up to October 31st, 1884, on the other hand, the arrests for drunkenness numbered 20,445, and the convictions 14,781. Number of arrests for violations of the excise laws in 1875, 1,191; in 1884, 1,356, of whom 472 were convicted. The Excise Commissioners granted in 1881, 8,054 licenses when the population was 1,238,020, and in 1884

9,507 licenses when the population was 1,312,310. The increase in the number of licenses therefore was 1,453, while the increase in the population was 79,290. Inasmuch as the owner and not the saloon is licensed, the report stated that the number of licenses granted each year is greater than the number of licensed saloons, because a new license must be obtained whenever there is a change of proprietorship.

The records of the Excise Bureau show that in the year ending April 30th, 1884, there were 109 unlicensed saloons, while in the next twelve months there were 82. For the year previous, according to the United States Internal Revenue Bureau, the true number of unlicensed drinking places amounted to 1,388. These figures are considered more trustworthy than those of excise commissioners, inasmuch as the revenue collectors have no motive for concealing unlicensed places.

Another part of the report sets forth the number of drinking-places in which primaries and conventions were held by both political parties in the elections for last November. Seven congressional, eighteen assembly district, and nineteen nominating conventions for aldermen, and seven other conventions next door to such places were held by Irving Hall. Six congressional conventions, seventeen assembly district conventions, and seventeen nominating conventions for aldermen were held in saloons by Tammany Hall. Six congressional, nineteen assembly district, and nineteen aldermanic conventions were held in saloons by the County Democracy. Nine assembly district and nine aldermanic conventions were held in saloons by the Republicans. Sixteen primaries were held in saloons and eight in other places by Tammany Hall. Nineteen were held in saloons and eight in other places by Irving Hall. Four hundred and forty-three were held in saloons, and sixty-five next door were held by the County Democracy. Of the 1,092 meetings held by the County Democracy, Irving Hall, Tammany Hall, and Republicans, 633 were held in saloons, and 86 next door to saloons. In the twenty-fourth assembly district all of the 35 primaries were either held in saloons or the next door, while 508 of the 712 primary meetings were also held in saloons. This novel and exhaustive report reflects great credit on the committee, and is considered of real value.

NEW YORK—Open-Air Services.—The following is condensed from an article which appeared during the past week in one of the secular papers:

"A stirring scene may be witnessed about eight o'clock any night in the week at the northwest corner of Tompkins' Square, the great breathing-place for the masses on the east side. This neighborhood, which is sometimes called 'Dutch New York,' has often been declared the most densely populated of any portion of the earth's surface, London having nothing to compare with it. It is here that are found the large tenement-houses, of which much has been written, thirty families oftentimes occupying the front and rear house on a customary city lot. (25x100.)"

"Persons acquainted with the locality need not be told that the population is not one given to church-going, although several ecclesiastical edifices front on the square, foremost among them being the new and magnificent St. Mark's Memorial chapel, recently erected at a reputed cost of nearly \$200,000. Recently it having been discovered that the mountain would not go to the prophet, one of the prophets concluded to go to the mountain, and the minister of St. Mark's chapel now holds religious services every night in the

street, in front of that edifice, prior to more formal services inside, in all of which he appears to be supported by the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Rylance. At the first sound of a strong voice singing some familiar hymn, men, women, and children flock from all directions to see what is going on. After a brief prayer for the multitude and a few earnest words, all are invited into the chapel, which is brilliantly lighted, the doors standing wide open, whence issue sounds of congregational music, led by a cornet accompaniment. "An occasional glance in at the door has always disclosed the fact that the chapel is well filled these hot nights with people who look, for the most part, as though they were unused to public worship."

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—Free and Open Church Association.—The Board of Council of the Free and Open Church Association, at its meeting on June 8th, passed resolutions providing that a fund be established by the association for the purpose of aiding in the erection of free churches, said fund to be held by the treasurer separately from other moneys of the association, and payments from it, except when specially designated by the donors, to be made by the order of the Board of Council only; and that the General Secretary be requested to make known, by advertising and otherwise, the fact that this fund has been established, and that contributions to it be solicited.

It was also resolved to assist the Church of the Ascension (the Rev. G. Woolsey Hedge, rector,) in the building of a free and open church in Philadelphia, as affording a favorable opportunity of testing, under suitable conditions, the value of the principles held by the association.

PHILADELPHIA—All Saints' Church (Lower Dublin).—This parish (the Rev. Frederick J. Bassett, rector,) is the mother church of all the section of Philadelphia county in which it stands, its history running back more than a century and a half. Under present ministrations it is steadily advancing in influence and usefulness. Very lately important alterations have been made in the arrangements of the interior of the edifice. The chancel end has been enlarged and improved and a place prepared for the organ, which has been removed from its former place at the door to this more suitable location adjoining the chancel. The interior has also been repainted and decorated, and new carpeting has been laid. These changes have been provided for by the offerings of the parish, which, notwithstanding the name of the precinct it occupies, enjoys one of the most attractive rural neighborhoods in the suburban portion of the city.

PHILADELPHIA—Emmanuel Church (Holmesburg).—On the afternoon and evening of Thursday, June 25th, the ladies of this parish held a "fête champêtre" on the beautiful and extensive grounds of Mr. W. A. M. Fuller. The object was to benefit a parochial interest. There was a large gathering (several hundred in number) of the members of the parish and others. The grounds, comprising extensive lawns, beautifully shaded, and the elegant villa were tastefully decorated for the occasion; tents for the sale of refreshments, flowers, and a few other articles were set up in different parts of the enclosure, and in the evening numerous Japanese lanterns, suspended from the branches of the trees, gave illumination and a picturesque effect. A band of music enlivened the scene. Lawn tennis, swings, bowls, and dancing varied the entertainment.

This parish, of which the Rev. Dr. D. C. Millet has been rector for nearly twenty-one

years, is situated in the Twenty-third Ward of the city, in the midst of rural surroundings, and is enjoying increasing prosperity. The church is a substantial edifice of stone, surrounded by a large plot of ground, a considerable portion of which was lately bequeathed to the parish for burial purposes. The chapel, standing in the rear of the church, is new, and was given, by the generosity of Miss Brown, in memory of a beloved sister. It is a beautiful structure, having a parish school-room and accommodation for an infant class, Bible class, and other departments of the Sunday-school, and is available for Lenten and other weekly services. Its cost was \$10,000. An excellent parish day school is maintained, numbering between forty and fifty pupils under twelve, supported in part by tuition charges, and in part by the income of invested funds, amounting at present to \$11,000. Of this sum \$5,000 was raised by the ladies of Emmanuel church, and \$6,000 has been received through a legacy.

During his charge of nearly a quarter of a century Dr. Millett has been instrumental in building up what is now a self-supporting parish, begun as a mission at Tacony, a manufacturing suburb two or three miles distant. At this place this successful mission, known now as the Church of the Holy Innocents, (the Rev. Frederick H. Post, rector,) has a fine church, costing \$10,000, and has every prospect of growth in the midst of an increasing population.

Mr. W. A. M. Fuller, on a part of whose estate of two hundred acres the lawn party was held, is one of the Central Committee having in charge the raising of \$1,000,000 for missionary work, on the "five dollar enrollment plan," the fund to be presented in 1886 to the General Convention, and he is enthusiastically devoting every energy to the undertaking.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Peter's Church, Germantown.—The services in this church (the Rev. Dr. T. S. Rumney, rector,) on Sunday, June 28th, were of great interest. A special service for the Sunday-school was held in commemoration of St. Peter's Day. The children entered the church singing a processional hymn with great heartiness. Each class had its appropriate banner, and its teacher in charge. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the children's voices joined in very sweetly with the well-trained voices of the choir in the hymns. The rector addressed the children in a few simple words on the life and character of St. Peter, also bringing before them the practical use and value of Sunday-school training.

UPPER MERION—Anniversary of Christ Church.—The one-hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Christ church, generally called the "Old Swedes" church, Upper Merion, (the Rev. A. A. Marple, rector,) was held on Sunday, June 28th, and was marked by the presentation to the parish, on behalf of friends in Sweden, of a handsome granite baptismal font. The day was also made the occasion of a sort of reunion, many of the old members of the church attending the services. There were also present Lars Westergaard, the Swedish Consul at Philadelphia; Frederick Ferdinand Myhertz, Consul for Denmark; F. Delvigne, the acting Consul for Germany; Mr. Ewert of Norristown, and Gothare Beestjerna of Conshohocken, beside others of Swedish descent, who had an interest in the parish.

The little church was tastefully decorated with flags and plants. Over the arch of the chancel recess Swedish flags were crossed, and similar banners were hung in the transepts and within the chancel. American flags were draped above the altar. Cut flowers, of brilliant hue, were arranged along the chancel

rail, while upon the altar and retable cut flowers, ferns, and growing plants were grouped.

After the sermon, which was by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Maizon, rector of St. James's, Kingessing, from Col. i. 10, the members of the vestry and the Swedish consul advanced to the front of the church, when Dr. George W. Holstein read a letter from C. Ghulin Daunfeldt, Consal General of the Swedish Government to Finland, stating that the font was a gift to Christ church, as a memorial of the visit of the Swedish officials in 1876 to the church, and as a token of honest affection. "Originally," Dr. Holstein said, "the three churches, Gloria Dei, Philadelphia, St. James, Kingessing, and Christ church, Upper Merion, were united under one mission, and were under the guidance and fostering care of the Swedish Government, which kept them supplied with clergymen. A number of years ago, after the Swedish language had been superseded by the English, and the parishes had become self-sustaining, St. James's church (in 1844) and Gloria Dei church (1845) united formally with the Diocese of Pennsylvania, while Christ church, Upper Merion, pronounced its individuality, which it maintains to the present day. While it conforms to the regulations and ceremonies of the Protestant Episcopal Church, yet it remains independent in its action and loyal in feeling to the Church of Sweden. This fact excited the interest of Prince Oscar and the royal retinue of seventy or eighty naval, army, and civil officers to visit this old church in a body on July 3d, 1876, and who were entertained by members of the congregation. This beautiful baptismal font now comes as an evidence that the parish is still borne in grateful remembrance by loving hearts in the fatherland, and will serve as a precious link in the chain that binds them together, instilling into the rising generation here a deeper veneration than ever before experienced for the nationality from which they sprang and to which they owe so much."

Mr. Westergaard then formally presented the font, on behalf of the Swedish donors, to the vestry and congregation of the parish.

The gift was accepted by the rector, the Rev. Mr. Marple. He spoke of the fostering care of the Government of Sweden, and of the many reasons why the people of his parish should be proud of the history of that nation and the great men it had produced. The church was built in 1760, when the mission was under the care of the Rev. Charles Magnus Wrangle, who afterwards went back to Sweden and became one of the court preachers. St. James's church was built at the same time. The Rev. Dr. Nicholas Collin was the last rector of the United Missions, and the last sent here by the Swedish Government. He came before the Revolution, but was here nearly half a century. At an early period in the history of the missions, Dr. Collin invited clergymen of the Episcopal Church to serve as his assistants in the charge of the different churches, and the service of the American Church was used. This continued for many years, so that, as a consequence, the churches naturally passed into the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Among those who had been sent from Sweden, and who had officiated in the church, the rector mentioned Kalm, the well-known botanist, whose name is associated with that of the laurel. Mr. Marple concluded with a reference to the Sacrament of Baptism and Christ's commission to his apostles to go unto all nations, making them disciples and baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

After the singing of a hymn, the rector read a series of Collects from the Baptismal Office, from the Office for the Consecration of

a Church, and that for Saints Simon and Jude's Day, consecrating the new font. The font is of red polished Swedish granite from the famous quarries at Westerlitz, and is somewhat in the form of a challice, having a rounded bowl and rather slender support. Around the bowl is the inscription, "Sweden's Blessings to Sweden's Children."

A brief address by the Rev. Mr. Bull and the Benediction concluded the services. In the afternoon the Sacrament of Baptism was administered to a number of children of the parish, the font being then used for the first time.

CHAD'S FORD—St. Luke's Church.—At the Easter election at this church (the Rev. J. J. Sleeper, rector,) Mrs. C. H. Baker and Mrs. Vincent Graff were chosen members of the vestry. The bishop at first declared the election not in keeping with the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, women not being eligible to the office. The bishop, however, has revoked his decision, and these ladies will be duly accepted as members of the vestry.

PITTSBURGH.

HOUTZDALE—Holy Trinity Church.—A correspondent writes under date of June 24th: It was the writer's privilege to come with the Bishop of Pittsburgh to this town, which is the centre of the bituminous coal field on the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains, when he first visited this region three years ago. The services of faithful missionaries and of the late lamented Kerfoot had been previously given as regularly and as frequently as circumstances would permit; and both the memory and the fruits of these visits are present to-day. But, after such preparatory work, progress is often rapid and great. Certainly there is very much to encourage home mission work in the experience of the last three years in this region. On the occasion first named the invading band of the bishop and three presbyters was invited to occupy the Primitive Methodist's House of Worship; and although laymen and women, trained to the Mother Church of England and her worship, were ready to assist, there was none to sit at the organ and to lead the chanting and the hymns of the Evening Prayer save the bishop. He played, he sang, he read, he preached, and set everybody else to work, and infused new life into the old organization, into the little band of devoted children of the Church resident here.

On the occasion of this his fifth visit to Houtzdale it is again the writer's privilege to come with the bishop and to note the changes which have been wrought. A neat and well-appointed church, seating two hundred and fifty people, has been built and nearly paid for. About fifty persons have been confirmed. Many have been baptized and comforted in sickness and in health by the ministrations, which have been continuous for more than two years. There is a large number of communicants, drawn from the number of those who in England were taught their Christian duty, and have not been unmindful of it. Others, doubtless, have learned here all that they know of the Church's ways; and others have been reclaimed from their wanderings to the bosom of the Church again. One faithful deacon has left here the impress of his zeal and devotion, for his earnest love for the Church and for this mission. Costly memorial offerings on the altar, whenever the sacrificial feast is made, still testify of him and of his ministry here. His successor, not old in the priesthood, has taken up his work and carries it on successfully, while the deacon, promoted, is exercising his priestly office in the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania; and to-day, a faithful, devoted layman, trained here under

the first pastor named, has been admitted to the sacred Order of Deacons, that he may continue therein, self-supporting, and increase his labors in behalf of the parish and its neighboring mission fields. Surely such results, which are only parts of what might be reported, are evidences enough of the harvest which may often be reaped in home fields close at hand, if only our clergy and our people are mindful of the opportunities and of the agencies which await our activity.

The population around this busy center is not less than 15,000 souls. Its annual business cannot be estimated at less than \$1,000,000; and it must be very gratifying to the good and wise young Bishop of Pittsburgh to find that his well-aimed, well-delivered blows at this stronghold of indifference of sin and neglect are breaking down the barriers which separated multitudes from the knowledge and the love of God in His holy Church. Of course we are not alone in working for the Master here; but none can fail to see that the Church has a name and a power which man can neither give nor take away, while results show that even the weakest of Christ's servants, in His name and in His way, can work wonders of love and mercy.

There were present and officiating in Holy Trinity church, Houtzdale, this morning, with the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cortlandt Whitehead, the Rev. H. G. Miller, who preached the ordination sermon on the nature and duties of the ministerial office; the Rev. Samuel P. Kelly, the General Missionary of the Diocese, and the Rev. Mr. Van Waters, the rector, all of the Diocese of Pittsburgh. Also, the Rev. Dr. Clerc, of Philipsburg, (Diocese Central Pennsylvania) who, as one of his examiners, presented the candidate, Mr. A. S. R. Richards.

Very soon, no doubt, the small debt remaining on the building will be paid, and the parish will keep holy day in its rejoicings at the consecration. Who will send an offering for home missions in the Diocese of Pittsburgh to Mr. H. L. Foster, treasurer, Oil City, Pa.!

MARYLAND.

ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY—Convocation.—The Convocation of Annapolis held its semi-annual meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 16th and 17th, at All Saint's Mission, Anne Arundel county. There were present ten clergymen and a number of lay representatives. Sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. T. C. Gambrill and W. H. H. Powers, and on Tuesday evening a missionary service was held, at which addresses were made by the dean and the officers.

During the afternoon of Tuesday the Rev. Dr. DeLew read a carefully prepared exegesis of St. Luke xxiii. 43. The paper gave rise to a discussion in which many of the members took part.

Business meetings were held each day. The special building fund, amounting to about \$150, was appropriated to the use of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Dashiell to assist in the erection of a chapel on Solomon's Island, Calvert county, subject to the sanction of the work by the bishop.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—An Old-fashioned Visitation.—In some old records of the Church in the District of Columbia, is the record of a visitation of St. John's church, Washington, made by the then Bishop of Maryland, the Right Rev. Dr. Kemp, in 1825, during the rectorate of the Rev. Dr. William Hawley. The bishop "visited" the parish, summoned the wardens and vestry, and made a strict official investigation of all the affairs of the parish, both religious and financial, after the mode provided by the canons of the Church of England. He seems to have had no special object beyond that of keeping up the custom, and of preventing the episcopal prerogative from

lapsing. It is believed that this was the last of the old-fashioned "visitations" in this country, certainly in this diocese.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—Grace Parish.—The Rev. C. C. Griffith, the recently elected rector of this parish, finds the work waiting his best energies. The value of the church is supposed to be \$20,000; about one hundred and fifty people form the parish, and though the work is among the poorer people, they raise some \$200 yearly for parochial purposes. The church seats about two hundred and seventy-five people, and was built by the liberality of the late Henry D. Cooke.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Memorial Statue of the late Bishop Finkney.—The memorial marble statue of the late Bishop of Maryland, executed by Doyle and presented by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, bears the inscription, "Sacred to the memory of the Right Reverend William Pinkney, born April 17, 1810, died July 4, 1883. Placuit Deo, et translatus est in Paradisum."

VIRGINIA.

FAIRFAX COUNTY—Theological Seminary.—The commencement exercises of this seminary began on St. John Baptist's Day, June 24th. The sermon before the Alumni Society was preached by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Elliott.

In the evening the annual sermon to the Missionary Society was preached by the Bishop of Maryland, Evening Prayer having been said by the Bishops of Kentucky and West Virginia.

On Thursday the members of the senior class read their essays, and in the afternoon the bishop of the diocese presented the diplomas, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Dr. Joshua Peterkin.

The ordination occurred on Friday, June 26th. The bishop of the diocese admitted to the diaconate Messrs. J. C. Hobson, J. C. Jones, W. N. Meade, K. S. Nelson, and G. S. Somerville; the Bishop of West Virginia admitted to the diaconate Mr. H. T. Wigram; and the assistant-bishop advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Messrs. J. C. Fair, W. R. Savage, and W. J. Page.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON—Standing Committee.—At the annual diocesan convention there was a contest with regard to the organization, on account of the presence on the clergy list of two clergymen whom a number of members declared to have no right to seats. Under the decision of the bishop, following a non-concurrence of orders on the vote, the two clergymen retained their seats. Several members of the convention filed a protest, and some now take the ground that the convention was illegally organized, and that its acts are consequently invalid.

At a meeting of the Standing Committee elected by the convention, held on Wednesday, July 1st, resolutions were adopted declaring that there were doubts of the legality of the convention, but that eight of the ten members, being old members, were qualified as holding over, if they were not qualified by election of the convention, and that the committee could therefore organize and fill the two (claimed) vacancies.

The Rev. Dr. A. T. Foster filed a protest against the action of the committee, and declined to vote, as by so doing he would admit a doubt of the legality of the convention.

TENNESSEE.

SEWANEE—Convocation.—The convocation of Nashville held its regular meeting at Sewanee on Friday, June 19th. There were

present the Rev. Drs. W. C. Gray, H. R. Howard, and F. A. Shoup, and the Rev. Messrs. T. F. Martin, P. A. Fitts, M. G. Moore, C. J. Hendley, C. M. Gray, W. G. G. Thompson, and H. P. Grabau of the clergy, and Messrs. W. Simmons, J. Aylettle, S. Jones, E. Rop, Y. Hardin, and F. Rivers of the laity.

The treasurer made his annual report, showing that over \$550 had been raised, and there was upwards of \$125 in hand.

The Rev. Dr. W. C. Gray was elected dean, the Rev. W. G. G. Thompson secretary, and the Rev. C. M. Gray treasurer.

The Otey School was reported in a prosperous condition, and it will open in September, probably under the headmastership of the Rev. C. J. Hendley. The convocation unanimously voted the headmaster \$100 on resuming the work in September.

WISCONSIN.

NASHOTAH—Commencement Exercises.—On Monday, June 29th, St. Peter's Day, commencement exercises at Nashotah House took place according to the customs long observed in that now venerable institution. The services of the day began with the usual Saint's Day celebration at 7 A.M. Morning Prayer was said at 9, and immediately after its conclusion a procession was formed in the Old Chapel, and proceeded in customary order to the newer building, which is at once the chapel of the seminary and the parish church of the neighborhood. The 29th falling this year on Monday, it was inconvenient for many of the clergy to be present. In the procession, however, were the bishop of the diocese, the Bishop of Fond du Lac, the faculty of Nashotah House, the dean of the cathedral, the Rev. Preliminary Loughborough of St. Alban's Cathedral, England, the Rev. Drs. E. P. Wright and F. W. Boyd, the Rev. Messrs. John Francis, C. Ellis Stevens, O. S. Prescott, L. H. Schnbert, J. Ulric Graf, and Rene Vilatle. Later in the day the Bishops of Indiana and of Western Michigan arrived, together with the Rev. Dr. W. Delafeld, the Rev. Messrs. W. Dafter, and C. T. Snsan. Immediately after entering the church the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, after which the degree of Bachelor in Divinity was conferred in course upon the Rev. Messrs. Chas. H. Lemon, Allen C. Prescott, N. D. Stanley of the senior class, and *ad eundem* upon the Rev. Messrs. C. Ellis Stevens and John Francis. The Holy Eucharist was then proceeded with, the bishop of the diocese being the celebrant.

Luncheon was served at the conclusion of the service, and immediately after the clergy and guests proceeded by carriages and other conveyances to the village of Delafeld near by, to assist at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bishop Armitage Dormitory of St. John's Hall. This school was founded by the Rev. Dr. De Koven, and after a lapse of many years has been revived in that beautiful village by the Rev. Sidney T. Smythe, A.B., a graduate of St. Stephen's College, Annandale. This school has been in operation for the year past, and its revival has been attended with signal success. Its purpose is to provide for lads of limited circumstances that preparation for college which is secured at higher rates in schools beyond the reach of that class of youths. The terms are \$210 per year, and it is hoped that this school may provide for a long-felt want in our educational system. A procession was formed in the old schoolhouse used by Dr. De Koven. A long line was formed, headed by a cross-bearer, and consisting of the pupils of the school, visiting clergy, faculty of Nashotah, and the four bishops already mentioned. Upon arriving at

the spot where the ceremonies were to take place the office of the laying of the cornerstone was conducted by the bishop of the diocese, the Bishop of Fond du Lac, and the Bishop of Western Michigan, address being made by the bishop of the diocese and the Bishops of Indiana and Fond du Lac, the Rev. Dr. W. Delafontaine and the Rev. Prebendary Loughborough.

At 6 P. M. a reception took place at the house of the president of Nashotah House, and was attended by the clergy and other guests of the day.

On Sunday, the 29th, two interesting events took place at Nashotah. At 8 A. M. the Holy Eucharist was celebrated by the Rev. Rene Vilatte, a young priest just ordained by the Bishop of Berne, Monsignor Herzog, at the request of the Bishop of Fond du Lac, for a special missionary work among the Belgians of the Diocese of Fond du Lac. There are thirty thousand of these in this young diocese, and a large proportion of them, while holding their ancient Catholic faith, have yet been alienated from the Papacy. Providentially, Mr. Vilatte, a devout and gifted Frenchman, offered himself for this work, to which his heart was especially drawn. The condition of things demanding his immediate presence among the Belgians, with the full qualifications of the priesthood, and the American canons compelling a longer delay than seemed expedient in the matter of his ordination, a swift excellent was found in a request made by the Bishop of Fond du Lac to Bishop Herzog, of Berne, that Mr. Vilatte receive the priesthood as soon as possible from his hands. Bishop Herzog kindly complied with this request, and in three days Mr. Vilatte was advanced from deacon's orders to the priesthood, according to the Old Catholic rite of the Swiss Church. Mr. Vilatte will at once begin his work among the Belgians, under the direction of the Bishop of Fond du Lac.

The second matter of interest referred to was a sermon preached by the Rev. C. Ellis Stevens upon missionary work among the Jews. From it we learn that in the present century more than one hundred thousand Israelites have been gathered into the Church through the Mission of the Anglican Communion.

The friends of Nashotah will be glad to know that the applications for admission to the next junior class are in larger number than in a number of years past. The authorities at Nashotah are confident that her work is not over, but that God will care for her in the future as in the past. There seems to be no question as to her students—the only question is as to her support and endowment. No one can gaze upon her beauties of land and water, sky and bright air, or upon the monuments here left of the piety of her founders, without the conviction that God will give that perpetual existence to this foundation of faith, which he seems to have given to so many of the similar foundations of antiquity.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO—Bishop Kip's Golden Wedding.—The bishop of the diocese celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, and his golden wedding, by giving a public reception at his residence on Wednesday, July 1st. The occasion was taken advantage of by each congregation to present a special gift, besides the gift of a purse contributed by all the parishes and missions in the diocese.

The bishop was congratulated heartily by all his friends, and the double anniversary was honored by the people of the city, who testified to their respect both for the bishop and the citizen.

COLLEGIATE AND ACADEMIC.

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE, ANNARDALE, N. Y.—In view of the numerous exercises at St. Stephen's College, the following was omitted from want of space:

At three o'clock a beautiful collation was served in the college dining hall. At the conclusion of the feast, the Rev. Dr. Fairbank, the warden of the college, moved that a telegram be sent to the venerable Bishop of Berne, expressing our grateful remembrance of him, our kind appreciation of his past services to the college, and our best wishes for his future happiness. The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote. The warden then turned to the Rev. Dr. Fairbank, who remarked that there was a tradition that at previous commencement of St. Stephen's college, his predecessor had been called upon for a speech at that stage of the proceedings, and had been reminded that it was the habit of saying that this was the happiest day of his life. Whereupon, as he duly bowed he reiterated the remark. As for himself he thought it would be well to introduce an innovation into the customary usage. However, excellent the speeches were, which were delivered on the stage at the commencement exercises, if they were repeated year after year by the same individuals, the audience would, after a time clamor for a change. There ought to be a similar variety in the after-dinner speeches. He would, therefore, suggest that the warden, and others should be allowed, each year, to select some of the young men to speak for them. He thought they would, if they would, say some things about the college that they did not hear from the platform. Referring in very flattering terms to the college's administration, which when he first made his acquaintance, he supposed that his name, *Fairbank*, was given to him on account of the fairness and equity of his administration. He had only one complaint to make, and that was that the stars were not conveniently advanced in his ritualism. The evening before, when he was in the college chapel, he had only two lights burning on the altar. He thought of consideration for those who were getting on their feet, whose eyes might get a good deal as he had formerly been, it would be well to multiply that number.

John Bard, the founder of St. Stephen's College, who has been in Europe for the last sixteen years, but is now with his daughter, spending the summer in New Haven, being invited to address the assembly, was very cordially received. He testified to his love for the college, and to his firm confidence in the future of the Church. Standing in this place, in this beloved Annardale, which was to him sanctified by the memory of one who has now departed, he seemed to see in a camera, all the events connected with the birth of the college since its foundation before him. In the commencement of his paper, he contained the following words: "To be erected in faith, and consecrated to the service of Almighty God by loving parents, as a mark of their love for the life of Willy Bard, the child that spirit that the first church was erected; and when, on that gloomy night, it sank amid the devouring flames, I felt as if my hand were on the cradle of his beloved wife, with her hand on the cradle of their only son, who raised him to renewed exertions, and to a more courageous trust."

"We are invited here to-day for no mere holiday enjoyment. We are invited to confer together for the purpose of an important work, the work of Christ. There is a stern conflict going on in the world between truth and error, between true Christianity and false religion. We are engaged in a hard-to-keep conflict with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Let us be well aware of the importance of the struggle, and let us be well aware of the money to carry on the contest. We must have well-trained leaders. The Church needs St. Stephen's College. She is doing a work of supreme importance under the direction of our esteemed warden. He is a man who enjoys the respect of the whole Church. He is the truest man I ever knew. But he must be helped. If he is properly supported he will build up here an institution that will honor to the Church. Other nations have their abodes and their seminaries, and we must look well to our moorings."

There are some facts connected with the founding of St. Stephen's College which are not generally known. Forty years ago the Society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning reported that their members were desirous of purchasing the premises for want of an institution in which to educate their students. Those whom they had heretofore educated in the diocese entered the diocesan college. They were themselves prevented by their charter from investing their money in buildings, but would establish a diocesan Church College, and send the men for the ministry, if some one else would erect the necessary structures. Bishop Walworth urged Mr. Bard to take up this work, and to take part in it with all his influence, to make his summer residence near it, and to take part in the work of the Society. Mr. Bard was then at New York, and Springfield. In consequence of these earnest pleas, Mr. Bard resolved to undertake the work. The object was to erect a building, which was called the attention of the Church more generally to religious enterprises. The Society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning next commenced the issue of five of their most influential members, to give of their interviews and correspondence with Mr. Bard, and of the deliberations of the diocesan college. A preliminary contract or agreement was at length entered into between the Society and the diocese, the first and most important part, for whose completion the diocese was organized. The Society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning, and the diocesan party, whose scholars were here to be educated

under Church influence leading to the ministry; and Mr. Bard, the founder of the endowment, as the third party. Mr. Bard agreed, on his part, to turn over to the diocese a thousand dollars a year to erect, The society promised to adopt and support the college. And the convention recognized it as the diocesan college of the diocese. That it is now the Diocesan College of New York. There is, there can be no other.

Mr. Bard to contribute one more item of information. Sixty or seventy years ago, according to the testimony of Mr. James F. De Peyster, Trinity church was founded by a thousand dollars a year to support the college, which was then within the limits of the Diocese of New York. A few years later, Trinity church was separated from the diocese, and the diocese to discharge this obligation for a time, in its behalf. The society has, as Mr. Bard understood, paid this money since. But Trinity church is now quite able to fulfill its own obligations. It ought to relieve the society from this burden. It may be free to put this money to the use of St. Stephen's, the adopted and long recognized college of the society and of the diocese.

Mr. Deen being called upon to speak, not as the Dean, but as a Dean of the General Theological Seminary, responded in a few graceful words, in which he said that he accounted it one of the greatest honors of his life that he had a small part in laying the foundation of the Diocese of Albany. He said that he was deeply impressed with the words of Mr. Bard. That he was glad to see the great work of St. Stephen's College in this great metropolitan diocese was to him a matter of surprise. If any thing were to be done in the diocese, he would rally around it, and support it. If New York cannot take care of this college, surely of a piece from the northward, paid this money since. But Trinity church is now quite able to fulfill its own obligations. It ought to relieve the society from this burden. It may be free to put this money to the use of St. Stephen's, the adopted and long recognized college of the society and of the diocese.

The same day being called upon to know that the Bishop of Albany had been prowling around the streets of New York all winter, and that he had carried out a great deal of money, he would not give an account. New York, however, was willing to build cathedrals for all the five dioceses in the State. He was glad to see that the diocese did not have St. Stephen's College. Judge Forsyth had evidently misunderstood Mr. Bard, if he supposed that he was going to give up the diocese. He had no doubt about the maintenance of this institution. If the venerable society would not furnish the forty thousand dollars that were needed, it would get it from some other source.

After a few remarks by the Rev. Dr. Tucker of Troy, and a few remarks by the Rev. Dr. Deane, newly elected President of the Alumni, the hour of departure arrived, and a very delightful day was brought to a close.

ST. MARY'S HALL, FAIRBANK, MINN.—The commencement exercises of the diocese of Minnesota on the morning of Tuesday, June 10th. The exercises began with a choral service, after which an essay, by Rev. Dr. Fairbank, was read. It was on the subject of Mary Peabody of the graduating class. It was a portrayal of the difficulties and possibilities of life. The subject was very timely, and would not be great and prolonged toil up steep and rugged paths, but a brave heart and steady purpose would be able to attain the goal beyond. The essay contained many excellent thoughts expressed in a manner creditable alike to the student and the teacher. The exercises were a valuable one was appropriate in his conception and graceful in its expression.

There were fifty or more addresses, and announced the awards. Fifty seven pupils have received the testimonials of the school. Their names follow in the order of the ranking: Miss Anna Louise, Jeanne Tower, Jessie Hart, Gertrude Norrish, Maud Pratt, Julia Booth, Mary Peabody, Nellie Schaeffer, Harriet Gustafson, Stella Whiting, Olive Joushite, Fannie Wood, Nellie Leaming, Emily Webster, Fannie Peake, Marian Brown, Genevieve Davis, Annie Dennis, Alberta Gilmore, Amy Tanner, Stella Cole, Inez Aldrich, Elsie McKusick, Eva Whipple, Clara Taylor, Theresa Pratt, Frances Foster, Anna Deane, Crofoot, Bernice Parkhill, Emma Carpenter, Rose Cutler, Josephine Peyton, Mary Wilson, Pauline Pettit, Gertrude Pratt, Frances Pratt, Anna Deane, Baird, Nellie Foster, Cora Richardson, Gertrude Briggs, Grace Jack, Maggie Bythe, Frances Schaeffer, Gertrude Pratt, Gertrude Pratt, Gertrude Pratt, Grace Gillett, Kittie Strickland, Helen Lovatt, Grace Gilmore, Lillian Pratt, Mary Baker, Stella Nichols, Nellie Whiting, Adelaide Pritchard, Fannie Wiley, May Holloway.

There are fifty-one resident pupils whose conduct during the year has been such as to merit the honor of the Roll of Honor: Lola Baird, Mary Baker, Grace Booth, Julia Booth, Gertrude Briggs, Marian Brown, Emma Crofoot, Bernice Parkhill, Rose Cutler, Rose Crofoot, Alberta Gilmore, Amy Tanner, Emily Webster, Fannie Peake, Genevieve Davis, Annie Dennis, Theresa Pratt, Frances Foster, Anna Deane, Clara Tester, Adelle Foster, Emily Whitaker, Pauline Whiting, Fannie Wiley, Anna Deane, Olive Doolittle, Annie Dennis, Bernice Parkhill, Gertrude Pratt, Grace Jack, Nellie Leaming, Helen Lovatt, Rosalind McDonald, Elsie McKusick, Stella Nichols, Gertrude Norrish, Maud Pratt, Julia Booth, Fannie Wood, Wyland, Jeanne Hayward, Julia Nettleton, Ida Nelson.

The Alice Kerfoot Medal, founded by her father in honor of her first gradation, to be given to the pupil who has conducted herself the most meritoriously in her studies during the year. The Kerfoot Medal is awarded to Miss Anna Fulton, for the greatest proficiency in the study of the English language. The Alice Kerfoot Medal is awarded to Miss May Holloway, for excellence in reading. The Bishop's Medal is awarded to Miss Nettie Baird, for the most rapid progress in her studies this year.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

CLERGY LIST OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Will you kindly give me space in your columns to call the attention of my brethren of the clergy to a work in which they are specially interested. During the early spring a circular and blank form was issued to them concerning a complete clergy list, to compile as completely as possible all the colonial clergy, all the ordinations in the American Church since Seabury's first ordination, and to give a list of those clergy at work in the Church just after the Revolution. The work has been begun, and some progress has been made in it, but as yet only a little over eight hundred clergy, or about one-fourth of the number addressed, have responded. It is important that their public work should be correctly stated in such a volume. We have a certain public relation to the Church and to the nation which for their own accurate records ought to receive from us an accurate statement of our public work in their behalf. Indirectly, also, as material for future history, for the correction of dates, for the supplemental corroboration of important facts, for the better arrangement of statistics, such a book as this now projected will be invaluable to our own Church work. No private geography is asked of any living clergyman. With these few words of explanation, the front of the book, I appeal to my brethren for aid, not alone by the return of their own properly filled forms, but by such information (or by such hints as may open to me sources of desired information) that may be in their power about those of our clergy who have died. I have already received many very useful hints and addresses of persons of our descendants of clergy—who can give me the data I need. It will be a long and toilsome task. From the toil the editor does not shrink, but he must feel anxious to attain all possible accuracy, for upon this depends the value of the work. No pains will be spared to effect this, but it can only be attained by the aid he seeks from his brethren.

It is especially important that all facts about the older clergy should be gathered up and preserved. It is not intended to make the work a repository of *ana*, or a vehicle for eulogium, however just or deserved, of our fathers and predecessors in the work, but it is intended to state the facts of their work as concisely and as truthfully as possible; and of such as have been leaders or organizers to give a very brief outline of the special work with which they have been entrusted.

All communications relative to the work will be very promptly replied to. Forms and circulars will be furnished, on application, to such brethren as may need them. The editor also asks to be entrusted with memorial sermons and obituary notices, especially of the clergy who have died before 1840. All material entrusted to him will be carefully used, and promptly returned with thanks.

His present address is 1413 Delaware Avenue, 1st September 1st, when it will be Delaware College, Newark, Del.

A. A. BENTON.

THE GREEK CHURCH IN ALASKA.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Recent movements in missionary circles make me bold enough to believe that the names of the few Greek priests and the places where they labor in Alaska may not be without interest at this particular juncture: At Sitka, the Rev. N. Mitropolsky; at Kodiak, the Rev. N. Resnik; at Kenai, the Rev. Nikita (monk); at Nushagak, the Rev. V. Siskhien; at Belkowsky, the Rev. M. Galanatoff; at Island of Woonaska, two lay-readers—one a creole; at the Island of Atka, the Rev. N. Dobrovolsky; at St. Michael, the Rev. Zachariah Belokoff; at the Island of St. Paul, the Rev. Ernest Lestenokoff; at the Island of St. Paul, the Rev. Paul Shaeshnikoff. At San Francisco

the Russo-Greek Church has a training-school for the sons of the clergy in Alaska and candidates for Holy Orders. From personal acquaintance with these boys and young men, I can bear testimony to the dignity, devotion, and earnestness of their characters. The archpriest, the Rev. Father Vladimir Westhoff, with his wife and lovely children, reside in San Francisco, which is at present the ecclesiastical centre.

The services at the Russo-Greek chapel, in that city, especially at the greater festivals, are largely attended by most fervent worshippers—the men always outnumber the women. The influence of the Greek Church in San Francisco among sailors, fishermen, and the common people of all the Slav races, that are so numerous in that cosmopolitan city, is very broad and deep.

Our own dear Church has only of late manifested any fervent missionary spirit for the conversion of the unclean classes of society. Our Gospel has thus far, however, we catch a few large fish, but the small fry escape. Whether our fishermen would do better work among the icebergs of Alaska is an open question.

The poverty-stricken natives of Alaska content annually to their mother Church. Our Gospel has thus far, however, we catch a few large fish, but the small fry escape. Whether our fishermen would do better work among the icebergs of Alaska is an open question.

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It would be a great step toward Catholic unity could the General Convention, through its Committee on Ecclesiastical Relations, secure from the Holy Synod at Moscow to the consecration of an American bishop for the Church in Alaska.

Unless the ecclesiastical authorities of the Alaskan Church consent, have we any more right to enter that territory than we have to send our missionaries to Siberia?

HENRY SCOTT JEFFREYS, M.A.,

Presbyter and Missionary,

St. Paul's, Modesto, Cal.

"INSTRUCTING" DEPUTIES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

A tendency is observable in connection with prospective action on the "Enrichment" question, by the next General Convention, to anticipate such action by diocesan conventions, in the shape of "instructions" given to deputies as to how their vote shall be cast. Now, if we rightly apprehend the Provision requiring action by two successive General Conventions on proposed changes in the constitution and Prayer Book contemplates not action simply, but action after due deliberation, so that every deputy will vote under the fullest light, not as bound and fettered by "instructions" previously given. If grave questions can be settled beforehand by the dioceses in separate convention, why have any constitutional provision requiring action by the General Convention? Why not remit them to the dioceses altogether? Is not the evident design that the Church may have the collective wisdom of the whole body something more than the wisdom represented by the sum total of dioceses in their separate capacity? It is true that the dioceses, in sending their representatives to the General Council of the Church, do so with the knowledge, officially communicated, of changes proposed, and will naturally make choice of those representing their several preferences. But for a deputy to be sent to the General Convention to which stands not for his own best enlightened judgment at the time, but as representing the previous decision of a diocesan convention, is a wrong inflicted upon the whole Church. No one should accept an election as deputy under any absolute and binding conditions.

Elkton, Md.

WM. SCHOELLER.

THEREWITH, NOT THEREIN.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Will you be good enough through your excellent paper to call the attention of the Committee on Revision of Prayer Book to the prayer of consecration for baptism of infants, and to the words "baptized therein," when

the infant is *not* to be immersed. It has seemed to me not correct to so shew therein, when the infant is only to be "baptized therewith," by having the water applied. I have for years past felt a hesitancy in using the word "therein," when common sense requires, as I think, some other word to express sprinkling or pouring. As I have seen no one refer to this subject, I thought I would venture thus far to ask for ripe information.

ISAAC MARTIN, Missionary.

NEW BOOKS.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. By ERNEST CROSWELL. Translated by L. N. Eberington, with a Preface by Professor Ruskin.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. By PROFESSOR A. J. WATERS. Translated by Mrs. Henry Russel. [New York: Cassell & Co. 1884.] pp. xliii., 399. 42s.

These two admirable volumes belong to the Fine Art Series, which the publishers are supplying to artists and all friends of art, and which, if we may judge from the volumes already issued, bids fair to become an art library of great value. The first of these two books has the cordial endorsement of Prof. Ruskin, who speaks in the very highest terms of it and of its author; and the second has had the honor of being crowned by the Royal Academy of Belgium. It is a singular fact that M. Chesneau, the author of "The English School of Painting," is a Frenchman, who is not only every way competent to the work he has undertaken by his long familiarity with English art, but is especially so by his entire freedom from what might be supposed to be his national prejudices and partialities. He is French, and can do justice to English art. He is able to discern its merits, and everywhere bestows generous praise, too generous, if we may trust to Mr. Ruskin, who, with his trenchant criticism, is ready to wound and to turn the knife in the wound. The work of M. Chesneau is divided into two parts. In the first he treats of the Old Masters, beginning with Hogarth in 1730 and extending to 1850. Every notable name in the long interval is made the subject of intelligent criticism and remark, and in nearly all cases one or more examples are given of their works by reproducing them in a wood engraving, a very great help to the reader. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Fuseli, Benjamin West, a countryman of our own, Wilkie, MacIver, J. M. W. Turner, and many others; the old masters of England are here portrayed in portrait, historical and genre painting. Every page is full of interest, well written and translated. The same may be said of the second part, the Modern School from 1850 to 1882. Its originality, the pre-Raphaelites, the landscape of that school, landscape and rural painting, historical painting, genre painting, painting in water-color and caricature are treated successively, and illustrated by criticisms upon the leading English artists of our own time, such as Holman Hunt, Millais, D. G. Rossetti, Herkomer, Faed, Landseer, Kate Greenaway, and many others, and, as in the first part, there are many illustrations. In addition to the work itself there is an interesting introduction, in which M. Chesneau discusses the steps of English art before the time of Hogarth, going back to the days of the Venerable Bede and the illuminators of the monasteries, and tracing it down through the reigns of the kings who were its patrons. There was art—Holbein, Kneller, Peter Ley, etc.—but it was not yet distinctively English art. But we cannot dwell longer upon this volume, which we commend to our readers.

"The Flemish School of Painting," by Prof. Waters, is more elaborate than that of M. Chesneau, and has a wider range of time. It is divided into six periods, going back to the origin of Flemish painting in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and tracing it down

through its successive phases: the Gothic school, the Romancists, the school of Rubens and its fall, and the Belgian school. The great masters of the Flemish school are all made to pass before us: Van Eyck, Van Der Weyden, Rubens, Teniers, Jordans and others, and the volume is a compendium of Flemish art. No one could be more competent than Prof. Wauters to prepare such a work, and it is a history of the Flemish school, full of interest, and valuable as a book of reference. It is illustrated with many engravings in wood, which add to its value, and give in some sort an idea of the paintings which they reproduce, and it is a volume we can cordially commend.

JOHN KNOX. By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D., author of "Limitations of Life," etc. With steel portrait, engraved by B. Holl, from a painting in the possession of Lord Somersville. [New York: A. C. Armstrong & Sons.] pp. 47.

The Scottish Reformation is not a pleasant period for the reader of history. If greed and hypocrisy entered into the movement in England, in Scotland there was scarce a pretence of concealment of the interested motives by which most of the statesmen were swayed. The political morality of most of the leaders was below even the debased standard of the times. Men, high and low in station, were true to their word only so long as it was convenient. Parties were swayed by a ferocious bitterness that was the more strange because resting upon the most sickle instability of conviction. In such a time John Knox might well appear as a hero. We give him full credit for fearlessness and honesty. That he was narrow-minded and pertinacious was perhaps the necessity of his era. For one thing he deserves full credit, that he would fain have used the spoils of the monasteries for the cause of education, but as with Wolsley in England, the greed of the nobles defeated his wise plans.

Dr. Taylor has made the most of his hero, as might be expected, and yet has done fair justice to the faults in Knox's career. Perhaps, in the condition of Scottish affairs, it would have been impossible to conduct the Scotch Reformation on parallel lines with the English, but it would be a great gain for Christianity could this have been done. Undoubtedly had Knox been a man of larger mind and broader learning he might have worked in harmony with Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley. He seems to have had no conscientious scruples at the first against the English Prayer Book, but his opposition to kneeling at the Holy Communion, and his yielding to the influence of Calvin, removed him from the sympathies of the English Church. At any rate, the golden opportunity was missed, and the consequences of that error have only just begun to be repaired.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Edited for the Use of Schools. [Boston: Gunn, Heath & Co.] pp. 39.

Years ago a friend of ours who was a great admirer of Lamb sent to England for a copy of the "Tales from Shakespeare," only to receive the disappointing message "out of print." Now it is proposed to bring it within the reach of all school children in this well-printed and convenient form. It is a mistake to suppose that children will not read good books. It is only when their tastes are ruined by bad books, just as their bodily appetites are ruined by over much confectionery, that they reject healthy reading; and this is a book of the healthiest sort. There is no fear that it will spoil the appetite for Shakespeare's plays themselves, while it will lead up to their study as nothing else will. The great difficulty which one unuses to the dramatic form encounters is to get the story, and this is just what these admirable tales accomplish. With an almost unrivalled critical knowledge of the

elder English dramatists, the Lambs were able to disentangle the real movement of each from the by-play, and this has been here done by them with marked skill and success. The editors have omitted "Measure for Measure" from this volume, we think judiciously, and have added a pronouncing index.

We have had occasion before this to speak of the good work which the firm of Gunn, Heath & Co. were doing, especially for juvenile readers, and we wish again to thank them for truly valuable service done in this behalf.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB. A Story for Girls. By Helen Campbell. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.] pp. 45. Price \$1.50.

The scene of this pleasing story is laid in Vermont, in a town so thinly disguised under a pseudonym that we violate no propriety in calling it "Highgate." It is briefly the history of a lady who undertakes to find rational and profitable employment for the young girls of the village. She begins by setting them to work upon the neglected village graveyard, and leads the way to other occupations; and under the form of a series of letters from another club, called "The Busy-Bodies," gives directions for strawberry raising, poultry keeping, bee keeping, bird raising, and a number of other employments which women might profitably and pleasantly take up. There is a good deal of story with all the usual features of love-affairs and property complications, but it is well ballasted with what appears to be very sensible and practical instruction. It is intimated (and we do not doubt the intimation) that the details of work are all genuine, even to the pleasant results in dollars and cents, and we can commend the book to all young ladies whose time hangs heavy on their hands, and who want to earn a little for themselves.

PSYCHOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG. Our Bodies; or, How We Live. An Elementary Text-Book of Physiology and Hygiene for Use in the Common Schools. With Special Reference to the Effects of Stimulants and Narcotics on the Human System. By Albert F. Blaisdell, M.D. [Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles Dillingham.] pp. 38.

Whether or not it is well to teach physiology in the common schools on its own account is a debatable question. The idea of checking intemperance by a school text-book is a well-meant absurdity. There is but one possible prevention of excess, and that is the disciplined human will. Probably nine out of every ten who use opium and other kindred drugs know perfectly well the hideous consequences; but the causes that lead to the use of these poisons are beyond and paramount to any knowledge. Will any study of the nature of the lungs and the effects of cold restrain a boy from getting his feet wet?

This is a well-prepared little volume—probably correct and guarded in its statements—but we are very much inclined to believe that such semi-medical training is apt to develop morbid fancies, and that the less a healthy child knows about its bodily construction the better.

MIRRO. A Provençal Poem. By Frederic Mistral. Translated by Harriet W. Preston. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.] pp. 249. Price 50 cents.

The authoress of this translation has shown that she understands her work. A liberal transfer of a book from its own language to another is in no sense a translation. The real business is to furnish a version which shall be true to the inner life of the work taken in hand, and this is most often attained by a wide departure from the outward form. Thus the lyric measure in the outward form. Thus the lyric measure in one tongue really corresponds to quite a different one in another tongue. "Mirro" is here rendered into its truest English equivalent, the easy and flexible measure which William Morris may be said to have created, or rather restored, viz.: the English ten-syllable metre before the days

of Pope. The poem is a very lovely one, a picture of the passionate, vivid life of the old "romance" region of Southern France, at once rustic and refined. It is in twelve cantos, and is the story of a tragic love exquisitely told. It is a book to be slowly read and tasted in almost every line.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST. By Grace Denio Litchford. Author of "Only An Incident." Illustrated. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 160. Price 75 cents.

When this story appeared as a "serial" there was some omission or derangement in the chapters. It is quite good enough to be re-read in its completed and corrected form. It is a very charming story, in which the follies of two young American girls are sketched in a way to do full justice to their absurd and unconventional taste for flirtation, without allowing them for a moment to lose their true womanliness. It is safe to say that only American girls could do, without seriously compromising themselves, what Lois and Betty manage to do. At the same time, while it speaks volumes for the real purity of character of the girl of this country, it does not speak well of the system which develops such. They are of the "Daisy Miller" species, only better drawn, because done by a feminine hand. One feels a mingled pride and shame over these (unfortunately) too life-like portraits.

THE ADVENTURES OF JIMMY BROWN. Written by Himself and Edited by W. L. Alden. Illustrated. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] pp. 296.

Mr. Alden's work is so well known that it is hardly needed to say anything in praise of this little bit of genial and harmless fun. We have seen the criticism somewhere that Jimmy Brown's feats are not likely to induce any young brother to imitate them, and we prefer to believe this, (though the small boy's capabilities are infinite in the direction of mischief) because we do not wish to think that a book so amusing to read can be detrimental to the morals of the future bishops and presidents. Nevertheless, we advise confiding parents to read over one or two chapters (no very hard task) before introducing the work to the family circle. A boy of exceptional tendencies might find suggestions too tempting to be resisted, and a bad imitation of Master Jimmy's pranks might be a very unpleasant one to enter a quiet household.

A CITY VIOLET. By M. E. Winchester. Author of "A Nest of Sparrows," etc. Second Edition. [New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.] pp. 42.

There is a great deal that is pretty and pleasing about this story, which is one for young people. There is much that is suggestive in regard to work among the poor, and while its religious tone is a little too pronounced in one direction, that of emotional piety, it is certainly very refined and pure in its tone. We always feel a little sense of unreality, however, in a story in which the characters always turn out to order in response to the efforts made for them. The great difficulty in dealing with the poor generally lies in the want of a clear, mutual understanding between them and their benefactors. The gratitude, the real appreciation of kindness, may not be wanting, but it comes in the wrong place often in real life. The lack of perfect sympathy is the great barrier between "Lady Bountiful" and the objects of her care.

THE PROTESTANT FAITH; OR, SALVATION BY BELIEF. An Essay upon the Errors of the Protestant Church. By Dwight Hinckley Olmstead. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 77.

Mr. Olmstead read this essay nearly thirty years ago before the Young Men's Christian Union of New York. He now publishes it to be of service to minds disquieted with modern doubts. It is a pity that such an admirable purpose should be backed up by such a feeble support. Mr. Olmstead understands by faith

mere intellectual assent to an opinion. It is hardly worth while to reply to arguments directed against such a conception. Faith is allegiance to a Person, (religious faith we mean, of course,) founded on a right reception of essential facts regarding that Person. We do not advise any one troubled with modern doubts to buy Mr. Olmstead's little book, for we cannot see what possible bearing it has upon any or all of them.

ROMER, KING OF NORWAY, and Other Dramas. By Adair Welcker. [San Francisco: Lewis & Johnston.] pp. 258. Price by mail \$1.50.

The writer says in his preface, "Were commendation to be bestowed on the dramas, it would be but the repetition of an old story," and, "By a strange unanimity of opinion, they have been pronounced to be made of the same material as the writings of the greatest of dramatists." We do not care to repeat the old story, and we are unable, after reading them all through, to find any traces of the material of Shakespeare. An author may be a true poet, and yet fail as a dramatist. He may have the dramatic faculty, and yet lack in poetic expression. Mr. Welcker has neither the one nor the other, and has not, so far as we can discover, even stumbled upon a single phrase which is not hopeless commonplace.

PESTALOZZI'S LEONARD AND GERTRUDE. Translated and abridged by Eva Channing. [Boston: Gian, Heath & Co.] pp. 191.

"Leonard and Gertrude" is a story of German life, intended to illustrate the Pestalozzian scheme of instruction. It illustrates another thing as well, the wonderful power of feudal institutions if rightly managed, and the immense abuse which is easy to them when mismanaged. Much of the story is utterly foreign to this country, and much is out of date in the Europe of to-day. But it is a very pleasant and readable volume, and the translator has done her work of abridgement with evident good judgment. The Pestalozzian system combines industrial with other instruction, and is probably the best (when practicable) ever invented.

THE DUCHESS EMILIA. A Romance. By Barrett Wendell. [Boston: James H. Osgood & Co.] pp. 341.

The story of "The Duchess Emilia" is briefly this, that she, a Colonna, died in Italy, and her soul was reborn in New England as one Richard Berkeley, son of a Massachusetts manufacturer. He goes to Italy, and there works out a process of expiation through Cardinal Colonna, the former lover of the duchess. The plot is as weird as one of Hawthorne's wildest, but the picture is wonderfully painted. It is a picture of the old Rome of the papal rule—a Rome that has vanished, never more to return. Any story would be tolerated with this magical atmosphere about it, this strange background of Italian life such as it was before the election of Pio Nono.

GLORVILLER; or, The Metamorphoses. A Poem in Six Books. By the Earl of Lytton (twin Meredith). Book I. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.] pp. 164. Price 5 cents.

There are six books of this poem, and each book is divided into four or more cantos, and each canto consists of sixty or seventy stanzas of eight lines each. The reader who begins this may know, therefore, what he or she has to look forward to. It is a Bulwerian novel in verse. Lord Lytton has written some quite effective poetry, but he has a fatal, a very fatal, facility in verse, and probably when the last book appears the verdict of the public will be that it had been well if the noble author had "boiled it down" to one-sixth of the size.

DATA ON WILD FATS, Common Sense for Young Men. By J. M. Mackley, LL.B., author of "Two Weeks in Yosemite," etc. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] pp. 396.

We suppose this book may do more good than one of more ability and with a much

higher aim. It is a well meant and mediocre performance, just about at the level of the middle-class habit of thought and morality. It will not make heroes, but reputable and successful business men, and is therefore more likely to hit the popular taste. It is a series of letters addressed to young men about their studies, pursuits, habits and general aim in life. It nowhere rises above a commonplace level, but so far as it goes is good advice in a kind and popular fashion.

LITERATURE.

W. E. BENJAMIN issues a "Catalogue of Autograph Letters," which will interest collectors.

D. E. HERVEY, Woodside, New Jersey, sends us an excellent *Te Deum*, set to music in B flat, and intended for chorus choir.

The opening paper of the Lathern Church Review for July has for its subject "The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs," one of the pseudographs.

DR. DEWOLF, through the American Book Company, Chicago, has published a short tractate on "Cholera, its History, Nature, and Preventive Management."

The Art Interchange for July 2 reproduces the prize works at Messrs. Howells & James's, London, exhibition of China paintings, and has other full-page illustrations.

The most interesting paper in the July Unitarian Review is "The Revised Version of the Old Testament," by the Rev. E. J. Young. It gives hearty welcome to the revision.

The Rev. Dr. Fairburn's "Twenty-fifth Anniversary Address at St. Stephen's College" is published by Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany. It is largely commemorative of the founders.

THE MAY number of the Child's Pictorial, with colored pictures, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, London, and found at E. & J. B. Young & Co.'s, cannot fail to please children.

SHAKESPEARIANA for June (Leonard Scott Publication Co.) opens with "Shakespeare and Stage Costume," by Oscar Wilde. There is in the number a topical index of Shakespeareana.

The Bishop of Albany's address *Qualis Vita, Finita Ita*, to the fourteenth class of St. Agnes' School, is handsomely printed. These annual addresses are thoughtful and elegant, and worthy of preservation.

The Homiletic Review, with the July number, begins its tenth volume, a fact which shows not only that there is a steady demand for works of the kind, but that this particular work possesses sterling merit.

DR. ANA P. MEYLER's "Notes on the Opium Habit," published by G. F. Putnam's Sons, in pamphlet form, is full of facts that should be generally known. It is a form of intemperance widely prevalent.

JAMES POTT & Co. publish in verse "Ugo Bassi's Sermon in the Hospital," by H. E. H. King. It is from Mrs. King's "Disciples." They also issue a "Primer for Christ's Little Ones," approved by Bishop Neely.

"SWEET CICELY," by "Josiah Allen's Wife," is a new novel announced by Funk & Wagnalls, who are also to publish "The People's Bible," by Dr. Joseph Parker of London, and "Sermons in Songs," by Dr. Charles F. Robinson.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & Co. have reprinted in a neat pamphlet "Hints to Sunday-school Teachers," by the Rev. George William Douglas, D.D., which has, from time to time, appeared in the columns of THE CHURCHMAN.

"SUMMER SERMONS from a Berkshire Pulpit," by the Rev. W. W. Newton, is published by J. B. Harrison, Pittsfield, Mass. The subjects are well chosen, and it will be a serviceable book to take to the seaside and the mountains.

THE Art Age has completed its second volume, and may be said to have fairly won its spurs. It grows in interest, both in letterpress and illustrations, and art, and especially book-making, should be the better for its existence.

"The Baby that must go to the Country," by Marion Harland, and "Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal," in the July *Babyhood*, should be worth many times the subscription price of this excellent magazine, which should be regarded by every mother as indispensable as the baby.

The July Decorator and Furnisher presents a very varied table of contents, with numerous designs for decoration and in the various branches of art to which it is devoted. We notice among its writers some of our practiced and practical artists, and the magazine is becoming month by month more interesting and useful. It takes rank among our best art journals.

PROF. OLLSEN opens the July Eclectic with a paper on "The Instrument of both Material and Spiritual Progress." The Rev. G. R. Van De Water has an article on "Church Music," and the Rev. E. R. Armstrong one on "Westminster Abbey." The selections are upon topics of most interest, as is also the correspondence, and the summaries are, as usual, admirable. The Eclectic long ago attained a high standard, and it keeps close up to it.

BLACKWOOD, the Nineteenth Century, the Fortnightly and Contemporary Reviews for June (Leonard Scott Publication Company) are at hand. Blackwood completes volume DCCXXVII, and is as vigorous as in early youth. The Fortnightly has a paper on "Wyclif and the Bible," and the Contemporary rejoins to "Canon Liddon's Theory of the Episcopate and Some Thoughts on New Testament Exegesis," by Archdeacon Farrar.

The July Andover Review opens with a paper on the inspiration of the Bible, by Professor George T. Ladd. It is entitled "The Question Restated." Recent events have given a new interest to the new Andover theology, as there is a strong desire to know what it is precisely. The first editorial is "The Atonement," a third paper on "Progressive Orthodoxy." Long residence in the East has prepared the Rev. Dr. Edwin M. Bliss to write intelligently of "Kurdistan and the Kurds." Two other articles are "Side Lights from Mormonism," by the Rev. W. F. Croley, and "The Employment of Children," by John F. Crowell, complete the longer papers. The Andover is one of our most thoughtful and able reviews.

The committee appointed at the late annual convention of the Diocese of New Jersey, on preparing a "Memorial of the Centennial of the Organization of the Church in the State of New Jersey," have just issued the work in a handsome pamphlet of sixty-two pages, by Whitaker. It has for a frontispiece a picture of Christ church, New Brunswick, N. J., where the first convention of the Church in the State of New Jersey was held, together with the names of the joint committee on the centennial from the two Dioceses of New Jersey and Northern New Jersey, and those of the committee on the memorial, followed by an account *in extenso* of all the services, music, and officiants, the very able sermon of the Rev. Dr. Garrison, with copious subtitles and foot-notes, a *verbatim* report of the afternoon speeches of the Bishops of New Jersey,

Northern New Jersey, and Pittsburgh, and the Rev. Drs. Tiffany, Hills, Boggs, and Franklin, a short poem by the Rev. Mr. Pettit, and a paper by Mr. James Parker on "The Work of the Lady in the Organization of the Church after the Revolution." The whole pamphlet possesses great interest, and will be of enduring value. It is ably and accurately edited by the Rev. Dr. George Morgan Hills, chairman of the committee on the memorial.

ART.

MR. KARL GERHARDT has succeeded in producing an admirable likeness of General Grant in a bust one quarter life-size. When it was partly finished it was taken to the General's sick room, and so strong was its resemblance to the original, that the artist was allowed to correct and finish it from the living subject. It has been viewed by the most competent judges, and they unite with the family in saying that it is the best portrait of General Grant that has ever been made, and it is all the more valuable because it may be the last. He is represented in his uniform, and his countenance shows the heroic fortitude with which he bears his sufferings. The original is in the possession of the family; but Mr. Gerhardt, who is from Hartford, has reproduced the bust in terra-cotta, and it will be a prized possession to many people.

The annual meeting of the Music Teachers' Association at the Academy promises to fulfill the expectations of the managers and the promises of the programme. Setting aside the delays and friction developed in handling such an impulsive body, and the fondness for talk and repartee with which sober discussions are apt to dribble, there has been a sequence of well-considered essays, followed by most judicious and suggestive comment. Such a collision and attrition of intelligences and enthusiasms is in any event wholesome and energizing. Professional life steps out of its warlike monotony, and gains breadth while it gains heart from such a fellowship as this.

Of course there is the usual lobby of tradesmen and inventors, a species of parasite which threatens the life of all similar gatherings, but they have been kept well in hand, and the daily procedure pretty well "on time." The various "recitals" have proved unexpectedly entertaining as well as instructive, and one experiences a grateful surprise at the large number of really first-rate artists established in our leading cities. It is not so many years ago since Messrs. Mason and Mills were almost alone, with Otto Dresel in Boston, as successors of Father Terrio, for serious pianoforte interpretation. Here we heard Carl Faellen, Robert Goldbeck, Alexander Lambert, Emil Liebling, Carlyle Petersilea, Miss Bloomfield, W. H. Sherwood and Albert R. Parsons. And the number of equally excellent players could have been multiplied manyfold. In this connection we would revert to the popular programmes of thirty years ago, when bravura, fantasia and digital extravaganza ruled the concert room; when Talberg's gliding platitudes and De Meyer's tumultuous rhapsodies and Gottschalk's morbid sentimentalities made up the staple of all playing, both amateur and professional. In those days we heard and knew little or nothing of the Beethoven sonatas, literally nothing of Bach and the contrapuntal school, while Chopin, Schumann and Mendelssohn were reserved for an occasional concert at the infrequent Philharmonic, and then of course only for the favored few.

All that is happily changed. More excellent music, reaching the highest standards of composition, has been delivered at this meeting than all the leading concerts put together for five years would have presented in "the good

old time." The range was beautifully generous and comprehensive. There were no thin places, no nests of pedantry or professional prigishness. Few of the players ventured on their own compositions. Nothing could have been finer than this rare self-abnegation. Mr. Faellen gave the heroic Grand Sonata, Op. 106, Beethoven, so long a hidden mystery in our art-world; Max Liebling gave the Prelude and Fugue in A Minor, Bach-Liszt, Sonata, Op. 31, Beethoven, and a fine "poisè" made up of best moderns, such as Scharwenka, Laff, Nicode, and Moskowski, both gentlemen admirable examples of the Von Bulow school. Mr. Lambert, whose interpretations were among the most exquisite and spiritual conceivable, dealt out in his inimitable manner Gigno and Variations, Op. 91, Raff, followed by Nocturne, Op. 13, No. 2, Chopin, Hollendaer, and Moskowski, who seems to loom up splendidly among the recent men; and it should be borne in mind that the classical playing throughout was confessedly on the highest plane of artistic conception and delivery. Miss Bloomfield delivered, with wonderful intelligence and sympathy, Rubinstein's tremendous concerto (Fourth in D Minor), piano and orchestra, work exacting for the manliest man, yet nothing was heard wanting. Mr. Petersilea, in turn, gave a bold group of selections; and so we particularize in illustration of the triumph of great art over sensationalism and meretricious conceit. It will prove instructive, perhaps, to review the orchestral and concerted compositions produced by our own composers at the evening concerts.

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17. Friday—Fast.
19. Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
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25. S. JAMES.
26. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
31. Friday—Fast.

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."—II. Cor. iv. 7.

Disheartened and weary, I sighed
For the sins and faults all my own.
Yet knowing the truth that Thou died,
And Thy blood couldn't for all atone.

I sighed as I thought of Thy love,
Dear Saviour, and my poor return—
So little advance, though I strive
The fruits of the Spirit to learn.

As balm to my soul came Thy words,
For they told how "treasure" divine,
E'en in "vessels of earth," affords
Thy will to be done through all time.

Thy power turned water to wine,
Thy grace blessed the poor widow's mite,
Thy love gave Thy life e'en for mine,
Thy spirit turned darkness to light.

Thy power the merit we give—
The excellency is Thine own—
If in word or in act, as we live,
Some "fruit of the Spirit" is shown.

Dear Saviour, Thy words, like the "heaven,"
Pervade now my heart and my thought—
Use Thou this clay, till to heaven
Thou bringest the thing Thou hast wrought.

M. G. A.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUÇHEITE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Burdley-upon-Sea.

"The two walk till the purple die,
And short dry grass under foot is brown;
But one little streak at a distance lies
Green, like a ribbon—to prank the down.

"Over the grass we stepped until,
And God knoweth how little we were;
Never a voice to bid us reach it:
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair.

"Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of fairy bells—
Fairy wedding bells, faintly rang to us,
Down in their fortunate parallel.

"Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring;
Swept back its rindles, smoothed its clover,
And said, 'let us follow it westering.'"
—*Jean Ingelous.*

Rotha never spoke to any one about her conversation with Robert Ord.

"I have tried my best, but of course I have failed," was all the explanation she ventured to Mrs. Ord; but the hurt color had risen to her face, and she looked so troubled that Mary, with great delicacy, forbore to question her.

Something jarred sadly just now in Rotha's sweet nature; for since that afternoon on the sands—nearly a week—she had never voluntarily mentioned Robert's name. It was apparent even to others that she shunned him; she could not bear to acknowledge even to herself that he had wounded her past her usual patience, and in her heart she tried to forgive him, but it had been very hard. It was therefore a strong proof of her magnanimity and the tenacity of her will that she was set more than ever on doing him good in spite of himself, and

such was the fixity of her purpose that the man, with all his pride and obstinacy, had no chance against her.

Experience was teaching her some useful lessons, however. He would accept no favor at her hands—that was what he had told her; well, and was she not to blame? She had been too blunt hitherto in her offers of help; a little subtlety of stratagem might be advisable in raising such a heavy weight. It might not be possible to be both lever and fulcrum at one and the same time, but at least might it not be within her power to set other agents at work? Rotha's girlish wits were hard at work again, and it was not long before the opportunity she sought presented itself.

Just about this time Rotha received another invitation to Mrs. Stephen Knowles's, to one of her far-famed dinners *à la Russe*; and Mrs. Stephen Knowles, whose soul delighted to honor the young heiress, intended to gather an assembly of the choicest spirits that Blackcar and its neighborhood could afford, and it was to be a very grand affair indeed.

Rotha, who was much oppressed by the magnitude of the proceedings, being, in spite of her little posiposities, the humblest creature possible, was in great trepidation, and said a great many naughty things to Mrs. Ord about Kirkby and Blackcar, and Mrs. Stephen Knowles, in particular, killing the fatted calf in her behalf; at which Mrs. Ord laughed and scolded in a breath.

"If the fatted calf has been killed, it must be eaten," Mrs. Ord affirmed with emphasis, and therefore Rotha must have a new dress; for Mary was always lecturing her friend on the duty of keeping up an appearance suitable to her station, and Rotha, who knew that Mary only acted as the vicar's mouthpiece, and who remembered his rebuke as to the lack of ornament on the night of the tea-party, had consented to lay aside much of her enforced simplicity.

On this occasion a pink dress was the result of Mary's eloquence—actually a pink dress. But even then Rotha had refused to deck her pretty white neck and arms with the Ord jewels. "I shall wear flowers," was her sole answer to her friend's rebuke. "I feel already something like the ugly duckling transformed into the swan in this gaudy dress; I don't believe I am Rotha Maturin at all. I am almost glad, after all, that you and the vicar will not be there to see me." But Rotha, as she uttered this little bit of girlish silliness, was glad that she looked so young and fair in the pink dress, and went off quite happily when Meg and Mary had admired her to their heart's content; and it was certain that no one at Mrs. Stephen Knowles's missed the lack of jewels.

Most of the guests were strangers to Rotha. The only name she recognized, with the exception of one or two of her Blackcar neighbors, was Mr. Ramsay of Stretton.

Rotha knew all about Mr. Ramsay of Stretton. The wealthy ironmaster was a man of great repute in the neighborhood; but it was not the thought of his vast capital that filled her with such interest. She knew it was Emma Ramsay who had been Belle's unsuccessful rival, and how Robert Ord had refused to barter his love for any fabulous number of thousands. "Noble fellow!" thought Rotha, with a sudden warm impulse; but nevertheless she felt a

little surprise when she saw Emma. There was no accounting for tastes certainly, and perhaps at that time Belle Clinton had been very beautiful, and not at all faded; but she thought Emma the brightest-looking girl she had ever seen.

Yes, Emma Ramsay was there—Lady Tregarthen she was now; for the ironmaster, disappointed in his first choice of a son-in-law, had married his sole remaining child to a young Welsh baronet, Sir Edgar Tregarthen, a young man, very sturdy as to pedigree and very small of person, but a well-meaning young fellow on the main.

Rotha fraternized with Lady Tregarthen after dinner. Emma was a very pretty little matron now, thoroughly content with herself, and disposed to think her Edgar the very impersonification of all that a man ought to be. She took a fancy to Rotha, and made her promise to come over to Stretton, where she was now staying with her father, and Mr. Ramsay afterwards endorsed his daughter's invitation. Rotha liked them both very much indeed; but she liked the father best. She admired the ironmaster's strong, hard-featured face; his manners were a little uncultivated, perhaps, but there was a downright, sterling honesty about the man that captivated Rotha. He had sat beside her at dinner, and then, and afterwards, he had been much disposed to talk about the Ords; he seemed especially interested in what she told him about Robert Ord.

"He is a good fellow—I believe a thoroughly good fellow," he said, returning to the subject, when he had brought his cup of tea to the sofa, where Lady Tregarthen and she sat chatting; "but he is a man who will stand in his own light all his life, foolish fellow. He might have been driving in his own carriage by this time if he had consented to listen to any one's advice but his own." Lady Tregarthen, who had been talking volubly up to this moment, looked up at her father a little reproachfully as he said this, and, whether intentionally or not, rose to join her husband, who was at that minute talking to his hostess; but Mr. Ramsay did not seem to notice his daughter's slight hauteur, he only slipped into the vacant seat beside Rotha, and went on with the same subject.

"He was handsome enough then to have married any one," he continued, as though pursuing a train of thought—"a fine manly fellow, every inch of him; half the girls were in love with him, I believe. And then he had such brains; they would have been capital to any other man. He was just fit to be the head of a large concern, as he would have been, if he and Emma—by the bye, Miss Maturin, did you tell me he was managing clerk to Broughton & Clayton?"

"Yes, Broughton & Clayton of Thornborough," replied Rotha. "It is a miserable prospect for him and Miss Clinton; for I believe he only has a salary of a little over two hundred a year, and they have been engaged for nearly five years already." And Rotha sighed as she thought of Robert Ord's haggard looks and Belle's faded beauty.

Mr. Ramsay gave a grunt of displeasure. "Serve him right. What business had he to be so headstrong, and turn his aunt against him, as he did? She was a termagant, I grant you, but he was her match. God heavens, Robert Ord a managing

clerk at Broughton & Clayton's—a trumpety concern like that! And Broughton has two sons coming into the business, I hear. That was another of his obstinate tricks, taking a situation in that way instead of writing for his friends to help him."

"It is not easy to help Mr. Ord," began Rotha, sorrowfully; but at that moment Mrs. Stephen Knowles had come up and scolded Mr. Ramsay for his monopoly of Miss Maturin. And after that there was no opportunity of renewing the conversation; but at parting Mr. Ramsay shook hands with her very cordially, and begged her to come and see his daughter at Stretton.

"It is only a drive of six or seven miles if you take the Leatham road; and you are obliged to air your horses, you know. By the bye, is poor old Sphinx alive still—the boy mare, I mean?"

"Mrs. Ord's carriage and horses were disposed of after her death. If I come to Stretton it will be by train, Mr. Ramsay," returned Rotha, quietly.

"Well, come anyway, so that you come," was the good-natured rejoinder; but Rotha saw that he was a little surprised, nevertheless.

That night, as she sat alone over her fires reviewing the events of the evening, she thought much of her conversation with Mr. Ramsay, and of the strange interest he had evinced in Robert Ord.

"He has a powerful influence, if he could only be induced to exert it in his favor," she said to herself; and there and then she determined to go over to Stretton and plead Robert Ord's cause with the man whose daughter he had refused to marry.

"Sir Edgar Tregarthen is a much better match than Robert Ord," thought Rotha, who scarcely knew how the ironmaster had coveted Robert Ord's brains. "I darsay he was a little more about it at first; but by this time he must have forgiven him—he looks so good-natured, and so does Lady Tregarthen." And she thought for a moment that she would make Lady Tregarthen her confidante.

Rotha slept upon her resolve, and a few days afterward she went over to Stretton.

Mr. Ramsay and his daughter received her warmly, and she had a very pleasant visit.

"I have listened to all you have told me," Mr. Ramsay said to her at parting, "and I promise you that I will think over it. It is easy to see you are on his side—all women are—but I tell you this, that if it had not been for his unfounded obstinacy he might have been in my dead boy's place by this time; he was so like poor Bob, too; but there, it is no use fretting over spilt milk. He has treated me very badly, but a man will have the choosing of his own wife, after all."

"And you will think over it," repeated Rotha timidly.

"Yes, I will," he returned decidedly; "I promise you as much as that. But I am not the man to do things in a hurry, any more than I do them by halves. It is against my principles. I must turn the thing well over in my mind first."

He considered a moment, and then went on:

"What sort of berth do you think will suit Robert Ord—another place as manager in a larger concern, say at five hundred a

year? Carter's not dead yet, but he might be superannuated; or the same post, with a still larger salary, in the house of a connection of ours—Fullgrave & Barton's, who have a large branch house in America. Fullgrave writes us that they are in great want of a man who is honest and long-headed as well; his Yankee manager has turned out a failure."

"I think he would rather stay in England, for Miss Clinton's sake," returned Rotha thoughtfully.

"Humph! that comes of being tied to a sickly girl. In that case we cannot do so much for him. Carter may object to being superannuated. Well, I'll think the matter over. I suppose, though you are a woman, you can keep a quiet tongue in your head, eh?" turning on her with good-humored brusqueness. Rotha laughingly assured him that she could.

"Well, well, you look dependable; and he is not to know who has done him this good turn—very right, very proper, I understand. Now, good-by, if you must go. I'll undertake that Emma shall not forget you," and the worthy ironmaster shook hands with her till her wrist was nearly dislocated. She was too happy to heed the pain, however. All the way home she assured herself that her mission was successful, and that, after all, Belle would get better, and would be married perhaps in the early spring.

Rotha was thinking about her visit to Stretton and about all manner of pleasant things, one day, when she was in an odd mood for dreaming.

Rotha was sitting on the roof of a tree in one of the glens of Burnley-upon-Sea—the wild glen, as it was called. She, and Garton, and Reuben were doing an afternoon's gipsying on their own account, very much to the astonishment and scandal of Blackscar and Kirkby, if they had known it, and somewhat to Mrs. Carruthers' surprise.

Rotha was very simple for her age in some things, in spite of her wise, old-fashioned ways, and Garton was just as ridiculously inexperienced. Meg often called them a couple of children; and, as far as freshness and originality of idea and a certain chivalry of thought were concerned, they were undoubtedly an excellent match.

For they were both fond of ridiculing the world's fashions, and they both retained an implicit belief in the goodness of human nature, which was almost pathetic to older and wiser people.

Garton's creed was that man was made in the image of God, and that therefore there must be a certain amount of goodness in every man, if you only knew where to find it. Rotha held the same creed, with a private reservation of her own; for she thought the Divine Image must be entirely blotted out in such men as Joe Armstrong and Jack Carruthers.

She told Garton horrible anecdotes of this latter *bête noir*. I believe she regarded him as a sort of fiend incarnate. She drew such touching pictures of Meg's love and gentleness that Garton ever afterward regarded that ungainly woman with the utmost reverence. Both the young people always treated her as though a visible halo surrounded her pale, sand-colored hair. Reuben, who was at a tender age of boyhood, and of course believed in all heroines, from Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, down to

Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale, was rather disappointed that a heroine like Mrs. Carruthers should be short-sighted and use eye-glasses.

Rotha was Reuben Armstrong's heroine, and she knew it. The boy, though he still remained faithful to his old allegiance, contrived to combine with it a great deal of honest devotion to Rotha. In his half-holidays he was often up at the house of his young benefactress with Garton, who had begun to go in and out of Bryn very much as his inclination prompted him. Rotha, it is true, never invited them in so many words, but she would welcome them very kindly. She used to brighten up at these unexpected visits. It gave her a curious feeling of pleasure to see Garton Ord making himself at home in that house.

Garton often made Rotha his confidante. The poor fellow would blunder out all his troubles to her in these morning visits to Bryn. He would come up with a message from Mary and stop for hours. Meg was not always present during these interviews. Poor Garton never knew what real womanly sympathy meant till he knew Rotha. Mary was always very kind and sisterly with him; but there had been a flavor about her kindness which seemed to hint perpetually at that want of ballast on his part. Garton always took her advice very dutifully; to do him justice, he was well aware of his shortcomings, but he liked Rotha's sympathy best.

Rotha was always ready to listen; she took him under her simple patronage in a way that would have astonished the vicar if he had known it. Garton told her about all that sad illness of his that had preceded his examination, and how he had failed to pass in consequence; he told her, too, with a touch of compunction in his voice, how his brothers had been straining every nerve to procure the means of giving him another chance, and how little hope there seemed to be of their meeting the necessary expenses.

"I ought to have gone up to the last examination," he said to her one day; "but I am afraid I should have wanted an awful lot of coaching. Austin does the best for me that he can under the circumstances, but he has his boys and the parish; he is too hard-worked as it is."

"What will you do?" Rotha asked him on that occasion, with much sympathy; and Garton had told her that he was fast losing all hope of ever entering the Church, and that matters were now becoming serious. Austin's income, he was sure, was barely sufficient for his own family, huddled as he was with the maintenance of his sister-in-law, and he felt that he could no longer live at Robert's expense; it was therefore a mooted question whether he should accept a stool in the office of Mr. Silthers, the attorney at Thornborough, with a small but increasing salary, or whether he should emigrate to New Zealand.

Rotha did not like the idea of New Zealand at all, and said so frankly, but she saw that Garton himself rather inclined to the latter proposition, which had been Robert's idea.

"A stool in that close dark office for seven or eight hours a day—how long do attorneys' clerks work, I wonder?—would kill me," he said impetuously. "I suppose I am as fond of good things as other men

but I would rather live on dry bread, with plenty of fresh air and freedom, than fare as Dives did, and be cooped up in Mr. Slithers's office; why, it would kill me!" And as he squared his shoulders and threw out his strong chest, there had been a look upon his face which had compelled her to believe him.

Oh, how Rotha sighed as she thought of that surplus sum lying idle at the bank, which caused such an endless correspondence between her and Mr. Tracy! Mr. Tracy was always worrying her to have it invested in some Consolidated Ironworks Company, which was just now offering large profits to the shareholders; but Rotha begged him not to hurry about it, as she thought she had heard of a better investment than the Consolidated Ironworks Company, about which she would inform him presently. I don't know whether she called it "the Ord Fund," but some of it certainly went in the coal-bill, and in that check at Tyler & Tyler's.

Rotha could not see her way clearly to help Garton at all. An unmarried young lady, however rich and sympathizing she may be, cannot offer to pay the college expenses of a penniless young man. Rotha could not very well offer her purse to Garton, neither could she plead his cause with the vicar as she did in Reuben's case; but, all the same, she was very sorry for him.

Garton and Reuben were going over to Burnley-upon-Sea, and they asked Rotha to join them. It was the beginning of December now, and it was their intention to spy out the futeness of the Burnley woods with regard to mistletoe and scarlet berries, that they might make a descent on these spoils at a future time, before the young rustics laid ruthless hands on them. Rotha, who had often heard of Burnley but had never seen it, agreed without a moment's hesitation. Something was said as to Guy and Rufus joining the party, but at the last moment it was found that the vicar had carried them off. Rotha had often been out with the boys before, either with the vicar or with Garton. Guy and Rufus, and now Reuben, had been anxious to show her all their favorite haunts. She and Mrs. Caruthers often joined their shore-parties; but to-day Meg had been tired, and Rotha proposed leaving her behind. If Mrs. Caruthers had her doubts of the propriety of the proceeding, she did not give utterance to them. She was rather too simple-minded for a chaperone; and then Rotha looked so happy. She wore a red cloak; they wore red cloaks then—"Colleen Bawn," they called them—fussy little cloaks done up with rosettes, and a new gipsy hat besides; and then she would carry the luncheon-basket, which she had provided in case they should get hungry.

"I am sorry Guy is not coming," she said, as she nodded a good-bye to Meg; "for I have put in some of his favorite cheese-cakes."

She elbowed away gaily to Reuben as they walked to the station. Mattie O'Brien met them coming along; she looked full at Rotha, at the scarlet cloak and the gipsy hat, and the fresh, girlish face under it—for Rotha was proving that even a pale complexion can look fresh sometimes—and afterwards she looked at Garton.

"What was Miss Mattie staring at?" asked Rotha, merrily, when she had passed.

Garton looked at her with a little blending of fun and admiration in his eyes.

"I suppose she was comparing you to a robin redbreast in her own mind, Miss Maturin; what do you call those cloaks, 'Colleen Bawn' ? I am glad you have left off those close Quaker bonnets; they make you look like a female Methuselah."

"Did Methuselah ever walk with Shem?" asked Rotha, roguishly. "How I confuse the ages of those old antediluvians—those giants of long days!" She had told Garton once how much he resembled the wooden Shems of her childhood, when Noah's ark had been her one Sunday game; "though what there was particularly pious in playing with diminutive elephants and tigers and Brobdingnagian cocks and hens," she continued on that occasion, "passes my comprehension; it only served to confuse my young mind with the relative sizes of things; for a long time I believed an ichneumon to be far larger than a hippopotamus."

"What a droll child you must have been!" Garton replied. He didn't mind a bit being compared to Shem when he strolled down to the schoolhouse in his cassock, not half so much as Rotha did when he quizzed her little black bonnet.

"I never thought you noticed ladies or their dress," she said, with a little natural pique.

"No more I do generally; but I like a cosy and comfortable thing like that," pointing to the red cloak, and Rotha felt glad her Colleen Bawn was admired.

Rotha was much pleased with Burnley-upon-Sea; she thought it a little gem among watering-places. They had a turn on the pier, and Garton told her how the cows walked over the sands at evening, and they looked at the blue sea, all flecked with sunshine to-day, and the white cliffs, and the deep green ravine, over which they presently walked on their way to the beautiful gardens which are laid out in the glen.

"The glen is partly cultivated, you see," said Garton, as Rotha wondered and admired to her heart's content. "In the season the bands play, and people sit about on the grass with their work and books, or go down to the spring to drink chalybeate water; it is a perfect paradise for nurses and children."

Rotha thought it must be a perfect paradise for other people, too, in summer; even now, in its wintry aspect, with its leafless trees, it looked very pleasant. She would stop at the gardener's ground to inspect the flowers; she filled her luncheon-basket with hothouse flowers on her way home. By the gardener's house is a turnstile or gate which leads to the wild ravine or glen; here is nature's cultivation, aided but little by the hand of man; a long walk winds through the glen for nearly a mile; benches and rustic seats are placed at intervals for the weary pleasure-seekers. The walk ascends slightly, and then bends downwards; on either hand are nut-copses and blackberry-thickets, dear to boy and girlhood; everywhere ferns and bracken spread their gigantic fronds; down below a tiny rivulet or stream splashes a hidden way among the trees. Rotha longs to see it in summer; the winding walks and steep descent are slippery with fallen leaves and miry clay; in the drier parts they crisp the brown bracken stalks under their feet; the dead

leaves lie in rotting heaps everywhere, but it has a wintry beauty of its own nevertheless. By and by Rotha grows tired; they have been scrambling up and down the steep sides of the glen, wading ankle-deep in leaf-mould—the sweet, decaying smell is everywhere; now and then the black earth gets slippery, and Garton's strong arm is in great request; sometimes he has to put back the sharp brambles for the red cloak to escape unscathed; now and then a low, hanging bough obstructs their progress. Rotha, who is very fleet and sure-footed, laughs at every difficulty. The birds fly out from the thicket at the sound of Garton's answering laugh. Reuben whistles like a blackbird himself as he trudges after them with the luncheon-basket. They find out a dry, sunny nook presently, looking down into the dell, and Garton praises the cheese-cakes, and they are very happy.

A pair of children, truly, to listen to their talk; Garton makes believe that some water Reuben has just fetched for them is from a well-known wishing-well of fairy repute, and each one has been challenged to pronounce his or her wishes.

Reuben states his, nothing loath; his ambition is eminently boyish, and refuses to soar high; he thinks to be top of the upper fifth and to be elected a member of the football club must be little short of heaven—he does not say so exactly, but you can divine it in the brightness of his eyes.

"Happy Rube," says Rotha. She gets a little thoughtful at this juncture, and refuses to say exactly what she wishes.

"I don't think there is much left for you to desire, Miss Maturin," says Garton, with the least possible approach to a sigh; "you can afford to set the fairies at defiance. It is only such unlucky beggars as I who ought to long for the old wishing-wells back again. I remember when I was a boy I used to believe in them—ye Northerners are rather great at superstition, I can tell you."

"You have not told us your wish yet," said Rotha, timidly. Garton, who had been pelting Reuben with dead leaves all the time he had been talking, stretched himself lazily and looked up at the blue sky.

"What is the good of wishing anything?" he said, very disconsolately. "Haven't I often told you that I was born under an unlucky star? It is to be hoped there is a place for me above, for I seem to be in every one's way down here."

"Oh, Mr. Garton!" says Rotha, much shocked. Reuben, evidently accustomed to such like expressions from his friend, goes on pelting him; Garton puckers up his forehead, rocks himself, and finally brightens up.

"I will tell you what I should like. If I were to choose my place in the world, I would live all my life at Kirkby, and I would be Austin's curate."

"You would be your brother's curate!" exclaimed Rotha. She was astonished, and perhaps a little disappointed, though she hardly knew why. She could not understand a young man being so moderate in his ambition; Garton's simple unworldliness was almost a fault in her eyes. She thought he ought to desire to be a rector, or at least a vicar. Who ever heard of wishing to be a curate? Mary was right. She was afraid he wanted ballast.

"Yes, I should like to be with Austin,"

he returned in answer to her exclamation; "he and I would pull on very well together. I should want more than he could give me, though. I confess I should like to live on more than bread and cheese all my life."

"I expect very little would content you," observed Rotha, wishful to draw him out.

"Well, I don't know. I should not consider myself, for instance, passing rich on forty pounds a year." No, no; poverty is a cross-grained jade, and I should like to shake hands with her and part forever. A man with a healthy appetite may live on bread and cheese, but a little meat is good for him sometimes for all that," and Garton rocked himself, and looked so wise that Rotha stared at him.

"Bread and cheese?" she repeated. "What nonsense you are talking?"

"I don't think you know the taste of bread and cheese as well as I do," returned Garton, solemnly; "and when you do take it, it is not with the rind on. Bless you! we often build up our castles together, don't we, Rube? Rube is to live with me, Miss Maturin, and if I can manage it, little Johnnie Forbes, the lame boy, besides. And we are to have a cottage just a stone's throw from the church, with a garden all round it, and a bow-window to my study, looking toward the sea; and Rube is to have beeshives and poultry, and I'm to have a big telescope and a dog; and we are to bribe Deb to come and keep house for us. When Rube builds the castle, he always puts in plenty of marmalade for breakfast."

"Fox shame, Mr. Garton!" says Reuben, with a very red face; but it is a very favorite castle, and he chuckles over it nevertheless. Rotha looks at them both a little wistfully. What a pity, she thinks, that so simple an ambition cannot be gratified. She goes off in a dream presently, but Reuben wakes her up.

"You might have had the cottage over and over again by this time," says the boy, reproachfully, but his eyes are full of mischief. Garton bursts out laughing; Rotha looks at them for an explanation.

"The low-window wouldn't look on the sea, though," says Rube, provokingly, dodging behind a tree to escape Garton's missile; "but it is quite within a stone's throw of the church; and you know what Mr. Robert and the vicar said."

"Does he mean Nettie Underwood's house?" exclaimed Rotha, in surprise, and then again Garton burst out laughing. He was a little vague in his explanation, but Rotha afterward discovered that Reuben's joke was not without some foundation. Not many months ago Nettie Underwood had laid rather violent siege to the young sacristan—waylaying him on his way to and from the church, and otherwise making his life a burden to him.

Garton had always been indifferent to Nettie, but now she decidedly bored him. He turned sulky, and would not have anything to say to her when she came to the vicarage, bristling with gay-colored ribbons, and armed at all points for conquest. As far as he was concerned, Nettie might take her pink cheeks and bright eyes elsewhere; he told Robert so when that young gentleman counselled him to a more prudent course. "What should I do with a girl like that, who chatters from morning till night, and has three-and-twenty bosom friends?" said poor Garton, shrugging his

shoulders. Nettie's little vanities and follies provoked and perplexed him. "If I marry at all, my wife shall be a lady," he continued, with a dignity never seen before in Garton Ord, "and not a girl who is ashamed of her own Christian name, and who laughs and talks so loud in the church-porch that the church-warden had to reprove her; and that's what she and Miss O'Brien did last Sunday, Robert."

"Nonsense!" returned Robert sharply. "Your wife is a lady, indeed! You may think yourself lucky if you ever get one at all, Gar. After all, beggars ought not to be choosers; and a good little girl like that, with six hundred a year of her own, will not long go without having plenty of admirers."

"Let her have them," answered Garton, stoically. "If I am a beggar, I won't sell my beggar's right of freedom for six hundred a year—not if I have to take Nettie Underwood with it." And he made this resolve so very potent to the young lady herself that Nettie took the hint and ceased her blandishments; but whether Garton's plain face had really captivated her fancy or not, she certainly turned a little sore on the subject, and was understood to be very cutting and distant to the young manhood of Kirkby and Blackscut in consequence. Since then she had been distinctly heard to declare to about fifteen or sixteen of her most intimate friends that it was her intention to live and die Nettie Underwood, unless she could meet with a gray-haired widower of about forty-five years of age, of independent means, with a soul for poetry, and who would not object to Aunt Eliza.

Rotha had not understood Reuben's joke in the least; but she did not forget it. She was a little silent over the sparring-match that followed the lad's mischief. By and by, when they propose walking to the head of the glen, she pleads a little fatigue still, and begs them to leave her. "It is so warm and sheltered here, and this old trunk makes such a comfortable arm-chair," she says, in the childish way that Garton already finds so irresistible. Somehow, he leaves her very unwillingly. The sunny notes flit before her eyes as she watches them disappear between the slender trees. Garton has his arm round the boy's neck as usual. "What a young David for such a Jonathan!" thinks Rotha, and she falls into a dream again. She is thinking of all the foolish things they have been telling her—the bow-windowed study, the big telescope, the garden, and the beehives.

Rotha is nearly two-and-twenty now; but she has never really been in love. She has led a life too much repressed, too prematurely old for that.

In the fairy-stories the prince comes to the rescue of the princess shut up in her brazen tower, guarded by all manner of hideous dragons. What delicious old stories those are!—older and bigger children read them again and again. One can fancy the stripping wielding his enchanted sword till the noxious reptiles lie dead at his feet. The little princess peeps through the keyhole. What a golden-haired, blue-eyed hero he is, she thinks. Presently, when the brazen doors roll back on their well-oiled hinges, she will run into his arms all smiles and tears. There is no shyness or nonsense of that sort in fairy-tales. The princess

follows the prince through the world if he holds up his finger to beckon her. "Will you marry me?" he says, taking off his cap with the ostrich feathers, or his golden helmet, whichever it is. "Yes, that indeed I will," returns the princess. "I am so tired of spinning," and then he gives her his hand. Ah! there is the white palfrey, ready saddled and bridled, and now they are off. The wicked fairy godmother shakes her crutch after them; but she has no power now. Poof, away, true love for ever! Of course they marry, and live happily ever after, in the good, old-fashioned way.

Nobody comes to the poor little princess at Miss Binks', as she sits in the back-parlor hearing the younger children strum their eternal scales and exercises. Little fragments of dromas mix with the cracked chords, the wintry fire burns blackly, the room is full of shadows. "C minor, C major. You must not put the pedal down. Keep your wrist a little more elevated, Miss Carson, please."

Rotha is back in her dream again. Through the dim arcades of her fancy comes the prince—always the prince. Sometimes he is on horseback, sometimes on foot. He has blue eyes and yellow hair; he is tall and black-bearded. Sometimes he has a brown moustache, like the stranger who was at church yesterday. He comes up to her, and holds out his hand. He tells her a different story every time. He is a wandering artist—a German student, a nobleman in disguise. He has servants, and carriages, and horses; or he has a cottage covered with perennial roses. Of course it is the same refrain. They are conjugating the same old verb together: "I love, thou lovest, he loves."

"I can't see to play any more," said Miss Carson, yawning drearily, and Molly brings in the candles.

Molly has her dreams, too, as she black-leads her kitchen stove. The young ladies at Miss Binks' confide to Molly that they are in love with the slim-waisted young drawing-master, who has flaxen hair and pink eyes, and is supposed to be in a consumption. One of them, Miss Roper, thinks she will never get over it.

"Lor-a-mussy, Miss Belinda!" says Molly, smearing the blacklead from her face, "when you are older you will know the difference between a white-headed little stick like that and a man. You should see my Jen."

"Do you remember little Em'ly's idea of a gentleman's dress in David Copperfield? 'The sky-blue coat with the diamond buttons, the black hose, the black trousers, the red velvet waistcoat, and the cocked hat,' and David Copperfield's youthful fear that the cocked hat would hardly be considered appropriate?"

Molly's prince had a wide mouth and a turn-up nose and sleek shining hair. On Sunday, when he came courting, he wore a plush waistcoat and a blue neckerchief with white spots as big as half-crowns. How Molly gloried in that neckerchief! It is impossible to say whether she or the pupil-governess, Miss Maturin, despised the slim-waisted drawing-master the most.

Rotha had her dreams too in the dreary London house where she lived so long. As she read more they grew brighter and more alluring. She would extemporize all sorts

of marvellous stories for herself as she sat gazing at the red-hot coals, when Mrs. Ord was having her nap in the twilight.

The fire burns very brightly; Rotha's cheeks glow with the heat as she shapes out an ideal future for herself. Does she see the woods of Burnley-upon-Sea, I wonder? Does she see herself sitting in her red cloak on the mossy tree trunk? Who is this coming through the dim vistas between the leafless trees? If a prince, a sorry one indeed: a tall figure, broad-shouldered and deep-chested; a prince, in a shabby coat, who has seldom worn gloves in his life, with a brown strong-featured face, with dark closely-cropped hair, with white gleaming teeth. A prince who swings his arms and laughs loudly; "a prince who looks like a boyish ascetic—half monkish, half kingling."

"You look like a picture, Miss Maturin," says Garton Ord as he comes up behind her. "What a pity I am not an artist. Rule will have it you only want the wolf to look like a grown-up Red Riding Hood; those saplings behind you make a sort of frame."

"It is getting cold now," says Rotha. "I thought you were never coming." Her cheeks have a pretty color in them as she rises sedately.

Down they go through the deepening twilight. The woods are all gray now.

"We shall be late for the train," says Garton, looking at his silver watch. "I am afraid we shall have to run for it."

He holds out his hand to Rotha—that is what the prince always does in the fairy tale, you know. Rotha hesitates a moment before she takes it. I suppose it must have looked rather absurd—a tall gentleman and a tall lady running hand-in-hand.

"Oh, I am out of breath," said Rotha presently.

"Never mind, there are the lights of the station," pleaded Garton, "just one effort more."

"Have you had a pleasant day?" asks Meg as she comes out to meet them.

"Yes, very pleasant," answered Rotha, with a shy look at Garton; "but we nearly lost the train, though."

"Miss Maturin has been studying the picturesque all day. It is a pity we never met a soul," says Garton mischievously.

"How do you know that I had not plenty of company when you left me?" returns Rotha, with a smile. "Either I fell asleep and dreamt a little while, or else the woods of Burnley-upon-Sea are haunted."

"You looked rather as though you had been dreaming," says stupid Gar.

(To be continued.)

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The Demand for Deliverance from the House of Bondage.

Exodus v. 1-14.

Verse 1. Previous to this Moses and Aaron had met the elders of Israel, that is, the representative heads of the tribes, and revealed to them their commission, and had been accepted by the people. This was the first step in the path of deliverance. The next was now to be taken. "Went in." Pharaoh held his court either at Memphis (near Cairo), or more probably at Tanis or Zoan, near the mouth of one of the eastern arms of the Nile, and in the vicinity of the

land of Goshen. The request of Moses and Aaron was not in the nature of a demand upon Pharaoh from the universal Lord of all peoples, but rather the asking of a national Deity that His own people might serve Him. It was really a perfectly natural and modest requirement from the Egyptian standpoint even, and the asking that they might go into the wilderness was, in form, a scrupulousness against seeming to trespass upon the territory of Egypt. See II. Kings v. 17.

Verse 2. Either Pharaoh suspected the device, or he wished to show his utter scorn of the captive people. Note that the name here used is "Jehovah" of Israel, although that name is first used at the burning bush. Probably "the making known" the name is taken in a more intimate and special sense, that simply as the use of it for a designatory term.

Verse 3. "The Lord God of the Hebrews." This answers Pharaoh's objection that he knew not Jehovah. "Three days' journey into the wilderness." This more explicitly disclaims sovereignty over Egypt, and any intention to interfere with the religion of the land. "Lest He fall upon us." It will be noted that this request is made from the point of view of Pharaoh. He might, without admitting any claim of Jehovah, concede that the God of the Hebrews would probably punish His own people for neglect to honor Him. There was nothing in this request to awaken his anger.

Verse 4. "Let" is here used in the old English sense "to hinder." See Collect for Fourth Sunday in Advent. The king regarded this as a mere pretext to secure a holiday. If the three days' journey meant a journey occupying three days, then taking one day for the sacrifice that, with the return, would make a week's rest. Probably no Sabbaths were permitted to the Israelites, at least after their enslavement. This had now lasted over eighty years.

Verse 5. "The people of the land." That means the Hebrews, viz., the common people, the working people, as contrasted with the dominant classes of the Egyptians. "Are many." They were numerous enough, no doubt, to do the whole heavier work like beasts of burden.

Verse 6. "The taskmasters of the people." The Egyptian officers set over them to see that they performed their full work. It would appear that the Hebrews were not slaves of individual owners, but rather a great working caste employed on the public works, the bond-laborers of the nation.

Verse 7. "Straw to make brick." The Egyptian bricks were made of clay dried in the sun, and the chopped straw was mingled with the wet clay to make it more coherent. The proposition of Pharaoh seems like poor economy nowadays, but according to Oriental ideas the scheme was to get all the possible work out of the people in total indifference to human life, and at the same time to depress them still more by severity of toil, instead in dread of the more rapid increase of the Hebrews.

Verse 8. "The tale." This is another old English word, meaning the quantity of the bricks required, literally the number "told off." The king's idea is that the withholding of the straw would be made an excuse for not furnishing as many bricks as heretofore. "They be idle." We should say in like case rather "they are lazy." It

means here "indisposed to work," rather than not actually working.

Verse 9. "Let there be more work." Literally as in the margin, "let the work be heavy upon the men." "Regard vain words." Namely the teachings of Moses and Aaron regarding the sacrifice at Mt. Sinai. Probably the whole plan of the Exodus was not at first confided to the people, as they would have shrunk back from it as too daring.

Verse 10. "The taskmasters." The Egyptian officials, "their officers," their Hebrew subordinates. These last would be, by Oriental usage, the elders of the people.

Verse 11. "Get you straw where you can find it." That is, furnish it for yourselves. "Yet not ought of your work." This was doubtless as great as they could already do. It is not at all likely that anything less would have been exacted.

Verse 12. "To gather stubble instead of straw." Literally "for straw." The stubble after the grain was harvested, left on the soil. This they had to convert into the fine-chopped straw mixed with the clay to increase the durability of the bricks. The excess of labor was therefore very great, including not only the gathering but the preparing.

Verse 13. "Hasted," that is hastened them, "drove them up," as the phrase is.

Verse 14. "The officers—were beaten." This shows that these last were the Hebrew heads of tribes and families, according to Oriental custom. To make these responsible was the surest way to reach the people themselves. The whole business might be paralleled now in Egypt or Syria. The authority of these "heads" was very great over the people under them.

AS THE LIFE IS, SO ITS END WILL BE.*

Let me try to draw out of your own chosen motto the last words of loving counsel I shall speak you: "As the life is, so its end will be." Now, life divides itself into more periods than even the seven stages of "sweetest Shakspeare's" thought, and every stage has its distinct and definite end. Only, all earthly endings have in them this element of earthliness, that they themselves come to an end. And the last end of all on earth has in it the unearthly element of unendingness, for it opens up eternity. And every phase and stage of life, complete in itself, is a microcosm of life. School life tells the story of the whole. And these successive times of termination have their chief value in that they furnish morals and force human truths which, if we lay to heart, we shall be wiser in the next period to which we pass. You know it, all of you, with more or less of gladness here to-day. The prize, the diploma, the medal, "the ribband of blue"—more even than these, the sense of what you are to-day, in furnishing of mind, in grace of education, in discipline of character, in development of nature, in mutual esteem, is proof that "the end is as the life has been." "Nulla dies sine linea;" no day without its trace, is true; and, what might have been, but is not; and, what is, which would not have been; what you have gained, as well as what you have failed to gain; the accumulated effect upon each

* The bishop's address to the fourteenth class graduated from St. Agnes School, Albany.

separate nature tells the story and gives the result. Like the gradual working out of your own problems in trigonometry, which comes from a long series of substitutions and combinations, although the steps by which you reach them are rubbed out to make room for the results; so to-day's attainment means the outcome and issue of all the days and all the duties of your school life; their true value being only that they have brought about this end. "Qualis vita, finis ita," dear children. And I am glad to let the life of the years that you have been with us be judged by the end of them to-day.

And from the end of this you are to go forth, "fearless yet full of trembling," to begin a new and untried phase of this same mystery and responsibility of life, with this same legend speaking always in your ears, till you have come to its last stage—"As the life is, so its end shall be."

What have you learned here about the best way to make that end, that final earthly end—far off it may be, or very near:

"A day of white robes and rewards."

I am no believer in the theory of education which undervalues the separate items that make it up, or in the theory that only values these items for their practical use at last. I should be sorry to feel that even such dry things as dates and paradigms, as the problems of science, or the long lists of names, will be forgotten or lost. I believe it needful for educated people to keep some hold, at least, upon the separate details of what they learned. You will be wiser and readier to understand, to enjoy, to appreciate the glories of nature, the wonders of science, the intense interest of history, if you keep by you the dry bones of tables and statistics which clothe themselves with the beauty and wonder of life, in the world past, present, and to come. So, also, I trust that you will repudiate always the mere utilitarianism which measures learning only by the market value of just what that particular knowledge will bring in, will earn. The trained ear has music in it, even when the deft fingers forget in part to touch the keys. The mind retains—as the crystals keep their shape when the liquid that formed them is all dried away—the mind retains the impression of the exquisite accuracy of the ancient classics, when the Greek and Latin words themselves have lost their meaning. And the imagination floats on buoyant billows of refreshment and delight when it has quite forgotten the corks and bladders of the rules of rhetoric and grammar. If the seamstress knew nothing but her needle, where would the embroideries be in tapestries and altar frontals, that rival and repeat the story of Arachne. If the potter only knew the motion of his wheel and the moisture of his clay, where would be the glories of Sevres and Faience, of Lambeth and Worcester, of Paisley and Timworth to-day. We must strike a true balance between these vagaries. We must value and hold fast to the data of learning. And we must realize that even when they are forgotten, they are to be prized for the training that has come from them. And then we must realize, over all, that neither the remembered words and facts, nor the resultant knowledge and culture are all that comes out of this period that we call our school days—as if there was ever a day on earth

or ever a day in Paradise, until the full knowledge, "even as we are known," is reached, that is not a school day. What is the outcome to be, what shall the reached end be, after the manner and shaping of your life here? What is the quality—which is the substantive of *qualis*—what is the real substantial, secured character, gained at the end of this particular period of your life; that which is to qualify—which is the verb of *qualis*—all the rest of your earthly lives, and fit them for that end which is only the beginning.

Well, dear children, we should stay long here if I told you all I hoped it would be; all the quality of grace, all the qualifying graces which I want to feel will go to make up your characters. And so I speak of only two things, which I long to have color and shape your lives into that gracious, queenly end of accomplished and accepted womanhood. And the first is seriousness, and the next considerateness. By which first I mean, not that you should go long faced and sour visaged into life, into society, into the world! But only that your "adorning shall be the adorning" of seriousness, of sedateness, of sobriety.

I believe it to be one of the very best and most important results of the discipline, without which this hive of humming industry would be a very Babel of confused noises, that one comes to attach importance to little things. A false quantity, a note wrong in a chord, a letter too much or too little in a word, speech in the time of silence, a minute late at roll-call; these are not great things in themselves, but they destroy the rhythm, make discord, mean carelessness, disturb order. They are little things, and in the home life of one, or two or three, they are passed by and counted at their positive value, and not noted much. But here they take on, what is the truest measure of all things, their relative importance; and so the habit grows of carefulness in little things; and so the tendency is cultivated of looking seriously and carefully at everything in life. It seems to me that the great error of to-day is just this lack of seriousness, in one or other of its various forms, frivolity, trifling, irreverence, superficialness, waste. Child nature is right, as it is often, in this matter. A child is serious, in earnest, real, occupied, intense, about doll-dressing, about its games of ball, about its soldier companies, or its tea-parties; careful and painstaking about its little interests, as though they were matters of importance to the world. And I want you to keep this up, to look at life so. For life is a serious thing, in every phase of it. And the miseries of many people are due to forgetfulness of this. There would be far less sadness, were there more seriousness. For seriousness has in it the two elements of joy, first of real interest, and then of real success. Divide the world, if you will, between bees and butterflies. But remember that the bee is humming and buzzing about its work, and has some song in all its seriousness. And remember, that the butterfly is busy, bent on something, and evidently serious, in his flitting way. And in this two-sided nature of your womanhood, which is half bee and half butterfly, half beauty and half business, be serious, with the steady soberness of a name, an object, some interest, and much reality, even in the byplay of your lives; and let the sweet sense of service

and usefulness hum, like the pleasant song of bees, through all the soberness of your work. Whatsoever your hand findeth to do; and the variety of duties is far more the way of rest and refreshing, than the great contrasts between the weariness of overwork and the greater weariness of indolence; whatsoever your hand findeth to do; and it will find much in the hard work of enjoyment and in the greater enjoyment of real work; whatsoever your hand findeth to do, in the various spheres of Church and home, of society, of kindness to your kind, of study, exercise, accomplishment; "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it to your might." Let the habit of recognizing and realizing the importance of little things stay in you, and grow in you into the seriousness of earnest thoughtful lives. And let this be your

"wonted state,
With even step, and missing gait,
And looks commencing with the skies."

So too, my children, I beg you to qualify your characters, with the sweet quality of considerateness. Chiefest almost, among the advantages of school life, I count the acquisition of this virtue; let off against selfishness, against seriousness, against frivolity. It is a word of disputed derivation, but I confess I love to think the old Latin thought true: "A contemplatione siderum appellari videtur" it seems to be named from the observation of the stars. For, in the contemplation of that wonderful stellar world, we get just this thought, of mutual dependence and mutual relationship; the very essence of their order and their shining; of the stately sequence of their majestic march, which makes "the music of the spheres" of their groupings, of their service as signs, their guidance to the sailor, their grace and beauty, being in their carefulness of keeping in their place; not wandering stars, not comets that make the wonder of a month and are forgotten, but the steady constellations, "the sweet influences of Pleiades, and the unloosed "bands of Orion"; may we not say, not tautologically, the *considerated* stars. It is a mighty thought, dear children, which you may well have looked up into the heavens to learn; and the best telescope is that which brings near you this great lesson of life. It is the scriptural word "forbearing one another." It is the good Greek word which we have Englished into *sympathy*, fellow-feeling, feeling together; "weeping with them that weep, and rejoicing with them that rejoice"; the word which, when it passes into the speech of *life*, speaks with the tongue of men and angels, for it is the "imitatio Christi," the very likeness of our dear Lord. I do not stop to say how the close pressure of school-life almost compels this, upon mere selfish grounds. The man may step heavily, and stride at large, who walks *alone*. But in the crowd, the careless stepping that trends on others means necessarily the being trodden on. And to take a child out of the narrowness of home, where weak parental love is tempted too much to make way for it, and set that child into the close crowding of constant companionship, the companionship not of kinship but of fellowship, compels for very selfish comfort, the carefulness of others, which it asks from others for itself. Considerated, constellated children grow to be considerate men and women, as their nature widens and broadens, in that true expanding which, like the sweet action

of a flower, lives by giving out and taking in. We are far more made upon the model of the minnow, than after the pattern of the porcupine. The selfishness that guards itself by sticking sharp quills of hurting against all contact with our kind, makes only enemies. The shrinking sensitiveness, which folds up into silence the word that might wound another, is the best protection against the sharpness of bitter speech. It is the sweet expression of those combined features of true charity: "kind, seeking not her own; bearing, believing, hoping, enduring all things." This you have learned here, dear children, it may be from the selfish motive of mere self-defence. Those two old friends in the story of the "Water Babies," "Mrs. Do-as-you'd-be-done-by," and "Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did," are teachers of a great lesson in the school of life. And out of school, into life, you need to take them, and live by them as you have learned them here. The bearing of one another's burdens lightens two loads. And there is no such secret of good manners, no such source of true politeness, no such salve for wounded feeling, no such oil for preventing friction and jar in the great machinery that we call society, as this grace of considerateness, of thoughtfulness for others, of bearing and forbearing in all the relations of life.

"Qualis vita, finis ita," as the life is, so its end will be; both ends—the earthly and the eternal. For here, this habit of seriousness and considerateness will work out, the thoroughness of attainment which makes the difference between reality and pretence, and the adjustment of each part to the whole, without which you can neither do your part nor let others do their part, in the great complex, wheel-within-wheel clock-work of humanity. And when we come to face the final end, the contemplation of eternity, the adjustment of the mutual relations of life, the influence and effect of one life on another, we shall have trained our eyes to look on the relations of eternal things, all trifles having passed away; and shall be fit to take our part in that wonderful order which "God has constituted," for everlasting activities, "the services of angels and men."

And as the end is, so the life shall be; the life eternal, only continuing the character wrought out here to its earthly end, in the soberness of intense and overwhelming joy, and in the fruition of perfect and eternal love.

It is not accident—there are no accidents—but sweet and suitable selection, that sets your graduation day on the feast of the Son of Consolation. What greater or more gracious thought for any one than this? What more could you, what other would you be? How better, than by this serious, self-forgetting considerateness, can you become daughters of consolation?

O, Son of God, our Captain of Salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief.

And all true helpers, patient, kind and skillful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,
Connect the doubting, and restrain the wiffling,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas, in memory keeping,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,
And all our wants be stilled in Thee.

God bless you, my beloved, and good-bye.

BIBLE TALKS TO MOTHERS.*

BY HARRIET E. ROSENQUEST.

The Weary Mother.

"I am weary of my life,"—GENESIS XXVII. 46.

Dear sisters, in looking down at your quiet faces during the waiting moments before service, I have often noticed how predominant is the expression of weariness. And now I have been asking "Our Father" to speak "comfortable words" to you through the lips of His handmaid, who is herself well acquainted with the feeling of weariness, and who herself has so often been refreshed, comforted, and strengthened by His Word through the power of the Holy Ghost, whose whole office is to revive and comfort the children of God. May He now call up to my remembrance "All things whatsoever Jesus hath said" to the weary and heavy-laden, and thus send rest and peace to you whom I so love.

Weariness is akin to sadness. We can feel very tired without suffering any particular depression of spirit, and mere physical weariness can soon be allayed by physical rest, but this is not the weariness which was the cause of the discouraged cry which sprang from the lips of the mother of Isaac's children. Rebekah, under the title of "The Partial and Scheming Mother," is already known to you, so to-day we will but use her words as given in the text; and to make our "Talk" practical we will put it under the heads of cause and remedy of a mother's weariness. And now, as applying more particularly to all, we will place *care* as the first cause. A mother's cares are, indeed, multitudinous. The father labors, but the mother is the care-bearer. Some of you may not know the full meaning of the word "care." It is "uneasiness of mind, very desirous, anxious, management." Surely here we have a good description of the usual state of a mother. Care, if borne in our own strength, is to our life what the nipping frost is to the beauty of nature. It withers our youth and glad spirit, it causes evil seeds to scatter themselves in our hearts, where they are sure to spring up the baneful plants of discontent, covetousness, and unbelief, and these wretched growths torment us until we cry out in despair, "I am weary of my life." Some poor creatures seek for moments of forgetfulness of their misery in the devil's cup of comfort, or else, heeding his promptings, they think to find rest in the suicide's grave. Satan's words of comfort are, "Drink, and forget. Curse God, and die, for dust thou art, and to dust thou wilt return." His bondage is a bitter one, and there is no remedy. Beloved, we are not of these. We have a sure and perfect remedy for our weariness. Listen to the words of our Comforter: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." My sisters, are you all acquainted with this gracious promise, and are you obeying the call?

The opening words of the invitation, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," would lead us to think that He intended to wholly remove the burden, but the closing clause, "I will sustain thee," shows us that He means something far better for us. He indeed offers to become our Yoke-Fellow. Precious thought!

Have you ever watched a yoke of oxen

* Talks at Mothers' Meetings.

draw a heavy load up-hill? and have you noticed that sometimes one of the oxen seems to do the most of the drawing?

So our Yoke-Fellow willingly relieves us of the weight of our burden, and calls the yoke His. "Take My yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for My yoke is easy." God grant you the wisdom to fully realize the meaning of these words of Jesus. We often speak of the help and comfort that we receive from some earthly friend, to whom we may have unburdened our cares. Now here is a "friend who sticketh closer than a brother," one to whom thousands of heavily-laden ones have turned in their weariness, and found a marvellous sustaining power to help them through their upward journey, and these are continually calling to us to "cast our cares upon Him, for He careth for us."

It is unbelief that drags us down. If we truly believed that Jesus cares for us our cares would turn into blessings, and our life would add glory to His name.

I will close this clause of our "talk" by repeating an apt illustration of our thoughts given by Mr. Pentecost, an Evangelist. He was one day visiting a Christian lady, who had been passing through many and great trials. Her heart was questioning God's love and mercy, as manifested toward herself. In her lap was lying, with its wrong side up, a piece of elaborate canvas embroidery. Mr. Pentecost's gaze coming in contact with it, he abruptly asked what she was making. She said that it was a cushion. "Well, (I will use his own words.) 'I said, 'I must say it is a very ugly and ill-conceived design, if indeed it is not without design.' With a slight tone of resentment, as I so rudely criticised her handiwork, she said, 'Why what do you mean?' I replied, 'Why, I am surprised that a sensible lady like yourself should be wasting your time on so untidy and senseless a piece of work as that; for I can see nothing but a lot of confused ends and bits of wool, apparently massed together without order and even without reference to color. Certainly there is no pattern or design in or about it.' She quickly turned it over and said, 'Why, you are stupid, you are, looking on the wrong side. Of course it looks ragged and confused on the wrong side where all the tangled and odd ends of the worsted are. But is not that a beautiful pattern? and do you not call that worth while to work out?' said she, turning the right side up. 'Ah,' said I, 'that side is indeed beautiful, and I see, after all, you are working to a plan, and one quite worth your handiwork. Even so, my dear friend, God is working out your life after a pattern which He has in heaven. You are just now seeing the wrong side of it. You are distressed and grieved about it, and can see no wisdom or love in it. But be sure that when you get to heaven, and see the wondrous pattern which God has wrought out in your life, stitch by stitch, you will forget all these sorrowful experiences, and will rejoice with exceeding great joy that these 'light afflictions,' which endured but for a moment, were working out for you a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

Hard Work.—There are some of you, my dear sisters, to whom God has said: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." And this may have been added to an already care-burdened heart, if so you

are indeed "heavy laden," yet all the more sure of the Lord's love and help; hear Him: "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We must remember, in regard to all the invitations and promises of the Lord, that the realization of the blessing comes only through obedience to His Word. For instance, when He now calls you to Himself for rest and refreshment, He first gives the general promise of rest, and then tells how to acquire the blessing. He says "learn of Me," as it were; study My Word in search of the physical rest, while I, through the Holy Ghost, give rest to your soul. So come with me, dear sisters, let us "search the Scriptures" for the remedy that we now need. We will have to go to the very beginning of all things, even to the second chapter of Genesis. In the second verse we find: "And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." This is the example. Now hear His command to us: "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates."

Here is the "learn of Me" part of the invitation and promise of our Lord; and if all, God's people, should try to keep this number of the decalogue, thousands of poor wearied creatures would find "the rest of the Sabbath" a blessed reality, and the religion of Christ would be magnified in the sight of the world. I know how impossible to many of you this precept seems. Yet, dear sisters, I know, also, that much can be done on this line by us all. There seems to be time enough spared from your busy life for an occasional day of pleasure—a day when father, mother, children, and "the stranger that is within thy gates" can lay aside all work, while all give themselves up to the unwonted pleasant leisure. I have often watched to see if the day thus taken from your working days materially aided to the labor of the succeeding days. Invariably I find that the increased labor precedes the "outing," while languor and relaxed effort follow. Suppose, now, that the preparation day should be used each week for the coming of the Lord's day of rest, and on that day all were to give themselves up to the rest and peace of His sanctuary and the quiet pleasure of family reunion at home. Home and its inmates being in neat order and peaceable, does all this seem visionary and impracticable? I know of homes where this plan is followed, and you know of them also, and we can testify of their Sundays being a true day of rest; while the morning brings no listlessness of manner, nor disagreeable remembrances nor quarrels; no haunting debts or ruined clothes. I feel quite sure that you will not think that I am condemning all "outings," while urging you to seek the rest of the Sabbath. We all need recreation, only our dear Heavenly Father would have us to enjoy them in a healthful manner, to the strengthening of our spiritual as well as physical life. It is Satan who is striving to keep us from our promised rest, for he knows full well that, if we once learned the lesson on rest, and realized the fullness of the promise, we could never be drawn back

into the labor, confusion, and profanity of our former Sabbaths. Oh, let us learn of Jesus, so shall we find the true rest of body and soul.

Sickness.—In your poor body worn and weary through disease? Turn to Jesus, and receive "grace sufficient for all your needs." Hear what comfortable words our Father is speaking to you: "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; Thou wilt make—turn—all his bed in his sickness." The Father promises that His Son will strengthen us, and then he gives His Son the command, "Thou wilt make all his bed." We who have gone through weary days and nights of sickness know how refreshing and comforting it is to have our bed turned and remade. Even in the midst of our suffering and weakness, the first contact with it causes a sigh of contentment to issue from our lips, and our eyes veil themselves in thankfulness, for "His arm is under our head," and "He knoweth all our infirmities." And as we cast our weariness upon His bosom "in the night His song will be with us," soothing our pain and distress—just as we mothers have so often soothed, with embrace and softly-sung hymns, our own sick little ones, till, like them, we will turn our cheek to His heart, and there find rest and healing.

Sins of Husbands.—This "cause" is truly a heart weariness. Yet, here again, Jesus is equal to your need. I have been thinking of several husbands whom I know whom Jesus has led, in answer to the faithful prayers of their wives; and, again, we know of wives who are crying out, in their misery, "I am weary of my life." Dear sisters, call up to your remembrance the lives of Abigail, Esther, and the saintly Monica. These lives are replete with examples of wisdom, tact, and spiritual strength while under severe trial. These women exemplified in their lives the power of trust in God. "What times I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." You will need to keep very close to the Lord in this weariness. Every moment you will need to feel His love, sympathy, and power. And unless this same power passes through your life to that of your husband your case is without a remedy. "Long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," are the only remedies.

Sins of Children.—Alas! dear mothers. If Rebekah's cry and its cause are yours. I greatly fear that the apparent cause of the sins of her children may be, in part, yours. A partial love and treatment, a lax discipline, and a disregard of strict truthfulness brought Rebekah into a weariness that lasted to her life's end; and the effect of her training brought her sons into bitter travail of spirit, and an enmity which bordered on murder. Come at once, my sisters, and learn of Jesus, the remedy of this weariness. "Therefore shall ye lay up these My words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be frontlets between your eyes; and ye shall teach them to your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates."

Thus, "holiness to the Lord" must be written on all the house. Children should breathe the air of prayer, and "drink the

milk of the Word." Job used to arise early in the morning to offer burnt offering "according to the number of all his children. For Job said, It may be that my sons have sinned—thus did Job continually." "Continually" a mother's prayers must ascend to the listening ear of God; "continually" our children must be taught God's law; they must be separated from "the children of Heth," "All the days" you and I must kneel before "the throne of grace" with the words on our lips, "Lord, behold me and the children whom Thou hast given me."

And now, dear sisters, I will close my "Talk" with a few words on the weariness through our own sins.

The nearer we live to God the more sensitive we are to the motions of sin within us. However ardent may be our desire for a life of holiness, still we are but pitiable objects to the divine gaze. Yet our deplorable weakness is our strongest plea, and we can with a sure hope cry, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God! Thou wilt not despise."

"Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God: I come."

THE DUTY AND NEEDS OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE BISHOP OF IOWA.

II.

"Men should often be put in remembrance to take order for the settling of their temporal estates." This is a wise provision of the Church. The requirement to bring this matter before their parishioners is binding on the clergy. It may well be done from the chancel at the beginning of each half year, and should be enforced by strong and cogent reasoning. And there is another duty linked with it: "The minister shall not omit to move such sick persons as are of ability to be liberal to the poor." The Church, in these rubrical requirements, shows that she recognizes the true ownership of wealth. The silver and gold are not ours, but are God's. We do not hesitate to say that no baptized man has a right, before God or man, to make a will or settle his estate without an equitable recognition of God's share in the property he may have acquired. It is no wonder that the fortunes left by Christian men and Churchmen so often prove an injury rather than a blessing to those who receive them. God has been wronged. His Church has been defrauded. A part of the price has been kept back. The tithes have not been paid into the treasury. Men have dared to lie to the Holy Ghost in that they have professed that they have given themselves "bodies, spirits, souls"—all they are and all they have—to Him who bought them with the price of His most holy blood, and then have spent their lives, thus professedly consecrated to God, in money-getting, and have sought to keep all they got, relinquishing not their hold upon their wealth even when about to pass to the bar of God. There is a grave mistake in this matter. We dare to say that many a rich man will fail of salvation because he has not recognized the duty of giving alms. Prayers without offerings will not save the man of wealth. Dives in

torment is a case in point. Faith without works is dead.

Of old our wills began: "In the name of God, Amen." Every Christian's will should thus begin; and there should follow full and fitting recognition of Him who giveth men power to get wealth. The great charities of the Church at large, and those of the Church in the diocese or parish, should be remembered. They should have been remembered all through one's life. With us there are many wills soon to be admitted to probate which shall be disallowed at the bar of God. Wealth often secures a recognition and respect here which will be withheld when "the books are opened," and the record of niggardly charities is exposed to the light of a universe. Beloved, "while we have time, let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them that are of the household of the faith." In other words, "be ready to give, and glad to distribute;" otherwise you may lack "the good foundation against the time to come." The Church, for its missionary, its educational, its general work, asks, needs, claims its share of the gifts given you of God, that you might have to give back to Him. Alas! how many rich Churchmen in Iowa it will be found, all too late, that God's words are true, "He that soweth little shall reap little." Thank God, my rich hearer, that you may yet sow, by promptness and such a liberality as shall stand the scrutiny of judgment, the seeds of an eternal harvesting. But, remember, when your alms are asked, your offerings solicited, your books balanced, your wills made, that "God is not mocked!" Remember, too, that not a penny of your rentals, or that which may have been paid for the support of services and for the stipend of your parish priest, is credited in God's book of accounts as *alms*. The provision of the services of the Church is as much a duty as the provision of bread for your family, or the advantages of education for your children. The giving of alms is the offering of your means to God in ways in which you are not personally benefited. There is much misapprehension on this point. Men of wealth talk of their gifts to God's Church, reckoning in the sums they have paid for the luxurious sittings they and their families occupy, forgetting that that is not *alms* for which they receive a return. The services of the priest, the ministrations in the sanctuary, the instructions from the pulpit, the care and consolations in illness, the offices and sacraments of the Church in life and at the last of earth, are a hundred-fold return for the niggardly sums doled out by the occupants of the pews to keep alive the priest of God, and to prevent the closing of the Church's doors. But let no one think for a moment that these small payments for the support of services are in any sense a gift to God in the sense of alms, to come up before Him for a memorial. The man or woman who goes to the bar of God with no other treasure laid up in heaven than the weekly pledge or the quarterly pew-rental, will find, all too late, that God is not mocked. He will not accept that as alms for which there has been rendered more than a full equivalent.

We cannot, if we would, shut our eyes to dangers that threaten us in the ever widening breach between our Christianity and the

working-classes. I do not propose to discuss at length this much-talked-of social problem. I do not feel qualified to decide the points of controversy between the one side and the other. I have no panacea to offer for the reconciling of labor and capital; but I am confident of this one thing, that if our Christianity was more Christlike, and, like the Master, went daily, hourly—even more frequently, if needed—to the humble homes of the poor on errands of love, sympathy and brotherly kindness, and, like the Christ Himself, proclaimed the true brotherhood of man, each and all alike brothers of Him who has revealed Himself to man as our Elder Brother, and in his incarnation bore our common sins and sorrows, the line of severance between the working-classes and the Church would be materially effaced. As we sit comfortably on our cushioned pews in church and listen to the story given in the Acts of the Apostles, of the relations between the Church and capital and labor in those first days, when men parted with lands and houses, and sold all that they had and came and laid the price at the apostles' feet, will there not come to our minds some sense of the discrepancy between our own position and practice as Christians and that of the apostolic age? The remedy for trades-unions and communism is simply the observance by the rich and well-to-do of the royal law of loving our neighbors as ourselves; not in a mere generalization, but in doing, laboring, caring for our poorer neighbors, bearing their burdens, or at least helping them to bear them—denying ourselves, really *denying* ourselves, for them. To do this we must go to our estranged and long neglected brothers, and, first winning their love, then lead, or rather go with them, hand in hand, to the loving Christ. The Church of Christ is failing to do her duty. We, as Christians, are personally at fault if we are making no direct effort, each one in his own immediate neighborhood, to win to Christ and His Church the poor, the ignorant, the neglected, who are everywhere about us. Can we, individually, face the scrutiny of judgment, if, content with saving our own souls, we have never made a personal effort or taken the lightest pains to save a neighbor's soul?

Are we living as Christians when we confer ourselves with our personal church-going, and never strive to bring within the influences of the Church those about us who are living without God and without hope in the world? What will our repetition of the prayer, "Thy Kingdom Come," avail, if we do nothing ourselves to bring in that Kingdom and extend its sway over rebellious or indifferent hearts? Are we Christlike at all, is our professed Christianity other than the thinnest veneer, the veriest sham and hypocrisy, if we relegate our care and keeping of our brother—that is, the man who needs our aid, or might be helped by our effort—to others, or, as is too often the case, if we never give the subject a thought. There are men, there are women, who recognize the duty of personal ministrations to those who need—who, like their Lord, seek in the highways and hedges, in the very slums of our cities, and among the outcasts of society, to raise the fallen, to reclaim the erring, to minister to the needy, to bring Christ's Word and sacraments to the lowly and the lost. The vows of God are upon

them. God help them; God multiply their numbers; and may we, individually, help on this work. Help it, not by a pittance thrown as to a beggar, but by personal effort, by actual self-denial, by a recognition of our bounden duty in the sight of God. Opportunities for this work are about us. Every church, even the feeblest, should have its outlying mission work. This work should not be made the excuse for the neglect of other work, but should stimulate to more and greater ventures of faith. Every deacon, every priest, should seek out opportunities for ministering, both in public and private, to the spiritually neglected portions of the community where he serves. The clergyman, by virtue of his office, his commission, his spiritual powers, is, like the Master, bound to seek—and to save the lost. His work is not done when he has ministered to the reputable and outwardly moral congregation who choose to ally themselves to his parish, and who contribute to his support. He is God's priest, and should remember that, at the most solemn moment of his life, ere hands were laid on him in ordination to this office and administration of the word and sacraments, he pledged himself to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children who are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ forever. In the redemption of this most solemn vow, which transcends and supercedes other obligations that may seem to conflict therewith, the laity should fully and freely help the priest; and the work of bringing within the reach of the influences of the Church and Christianity those who are living without God in the world, if once faithfully undertaken, will be found one that God Himself will delight to honor. In watering others you will be watered yourselves; in scattering abroad they shall come back to you the full, overflowing measure of God's love and bounty. The recompense will be an hundred-fold.—*Convention Address.*

LISTEN!

BY H. E. W.

Listen—we cannot hear it
With our faces turned away,
With our hands all laden with baubles,
Like children at their play,
With hearts absorbed by our pleasure,
Our selfish loss, or our gain,
Oh, how can we hear creation's
Great undertone of pain!

Listen—before the silver
And the gold of life are dim,
God asks for a tenth of our portion—
Some give it all to Him;
Aid some, all in some repenting
They kept back part of the price,
Have laid down their spent lives mourning
"Too late for sacrifice!"

Oh, it is not our lucre only
In sign of our faith Christ craves,
Our life is rich gold for using,
Who hoards it never saves.
And the silver of love God asketh
In our gifts to all who need—
The "tenth" alone of our money
Were offering poor indeed.

Listen—a Voice inspiring
Breathes in creation too;
Listen—that Voice will guide us
To something that we can do—
Something to lessen earth's groaning
And lay at the Master's feet,
Worthy because He will bless it
And make the work complete.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW THE TWINS KEPT THE FOURTH.

Up in the large cherry tree, perched on the swaying branches like birds, were Edward and Edwin, or Eddie and Teddie, as they were familiarly called, hunting for stray cherries that might have slyly hidden away behind the green leaves and escaped hitherto both the boys and the robins.

There were not very many, you may be sure, but now and then they found one to reward them for their exertions, so they did not give up their search.

They were trying to lay their plans for the coming Fourth of July, and just now they had resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and were calculating how to get the greatest possible amount of noise and powder out of the rather limited funds they had in their banks carefully hoarded up during the last few weeks for this patriotic occasion.

"Boys!" called grandma, coming to the kitchen door and looking in all directions for the twins. No one was ever quite sure where they were until after they were in bed and asleep for the night.

A cherry dropping into the basket she held in her hand made her look up among the green branches of the tree overhead, and she saw the laughing faces of the two boys among the leaves.

It would have greatly puzzled any stranger to tell which of the two faces was Eddie's and which was Teddie's, and even grandma was sometimes perplexed. Both boys had the same brown eyes, sparkling with fun and mischief continually, the same rosy cheeks so freckled and tanned that it was hard to distinguish the original color, even the dimples, against which they rebelled as being too "girlish," were in exactly the same spot, and just now hands and faces were stained alike with the cherries they had been eating.

"I see you!" said grandma, as they tried to hide themselves in the branches. "I want you to go somewhere for me, and here are some cakes for you to eat on the way."

The boys always liked to go on grandma's errands, for somehow her supply of cakes and cookies seemed inexhaustible, and she seemed to know just exactly how nice it was to have a pocketful of good things when one started out for a long walk.

"All right, grandma, we'll go," they answered together, and in another moment they were at her side waiting for directions.

The basket was not a heavy one, and the path which the boys were to take was one that they particularly liked, so they started off, whistling as cheerily as the birds who now returned to take undisputed possession of the cherry tree.

"I say, boys, wait a minute, will you?" called a voice, and looking back they saw a boy a little older than themselves, hastening to overtake them.

"You're just the fellows I wanted to see," said the newcomer, as he came up to them. "All the boys that go to our school are going to put their money together, and have a regular glorification on the Fourth of July. We are going to take our dinners and suppers with us, and drive over to Harvey Lake, and spend the day in fishing and having a good time. Then we are going to buy a lot of fireworks and set them off in the

"All right," answered Rob. "Well, I must go home again. Good-by," and he jumped over the fence and started home across the fields.

The boys were so delighted at the prospect of spending their Fourth of July at Harvey Lake that they could talk of nothing else during the remainder of their walk, and came very near passing the house to which they had been sent, they were so interested in their conversation.

They knocked at the door, and hearing a voice say, "Come in," they pushed it open, and went in.

"Grandma sent you this basket," said Eddie, who was generally the spokesman for the twins, giving the basket to a woman who was stiteling busily away by the window.

"Sit down, and rest yourselves, while I take the things out," said she, giving them chairs, while she proceeded to empty the basket of its contents.

"Grandma told us to ask how your little boy was," said Eddie presently remembering that they had not given all their message.

"He's feeling a good deal better lately," she answered. "Thank your grandma for all the nice things she has sent him. I know they'll do him good, for they are so nice they can't but tempt him to eat. He's just been asleep for a little while; but I will bring him out to see you. It will brighten him up to see visitors."

She went into the inner room, and soon returned, carrying a little boy in her strong arms. Such a thin, pale little fellow as he was, wasted almost to a shadow, with white cheeks and dark blue rings around his sunken eyes. The boys looked at him in wondering pity, trying to imagine how it would feel to be so helpless.

"How soon will he be well and strong again?" asked Eddie, shyly.

The mother sighed.

"He'll never be able to run about again, poor little fellow," she answered. "The doctors say he can never walk, for he's got trouble with his hip, and his limbs are all wasting away; but we hope he will soon be much stronger and better in other ways than he is now."

"Can't he ever run about and play?" asked Teddie, pitying this poor little cripple from the depths of his boyish heart.

His mother shook her head sadly as she answered,

"No; my poor little Willie hasn't any of the outdoor pleasures of most children, but we try to make him as happy as we can. Some days he has no pain, and then he can pass the time away with



"DO EAT A LITTLE."

evening. Some of the boys thought maybe you would like to go along, so I come over to ask you."

"That will be splendid!" exclaimed the boys in one breath, their faces showing how delighted they were at the idea.

"We'll have to ask grandma and grandma about it," added Eddie; "but I guess they'll let us go."

"You tell them my father is going along to keep us straight, and then they won't be afraid of anything happening to you," answered Rob. "You let me know to-morrow whether you can go or not, and how much money you can put toward it. We're going to take ice-cream along too. I forgot to tell you."

"We'll have a jolly time, won't we?" exclaimed Teddie eagerly. "I'll let you know all about it as soon as we ask grandma."

a bit of paper and a pencil, as happy as a king. "I'll show you some of the pictures he makes," and opening a drawer, she took out some scraps of paper and gave them to the boys.

"Did you draw these all yourself?" asked Teddie, in astonishment.

"Yes; I never had nobody to show me," answered Willie, looking pleased at the boy's evident admiration of his work.

"Willie thinks he could make a great artist of himself some day," said his mother, fondly stroking his head as she spoke. "He's crazy for a paint-box. He thinks he could do everything then. There was a gentleman here once making a picture of that old mill yonder, and he took a good bit of notice of Willie, and gave him some bits of paint. He used them all up long ago; but as long as they lasted, he never once cared that he couldn't run about like others."

"Why don't you get him a whole box of paints?" asked Teddie.

"I have been promising him one as soon as I can lay by enough to buy it," answered his mother. "But somehow, with all the medicine I have to buy, and the doctor's bills and one thing and another, I don't seem to be any nearer it now than I was a year ago. Never mind, Willie, you shall have one some day."

"I guess it's time we were going," said Teddie, as he saw that the hands of the old clock on the mantel pointed toward their supper hour. "Good-bye, Willie; we'll come to see you again," and the boys looked back when they reached the gate to wave their hats to the little invalid.

"Ted, I've thought of something just splendid!" exclaimed Eddie.

"What is it?" asked Ted.

"Let's you and me buy that poor little boy a paint-box out of our own money. Wouldn't it please him?"

"All right, let's do," returned Teddie, eagerly. "We'll get grandpa to buy it the very next time he goes to town, and then we can take it over and give it to him."

"Don't he draw beautiful?" said Eddie. "Everything looked so natural in his pictures; don't you remember how nice that horse's legs looked?"

"Yes, mine never look that way," answered Teddie. "I guess he will make real pretty things when he gets a paint-box."

"Oh, we can't get it for him after all, at least just now we can't," said Eddie, stopping short, with a look of disappointment on his face.

"Why can't we, I should like to know?" demanded Teddie.

"Why, we forgot all about Fourth of July when we were talking about the paint-box. We haven't got much money anyhow in our banks, and if we take the most of it out for a paint-box, we

won't have enough to go with the boys. We wouldn't want to go, and then not give as much as the others."

"Oh, dear, I don't see what we're going to do about it!" sighed Teddie. "I've just set my heart on giving that poor little lame boy a paint-box; but if we get him that we won't have enough to go with the boys, and we couldn't give up our Fourth of July. What will we do?"

"I suppose we will have to let the paint-box wait until we save up some more money," answered Eddie. "But it will take so long. Let's see: we have five cents a week apiece, and if we didn't spend a single cent for ourselves it would take a good many weeks before we had enough for a nice paint-box. I do wish we had more money."

"So do I; but it's no use talking about it," said Ted. "We'll just have to wait. Let's see who'll get home first," and off they started, never once stopping till they rushed into the kitchen where grandpa was busy getting supper.

They had a great deal to tell her about their visit to the little lame boy, and then they had to gain her consent to the plan of spending the Fourth of July at Harvey Lake.

"We will see what grandpa says about it," was all she would say, for she was afraid that some accident might befall them, with no one to take particular care of them.

Grandpa's consent was more easily obtained, however, when he heard that Rob's father was to have charge of the party, so the boys went to bed, happy in the thought of their coming pleasure.

They had been in bed for some time and each thought the other asleep, when Eddie's voice broke the silence.

"The days must be awful long when you have to sit still all the time, and haven't got anything to amuse yourself with, either."

"I was just thinking about that very same thing," answered Ted, sitting up in bed and pushing his short wavy curls back from his face: "and I've been thinking about something else, too. Do you know what it is, Eddie?"

"I suppose it's just the same thing that I'm bothering my head about, too," answered Eddie, half impatiently. "I suppose we could give Willie the paint box now, and he would have it to amuse him all summer if we could only give up our Fourth of July, but we couldn't possibly do that, after we've been counting on it for so long, too."

"No, of course we couldn't," echoed Ted rather faintly, and then both boys were quiet for a time.

Their thoughts must have gone back to the poor little invalid, for presently Ted said: "We have lots of good times, not counting Fourth of July days, don't we?"

"Willie don't, though," answered Eddie.

"Eddie," very faintly from under the bed-cloths came Ted's voice, "If you'll give up your Fourth of July I will, and we'll get the paint-box instead."

"All right," answered Eddie, and two brown hands clasped each other tightly in token that the compact was sealed.

There was a suspicious sound coming from the depths of Ted's pillow presently, and Eddie echoed it.

"When we tell grandpa about it, she'll say we did right, anyhow," said Ted, finding this one drop of comfort in his cup of sorrow.

"And Willie will be awful happy and surprised when we give him the paint-box," added Eddie sleepily, as he closed his eyes for the night.

The boys told grandpa of their determination the next morning, and grandpa promised that the very next time he went to town, which would be the day before the Fourth, he would get the nicest set of artist's materials that he could find for Willie.

"And I will promise that you shall have a nice time after all," added grandpa.

When grandpa returned from the city the boys were more delighted with the box containing everything necessary for drawing and painting than if they had expected to use it themselves.

Grandpa did not tell them that he had added considerably to the pile of pennies they had given him, so the boys thought it was entirely their own gift.

"Suppose we go over there in the morning and bring them all over to spend the day," suggested grandpa.

The boys were pleased with the idea; so they started off in the carry-all soon after breakfast.

They peeped in the window as they reached the house, and saw Willie sitting on a little stool, while his sister was trying in vain to coax him to eat his breakfast.

"Just eat a little bit, Willie," she begged, with her arm lovingly about his neck.

Willie's pale face grew bright when the boys entered with their grandfather, and told him of the plan for the day.

The little sisters were no less happy, and it was not long before the whole party had set out on their homeward way.

As old Dobbin turned in the lane leading up to the house it was Eddie's and Teddie's turn to be surprised.

There in the middle of the lawn stood a little tent, just the very thing the boys had been longing for all summer, and beside it were hung hammocks between the great trees, and an easy-chair, that must have been put there on purpose for Willie.

In the tent the boys found a box bear-

ing their names, and when they opened it they fully shouted with delight, for it was full of fire-crackers, torpedos, and everything else that would gladden a boy's heart on the Fourth of July.

"Oh, grandma, you are just too jolly for anything!" cried Teddie, as she came out of the house, smiling at the sight of their pleasure, to receive her visitors, and both the twins rushed at her and tried to express their delight in a hug that was so vigorous that she had to plead for mercy.

The boys at Harvey Lake had a nice time that day, but they did not enjoy themselves any more than did the twins and their little guests.

Grandma sent dinner out to the tent to the children, and it seemed twice as good as any dinner they had ever eaten indoors.

Willie's pale cheeks glowed with pleasure, and when the boys gave him the paint-box his joy and gratitude were beyond expression.

"We've had such a splendid time," said Teddie that evening, when grandma came to give them a good-night kiss.

"Indeed we have," added Eddie, "and, grandma, I do believe the nicest part of all was when we gave Willie the paint-box."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," repeated grandma, softly, as she left them to go to sleep and live over the pleasures of the day in their dreams.

PARAGRAPHIC.

HALL'S Journal of Health calls attention to the fact that the free use of quinine in malaria very often has an injurious effect upon the bearing, sometimes wholly destroying it. We are surprised that phenic acid is not more generally tried in malaria, for it would seem to be almost an absolute specific, with no resulting ill consequences from its use.

It would seem that microbes are no recent discovery of scientists. As long ago as 1781 Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "I suspect dysenteries to be produced by animalcula, which I know not how to kill." After a century the suspicion of the great lexicographer becomes the certainty of science, but how to kill animalcula is still an unworked problem.

AFTER an existence of sixty-seven years, we learn by the annual report of the Board of Education of this city, that the schools for colored children have ceased to exist in a separate form, having been absorbed into the general system. The report makes a volume of 354 pages, and is full of interest to all who have children to educate in the public schools.

The year's report of the Chapel of L'Emmanuel, Philadelphia, the Rev. M. Zara, rector, shows 2 baptisms and 31 confirmations. There is a night-school for children and adults, with 75 to 100 scholars, and there are 45 children in the Sunday-school. More than 500 Italians frequent the chapel. There is no general summary of receipts and expenditures.

COMPARING the statistics of 1880 and 1880, it appears that during the twenty years the increase of the negro population was 48 per cent., and of the white 61 per cent., despite the unfavorable influence of the war. The colored race is losing rather than gaining on the white. The census of 1870 was made for

a purpose, and on this subject is notoriously unreliable.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," though most familiar to us in the writings of Sterne, may be traced back, almost word for word, to Henri Estienne, 1594. George Herbert says, "To a close-shorn sheep God tempers by measure," and in the same form, nearly, it may be found as a Languedoc proverb. Sterne often forgot to give due credit for his gems.

In Rhode Island, a State not so large as a good many counties in other States, 2,385 divorces have been granted in the last ten years. Owing to loose laws the applicants, in many cases, are persons having only temporary residence, and who belong to other States and go to Rhode Island to procure divorces, as persons go to Philadelphia and Chicago. Rhode Island is about putting up the bars.

The Clergymen's Mutual Insurance League has in seventeen years distributed to the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen \$348,989. The number of deaths last year was four, and thirty new members were added to the league. During the seventeen years of its existence the deaths among the members have been 266, and the mortuary benefit has ranged from \$550 to \$2,150. The laity do much to help the league by joining it without receiving the mortuary dues.

The leading journal of the Congregationalists admits that the Andover Theological Seminary has lapsed from the faith in which it was founded, and deplores the fact. It does not believe that the denomination will approve the defection, but there seems to be no remedy, and the errorists have possession of the institution and its large endowments. There is a preserving power in the creeds and liturgy of the Church, and men cannot in her easily pray like Canterbury and preach like Geneva.

The Trinity Church Year Book for 1885 contains 112 pages of interesting facts and statistics of the great parish, as they relate to the mother church and its various chapels. Including the rector, Dr. Dix, there are 19 clergy in the parish. Of these 18 are known as assistant ministers, but of these only four, Rev. Dr. Weston, Swope, Mulchahey, and Rev. Mr. Douglas are assigned to duty by the vestry, and are the senior assistants. A valuable addition to the year book is the summary of the general statistics of the parish, from which we gather the following items: Baptisms, 1,352; confirmations, 561; communicants, 5,352; marriages, 249; burials, 385; Sunday-school scholars, 4,374; parish school scholars (daily), 699; parish night-school scholars, 255; industrial school scholars, 1,746; parish collections and contributions reported to the rector, \$60,909.13; appropriated by the vestry for parish purposes, \$42,099.48; for purposes outside the parish, \$39,366.06; or a total of collections and appropriations of \$142,374.67. It will be seen that the operations of Trinity church are greater than those of a number of our dioceses, and as in days of old its head might well be a mitred Abbot, and the parish a diocese within a diocese.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

THE late Susan M. Edson, in leaving several bequests to the assistant-bishop and other clergy, as also to a number of Church charities, had a very sensible and natural way of "marking her interest in the Church of God and its works." If the gratitude and benevolence of more of the rich and well-to-do could express themselves in this way, it would be far better for the Church, and assuredly no worse for their relatives and heirs. It is said to be the chief concern of people of large means to know how to dispose of their property. It ought to be at least a part of their concern, also, to know how not to dispose of it. It is the misguided and harmful way of making bequests that is so often to be deplored. Something more of giving to the Church and her charities would be, if erring, erring on the safe side, and a way of showing that religion is something to be grateful for and entitled to be remembered.

A PRACTICAL PROPOSAL.

The Revised Bible bears, like its forerunner, the Revised New Testament, the assertion of conscious incompetency on its front. The American revisers cannot agree with their English brethren, and, again, we have two Revisions instead of the one work that was bargained for. This fact is a sentence of death upon the attempt to supersede the well-tried and most satisfactory English version.

Mark the apathy with which the book has been received. Dampened by the utter failure of the Greek revisers, curiosity itself was dead when the Hebrew revisers brought forward the result of their labors, which, as a bookseller's speculation, "drags its slow length along." The American supplement, breathing discontent, and pressing upon public attention amendments which have been overruled, is of itself an indictment of the effort as an entire failure. If the revisionists cannot agree upon a definite result, how can the public at large be expected to reach a conclusion more satisfactory? "Under which klug?" Will you have the American Revision? The English have discarded it. You cannot have a common English Bible save by adhering to the old. Well may the instinct of our own House of Bishops be congratulated for declining to be mixed up with a consequence they foresaw.

What then? Are the real learning and patient industry of these scholars to be quite without fruit? We think not. The work is valuable as the highest

evidence of the sufficiency of the Old Version, which they have thrown into the fire and which comes forth—pure gold. But this is not the only service which the revisers have done. For, here and there, they have really cleared up a meaningless verse, or rectified a palpable error. One course remains, in our judgment, to the American Church. Let her appoint a commission to review the whole work, and note what amendments may be profitably introduced into the margin. With the report of said commission, let the next Lambeth Conference be urged to compare the Revision, and by an agreement between us and them let the Old Version remain, but with a margin revised.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

While there has been a great advance in the founding of distinctly Church schools and colleges in this country, there is still a prejudice against the union of religious and secular training, which sometimes shows itself in protest against the name, as well as the reality, of Church schools. It is assumed that religion will not be so well taught when it is combined with secular teaching, and that the secular education will be less perfect, in its turn, because of the time given to the other.

If the object of education was to train up the young in one or two specialties, there might be some sense in this; not so much, by any means, as is often supposed. Specialist training is often accurate at the expense of all breadth and freedom. A water-pipe will convey the contents of a reservoir in the most direct manner, but there may be also loss of benefits in the change from a natural lake and a river running out of it. But the American idea has run altogether too much to the cultivation of specialties. This, in turn, has led to the notion that a little of everything should be taught, so that each pupil should have a chance to learn his or her own favorite. The elective system in the greater colleges is pushed to its extreme, thus combining the two, the worship of a particular branch, with the freedom of choice.

We hold that this is all wrong. It is one purpose, indeed, of the educator to find out the particular thing the pupil is best fitted for, and to develop that. But this can only be done rightly by recognizing the opposite principle, that there is one general end for which all should be fitted, irrespective of disposition and temperament. No man or woman is fit for his or her calling without being also and above the special preparation—a Christian. Now the

Church college and Church school recognizes that. It will send out Christian men and women at all events, and for the rest as much in the way of other training as it is able. The fear of some is that this will leave the Church college behind in the race. We distinctly deny this. Whatever may be lacking in surface brilliancy will be more than made up in other points.

To sum up in a word, a scholar who is taught to study with a conscience will, in the end, come out better than if he studies from any other motive. For conscience is the recognition of religious duty, and the source of that can be found only in religious training. The religious training which we believe in, we need hardly say, is Church training.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND ENGLISH FRANCHISE.

The extension of the franchise in England is expected to bring about important political and social changes. Two or three millions of Englishmen are soon to be heard from for the first time touching matters of greatest consequence to the Church and the nation. The Liberation Society is, of course, concerned to secure and make the most of this new force in bringing about disestablishment. The Church Defence Institution, on the other hand, would make it an ally in maintaining the present relation of Church and State. It is hard to see, as yet, how these new voters will throw their influence, though this influence is certainly counted on on both sides, and is to become a factor in solving one of the most serious problems which concern the nation.

The one great question which will be likely to weigh with these voters is whether the people of England would be likely to gain anything by disestablishment. What would the Church gain by it? Would it be more united, or enjoy greater liberty, or be more alive to the spiritual needs of the great body of the people? What would the State gain by it? Would the laws be more just, judges more upright, political parties more disinterested and patriotic, the people more loyal and contented? What would the Church and the State gain by it, considered as organized methods and relations by which the people are bound together and enabled to work out their destiny? Would they be the rather held to the idea that society, whether civil or ecclesiastical, is essentially one, and that it makes in one direction; that Church and State, under whatever relations they exist, are bound together by innumerable ties, and that the good or ill of either is the good or

ill of both? What if to ask these questions is to answer them? Looking at the matter in the light of wisdom or unwisdom, gain or loss, who believes that either the Church of England or the State of England, or the Church and State, in respect to those co-relations which have a oneness of idea and object, whatever their diversity, would be the better off for whatever disestablishment could do for them?

Happily the champions of the Establishment are beginning to see that the question is simply one of expediency. The Church Defence Institution does not fall back on prescriptive rights, but on what the Church of England is able to point to by way of liberty and practical development. They point to what it is doing in the way of missionary enterprises, in the matter of education, in a vast and manifold work of philanthropy, and in every other way in which a Church can declare itself to be neither cold nor lukewarm. This is the real test of any Church, whether established or disestablished.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.*

Leviticus.

The name of this book, familiar to readers of the English Bible, is due to the Greek *Leuiticon* (Sept. *Λευιτικόν*), the book relating to the Levites, and Latinized into *Leuiticus* (Vulgate). In the Hebrew Bible it is called *Vayikrah* (ויקרא), this being the first word of the book and signifying: "And he called." In the Rabbinical writings it is also called "Law of the Priests" (תורת הכהנים) and "Law of offerings" (תורת הקרבנות).

In the Hebrew Bibles it consists of ten sections, viz.: Ch. i. 1; vi. 1; ix. 1; xii. 1; xiv. 1; xvi. 1; xix. 1; xxi. 1; xxv. 1; xxvi. 3—xxvii. 34. The name of each of these sections is due to its initial word, and the modern Jews give the name *Vayikrah* both to the third Book of the Pentateuch, and to the first of the aforesaid sections, which is the twenty-fourth section of the Pentateuch.

The Book of Leviticus is closely connected with the Books of Exodus and Numbers; with the *former*, in narrating the consecration of Aaron and his sons (Lev. viii. 9), the directions for which are given Ex. xxix. 1, *seq.*; with the *latter*, in giving the chief part of the Sinaitic legislation, which is concluded in the Book of Numbers.

Excepting two historical sections, viz., Ch. viii.—x and xxiv. 10—23, the Book of Leviticus is a Code of Laws.

These laws appear to have been delivered during the first month of the second year after the Departure from Egypt.

The authorship of this book is generally ascribed to Moses. From one passage it has been argued that it must have been written by some one who lived later than Moses; it occurs at Ch. xviii. 28: "that the land spue not you out also, when ye defile it, as it spued out the nations that were before you." As the land did not spue out the nations that occupied it during the lifetime of

Moses, it has been inferred that the passage under notice must have been written after his death. Reference to the context enables us to dispose of the objection. The chapter in which it is found treats of unlawful marriages and lusts, and concludes with this exhortation: "Defile not ye yourselves in any of these things; for in all these the nations are defiled, which I cast out before you; and the land is defiled; therefore I do visit the iniquity thereof upon it, and the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants. Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and my judgments, and shall not commit any of these abominations, neither any of your own nation, nor any stranger that sojourneth among you. (For all these abominations have the men of the land done, which were before you, and the land is defiled.) That the land spue not you out also, when ye defile it, as it spued out the nations that were before you." (Ch. xviii. 24—28). The words rendered, "vomith" and "spued out," are in the same tense in the Hebrew, which, according to circumstances, may denote time past, present and future; we learn from verse 24 that "I cast out" is either a present or a future, and we may render "which I am casting out," or "which I will cast out"; the latter is the rendering of the Septuagint (*ἐξουστρέψω*), of the Vulgate (*exiciam*), and of Luther (*will austrosen*); this shows that the verbs used in verse 28 indicate the same time, and announce the Divine purpose in course of fulfilment. But even rendering the verbs in the perfect tense does not violate the meaning, for we may regard the Divine purpose as already accomplished.

The twenty-sixth chapter of this book also has been branded as an interpolation of a much later date, because the author says that the land shall enjoy her Sabbaths while the people are scattered among the heathen; this, it is argued, Moses could not have foreseen, and therefore the entire section, vv. 3—45, is assigned to a later writer. Moses was not only a legislator, but an inspired prophet; he knew human nature and the temper of his own people too well not to foresee that contact with the surrounding nations would involve them in their degradation, and that their disobedience would draw upon them the punishment of their covenant God; the visitations enumerated in vv. 18—43 are not history, but contingent predictions. These simple considerations dispose of the objection.

The contents of this book, its style, language, and subject-matter, are throughout consistent with the claim of its Mosaic origin, put forth on almost every page in the formulas which introduce and conclude the several enactments, and keep the agency of the legislator constantly before our eyes. The external evidence of the existence of this code is also very pronounced; "the Book of the Law of Moses" is mentioned in Josh. xxii. 6; viii. 31—35; Lev. xxvi. 16, 17 are alluded to in Judges ii. 15, and iii. 4 reference is made to "the commandments of the Lord, which he commanded their fathers by the hand of Moses." That book speaks of "the sacred character of the Levites, their dispersion among the several tribes, the settlement of the high priesthood in the family of Aaron, the existence of the ark of the covenant, the power of inquiring of God and obtaining answers, the irrevocability of a vow, the distinguishing mark of

circumcision, the distinction between clean and unclean meats, the law of the Nazarites, the use of burnt offerings and peace offerings, the employment of trumpets as a means of obtaining Divine aid in war, the impety of setting up a king," and affords indubitable evidence "that the Mosaic ceremonial law was already in force."* Eli, the high-priest of the house of Aaron, the lamp in the Tabernacle, the Ark of the Covenant, the altar, the incense, the ephod, are named in I. Sam. iv. 3, 4, 18, 21, 22; v. 3, 4, 6, 7; vi. 19; ii. 28; mention is made of the burnt-offering, ch. x. 8; xiii. 9; xv. 22; the peace offerings, ch. x. 8; xi. 15; xiii. 9; the bloody sacrifice, ch. ii. 19; the unbloody offering, ch. ii. 19; iii. 14; xxvi. 19; of the victims: the bullock ch. xxiv. 25, the lamb ch. xvi. 2, and the ram ch. xv. 22. The Books of Kings and Chronicles contain numerous references and allusions to the "Law of Moses," e. g., I. Kings ii. 3; viii. 9, 53; II. Kings vii. 3, xi. 12; xxii. 8; xxiii. 3, 25; I. Chron. xvi. 40; xxii. 12, 13; II. Chron. xxv. 4; xxxiii. 8; xxxiv. 14. The same applies to Ezra and Nehemiah, e. g., Ez. iii. 2—6; vi. 18; vii. 6; Neh. i. 7—9; vii. 1—18; ix. 14; to Daniel, ch. ix. 11—13; Amos, ch. ii. 7; to Hosea, iv. 10, cf. Lev. xxvi. 26; to Joel and Ezekiel, e. g., Joel i. 18, 14, 16; ii. 1, 14—27; Ezek. xxxiv, 33—31. In the New Testament the references are too numerous to be mentioned here. The evidence in favor of the existence of this book as the work of Moses is too strong to be set aside by cavil or assertion.

We come now to a brief and classified statement of the several laws.

1. Laws on Sacrifice, ch. i—vii.

Without opening the question of the origin of sacrifice, it is sufficient for the purpose in hand to accentuate the fact that all the sacrifices mentioned in this code relate to the covenant entered into by God with the chosen people, and to the disposition of the worshipper. (See this illustrated in Ps. xl. 6; 1. 8—15; Prov. xxi. 3; Is. i. 11—15; Jer. vii. 21—23; Hos. vi. 6; Mic. vi. 7, 8; I. Sam. xv. 22; Matt. v. 23, 24.)

Sacrifices were bloody and unbloody. The bloody sacrifices were: 1. The burnt offering. 2. The peace offering. 3. The sin offering. 4. The trespass offering. The unbloody sacrifices were: The meat and drink offerings.

1. The burnt offering, called *olah*, that which ascends, *ishah*, that which is burnt, and *kolel*, that which is whole; the Septuagint renders it generally *θυσιαστα*, and *θυσιαστωσ*, the Vulgate *holocaustum*. The term denotes a sacrifice in which the entire victim was offered and consumed with fire. The victims were required to be perfect, without spot or blemish, males, and might be oxen, rams, he-goats, turtles-doves, and young pigeons. This offering was the sacrifice designed to propitiate God, and expressive of the entire consecration of the worshipper, by the imperfect means of the consumption of an innocent victim, and doubtless not without reference to a general atonement. Burnt offerings might be offered alone, while most of the other offerings had a burnt offering as a complement; they were prescribed for the *daily* service, for the Sabbath, for the three principal feasts, and for the new moons as standing, independent sacrifices; and as complementary

* Canon Rawlinson in "Aids to Faith—The Pentateuch." London, 1862.

* Copyrighted.

in the offerings at the purification of women, lepers, etc., at consecrations; it was also customary to offer them as private free-will offerings on all occasions of joy or sorrow, and their general character allowed their presentation even by Gentiles, e. g., the Emperor Augustus had ordered a daily burnt offering of two lambs and a bullock.*

2. The peace offering called *shalem*, peace, under peculiar circumstances also called *tsedah*, thanksgiving, rendered in the Septuagint generally *επιπροση*, also *επιπροση, θυσια ερισπια*, and in the Vulgate, *victima pacifica*, and *pacificum*. The most interesting characteristic of the peace offering was the feast upon the sacrifice in which God, by means of the part consumed on the altar and the part eaten by the priests, and the worshippers, who consumed the remaining portions, engaged, as it were, in a common feast of gladness, which from its memorial character and the festal gratitude of the participants, may be regarded as a symbol of the Holy Communion.

3. The sin offering, called *chattath*, sin, or punishment for sin, variously and vaguely rendered by the LXX., but concisely in the Vulgate, by *sacrificia pro peccatis*. The central idea is expiation, not only of conscious guilt, but also of sin contracted through inadvertence and error. The institution of the scape-goat was a striking illustration of sins remitted. Sin offerings were prescribed for the entire congregation on the new moons, at the three great festivals, and on the Day of Atonement, for the priests and Levites at the time of their consecration, for the high-priest on the Day of Atonement, and in a number of special cases.

4. The trespass offering, called *shshim*, a forfeit, rendered in the Vulgate *sacrificia pro delictis*, was a kind of sin offering, though less aggravated, and always accompanied by a pecuniary fine equal to the value of the injury done, with the addition of one-fifth.

5. The meat offering, called *minchah*, a gift, rendered in the Septuagint *δωρον, ερισπια*, and in the Vulgate *ferturn*, consisted of flour and frankincense, of cakes and wafers, and of parched grain with frankincense, invariably accompanied by salt and oil; leaven and honey were forbidden; they were generally complementary and eucharistic. The drink offering of wine was closely connected with the meat offering, but could not be offered separately; a meat offering was the concomitant of the daily burnt offering. The meat offering of first fruits, prescribed for the Passover and Pentecost, were known as *wave offerings*, those offered at harvest time as *heave offerings*.

II. Laws on the Priesthood, ch. viii.-x. The legislation on this subject is found in Ex. xviii., xxix., xl.; the narrative of the consecration of the priests, of the sanctuary, and of the altar, of the sacrifices connected with the imposing ceremonial, of the first acts of the consecrated priests, and of the death of Nadab and Abihu fills this historical section of the book.

III. Laws on Uncleanness, ch. xi-xxii.

A. Ceremonial Uncleanness.

1. Of clean and unclean animal food, ch. xi.

a. Clean and unclean quadrupeds vv. 2-8;

* Philo, *Opp. II.*, 502; Joseph, *Bell. Jud. II.*, 17, 2; c. Apton, II., 6.

b. fish, vv. 9-12; c. unclean birds, vv. 13-19; creeping things, vv. 20-23; uncleanness caused by contact with dead unclean creatures, vv. 28-43.

2. Of uncleanness caused by childbirth, ch. xii.

3. Of uncleanness caused by leprosy in man, clothing, and dwellings, ch. xiii., xiv.

4. Of uncleanness from secretions, ch. xv.

B. The Day of Atonement, ch. xvi.

The purpose of this law is distinctly stated, vv. 33, 34, "And he shall make an atonement for the holy sanctuary, and he shall make an atonement for the tabernacle of the congregation, and for the altar, and he shall make an atonement for the priests, and for all the people of the congregation. And this shall be an everlasting statute unto you, to make an atonement for the children of Israel for all their sins once a year." The climax of the service in the great annual feast for the ceremonial purification of the entire nation was the announcement, that the scape-goat had borne away upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited, vv. 20-28.

Of the slaughter of animals, ch. xvii. 1-7; of the prohibition of blood as food, vv. 10-14; and of the meat of an animal which has died a natural death, or been killed by a wild beast, vv. 15, 16.

C. Moral Uncleanness, ch. xviii., xix., xx.

1. Of unlawful marriages, xviii. 6-18.

2. Of unlawful lusts, xviii. 19-23.

3. Of sundry laws repeated, two positive, xix. 2, 3, the others negative.

4. Of the punishment of certain crimes, ch. xx.

D. Of the uncleanness and disabilities of priests, ch. xxi., xxii.

IV. Laws on Holy Days and Seasons, ch. xxiii.-xxv.

A. 1. The Sabbath, xxiii. 3. 2. The Passover, v. 5. 3. The first sheaf of the harvest, vv. 9-14. 4. Pentecost, vv. 15-22. 5. Feast of Trumpets, vv. 23-25. 6. The Day of Atonement, vv. 26-32. 7. Feast of Tabernacles, vv. 34-36.

B. Parenthetical chapter, treating: Of the oil for the lamps, xxiv. 1-4; of the shewbread, vv. 5-9; of the blasphemer and sundry penal laws, vv. 10-23.

C. The Sabbatical Year, ch. xxv. 1-7; the year of jubilee, vv. 8-55, the latter section contains the law of servitude, vv. 35-55.

V. Promises and Threatenings, ch. xxvi.

1. Idolatry forbidden, and the worship of Jehovah enjoined, vv. 1, 2.

2. Promises for obedience, vv. 3-13; threatenings for disobedience, vv. 14-89; the conditions of restoration, vv. 40-46.

VI. Laws on Vows, ch. xxvii.

Their communication as to persons, vv. 2-8; beasts, vv. 9-18; houses, vv. 14, 15; and lands, vv. 16-24. The redemption of the first-born, vv. 26, 27. Things devoted, vv. 28, 29. The communication of tithes, vv. 30-33. Statement that this chapter forms part of the Sinaitic code, v. 34 (cf. cxvi. 46).

The vast range of the topics treated of in this book, as well as their interest and importance, make it desirable to supplement the bare outline of the contents by a selection of literature. For all practical purposes the "Speaker's Commentary" and Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" will be sufficient, while "The Pulpit Commentary" abounds in valuable suggestions, and contains two thoughtful essays on "Sacrifice." Besides

the older commentaries and treatises, I call special attention to the more recent works of Kurz, "Der Alttestamentliche Opfercultus," Mittau, 1864; Kuepfer, "Das Priesterthum des Alten Bundes," 1865; Ebers, "Egypten und die Bücher Moses," Leipzig, 1868; Jukes, "Law of Offerings;" Marriot, "On Terms of Gift and Offering;" Eidersheim, "The Temple Service;" Willis, "The Worship of the Old Covenant."

J. I. MOMBERT.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Nearly all our diocesan synods have met and dissolved, and the feverish activity of the last three or four weeks is beginning to be succeeded by the inevitable lull. First in chronological order came the session of the Niagara Synod held in Hamilton during the first week in June. Proceedings commenced with a service in the cathedral, at which a processional and recessional was sung, and the bishop's crozier carried by his chaplain. The bishop's charge was lengthy and interesting, and very appropriate to the occasion. His lordship has already accomplished a large amount of work, and has ordained three deacons and a priest besides visiting a number of parishes. The business transacted was not of general interest. The Episcopal Fund is getting leisurely on toward completion, and the general condition of affairs seems healthy. Bishop Hamilton is being well received by all shades of Churchmen.

The Synod of Toronto sat during the following week. There was a large attendance of delegates. Bishop Sweatman's charge was unusually interesting and important, but in some respects, I am sorry to say, the reverse of reassuring. For the first time in six years a deficit in the Mission Fund is reported, and the number of offices show a decrease as compared with the preceding year. On the other hand, the number of communicants has increased, as has the total sum raised for general Church purposes. The Diocesan Temperance Society is flourishing. The sudden departure of the late missionary agent has had something to do with the present demoralized condition of the Mission Fund. The bishop announced that work would be commenced forthwith upon the see house and Cathedral of St. Alban the Martyr. The synod sat for four days, and disposed of a large amount of business. Toward the end of the proceedings a delegation was received from the Methodist Conference then in session. A canon authorizing the appointment of missionaries for a limited term of years, and embodying in a modified form the Methodist "permutation" system was adopted.

The Synod of Huron met in the chapter house of the Holy Trinity, London, Ontario, on the 16th. There was a very large attendance of delegates. The bishop's charge was eloquent and forcible. A new canon, by which salaries are graded according to length of service, was passed. The Mission Fund shows a further decrease of about \$1,000, mainly caused by the negligence of clergymen in omitting to take up diocesan collections, no less than 539 such collections having been omitted last year. Stringent measures to remedy this are to be adopted forthwith.

The Synod of Ontario met in Kingston, Ontario, on the 9th. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. J. W. Forsythe. The Committee on the Division of the Diocese recommended that two-thirds of the present Episcopal Fund remain with the present diocese, and one-third go with the new Diocese

of Ottawa, that the old and new diocese be both requested to raise the sum of \$20,000, which would bring the Episcopal Fund of Ontario up to \$60,000, and that of Ottawa to \$40,000. The proposed diocese will comprise the seven easterly counties of the Province of Ontario, with a Church population of 42,983. A motion embodying the right of the laity to have some voice in the appointment of their clergy was voted down.

The twenty-sixth annual synod of the Diocese of Montreal was held in Montreal on the 16th ult. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. H. Naylor of Clarendon.

The Bishop of Fond Du Lac has recently opened the newly established Home of the Sisters of St. Margaret. This was done with the full consent of Bishop Bond. Dr. Brown held a very largely attended reception in the Synod Hall during synod week.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land recently held an ordination in Winnipeg, when five deacons were ordained to the priesthood, all, with one exception, being graduates of St. John's College, Winnipeg.

The Bishops of Niagara and Toronto very warmly commended the newly founded "Society of the Treasury of God" in their charges.

ENGLAND.

THE LATE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—The late Bishop George Moberly, who died on Monday, July 6th, was the son of Mr. Edward Moberly, a merchant of St. Petersburg, and was born in 1803. He was graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1825, with first honors. In 1828 he was made Fellow of Balliol, and in 1835 became Head-master of Winchester School, a post which he held until 1866, when he became rector of Brixton, Isle of Wight. He was consecrated as Bishop of Salisbury in succession to the late Bishop Hamilton. Bishop Moberly was a scholar of high attainments and a writer of great power. Among his published works are some that have attained much popularity. His works on "The Sayings of the Great Forty Days," "The Administration of the Holy Spirit in the Body of Christ," and his "Sermons on the Beatitudes" may especially be mentioned.

THE HOME REUNION SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Home Reunion Society, held on Friday, June 19th, the report presented was as encouraging as any report on the subject of reunion among Christians at this time could well be. Speeches were made by the Bishop of Winchester, who presided, the Bishop of Pretoria, and the Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale of Baltimore, Md. Dr. Hale said that when he was in Palestine some time ago he met the Metropolitan of Nazareth, who said he believed the time was coming, and coming quickly, when they would see the reunion of Christians. Their differences were more apparent than real, and that was especially so with the Coptic Church. And that as to reunion among Christians in America he knew of a most important incident in which a young Presbyterian minister applied to the Bishop of Fond du Lac for orders, and whose congregation were impatiently waiting to follow him into the Episcopal Church. The Presbyterian authorities, when they heard of this event, sent another minister to the congregation, but they would not have him.

THE CHURCH DEFENCE INSTITUTION.—At the annual meeting of this society, on Friday, June 19th, a report was presented taking earnest ground against the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, as a new attempt against the Church of England. It represents the Scottish Church Disestablishment Bill as proving the increasing bitterness of the attack. Each provision that appeared in the Irish measure bearing in any way on the continuity

of the Church, or facilitating its prolonged organization, had been omitted, and the complete disintegration of the Scottish Church, so far as legislation can effect it, is attempted by this bill. The report also took strong ground against the bill for providing for compulsory acquisition of any selected piece of land to erect a place of worship on, against the Burial Grounds Bill, and against the Intermediate Education Bill for Wales.

The Bishop of Durham made a very strong speech, deprecating the attempts of the so-called liberationists to overthrow the Church of England. Among other things, he said: "When you strike off a man's fetters, when you open his prison door, when you disencumber him from the debts which cling to him, you may indeed speak of liberating him; but when you strip him of his clothes, when you rob him of his purse or his watch, and turn him into the streets as naked as when he came to the world, then I do consider it a little abuse of the term to speak of liberating him. . . . In these remarks I have viewed the Church of England mainly as an establishment, it is not because I have forgotten her higher aspects as a Divine institution. God forbid that I should counsel her to seek her strength in her establishment! It is because the Church of England, more than any other body in this kingdom, represents the true Church of Christ, because she approaches more nearly than any other to apostolic order and apostolic doctrine, because more than in any other I seem to see in her continuous history the hand of God guiding her course and the working of His Spirit manifested abundantly—it is on these grounds that I venture to predict for her, whether established or disestablished, if she be only true to herself, a magnificent career in the future. But for that very reason I feel bound to draw the utmost that in me lies to avert measures which would in any way fetter or hamper, would impede or delay the high destiny which I conceive awaits her."

Speeches were also made by the Earl of Dartmouth, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. Dr. Phin of the Established Church of Scotland, and resolutions were adopted against disestablishment in Wales, and expressing sympathy with the Scotch establishment in the attack made upon it.

The meeting was a very successful one, and the "liberationists" are said to be somewhat alarmed at its effects.

FRANCE.

THE AUTHORITIES AND THE CHURCH.—The Paris correspondent of the London Guardian having written pretty severely with regard to the studied and continuous insults to the Church and religion given by the French authorities, Mr. Joseph Foxley writes to that paper complaining of the Paris correspondent's treatment of the subject, and saying that what the French authorities insult is not religion, but "the follies of Vaticanism."

The Guardian correspondent has rejoined, and among other things in his answer says: "Let us see how this stands. Your correspondent thinks that such insults are directed only against the 'follies of Vaticanism.'"

"To tear down crosses (often under the expostulation of the surrounding population) from churches, hospitals, and schools—is this only to attack the 'follies of Vaticanism'?"

"To turn out Sisters of Charity from hospitals in the teeth of protests from the highest medical authorities; to do this, as is being just now attempted at the Cochin hospital for instance, even where, by the express condition of the founder, the establishment was to be placed under the charge of such sisters—has this anything to do with attacking the 'follies of Vaticanism'?"

"To turn the same sisters and all Christian teachers whatever out of all State schools; to prohibit rigorously from the walls of such schools the exhibition of all texts of Scripture, all religious pictures, every religious emblem of every kind; to exclude, with the same rigor, the clergy of every denomination from the school itself, and often to make the hours of the school such as to render it as difficult as possible for the children to attend elsewhere for the purpose of catechising or for religious instruction; to suppress army and navy, and even hospital chaplains, and to make the access of even the overworked parochial clergy as difficult as possible to the patients, and even the dying, in the latter—is this to attack only the 'follies of Vaticanism'?"

The correspondent in another part of his answer says, that were it not for having to quote names and private conversations, "it would be easy to show how general amongst the ruling party is the mingled feeling between hostility, indifference, and contempt, with which everything which comes under the name of religion is viewed. It is impossible to draw any other conclusion than that the present government of France is irreligious in the broadest sense of the term." "My own conviction is that the country is more adverse to these views [of the authorities] than either its present rulers or other people suppose. . . . All these practices against religion may by no means correspond to the general feeling of the French people."

GERMANY.

AN ALLEGED BIBLICAL DISCOVERY.—The Vienna correspondent of the London Times writes that Professor Karshack has shown him the papyrus which has lately been discovered among the El Fayum manuscripts, and which is alleged to be the fragment of a gospel older than those of St. Matthew and St. Mark. It is a very small fragment, measuring three and one-half centimetres in length, and four and one-third centimetres in width, and contains seven lines having one hundred and five words. Of these ninety-eight can be plainly deciphered, but nine are indistinct. Some lines are mutilated at the beginning and end, and it is supposed that from ninety-one to ninety-eight letters are missing. The writing is in Greek, and Dr. G. Bickell of the University of Innsbruck, who discovered and deciphered the fragment, concludes, from the form of the letters and the abbreviations, that it was written in the third century; but, from the style of the composition, he infers that it dates originally from the first century, and this is the opinion also of Dr. Edward Harnack.

Dr. Harnack argues that the antiquity and genuineness of the fragment is beyond dispute, and says also "that it goes far toward suggesting a doubt as to whether the gospels ascribed to Matthew and Mark were, in the form in which we know them now, composed by those disciples."

CANADA.

DIocese of Fredericton.—Meeting of Synod and Diocesan Church Society.—The General Committee of the Diocesan Church Society, consisting of the clergy and two lay delegates from each parish or mission, met in the Church Hall, Fredericton, on Tuesday morning, June 30th. The metropolitan presided. There was a full attendance, both of the clergy and lay delegates. Much time was taken up with reading the reports of the missionaries. In most instances they were of deep interest, exhibiting a great and increasing work in all sections of the diocese. All the older missions but one are now occupied. The report with reference

to the contributions for the current year was, on the whole, satisfactory. There is a considerable increase, compared with last year.

Since the report was presented information has been received of a donation of \$3,000 for the objects of the society. The value of this generous offering is enhanced by the request of the donor that it should only be known as coming from "a lady in New Brunswick."

Only a few weeks ago an unexpected reduction, to a large amount, in the grant made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to this diocese was announced. The yearly income of the parent society has largely fallen off, at least for general purposes. This large diminution was at first regarded with much alarm and anxiety. It will be met, however, by a small increase in the local requirements from the several missions, and by additional contributions to the central fund. Before many years the Diocese of Fredericton, with deep gratitude for large and long-continued aid from our brethren in England, will be ready to unite with them in the work of missions in foreign lands, and receive no further portion of what is needed so much more elsewhere.

The statement of the treasurer, showing a considerable balance in favor of the society, and the report of the auditor on the accounts, were very satisfactory. Besides other funded trusts for special objects, the society, mostly from bequests, has now a fund amounting to about \$116,000, the interest of which may be applied for all time in aid of the missionary work of the diocese.

The Widows' and Orphan's Fund amounts to nearly \$18,000, and a pension of \$200 a year is thereby secured to the widows of the clergy. At present there are four recipients. Pensions are also granted to two retired clergymen. The special fund for the latter object is steadily increasing, and is attracting deserved attention.

Appropriations for the missionary service for the current year were made in the case of forty-three missions. The several grants are payable only on condition that the required amount from the mission is paid quarterly to the treasurer. New and most pressing work is also laid out in the case of no less than six new missions, which are to be filled as soon as the state of the society's funds will permit. Within a few years no less than eight parishes, formerly aided by the society, have not only become self-supporting, but they contribute largely to the general fund at the present time.

A grand work is being done through the book depositories. The sale of books at St. John from the publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge have amounted to about \$1,000 during the year. There is also a depository at Fredericton. The works of the society referred to are sold at cost prices.

From the statistical returns, made up for the past year, there is found a marked increase in the number of communicants added, in the number of baptisms, and also in teachers and scholars in Sunday-schools.

The Festival of St. Barnabas was the fortieth anniversary of the installation of the Bishop of Fredericton in his cathedral; an address was presented by the clergy expressive of their deep regard and affection. It is now proposed to show this feeling in a more substantial way, by founding what is to be called "The Bishop Medley Divinity Scholarship Fund." It is known that this will be more acceptable than any testimonial of a personal character.

On Thursday evening, after the chief business of the society was finished, there was a de-

lightful choral service at the cathedral, and subsequently, at 8 P.M., there was a crowded attendance at what is called the Anniversary Meeting, at the Church Hall. The secretary presented an abstract of the annual report, and addresses of deep interest were made by the metropolitan, the bishop-coadjutor, the rector of St. Mark's in the city of St. John, and two prominent lay members of the society.

The Diocesan Synod is composed, to a great extent, of those who form the general committee of the Diocesan Church Society. With few exceptions, the clergy and lay delegates were in attendance at the cathedral on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock, when there was a celebration of the Holy Communion. The synod met at the Church Hall on Wednesday, at 10 A.M.

The Rev. Canon Churton of St. Alban's, England, and the Rev. E. S. W. Pentreath of Winnipeg, Manitoba, were warmly welcomed to seats on the platform. The roll was called and the usual committees were appointed. A very interesting report was presented from the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Board, from which it appears that during the year contributions for domestic missions (including Algoma and the North-west) amount to \$1,120; to foreign missions, for the most part through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to \$1,450. It seemed desirable to the Synod to have the day of intercession for missions changed to the time agreed upon or suggested by the Church in England and the United States.

A report was also presented from the Committee on Sunday-schools, strongly recommending more efficiency in the system and associations for advancement and improvement in Sunday-school work.

The Metropolitan communicated a letter lately received from the Archbishop of Canterbury with reference to the notice which is hereafter to be sent to the different metropolitans and to the Presiding Bishop in the United States, of the consecration of any bishop in the Anglican Communion. This letter, together with the record of the late consecration of the Bishop of Niagara at the Cathedral in Fredericton, are to be printed in the Journal of the Synod.

A committee of the Synod, engaged during the year in the codification and proposed amendment of the constitution and canons, presented their report. This, taken up by sections, occupied much time and attentive consideration. That portion embracing the declaration and constitution was passed by a majority of both orders, and stands for confirmation at the next annual meeting, when the further consideration of the canons will be proceeded with.

At the meeting on Wednesday there was a long discussion with reference to the proposed affiliation of King's College, Windsor, with that of Dalhousie, Halifax. King's College is a Church institution, and it is felt by many very desirable to form a connection with the college in Halifax, to have more efficiency in the Arts Course for the divinity students. The Synod finally determined to come to no decision on the subject, from want of fuller information as to the proposal.

On Friday morning, after the transaction of business, chiefly of local interest, the proceedings were brought to a close.

AID FOR THE BISHOP OF QU'APPELLE.—On Wednesday, June 24th, the first anniversary of the consecration of Bishop Anson, at a special service held in the northwest chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, an offering of \$7,500 was anonymously made to help forward the scheme of St. John's Collegiate Farm, which the bishop is now initiating.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—*The Leemans Testimonial*.—The committee of the university and museum of Leyden has invited the Rev. William C. Winslow of this city to contribute to the superb quarto in press, to be presented on December 3d, to Dr. Conrad Leemans, who will then have completed his fiftieth year as director of the museum of antiquities at Leyden. Dr. Leemans's fame and publications as an archaeologist and Egyptologist, coupled with his long and distinguished serving at the museum, make the testimonial peculiarly fitting.

CONNECTICUT.

WATERBURY.—*Church Temperance Society*.—Mr. Robert Graham, secretary of the Church Temperance Society, visited Waterbury on Friday, July 3d, and remained three days. He addressed the employees of the Scovill Manufacturing Works on Friday, and in the evening spoke at Trinity church. On Sunday morning, July 5th, he spoke at St. John's church. He was listened to with great interest, and it is hoped that his visit will result in the establishment of a permanent branch of the society in this city.

The principles of the Church Temperance Society were so warmly appreciated by the Rev. Dr. Andrews, (Congregational) that Mr. Graham was asked to address his congregation, which he did on Saturday, July 4th.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—*All Souls' Church*.—This church (the Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector,) has recently opened a summer home for children connected with the Kindergarten, infant school, Sunday-school, etc. The home is situated on Hempstead Harbor, a body of water opening out from Long Island Sound on the east, and extending southward about five miles. It is about twenty-five miles distant from New York, and is reached by a delightful sail, which of itself cannot be other than greatly beneficial to the children.

The cottages of "The Bureau of Works and Charities of All Souls' Church," as they are called, are situated not far from Glenwood. They were built in 1884, but too late in the season for occupancy. They consist of a cottage for the matron, Mrs. Waddell, and five separate cottages for the children to sleep in. They are in whole or in part memorial structures, having been built by Mr. Stones, Mr. Wise, Mrs. Herter, Mr. Low, and Mrs. Duggins. A sixth cottage is also proposed to be built by Mr. Leyscrafts.

The matron's cottage is a two-story frame building, with large dining-room on the ground floor, in which all the children take their meals. On the story above rooms are for the matron and one or two others, as also a room for a guest or visitor who may need special entertaining. A wide piazza, forty or fifty feet in length, extends through the south side of the building, as also across a part of the ends. In the rear is a kitchen and an abundantly-supplied ice-house. The building is wholly without plaster or paint, and is all the better for being so. It is all that could be desired in the way of roominess, comfort, and convenience, while not a dollar has been wasted on show or superfluity of any kind. The piazza at the east end looks down into a beautiful ravine, in which children might be seen swinging among the tall chestnut trees.

Of the five cottages in which the children sleep, four are built in a kind of circle, having a play ground in the centre. The cottages are simple two-story frame structures, each having a piazza. The rooms above and below are supplied with cots to accommodate twelve children, each of the children sleeping alone,

though two or three in the same room. One of the cottages has thirteen cots, and is designed as a kind of hospital for any of the children who may be unwell. In addition to these buildings there is also a laundry, though it is intended that the children shall bring sufficient clothing for their two weeks' sojourn, without extra washing. Just below the bluff a plank walk over three hundred feet in length has been built across the creek, and this will be followed by twelve or fifteen bathing-houses, which were to be completed in a week or two. By means of this arrangement the children can reach the water in a minute or two, and have the additional enjoyment of bathing and playing on the beach.

The first instalment of children to have the benefit of this delightful summer home were children taken from the Kindergarten. They were fifty-two in number, and were accompanied by their teacher. The second instalment, fifty-seven in all, took possession as the others departed, about the first week in July. They were accompanied by their teacher, whose class, indeed, numbers over two hundred, those of the children being taken to the home whose needs most require it. The children were found either playing in the woods, which, save openings to give glimpses of the water, surround the home on all sides, or were amusing themselves on the sloping playground, flanked with locust trees, chestnut trees, etc. The children, white and colored, were playing together, as if all of one race, as they also eat at the same tables and sleep in the same cottages. This, indeed, is a part of their training and discipline in the Sunday-school, all distinctions of race and color being left out of the account. The children of the infant school, after a stay of two weeks, were to be followed by the children of the Sunday-school.

That the children who have the privilege of this two weeks' sojourn receive the greatest possible enjoyment and benefit cannot be doubted for a moment. In addition to the freedom of the woods, and what was soon to be the enjoyment of bathing, they have an abundance of food, and that as good as children of any sort could require. The supply of the very best of milk gives to each of the children nearly a quart a day. They breakfast at 7 a.m., dine at 12, and have supper at 5.30. In the early evening they are all in bed, thus having all that air and exercise, abundance of food and sleep can do for them. As a matter of fact, the improvement in some of the children is so great as to be a matter of surprise to their parents.

The rules by which the home is governed are of a simple character, such as rising at the ringing of the bell, dismissal in case of disobedience to the matron, etc. According to one of the rules, no intoxicating liquors are allowed on the premises without written order of a physician. The chairman of the committee having this admirable work in charge is the Rev. John W. Kramer, M.D., assistant-minister to Mr. Newton.

NEW YORK—St. John's Guild.—This guild, having its headquarters on University Place, near Eighth street, sent out the Floating Hospital on Tuesday, July 8th, on its first excursion for the season. There were over two hundred and fifty children on board and over a hundred mothers. The Hospital started at the foot of King street, and taking in also many excursionists at Fifth street, on the East River, passed down through the Lower Bay, not, however, being able to land at the Nursery, on account of the fog. All on board were served to a dinner, while the children were abundantly supplied with milk. The cost of each trip is about \$250, and in case the money is provided the Hospital will make two

trips a week during the summer. To this good work those interested in the welfare of sick or enfeebled children are asked to contribute.

NEW YORK—St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children.—This institution, at 407 West Thirty-fourth street, has recently opened its new Home at Rockaway Beach, and now has forty of its sick and otherwise helpless children enjoying all the delights that a seaside home can give. Already some of the children, whose lives in the city seemed little more than a bare existence, have improved wonderfully. But the expense of living, as at all seaside resorts, is considerable, and there was only money enough in hand the first week in June to carry the family through a month. There are children in the Hospital who have recently undergone severe surgical operations, and whom it is hoped to move to the seaside as soon as they can bear the journey. Those in charge of the institution are compelled to look to their friends for the means of their transportation and support.

As the Home was recently put in thorough repair, and with money sent on her wedding-day by the one who gave the Home in the first place, nothing more is asked for than means to meet the daily needs. Any offerings should be sent to the Hospital, 407 West Thirty-fourth street, as above.

NEW YORK—Bequests to Various Objects.—By the will of Susan Maria Elson, which was admitted to probate on Friday, July 10th, the following bequests were made "in special and thankful acknowledgment of manifold blessings and mercies, and to mark my interest in the Church of God and its work": The Assistant-bishop of the diocese, \$3,000; the Rev. George Francis Nelson, \$2,000; the General Theological Seminary, \$5,000; the same of Church music instruction, \$5,000; Society for Domestic and Foreign Missions, \$5,000; New York Bibles and Common Prayer Book Society, \$1,000; Missionary Society for Seamen \$1,000; St. Luke's Hospital, \$1,000; Trustees of Fund for the support of the Bishop, \$1,000; Protestant Episcopal Diocesan Missions, \$1,000; City Mission Society, \$1,000; Orphans' Home and Asylum, \$500; Home of Rest for Consumptives, \$500; Home for Incurables, \$500; the Rev. W. B. Elson, the Rev. William Paré—presumably the Bishop of Maryland—and the Rt. Rev. Henry A. Neely, \$250 each; Professor W. H. Barris and the Rev. Thomas O. Tongue, \$50 each.

NEW YORK—Aid to Domestic Missions.—The Secretary of the Domestic Missionary Committee, in response to an editorial in the Spirit of Missions, entitled "Shall Domestic Missions be Contracted?" has received, besides several gifts not so large in amount, a gift of \$5,000 from one layman, "to help avert in some small degree the threatened curtailment of the domestic missionary work of the Episcopal Church." The secretary hopes that the publication of this fact will induce others to give, if not as much, at least according to their means for the same object.

CLIFTON, S. I.—St. John's Church.—This parish (the Rev. Dr. John C. Eccleston, rector), has begun the building of a fine parish hall, to be used for Sunday-school services, chapel purposes, social gatherings and meetings of parochial societies. Its front will be of cut stone, similar to that of which the church is constructed, and it is intended to be connected ultimately by a circular corridor, or covered way, with the rectory and the church, between which is its site. It will have various apartments, but for Lenten or Sunday-school gatherings it will seat four hundred. The cost of it, which is all in hand, will be about \$9,000. This sum has been contributed by the parish

generally, except that Mrs. Pell of Newport, R. I., formerly a member of St. John's, gave \$3,000 in memory of the Rev. Dr. Mercer, the second rector of the parish. This liberal offering started the present undertaking.

With the completion of this important work the parish will be well provided with all necessary equipment for a long time to come. The elegant rectory of stone and brick was built three years ago. A tablet in the north wall preserves the name of a generous benefactor, the late John P. Appleton, Esq., long senior warden. The rectory, within and without, is beautiful in design and execution, enriched by many artistic effects. The church edifice was erected thirteen years ago, at a cost of \$120,000. Its windows especially are a study, many of them being memorial windows of the finest imported glass, and wrought by the best artists. The present rector has been for thirty years in charge altogether, this being his second rectorship of this parish.

YONKERS—Legacies for Church Purposes.—The will of the late Mrs. Hannah Jones Dobias was filed for record in the Register's office in New York, on Wednesday, July 8th. The following legacies are contained therein: To St. John's church, Yonkers, \$1,000, to be used in reducing the church debt; to St. John's Riverside Hospital, \$1,000; to St. Luke's Home, New York, \$1,000; to the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, New York, \$1,000; to the Bishop of Minnesota, \$500; to the Western Church Building Society, \$500; to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, \$500; to the Trustees of the Fund for Aged and Infirm Clergymen of the Diocese of New York, \$500; The remainder of her estate is bequeathed to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. Luke's Church.—The Sunday-school of this church (the Rev. George R. Van De Water, rector), at its closing session, June 21st, made an offering of \$145.50, as a contribution to the fund already started for a new parish hall. This amount was raised in a few weeks by the scholars by means of dime cards. The interest felt in this proposed building is indicated by this zeal of the children to bear some part, though small, in so important an undertaking.

The chapel of St. Luke's parish, which is on Pacific street near Bedford Avenue, has been closed for the remainder of the summer to admit of repairs and alterations which will be made before September. For some time past there has been felt to be a serious lack of accommodation for the choir, the Sunday-school, and the auxiliary of the chapel, and the need of more sittings for the people has been apparent. The result is that an enlargement has been decided upon in accordance with plans prepared by Mr. George P. Chappeil, architect. An extension will be made of the present building in the direction of Atlantic Avenue, to include a choir and sacristy, guild room, and choir room, and an increase of space will be secured in the nave and transepts, providing for one hundred and fifty additional sittings. It is believed that these alterations will meet every demand until the growth of this chapel enterprise admits of its organization as a separate parish with a new and permanent house of worship. The cost of the enlargement and repair now begun is covered by subscriptions in hand and pledges made.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

CANASTOTA—Trinity Church.—The cornerstone of this church (the Rev. F. P. Winne, in charge,) was laid on Tuesday, July 7th, by the

Rev. J. E. Cathell, acting for the bishop of the diocese. Besides these clergymen, there were present and assisting, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Clarke, and the Rev. Messrs. E. W. Mundy, T. E. Pattison, J. A. Staunton, R. Paul, and H. B. Goolyner. There was a large congregation present, despite the fierce heat and the threatened showers.

Many years have passed since Church services were first held in Canastota, but it has seemed impossible for the Church to gain a permanent footing in the place until now, and the present hopeful condition of the mission is due, under God, not less to the fostering personal care of the bishop of the diocese, than to the faithful ministrations of many clergymen, and the courage and patience of the handful of Churchmen residing in the village.

At the close of the service all guests, clerical and lay, were entertained in Beecher Hall, where the ladies of the mission had provided a bounteous collation.

Utica—Grace Church.—A festival of the Church choirs of this city was held in this church (the Rev. T. C. Olmstead, rector), on the evening of Wednesday, July 8th. There were present, besides the rector, the Rev. Messrs. F. P. Winne, G. W. Gates, Charles Gardner, C. C. Edmunds, Bernard Schulte, W. B. Coleman, J. E. Cathell and W. H. Cook. The musical portion of the service was under the direction of Mr. G. F. Le Jenne of New York. The service was choral, and conducted by the rector and the Rev. J. E. Cathell. The music was simple, yet grand and Churchly. The congregation joined heartily in the hymns, and the offertory hymn was sung by the choir and congregation alternately, with the doxology in unison. The music was as follows: Processional, G. F. Le Jenne; *Deus Misericors*, Goss; Hymn, the Evening Hymn; Address, "Church Music," by the Rev. W. B. Coleman; Anthems, "King of All Glories," Baraby; "Lord, for Thy Tender Mercy's Sake," Farrant (1854); "Jerusalem, that Killst the Prophets," Mendelssohn, sung by Mr. Felix Wendelschaefer, New York; "O Love the Lord," Sullivan; "The Radiant Morn," Canon Woodward; "On These Each Loving Soul Awaits," Haydn; Offertory, "Sun of my Soul;" Recessional, "The Church's One Foundation."

The address given by the Rev. Mr. Coleman was a very sensible discussion of Church music. He made a plea for scientific advancement in Church music as well as in secular matters. Old methods should not be adhered to, just because they are old. An exploded method is unscientific. We discriminate between the faith once delivered to the saints and those human, temporal fashions in the Church which are subject to the changes and improvements of science. Church music ought, of all kinds, to be most scientific, *i. e.*, most suited to its purpose. Whether simple or difficult it should be severe, grave, expressive. It may be sweet and lovely, but not too tempting to the vanity of the singers. Modern scientific harmonies are of a simple, expressive and reverent character. The tunes of the German Lutherans combine solidity with limited compass, are simple and reverent, and our compatriots have drawn largely upon their tunes. The Anglican and German churches have here common ground and requirements. In this respect there is a marked contrast in the popular religious music of this country. Doubtless the hymns of Sankey and Moody have done much service in the cause of religion, but they have done much mischief as well. Being, as a rule, of a lively, emotional nature, with pleasing, pretty harmonies, they have been quickly caught up and used all over the land, not only in religious meetings but on occasions of social entertainments as well. If the music were suited to the

words, and the words what they ought to be, religious hymns would not be misused. Christians do not praise as conscientiously and devoutly as they pray. It is singular that many people who have the greatest dread of a religious turn to the conversation have not the slightest hesitation in singing before a social company solemn words addressed to the Deity. Let hymns be carefully chosen, with sentiments that Christian intelligence can approve, set to music expressive of those sentiments, and the spirit of devotion will follow naturally. Such hymns can not be abused, they would never be sung in the streets, nor borne thro' the air by a jovial picnic party returning home by boat or wagon. It is a characteristic of Mason's tunes, in general, whatever merit they may possess, that they utterly fail to interpret the words to which they are attached. The best tunes must be selected both from ancient and modern music. Up to the time of the Ambrosian chant the tunes of our Christian forefathers were rude and inelegant. The Gregorian tones, introduced two and a half centuries later, gave way to chords of still greater advancement. The development of ecclesiastical music has been exceedingly rapid. The Church is not called upon to give musical entertainments at her services—that is to be found at operas and concerts, but her music is to suggest and aid in worship.

The speaker also pointed out fitness in musical expression, and concluded that a choir of male voices, both men and boys, decently robed, was the most proper for leading the praise of the congregation in an orderly, expressive and reverent manner. The kind of Church music herein advocated is best rendered by such a choir, which sets forth the true dignity and importance of praise, and prevents it degenerating into a mere entertainment.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

BUFFALO—Trinity Church.—The services at this church (the Rev. Dr. L. Van Bokkelen, rector), on Sunday, July 5th, were very interesting, being the last held in the present church edifice. At both morning and evening service the congregations were very large, and the church was beautifully decorated with flowers. Morning Prayer was said by the rector, assisted by the Rev. C. P. Lee. An impressive address was delivered by the rector.

In the afternoon there was a large attendance both of clergy and laity. The offerings were devoted to the removal of the memorial tablets to the memorial chapel of the new church building. It was announced that regular services would be held in Christ chapel. The closing sermon was delivered by the bishop of the diocese, who reviewed the history of the parish, spoke of the removal of the church, and paid a warm tribute to the present rector.

At the close of the sermon the bishop proceeded to the formal secularization of the edifice. The bishop and clergy passed down the north aisle and returned up the south aisle, reading responsively Psalm xc. After a prayer, the bishop read the decree of secularization, pronouncing the fabric "secular and unconsecrated, and no longer within our canonical jurisdiction, but given back solely to the protection of the laws of the land, and to no other than such common uses and control as by said laws are recognized and allowed." The bishop said the closing prayer and benediction, and with the *Nunc Dimittis* the last service in Old Trinity church was closed.

NEW JERSEY.

CATE MAY—St. John's Church.—During the summer the following clergy will officiate at this church: July 19th, the Rev. Dr. W. P. Orrick; July 29th, the Bishop of New Jersey;

August 2d, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Darlington; August 9th, the Rev. Arthur Brooks; August 16th, the Rev. Dr. R. F. Alsop; August 23d, the Rev. Dr. S. Corbett; August 30th, the Rev. Dr. B. Watson; September 6th, the Rev. Dr. C. G. Currie; September 13th, the Rev. J. D. Newlin.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

PARADISE—Sunday school Institute.—The fourth bi-monthly meeting of the Sunday-school Institute of the Harrisburg Convocation was held in all Saints' church, Paradise, (the Rev. J. McA. Harding, rector,) on Thursday, June 25th. There were present of the clergy, besides the assistant-bishop and the rector, the Rev. Messrs. A. C. Powell, H. Sharpe, F. J. Clay-Moran, J. E. Pratt, J. Baker, and J. Graham; and nearly one hundred lay delegates.

After the celebration of the Holy Communion, (during which a special thanksgiving was made by the assistant-bishop, for the merciful escape of the Rev. Dr. C. F. Knight from serious accident at the railroad station on the previous Monday, the institute met for business.

A model lesson was taught by the Rev. John Graham, the subject being "The call of the Publican."

A paper was read on Sunday school marks and prizes by the Rev. L. F. Baker, in which the writer argued strongly against them.

The Rev. A. C. Powell made an address on the best method of imparting distinctive Church teaching in the Sunday-school.

The Rev. F. J. Clay Moran read a paper, by a lady of St. James's church, Lancaster, on the need of uniformity in Sunday-school lessons.

Each paper was followed by a general discussion, that succeeding Mr. Baker's paper, being especially interesting.

The next meeting will be held in Reading, on Thursday, October 20th.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—St. Luke's Church.—Mr. W. H. Whittingham, Choir-master and Director of Music in this parish, has made a full and very interesting report to St. Luke's Guild of the work of the choir during the past season. We give some of the most important portions. As the work of this choir is in a parish that is not, financially, a very strong one, it may give encouragement to many of the poorer congregations who are anxious to adopt choral or cathedral music.

The report covers from October 1st, 1884, to June 1st, 1885. During the summer months the attendance, especially of the men, is always small and uncertain, the music sung is of the simplest description, and the week-day practices reduced to a minimum, or dispensed with altogether. As it is not generally until October 1st that the choir is in condition, with full numbers, to resume active choir work in its integrity, the report is only dated from that time.

In one particular the past season has been especially notable. The experiment was begun, in October, of printing and distributing to the congregation service lists for a successive number of Sundays. These have been issued regularly without interruption, and it is considered by those having the matter in charge that the experiment has been successful. There have been several objects in view in issuing these service papers. The principal one was that all who wished to do so might have a more intelligent participation in the choral worship of the Church, not only by having before them the words of the anthem, but also by being enabled to recognize, through the composers' names, the music of the differ-

ent "services" or settings of the canticles as they occur in our use. It has also been thought a great gain, being enabled to do away with the many interruptions to divine service in announcements of what was to follow: the words of the anthem, the psalms for the day, the hymns, etc. By obviating the necessity of these irregularities the services have been enabled to proceed with a much greater degree of smoothness, quiet, and dignity. Not only have these service papers been issued gratuitously to all, but any one wishing a number of copies could have them.

During the nine months embraced in the report there has been choral service in the choir of the church seven-fifty times. There have been thirty-five Sundays with two services each. There have also been special extra services on the eve of St. Luke's Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, on April 2d, and the eve of Ascension Day. There has been a considerable amount of new music added to the list. Six morning "services" (that is, settings of the Morning Canticles), six evening "services," and four Communion "services" have been in use during the season. Eighteen anthems have been added to the list, and forty-seven anthems sung during the season, of which only two have been sung more than twice.

The average attendance in choir for the entire season has been eight men and seventeen boys. Frequent practising for the men only have been held on Wednesday evenings, and for the boys on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings. Any one who has realized the complex and difficult character of the music produced, will at once recognize that this is a record of industrious, painstaking labor on the part of the choir. In view of the fact that the greater number, indeed nearly all of the gentlemen of the choir are giving their time and services entirely gratuitously, consideration of this point is not out of place.

The report concludes with these forcible words: "It is a very simple matter to go to church and hear an elaborate and impressive service, but how many ever think of the careful and tedious practice and preparation it represents?"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Church of the Epiphany*.—Two hundred and two names have been added to the roll of membership in the men's meetings of this parish; the total being 448; average week's attendance, 60. The mission house is being enlarged in consequence of the large membership and by reason of recent very generous gifts for that purpose, \$1,400 of the \$3,000 debt on the mission property having been paid; \$150 are in hand toward the Fresh Air Fund; \$1 provides a trip for five adults or ten children. The present number of communicants in this parish is 1,205; total contributions for year last past, \$24,179; pupils in Sunday-school, 1,000; in sewing school, 809; catechisings, 307; Church services, 1,200; sermons or lectures, 290; Holy Communion, 193; communion alms, \$1,580; baptisms, 301; confirmed, 77; marriages, 27; burials, 49; clergy, rector and two assistants.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Church of the Ascension*.—Though the money for the debt on the church building of this parish, (the Rev. Dr. J. H. Elliott, rector,) is in hand, the holder of the notes refuses to receive payment for one year yet, and cannot be compelled to accept it sooner, hence the completion of the church, as the "Pinkney Memorial" is inevitably postponed until Ascension Day of '86. The communion alms in this parish are \$383; all other sums, \$29,549; sittings, 1,000; baptisms, 32; burials, 23; Church services, 275; lectures and sermons, 125; Holy Communion, 32; the present role of communicants, 659; married,

8; confirmed, 22; industrial school, 85; Sunday-school, 350; the value of the elegant church, \$160,000, on which is insurance of \$40,000.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Death of the Rev. J. H. Chew*.—The Rev. John Hilary Chew died at his residence, in Washington, July 6th, and was buried at Rock Creek Cemetery on Wednesday, July 8th. Mr. Chew was in his sixty-fourth year, having been born in Prince George's county, Maryland, in 1821. He was the grandson of Bishop Claggett, the first Bishop of Maryland, was graduated at Princeton in 1840, and ordained by Bishop Whittingham in 1843. Mr. Chew was at one time rector of a parish in Prince George's county, and for some seven years was rector of St. Matthew's parish, near Bladensburg, succeeding the late Bishop Pinkney. For about fifteen years he was rector of St. Alban's parish, Georgetown (now West Washington), D. C. For over twelve years Mr. Chew was a member of the Standing Committee, resigning at the last session of the convention on account of his health. On motion of the bishop, a vote of sympathy was unanimously adopted.

At the funeral a large number of clergy attended from Baltimore and other places in Maryland, and a minute of respect was placed on record.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. James's Parish*.—Besides the addition of a porch and another bay for use as guild and choir room, this parish (the Rev. J. W. Clark as rector,) has raised liberal sums for parochial work; total, \$3,639. St. John's seats now 300; 85 communicants at present represent its communicating membership; 93 pupils in Sunday-school; 50 in Industrial school; Prayers and Litany have been said 799 times; 114 sermons delivered; occasions of Holy Communion, 385; 15 were confirmed last year.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Church of the Holy Cross*.—In this parish, (the Rev. Dr. J. A. Harrod, rector,) some seventy-five families, composed of some 500 individuals—99 communicants—work heartily along. The chapel seats 300, and the people have generously raised \$600 for church work; value of the small brick chapel, seating some 300, is supposed to be \$8,000, with a valuable lot adjoining. Services here are numerous, 300 having been performed during the year, with catechising every Lord's Day, and some 100 sermons or other discourses; the Holy Communion, 131 in the year.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. Andrew's Church*.—This parish (the Rev. J. B. Perry, rector,) has added 42 to its list of communicants, giving now a roll of 333. The rector and his assistant have conducted prayers over 200 times, and preached or lectured some 150 times, celebrating, in the twelve months just passed, the Holy Communion 34 times. The church is valued at \$28,000; all sums gathered for church work in the parish since last report, \$5,460; a Sunday-school of some 250; capacity of building since enlargement, 640; 700 persons comprise the parish.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Christ Church*.—This parish (the Rev. A. R. Stuart, rector,) has raised \$6,585 during the year, its membership being 125 families, 600 persons, communicants, 368; Sunday-school pupils, 160; the church property is valued at \$41,000. For foreign missions it has sent off \$185; for mission's committee, \$200; the church seats 890. There is a talk of its place being applied by a new and more commodious one.

EASTON.

CAMBRIDGE—*Christ Church*.—The Rev. Dr. T. P. Barber observed the thirty-seventh anniversary of his rectorship of this (Great

Choptauk) parish on Sunday, July 5th, by delivering a discourse suitable to the occasion. During his rectorship he has built up the Cambridge congregation into an active and vigorous body. He has established two mission churches in the parish—one, St. John's, in the Neck District, and another, St. James's, at Maple Dam Bridge, in Blackwater—both of which, under his zealous care, are now in a flourishing condition.

SPRINGFIELD.

BUNKER HILL—*Christ Church*.—On the first Sunday in November, 1884, the present rector (the Rev. Philip McKim) took charge of the two parishes of Christ church, Bunker Hill, and St. John's, Gillespie, they having been without a rector for more than a year. The church at Bunker Hill being then in a most deplorable condition, having been struck by a cyclone two months before, which shook off the plaster, moving the building on its foundation, badly damaging our handsome windows—in a word, almost ruining the whole edifice, thus making it little less than martyrdom to worship there during the winter, inasmuch as daylight penetrated the walls in every direction. Still the congregation assembled, Sunday after Sunday, to shiver with the cold and nite in the Church service. But by the kindness of brethren outside the parish they have been enabled to restore the building in some degree, so that at least they can now worship there comfortably. But they must raise not less than \$1,500, so as to strengthen and secure the edifice from further and niter damage.

During the seven months referred to above the bishop has visited those two parishes twice, and thirty-one persons have been presented for confirmation, varying in age from seventy-one to nine years, one of whom had been a preacher in the Methodist body, another an educated and refined member of the Roman Catholic Church, who had three children baptized in that Church, two of whom are now candidates for confirmation. The bishop proposes to visit the parish again in the autumn.

WISCONSIN.

DELAWARE—*Deaf-Mute Reunion*.—The Rev. Messrs. A. W. Mann and John Chamberlain of New York attended a reunion of the deaf-mutes of Wisconsin, held from June 20th to 25th. Services were held at Christ church (the Rev. Charles Holmes, rector.) At the last service the Rev. Mr. Mann baptized two adult deaf-mutes and a child of deaf-mute parents.

MINNESOTA.

FARIBAULT—*Deaf-Mute School*.—The State school for the deaf is located in this beautiful village. The graduates have just held their first reunion, with a large attendance. The Rev. A. W. Mann was present by invitation, and conducted a service, besides opening and closing the sessions.

MINNEAPOLIS—*Deaf-Mute Services*.—Combined services in the interest of Church work among the deaf-mutes were held on Sunday, June 29th, at Gethsemane and St. Mark's churches, the Rev. Mr. Mann being assisted by the rectors (the Rev. Messrs. A. E. Graves and T. B. Wells). Besides these services, Mr. Mann conducted a service for deaf-mutes only at Gethsemane church in the afternoon.

IOWA.

OSKAJOLLA—*Convocation*.—The convocation of the Central Diocese was held in St. James's

church, Okaloosa, (the Rev. Allen Judd, rector,) on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 23d, 24th, and 25th. There were present the Rev. J. E. Ryan (dean), the Rev. Dr. T. B. Kemp, and the Rev. Messrs. F. E. Judd, W. H. Van Antwerp, W. P. Law, P. C. Wolcott, and the rector of the parish. The convocation sermon was preached on Tuesday evening by the Rev. Dr. T. B. Kemp. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion on Wednesday, and a missionary meeting was held on Thursday evening, at which all the clergy present made addresses. At the meeting on Wednesday afternoon the subject of "Church Missions to the Jews" was discussed, and the importance of supporting the diocesan schools was set forth by the Rev. P. C. Wolcott.

The next meeting of the convocation will be at Marshalltown, in September, when a joint meeting of the Northern and Central Dioceses will be held.

MISSOURI.

St. Louis—St. Peter's Church.—On the evening of Tuesday, June 23d, the altar cross presented to this church (the Rev. W. Herbert Ambeton, rector,) by the Princess of Wales, a notice of which appeared in our issue of July 4th, was formally received with appropriate ceremonies. The church was crowded long before the hour of service. There were present the bishop of the diocese, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Messrs. J. N. Chesnut, S. H. Greene, P. G. Robert, C. M. C. Mason, G. C. Tecker, and others. Representatives of the girl's guild of St. Peter's parish bore the cross into the church and placed it on the retable. As they did so the rector addressed them, and bestowed on the guild the name of the Alexandra Guild.

The address of presentation was then made by the rector.

The service was choral, conducted by the Rev. Messrs. P. G. Robert and S. H. Greene. The Bishop of the diocese made an address, in which he referred very happily to the unity which exists between the Church of England and the American Church, specially emphasized by this gracious gift of her royal highness, whose praise, he said, was on everyone's lips. He also spoke of Victoria's noble example of family life, which one could well see would be perpetuated in England's future queen.

After the address the senior warden accepted the gift in the name of the congregation, and expressed their thanks to the princess. Resolutions expressive of the congregation's high appreciation of the gift will be officially adopted, engrossed, and forwarded to her royal highness.

In concluding the service the prayer for the royal family was said.

WYOMING.

THE NECESSITY FOR CHURCH EXTENSION.—At the annual convocation of this missionary jurisdiction, held in Cheyenne, May 20th and 21st, the Committee on Church Extension and Christian Education presented a report of such great importance that we give the main portion of it below. It will be seen that the Territory of Wyoming is vast in extent and resources; that the development of these resources has already begun, and that the need of a large outlay of Church energy, of men and means, is imperative.

After a brief introduction the report proceeds as follows:

"According to the federal census of 1880 the territory had then a population of about 21,000. Intelligent calculation makes it clear that the number has reached quite 35,000. This population is collected in cities, towns,

villages, and initial and crude settlements, and embraces ranch life and the herdmen of the range.

"The results of Church work in the diocese since the last convocation have been feeble. This feebleness is attributed to the lack of facilities for Church instruction and influence, of parochial and missionary organizations, buildings, libraries, teachers, and funds. The contrast between that inhabitation and these facilities presents a deplorable inadequacy of religious supply to religious want. The field is relatively large, but largely lies in the fallow. The soil is extensive, but the plowmen and sowers are few; the harvest is broad, but the reapers and garnerers are wanting. Without further statement, the necessity for the Church's extension within the jurisdiction is indubitable, prominent, and imperative. But the addition of a single fact enlarges and intensifies the need. That fact is, the singularly admixed character of the population in respect to race, religion and irreligion. The population is interwoven of native Americans, Irish, Scotch, English, Norwegians, Swedes, Finlanders, Germans, Danes, the Dutch, the French, the Chinese—of Protestants, Roman Catholics, Mormons, heathens, and skeptics. The skepticism, which lurks in the older communities of this country, wears here a bold front and unblushing face. The profanity and other vices which skulk there carry here the high head with brazen effrontery.

"Viewing the future of the territory through the medium of intelligent and sober judgment, the necessity for the Church's extension in the diocese rises to immense proportions.

The territory has an east and west extent of seven, a north and south extent of four degrees; its counties have the areas of States; its climate is pure and healthy, and in large measure genial and delicate; its surface is supplied with abundant water, which is well distributed by river, creek, and streamlet, and is becoming more so by irrigation, rapidly increasing, and conducted upon a wide scale of canal and ditch; it is not only rich, but very rich, in wild grasses, suitable for grazing and hay-culture; and, in its northern parts, in agricultural capacities; it is not only rich, but very rich, in minerals, of oils, sodas, tin, copper, iron, and coal—letting alone the richly graded gold hills in Carbon, and the finely-grained marble bed in Johnson county—hills and bed yet undeveloped."

The report gives summaries of the different resources of the territory: live-stock, mineral resources, travel and freights, and the prospective railway system, and then proceeds:

"This material development is assured. It will be imperial. It can be brought to just proportions and normal life only by the ruling and crowning power of Church instruction and Church influence. The present work of the Church in the jurisdiction is large; its future will be immense. It calls for great and indefinite increase in Church organisms, buildings, libraries, teachers, and revenues; for a high order of Church intelligence, energy, diligence, patience, fortitude, and faithfulness; for that compound of Church income, methods, conveniences, talent, spirit, and culture which can alone constitute and effectuate adequate and true Church enterprise. It calls for prompt, vigorous, continued, and permanent Church extension. The territory should be converted into a very garden of the Church. Proper Church enlargement here is a high indispensability; without it the community, powerful in numbers and in industrial intelligence, pursuits, and wealth, may wander away into the wilderness beyond the following of the shepherd.

"The territorial branch of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America is entitled to, and should receive the devotion of each of its members, because the Church should be the centre of his duty and affections. It is entitled to, and should receive the sympathy and aid of the rest of that Church, because the power of that residue, by manifold organisms, large wealth, and advanced intelligence, put upon it a most grave and responsible stewardship, and the trunk, and the thousand other branches that thrive and bloom out of it may not leave this feeble and struggling branch to itself."

SOUTH DAKOTA.

ELK POINT.—St. Andrew's Church.—On Tuesday, June 16th, about midnight, a terrific thunder-storm, connected with a hurricane and cyclone, passed over this village. Buildings, fences, and large trees were prostrated, and among the disasters, St. Andrew's church (the Rev. J. V. Himes, rector,) was lifted and carried off from its foundation twenty-five feet, and set in an upright position in the middle of the church yard. It was wrecked, but not destroyed, and it can be replaced and repaired with much less expense than to rebuild, which will be done speedily. Some of the chancel furniture was injured and broken, but most of the lamps and furniture were saved.

The church here is still small, and most of its members poor in this world's goods. Most of them suffered by the cyclone, by laying their houses and out buildings in ruins. But they are hopeful, and are taking measures with their rector to restore the chapel by the aid of friendly citizens, without asking the Church, which has long helped them through the Missionary Society, to help in the matter. And so our beautiful village chapel will soon stand complete on its old foundation to welcome all who may come to the Divine service within its hallowed walls.

SPRINGFIELD AND YANKTON.—The Indian Mission.—The Rev. Joshua V. Himes, the venerable rector of St. Andrew's, Elk Point, in the letter containing the above account of the disaster to that church, writes as follows of a visit to the Indian Missions:

"By invitation of our beloved bishop, (after the disaster to our chapel) I left this place on the 23d of June, and went to Springfield, D. T., to attend the anniversaries of the Indian schools and missions there, and at the Yankton Agency, with a visit to the Santee Agency as well.

"It was my first visit to our Indian missions and schools. And after a week's observation under favorable circumstances, I must say that I never got any true idea of the great good of these missions and schools to the Indian people by reading reports as by actual sight and demonstration of their great usefulness. Bishop Hare is, with the teachers and missionaries, doing a great and grand work. The sacrifices of the Church for these missions have borne abundant fruit, far beyond my conception, until I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears the wonderful work of God, in the great improvement and salvation of a degraded race.

"How sad it would be to close the schools and missions for want of means to sustain them. It would be a calamity to them and the Church as well. And yet there is a danger of this disaster to all our missions and schools. Can it be that the means will be withheld, and our missions and schools be crippled or closed? I hope not. The Church, with her wealth and power, cannot afford this. Our bishops must, with the mission and school teachers, be kept in the field at all hazards."

PARAGRAPHS.

A LEADING denominational paper criticised a little sharply the Old Testament Revisers, because they said the pronoun "it" does not occur in the Bible of 1611. It seems the Revisers were right, and the introduction of "its" was the work of later printers or editors.

CLAMMER'S Bible, carefully renovated, has been replaced on Cranmer's desk in the northeast aisle of Canterbury Cathedral, where it was chained in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was the place from which the first English Bible was read in the English Church for the benefit of clergy and laity, or in "a tongue understood of the people."

THE Charity Organization Society of this city is in fact a clearing house, exchange and mercantile agency for 206 societies and churches. In two years and a half it has registered more than 64,500 persons and families seeking charitable relief, and has dealt with 10,060 cases. It systematizes the charity of this great city, and it should receive the most generous support.

A NEAT chapel of Monson granite, as a memorial of the late Samuel W. Hall and his wife, of Waterbury, Conn., has been erected at the entrance of Riverside Cemetery in this city, and it was dedicated on June 11th. Mr. Hall was a public benefactor of Waterbury, and was one of the strong men of St. John's church under the late Dr. Clark and his successor. The existence of the cemetery was largely due to Mr. Hall.

A SECTION of the Edmunds law against polygamy in Utah has been found at last, which the Mormons have not been able to evade. There has been a number of convictions under it, and the chief Mormons are in hiding. It is hoped to find in it the beginning of the end, and that ere long that relic of barbarism which has been so long tolerated will be banished from the land. The Mormons themselves are in a state of terror at the onward march of the majesty of the law.

A PRAYER BOOK, three inches by two, originally the property of Queen Elizabeth, is on exhibition in London. It contains sixty-five leaves of vellum, and on them in the queen's own hand, are written prayers in English, Latin, French, and Italian. The shagreen case, adorned with ruby clasps, has a miniature of the queen and one of the Duke d'Alencon. The book was probably a *gaze d'amour* in 1581. It has been owned by James II., the Duke of Berwick, Horace Walpole, the Duchesses of Portsmouth and Leeds, and the present owner.

At a recent meeting of the Victoria Institute, London, Professor Stokes, who occupies Sir Isaac Newton's professional chair, and is Secretary of the Royal Society of England, delivered an address in which he said, when reviewing the scientific results of the last quarter of a century, "that as scientific truth had developed, so had men to give up the idea that there was any opposition between the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation." The institute, of which F. Petrie is Hon. Secretary, seems to be in a highly prosperous state, and it has a good many members in this country.

COLLEGIATE AND ACADEMIC.

RACINE COLLEGE, RACINE, WISCONSIN.—The closeness of Racine College this year passed off with all the success of former years, notwithstanding the fact that no class was graduated on this occasion.

The enthusiasm for the college developed at the recent meeting of the Alumni and "Old Boys," and at the trustee meeting here is calculated to inspire the friends of Racine with fresh hope that the spiritless tenacity and pluck with which she has maintained her position for so many years will extend a penny of endowment, to be at last recognized and rewarded.

The trustees acknowledge the fact that the burden

of sustaining such a work as this ought no longer to be left upon the shoulders of one man, and the life of destruction of the admirable foundation subjected to the risks of dependence upon its earnings from year to year. A committee has therefore been appointed to immediately to commence work on the spirit manifested, there seems little doubt that good results will soon be seen.

The event of commencement week were initiated on Sunday, June 9th, by the annual sermon—not this year to be called "Baccalaureate," since no distinguished prelate was to be made, but delivered by Bishop Brown of Fond du Lac, and exhibited all the usual eloquence of that distinguished prelate. The text was from St. Luke vi. 36, "Be ye therefore merciful as your Father also is merciful." That the perfection of the Christian religion is exhibited in the quality of mercy, was the subject of the discourse.

The hearty singing of the Racine boys is a feature of the chapel services which the stranger does not easily forget. On this occasion a solo song by an exquisitely sweet and clear soprano voice was particularly noticeable. We learned that the singer was a grandson of the venerated Bishop Komper.

The college programme provided for no public exercises on Monday, but that deficiency was amply atoned for by a most beautiful ceremony of another kind from those for which college authorities are wont to provide, namely, the marriage of a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Elmonder, former years Professor of Theology in this college, to the Rev. Mr. Parker of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. The marriage was followed by a civil celebration of the nuptials at which the Rev. Mr. Elmonder and his wife, kneeling side by side at a table set at the sanctuary steps, we recalled the exclamation, "Who can tell the happiness of that marriage which the Church effects, the oblation confirms, and the blessing seals."

On commencement week is known at Racine as Reunion Day. It is devoted especially to the Alumni, who have their annual meeting and reunion at an association at the Racine Arms Hotel. The students and school boys had their athletic contest upon the campus during the prior dinner, the prizes were distributed, and held, embracing not only the prizes won on this occasion, but more especially the cups and other trophies of the various contests between the Redger and Clarkson clubs upon the base-ball and football grounds of the year. The occasion was graced by felicitous speeches from the champions of the respective clubs, which were fully appreciated and greeted with enthusiasm. The feature of the evening was the students' concert at 8 o'clock, which was undoubtedly the best that has resulted at Racine for several years.

Wednesday, the closing day, dawned clear and bright. The grounds, with their fresh green lawns, and the red brick colleges, the red brick and the Gothic buildings, half buried in the luxuriant growth of the Virginia creeper, the great lake in the foreground, and the sun shining brightly, tempered by its passage over limitless waters, with the unclouded sky and radiant sunlight, all combined to make the day the most charming of the year.

The regular programme of the day was here again extended by the addition of a special service at 10 o'clock, when Francis Joseph Hall of the class of '82, late of the General Seminary, was admitted to the Diocese by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, assisted for the Bishop of Chicago. The other Bishops present were the following: Messrs. W. C. Wiscasset, Springfield, Indiana; and W. C. Wiscasset, Wiscasset.

A public grammar school exhibition was held at 10:30 o'clock. The speeches of the boys were very creditable. A prize was awarded by a committee of visitors to the speaker who made the best speech.

Other prizes were also awarded, and the heads and seconds of the various forms announced. The enthusiasm with which the names were received indicated very clearly that the selections made coincided in most cases with the judgment of the boys themselves.

At 3:30 o'clock the closing exercises of the college took place. The junior exhibition, held the place of the regular commencement exercises, was presided over by the Masters' Orator, by Chas. H. Williamson, '82, a student of the General Seminary.

The junior oration was also a prize competition, two prizes having been recently instituted for this purpose by Mr. G. W. Ames of Omaha, an "old friend" of Racine, who has resided here the other 23 years. The speeches were universally declared fully up to the level of commencement orations generally, and many of them have reflected credit upon the junior class of any college in the land.

The programme was as follows: "Political Education," by Brigid; "The American," by Lloyd; "James A. Garfield," A. L. Reed; "Leaves from the German," "Ideal March," F. C. Willson, the first prize was awarded to Mr. D. C. Lloyd, the second to Mr. F. W. Willson, while Mr. Willson's prize was awarded to Mr. D. C. Lloyd. The Deists' prize was awarded to Mr. D. C. Lloyd, Field Mathematical Prize, recently instituted, and conferred for the first time this year, was won by Mr. D. C. Lloyd, on an eight-page original presentation, and the invention of original problems in geometry, analytic geometry and the calculus. The Edwards' Prize was conferred upon Mr. M. D. Williamson of Williamsport, Pa., for a successful examination in the Prometheus Vinctus of Aeschylus and St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and to the Corinthians, these having been read in the course. The Master's Oration, which was an exceedingly strong one, was on "Responsibility the Test of Progress."

At the close of the exercises the degree of Master of Arts was conferred, and was conferred by the Masters' Orator, by Chas. H. Williamson of the class of '78, and also upon the Rev. Theo. C. Hudson, '78. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon Wm. J. Udd, Prof. of Latin and Greek, who has recently resigned his position at Racine to go to the University of Chicago. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was vested in the hood appertaining to the degree by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Wisconsin, assisted

by the Rev. Dr. Falk, the senior professor of the college.

The ended one of the most successful occasions of this kind which Racine has known since the death of Dr. DeKoven. My enthusiasm aroused at this time in the presence of the great assembly of the college, which needs only this to achieve a success such as no other school in the West has ever known in the history of the race, and I have not been reconciled, and the college, after a unique experience, still remains unreconciled. But such was the grandeur of the occasion, and the end, inspire respect, and the more so men recall from the sold materialism which has gained so strong a hold upon the race, and the more so the great West.

Report of the Board of Visitors.—The Board of Visitors, through a misunderstanding of their appointment, were not present this year at the examination of the classes, but, from information received from the warden, Professors, and teachers, are convinced that the high standard of scholarship for which the college and school have been so noted, has been maintained, and it will not suffer in this respect by comparison with the best schools and colleges in the country.

We can cordially commend the college and grammar school to Churchmen throughout the West as worthy of their support, and the ardor with which we can safely entrust their sons to its care with the assurance that the physical, intellectual, and moral training of the students will be of the highest quality. The relations of the warden with the "old boys" of the college, is not only very gratifying, but gives us security of active interest which is most pleasing.

The evidences are very plain of the wisdom, energy, and conscientiousness with which the warden prosecuted his work and of the right spirit which animates his co-laborers.

(Signed) W. C. KNICKERBACKER,
Bishop of Indiana,
GEORGE D. GILLESPIE,
Bishop of Western Michigan.

At the COLLEGE OF St. JAMES, MARLBAD, Tuesday morning, June 9th, the closing exercises were held at the college chapel, in the presence of an audience of those from foreign countries, left for their homes to spend the summer. The ceremonies were held in the college chapel, in the presence of an audience which entirely filled that beautiful room. The Rt. Rev. Wm. C. Williamson, Bishop of Wisconsin, and the officio visitor of the college; the Rev. Dean Rich, Principal of Hannah More Academy, and the Rev. Henry Underdonk, of the diocese of New York, were present and conducted services, which coincided in the confession, absolution by the bishop, and several collects, and the reading of the Epistle and Gospel, and singing of hymns. Mr. Underdonk made an address reviewing the history of the school since it was re-established, and the resolution of the Diocesan Convention. He told how he had found the buildings in such a state of ruin and dilapidation as to be unfit for occupancy, and the grounds in a condition of absolute waste. How he had received no encouragement or sympathy from the trustees of the college, and the diocesan authorities, but he had struggled through every difficulty, applying all the revenues of the school, besides the thousands of dollars which he had personally means to repairing the buildings and establishing and sustaining the school. He said that now the reputation and character of the school established, and quoted the high opinions boys who had been educated at St. James had won for themselves and for the school. He had confidence in the future of the school, and in the world.

Bishop Williamson made a brief address, explaining the relations of the diocese to the school. He said that he had first listened to Mr. Underdonk's remarks with feelings of the deepest sympathy, but that as he went on and showed how he had come through trials and tribulations and had gained a noble victory over adversity, that feeling of sympathy had given place to those of another kind. He then went on to talk to the boys—listening to him that he had been so long a student of the school, and the closest attention. Three gold medals were awarded to boys of the highest class. The Bishop Pinkney was thanked for his services to the diocese, and a gold medal was given for a number of years by Bishop Pinkney, but when upon his death no provision was made for the maintenance of the school, the school kept it in existence. This medal was awarded to Lawrence N. Lee of New York. The Wm. J. Udd, of Racine, was awarded a gold medal to Julian Hartridge of Georgia; the principal's gold medal for the most progress in his studies was awarded to Mr. Henderson, and the gold medal of Henderson of Hancock. When Mr. Underdonk was asked to give out the Bishop Pinkney Medal Bishop Pinkney presented it, and begged that he might have the pleasure of bestowing it, and he promised that hereafter he would continue this as a tradition. "Bishop Meade's" gold medal was awarded to Henry Williams, two to Adrian Underdonk, two to Samuel Quittmann, one to Richard Chaney, two to John W. Williamson, one to Henry Underdonk, four to Joseph Wilkins, four to Charles Rich, two to Burbank Schley, four to Fairfax Dorsey, two to John W. Williamson, one to Claude Grimes, two to Sherry Underdonk. Other boys would have received prizes, but for the rule that no more than one prize was to be drawn, on the part of the pupil, of any claim to the honors of the school."—*Harvardian Mail.*

EPISCOPAL ACADEMY OF CONNECTICUT, CHEBBING, CONN.—The commencement exercises of this academy were held on June 19th. They commenced with an address on "The True Education" by the assembly adjourned to the Town Hall. The following was the programme: Latin salutory, by

Dudley Chase Abbott: "Industry," by James Edward McCabe; "Central America," by Wilbert Cole Shepard; "Moral Culture," by W. H. Burdett Scott; "Washington Irving," by Charles Merrill Henning; "Modern Education," by Robert G. W. Ross; "Choice of a Profession," (Valdeiotica,) by Howard Livingston Ibbell.

The graduates were: D. C. Abbott, H. L. Ibbell, W. G. S. Chambliss, J. E. McCabe, H. C. Shephard, L. Gill, E. B. Moss, E. H. Styles, C. H. Hemingway, G. W. Addick and S. W. Tupper.

The president, the Rev. Dr. S. J. Horton, announced the prize winners of the year, and commended the conduct of the board, and a reception in the evening.

The following is the report of the committee of the trustees attending to the graduation of the students: To the Trustees of the Episcopal Academy, Cheakley: Your committee respectfully report that, in accordance with the instructions of the board, they attended the annual examinations of the pupils of the academy, asking such questions as they deemed fit to test the actual acquirements and readiness of the students. They were thus present at the examinations of the classes in English grammar and history, arithmetic written and mental, geometry, trigonometry and algebra, Latin and Greek. They thus came in contact with all the masters, and it gave them pleasure to report that they found no unmistakable evidence of good and faithful instruction in each department, and of pleasant relations—so far as they could be ascertained—between the pupils. The bearing and manners of the students seemed all that could be desired. They find much to commend in the management of the academy of the school during the past year, as indicated by the examinations. On the whole, their impression was that of an increasing interest and eagerness, due to difference in the scholars themselves. The material necessarily varying from year to year. They noted especially the industry and thoroughness in the studies, the recitation of the sixth form in Greek writing very creditably, and the excellent recitation of the instruction with the work done in the Greek mathematics, in which the students are now carried farther than in any other school in this country for entrance at any scientific school. The instruction given in practical surveying and mechanical drawing is such as few schools of this grade ever afford.

The committee trust that this brief statement will amply testify to the fidelity of their work and deserving of the patronage of the Committee of the diocese.

A. W. PHILLIPS, Chairman.
R. M. MICOU, Secretary.

June 18th, 1883.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL, FARBURTON, MINN.—The prize speaking contest of the Shattuck Cadets took place on Monday evening, June 17th, at 7 o'clock. The contest was opened by a recitation of the poetical drill took place on Wednesday, June 17th, the banner being awarded to Company "C." The recitation exercises were held at the school on Tuesday, June 18th. The orations, which were all very good, were as follows:

- A. K. Purdy, Winona, Minn., "Party Spirit"; W. C. Cole, Chicago, Ill., "Early Record of the American Navy"; C. M. Morse, Winona, Minn., "American Patriotism"; W. M. Marsh, Duluth, Minn., "The Habit of Reading"; F. C. Sherman, Chicago, Ill., "Choice of a Profession"; Chas. Metcalf, Pittsburgh, Pa., "The Continent"; G. B. Abbott, Faribault, Minn., "Orators and the Power of Oratory"; Lloyd B. Aldrich, Faribault, Minn., "American History"; H. W. Rollin, Faribault, Minn., "The Hero of the Sea"; J. M. A. Smith, Faribault, Minn., "Who shall be Greatest?"; Frank Marsh, Omaha, Neb., "The Father of the Republic"; Peter Cuy, Wis., "Iron," and the Valdeiotica.

The Rev. Charles E. Craig, of the Class of 1871, made an address to the graduating class, after which the graduates were presented with their diplomas.

The Rector's Medal, for highest standing, was awarded to A. K. Merritt. The Graduate's Medal, for excellence in mathematics, to C. H. Remington. The Showkey Medal, for marked attention to recitation duties, to Frank Marsh. The Graduate Medal, for excellence in mathematics, to C. H. Remington. The C. S. C. Medal, for highest excellence in drill, was awarded to G. H. Wisner. The first oratorical prize was given to C. L. Marshall. The second to J. M. Ames. The prize for most rapid progress in Latin was awarded to Orlando Metcalf, and that for choice composition to B. H. Hildreth. The winning names were placed on the "Roll of Honor": A. K. Merritt, F. J. Carpenter, F. Hayes, C. H. E. Ames, C. L. Marshall, W. M. Marsh, C. E. Poescher, W. B. Peyton, F. Marsh. And the following on the "Roll of Merit": A. K. Merritt, G. T. F. Spencer, H. Theobald, G. W. Brown, J. M. McMillan, A. B. Sherman, D. W. Grubb, S. B. Brown, J. S. Coe, L. S. Spencer, W. P. Ewood, L. B. Aldrich, S. E. Meece.

ST. JOHN'S ENGLISH AND CLASSICAL SCHOOL, PATERSON, ILL. MAINE.—The closing exercises of the first year of this school were held on Friday afternoon, June 14th, at 4 o'clock, at the school building. Monday evening, a comedy from the German of Benedict, was performed by the students, which drew before it a very large and appreciative audience. The surplus over necessary expenditures will be devoted to buying books for the coming year. Exercises on Tuesday were opened by morning service in the chapel, the head-master officiating. The opening hymn: "As Parents Gaze on Friday afternoon," was beautifully rendered by the young ladies, and the response throughout the entire school was given with an earnestness which the scholars singing the Trinity Hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy," marked into the lower school room. The examinations on themes were in ordinary productions, and all showed care and study of the various subjects. The literary exercises ended, the after-noon was devoted to the dance on grounds, which was witnessed with keen enjoyment by large numbers. In the evening reception at the house of the head-master. The first year was the most successful

Prof. Geo. S. Atwood, late of Bowdoin College, as head-master has been an entire success. It is an earnest endeavor to make this a fitting school of the highest grade, and the influence which may be exerted by this school by the State upon a community largely composed of non-Church people is incalculable. It is confidently hoped that the future of the young men of the diocese, supported by the head-master may be ably supported by all friends of a thorough classical and business education throughout the diocese, and thus increasing and broadening the mind of the Church has a great work in the Diocese of Maine.

BY LEE'S SCHOOL, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA.—On Thursday, June 14th, this school held its first commencement. The Rev. Dr. Miller, of the Rev. Messrs. Hotchkiss (rector of St. Luke's church), Booth, Graham, Bassett, and Updegraves were present together with many friends and visitors. The school is admirably situated in the country, and affords every access to the proper. The large grounds, fine shade trees and excellent houses afforded much comfort and enjoyment. These showed that the school was well managed, and that the weather was all that could be desired. Some thirty-five (35) boys have been under the instruction of Principal Mr. Charles H. Strout and three masters during the past year, and they acquitted themselves most creditably in the speaking, the instruction being given in the Latin, French, and German. After the exercises were over all present were entertained most hospitably by the Principal, Rev. Dr. Miller, of the Rev. Messrs. Hotchkiss, Booth, Graham, Bassett, and Updegraves were present together with many friends and visitors. This is preeminently a Church school. It has grown out of the well known Try School, which belongs to the Diocese of New York. The Rev. Dr. Strout being one of the masters. This gentleman is in every way fitted for his position as head. He is a native of the diocese, and has been a member of prominent churches and laymen. The Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss, Rector of St. Luke's church, Boston, is a constant visitor, and the boys attend his church, situated only ten minutes walk from the school.

THE CHURCH SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The sixteenth annual commencement of this school for girls and young ladies was held at Fort St. Tuesday, June 18th. The rector, the Rev. Drs. Wm. A. Leonard, J. H. Elliott, J. A. Harold, and the Rev. Messrs. J. W. Clark and W. M. Barker were present. The rector made some pleasant remarks of cheer and welcome, and distributed the honors, the Rev. Dr. Elliott giving her diploma to one of the school who was one of his own flock, Miss Julia Watkins. The first honor, a gold medal, was awarded the Rev. Dr. Elliott, the second by the Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Leonard, and the third by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Harold. This school for girls and young ladies in this city is the only school for girls in the Diocese of the Church. It is strictly of the Church, Churchy.

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Central New York has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

The Bishop of New Hampshire's address until August 1st in Hatley, Province of Quebec; and during August, Vale Parkins, Province of Quebec.

The Assistant Bishop of Mississippi has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Louisiana, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

The Rev. R. W. Atwell's address is Potzville, Pa.

The Rev. T. M. Bishop's address is Honseoy Falls, N. Y.

The Rev. A. A. Brockway called for Glasgow on Thursday, July 19th. His address until August 17th is "American Exchange, 494 Strand, London, England."

The Rev. Canon Robert Doherty has received the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

The Rev. F. Brandon Humphrey's address is 30 Winthillie Place, London, England.

The Rev. Dr. L. A. Kemper's address is Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.

The Rev. Jacob Le Roy's address is Dobb's Ferry, N. Y.

The Rev. J. H. Logie has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Greenville, and accepted the rectorship of Ascension chapel, Dayton, Ohio.

The Rev. W. H. Moorland has entered on his duties as rector of the Church of God Shepherd, Nashua, N. H.

The Rev. Roland Cotton Smith, eldest son of the late Dr. John Cotton Smith, has entered on his duties as rector of St. Peter's church, Beverly, Mass. Address for the present, Briefville, Ipswich, Mass.

The Rev. Henry C. Swenath has entered on the rectorship of St. Luke's church, Scranton, Pa.

The Rev. Lucius Waterman's address is Mattawan, N. Y.

The Rev. A. L. Wood has resigned his position as curate at the House of Prayer, Newark, N. J.

We are rejoiced to learn that the Rev. Dr. Langford has determined to enter upon the Secretaryship of the Board of Missions in September next. It is his hope to spend the remainder of time that has elapsed since his election in, we are confident, an industrious and successful manner, and that he will be able to take up his residence in New York City as soon as possible. We are confident that his election will be an advantage to the cause of the church, and we are confident that he will be able to take up his residence in New York City as soon as possible.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Birth notices, free. Condolence resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Three Cents a Line*, nonpareil (or *Three Cents a Word*), prepaid.

DIED.

On Tuesday, June 30th, at his residence, No. 16 East Seventh street, after a short illness, Miss Sarah M. Corbett, aged 73 years, at 9:30 A. M. in Grace church, on Friday, July 3d, at 9:30 A. M.

— Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

Entered into rest in Westing, W. Va., June 21st, 1883, Henry R. Foster, in the 71st year of age. The funeral service was held at St. Luke's church, June 23d.

— Rested enured for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Entered into rest, July 11th, 1883, at her daughter's residence, Dennis-Fort, Mass., CAROLINE MATLICK, aged 59 years and 4 days, wife of the Rev. Thomas W. Street.

APPEALS.

I desire to interest some charitable persons in behalf of a very aged and weak, but intelligent widow, who require more and other relief than I can extend to them. They are respectable communicants of the Church, and have been long and faithfully with the needs and such inadequate assistance as their friends could extend. I wish to secure money orders or pledges to plans them for the brief remainder of their days above want and anxiety. I will gladly furnish their address to such a extent, or will receive and account for any funds entrusted to me for their benefit. I am a secure home for them in the country at a very moderate cost.

Address Rev. Wm. N. DUNNELL, Rector All Saints', 228 Henry St., New York.

St. Paul's church, Bantou, Ill., is a poor struggling parish, in the parsonage (Springfield) during the last of the year, and has no funds, having no rector, the services have been held by a lay-reader as often as possible. Chastly the efforts of a few noble-hearted laymen, the rector has been almost erected. The funds, unfortunately, are now exhausted, and a debt of more than \$500 hangs over this faithful man, who may seem small, but to us it is very great, for we cannot get it without outside help. Will not some kind Christian help us? Their gifts will be very welcome, and they may rest assured that they have aided a good work. Address, T. H. WELLS, Jr., Bantou, Ill., Minister-in-Charge.

SHORTER TITLE. OFFICIAL CLERGY HELP.

(Shorter title) Shorter title. OFFICIAL CLERGY HELP. For the Relief of Widows and orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm, and Disabled Clergymen of the Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.)

This charity is not local or diocesan. It seeks to relieve the destitute in fifty diocesan missionary districts. The Treasurer is WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH, 40 Wall street, New York.

We need and want to build a church. It can be done if each and every reader of THE CHURCHMAN can contribute a few cents to the fund. Small gifts may be sent either to Bishop Tuttle, or the missionary in charge. Rev. J. D. McCOSKEY, Lewistown, Idaho.

THE EPISCOPALIAN EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount of money for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Rev. ROBERT C. M'ATLACK, 1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY, and the Rev. E. B. Whittlesley, Corresponding Secretary, 27 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned, in behalf of Nashotah House, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of \$50.00 offered during the month of June, 1883:

For Daily Bread—Grace, Union City, Michigan, \$2.00; St. John's, Egan, Minn., \$2.00; St. Peter's, Hartford, \$10.00; St. Luke's, Germantown, Pa., \$20.00; St. Paul's, New York, \$2.00; St. Andrew's, \$2.00; St. Chapman, \$5.00; Alexander J. Cothran, \$1.00; Mary S. Hall, \$10.00; Mrs. Simon Delbert, St. Mark's, Philadelphia, \$2.00; Rev. A. B. Spangler, \$2.00; the Rev. James W. Bradin, \$1.00.

For Clothing Room—A box from the ladies of St. Andrew's, Waukegan, Ill., \$1.00; D. GOLF, President of Nashotah House, Nashotah, Waukegan County, Wis., July 8th, 1883.

The Bishop of South Carolina begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the following sums for work among colored people, which were received by St. Paul's Grace church, New York City, 1101: Miss C. M. F., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$11; additional London offering, board of Misses, New York, \$2; Mrs. E. L. B. N. Y., \$30; Trinity, Hartford, \$10; Mrs. S. L. Lawrence, \$2.00; \$1.00 Member, St. John's, New York; \$1.00 Andrew's, New York; \$1.00. Easter offering, \$50.00; Woman's Auxiliary, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., \$21.24.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions for the Rev. Mr. Benedict, Haiti, from T. E. E., \$10.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

MESSIANIC PREDICTIONS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In a sermon on the revision of the Old Testament version, one of our clergy in New York is reported as having said: "The famous passage in Isaiah, which has been the chief proof text for the dogma of the miraculous conception has long been of more than questionable authority. If such be the case, the judgment is that the word there rendered virgin should properly be translated a young woman or young wife. The passage has no possible reference to anything beyond the horizon of the immediate day in which Isaiah was speaking. It is only by the most arbitrary and unnatural emphasis upon the description of the young woman, and upon the title given to the young child that any possible allusion can be found to Jesus. The doctrine of the immaculate conception must stand or fall upon the historic evidence of the New Testament, and not upon such a flimsy foundation as that which theologians have laid in this passage of Isaiah."

One wonders in reading this whether the man who makes these statements is simply ignorant, or whether he expects, by bold assertion, to set aside the learned conclusions of others, and mislead the ignorant. Charity suggests the former conclusion, and if this be true, profound grief, if such be the case, of the man who can assert: "The consensus of scholarly judgment is that the word there rendered virgin ('Behold a virgin shall conceive') should properly be translated a young woman or a young wife."

This is a bold assertion. It may be the consensus of Jews, and some modern German writers: it is not the opinion of Justin Martyr, Irenaeus, Eusebius, Bishop Pearson, or Bishop Wordsworth. The Hebrew word *Naamah*, translated "the virgin," comes from the root *alm*, to hide, to keep at home; Bishop Wordsworth adds: "as Eastern virgins were kept," and therefore rendered *naamah* by Jerome, a Jew. In Hebrew there are two words used to describe the state of virginity, *betulah*, which describes the virgin state as such, and *almah*, which describes a virgin growing up, approaching marriageable age, and "can denote (says Hengstenberg) nothing else than *puella nubilis*." But still more decisive is the usage of the Greek, Latin, and Syriac corresponding words are never used of married women, and Jerome remarks, that in the "Punic dialect also, a virgin proper is called *almah*."

It is true Hengstenberg says that *almah* in this passage is improperly translated virgin, and should be a young woman, or a young wife, but this is merely the assertion of a Jew, who would naturally oppose the reference of Isa. vii. 14 to the Messiah, which is utterly unaverted by evidence.

In the Hebrew Scriptures, besides the passage in Isaiah, the word *almah* is used elsewhere six times. Gen. xxiv. 16, 17, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Hengstenberg says: "In the Christian Church throughout all ages the Messianic explanation was the prevailing one. It was held by all the fathers of the Church, and by all other Christian commentators down to the middle of the eighteenth century."

Luther's remark is even now in full force: "If a Jew or a Christian can prove to me that in any passage of Scripture *almah* means 'a married woman,' I will give him a hundred florins, although God alone knows where I may find them."

Ptolemy Philadelphus, 280 years B.C., sent for seventy learned Jews, who, according to Josephus, each one by himself made a translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek. The translations were collated, and the Septuagint was placed in the Alexandria library, and was appointed to be read in the Egyptian synagogues where Hebrew was not understood. The seventy united in translating *almah* by the Greek word *parthenos*, which has never any other meaning than virgin.

But says our modern Nestor: "The passage has no possible reference to anything beyond the horizon of the immediate day in which Isaiah was speaking." This is the old assertion of Trypho the Jew, with whom Justin Martyr had a controversy towards the end of the second century, and most ably refuted his allegations. Trypho says: "The whole prophecy refers to Hezekiah, and it is proved that it was fulfilled in him, according to the terms of the prophecy."

But far is the man being true this sign was given, and this promise made ("a virgin shall conceive and bear a son") at some time in the reign of Ahab. This Ahab reigned but sixteen years in Jerusalem ("II. Kings xv. 2; and Hezekiah his son, who succeeded him, "was twenty and five years old when he began to reign" (II. Kings xviii. 2), and therefore was born several years before Ahab was king, and consequently not able to be conceived when this sign was given (vide Bishop Pearson).

How strikingly all this illustrates the saying that the interpretations of modern rationalistic writers, if investigated, will usually be found to consist of falsehoods, errors, and exposed sometimes hundreds of years ago.

The modern sage, who, by the study of modern rationalistic writers, has learned how to interpret the Bible, and so is competent to teach his brethren how, rightly, to use it, asserts with emphatic dogmatism: "The famous passage in Isaiah, which has been the chief proof text for the dogma of the miraculous birth (of our Lord) has long been of more than questionable authority." We come to examine this, and it requires very little learning for the purpose, and we find Trypho the Jew quoting for his purpose Theodotus and Aquila, also Jews, making the same statement before the close of the second century, and that he was most completely and satisfactorily answered by Justin Martyr, Irenaeus also, in the same century, ably answered the heretics of his day, having left us an exhaustive examination of this very passage of Isaiah. Our preacher goes on: "The consensus of scholarly judgment is that the word there rendered virgin etc. We examine this and find that the Hebrew will not bear it; every Christian writer of note, from the fathers down, many of them, be it remembered, men of profound learning, with a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, which puts to shame much of our modern superfluity, condemn it; so that the consensus is simply that of Jews and rationalists."

It would seem to a Churchman that the fact that St. Matthew quotes this very passage from Isaiah, and tells us that it was a prophecy of the birth of Messiah, and was fulfilled in our Blessed Lord, ought to settle the question, Jews and rationalists to the contrary notwithstanding, but when the inspiration of even the Gospels is questioned, of course their authority is questionable. In view of this empty dogmatism one is tempted to exclaim with Holofernes in the play: "O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!"

J. W. SHACKELFORD.

POINTING OF THE PSALTER.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The letter of Mr. Matthias in a late number of THE CHURCHMAN prompts me to suggest an idea which has occurred to me.

Why would it not be well to abolish, entirely, accents, emphases, etc., occurring on the reciting note of the chant, and let the ordinary rendering of the melodic portion of the chant provide all the necessary accent and emphasis?

The panning on a certain word under the reciting note in each verse, certainly produces, in my mind, a bad effect. In the first place, as Mr. Matthias quotes from the Rev. C. L. Hutchins, it tends to "produce a monotonous, drawing effect," for, as far as my experience goes, all choirs dwell too long on the emphasized word or syllable.

In the second place, it produces, I think, a lame, halting, indecisive rendering of the canticle. In reading the canticles or the psalter, no ordinarily good reader would be tempted to fall upon a word in the middle of a sentence. No more should it be done in a musical interpretation of the same words.

I believe the idea entertained in having

these words to be dwelt upon thus, is to provide a point where all the voices may rally, before proceeding to the cadence of the chant. But, if all the voices can reach the rallying word at the same time, or nearly so, they can go a trifle further, and reach the first word of the cadence just as well. The idea is, to pause on no word at all; but, in other respects, to sing the words under the reciting note, and those in the melodic portion, respectively, in the same time as now.

As for taking breath, it can be done in a verse of ordinary length, at the double bar, in the middle and at the end of each verse; and, for a verse of more than ordinary length, it can be done as now, at the end of each phrase or clause of the sentence.

T. KNIGHT DUNHAM.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW SHALL THE PSALTER BE READ?

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

When the *Gloria Patri* is said (not sung) after each psalm, how shall the psalms be read? That is, shall the minister begin every psalm, or if the minister has repeated the last sentence of the *Gloria*, shall the people then take up the next psalm? Or, in other words, if, when the *Gloria Patri* is sung, it acts as a round off or completion of that psalm, leaving the minister always to begin the next, when it is said, does it have a different effect, making, as it were, one continuous *salmo* of the whole Psalter for the day? I have frequently seen awkward pauses and confusion on this subject, and would be glad to know the proper ruling.

R. L. BLISS.

Florence, Ala.

GUIDE TO BOOK ANNEXED?

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

On comparing the Guide to the Book Annexed, published by James Pott & Co., with the Book Annexed, I find they do not agree in several places—notably on page 18 of the Book Annexed, on page 34, and on page 60, not to mention other places. Now, as both "Book Annexed" and "The Guide" seem to come from the same source, viz., the Joint Committee on the Book of Common Prayer, will some one who knows—member of that committee or otherwise—decide which is to be trusted in the matter of the changes in, or additions to, the Prayer Book, the Book Annexed or The Guide? ROBERT A. BESTON.

Seavick, Penn.

NEW BOOKS.

THE RUSSIAN QUESTION. Its Causes, Conditions and Prospects. By Edmund Noble. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., pp. 369, \$1.00.)

The Russian question is the question of the day. Years ago, before the Crimean war, a popular lecturer, J. S. C. Abbott, was wont to depict in alarming and brilliant paragraphs the colossal power of the great Northern Empire, and to predict in the words of Napoleon I. that "in a century all Europe would be republican or Russian." That fear passed away when the military inferiority of Russia was tested on the fields of the Alma, Inkermann and Naktir Bridge. A new peril has taken the place of the dread of Russian conquest. It is the fear which springs from internal commotion. When a neighbor's house is on fire, *proximus ardet Utalegor*, one fears for one's own combustible premises. When the cholera is over the border one has to regard one's own drains. The fear of Europe, and indeed of all civilization, is the fear of the social conflict which in Russia is developing such despairing and such conscienceless extremes. This book of Mr. Noble's is a brief, philosophical and able treatise on the evils of the Russian State, tracing them back to their source in the overthrow of early liberties. The struggle in the empire of the czar is on the part of autocratic despotism, a struggle for self-preservation; on the

part of the people, so far as they are aroused, to destroy all government, because they have no other idea of government than this tyranny from above. But Nihilistic ideas are not so preposterous as to a Western European mind they seem. It is a striking fact that the two most despotic countries in Europe have been also in the outset the freest. Spain and Russia both had a system of popular self-government, which was absorbed into a centralized despotism. Russia once possessed a complete idea of local self-government in the *Mir*, something equivalent to the English "Hundred" or the New England town meeting. The thought of the Nihilist is the practical return to that, by the abolition of all superior official life. This is very different from the German Commune or the French Red Republic. The points which Mr. Noble tries to establish, are that Russian civilization has a definite form, due in part to the peculiar nature of the country; that the autocracy of the empire is something alien to it, is a Byzantine idea; and that the pressure of authority is as an ever-growing nightmare, aggravated by the terrible struggles of despotic power to maintain itself. Unhappily the Greek Church which, on the popular side, might do immense service, is on the wrong side, and the policy of the czars, when it has tended toward liberalism, has moved in mistake grooves. The vast size of the country is also against reform. It is difficult for the people to combine. Paris delivered France in the supreme agony of the French Revolution, but Russia has not, and can never have, a true capital—a place where the popular will can be felt. But the consequences of a procracy are three: an immense army, and a perpetual work for the army in foreign conquest. Walled in on the European side, Russia is constantly on the aggressive in Asia. Fortunately an army constituted as that of Russia, must be an abused, pillaged and incomplete army. A government as gigantic as that of the czar must be necessarily corrupt. "Everybody cheats the Czar," is a Russian proverb. It is one of the inevitable evils of imperialism. Moreover Russia, though a military nation, is not a warlike one. England is warlike but not military. The famous saying of one of the Russian grand dukes carries a world of meaning. He said "he hated war, it ruined an army so." We have said enough to show, we think, how deeply interesting the Russian question is to the world. Both in its external efforts and in its internal struggles, Russia menaces the well-being of Europe. Whatever throws light upon this subject is of great moment to the thoughtful reader, and this book of Mr. Noble's is not by any means the least important of those which are now appearing.

ARMS LONDON; OR, WILD ENGLAND. By Richard Jefferies. Author of "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wood Magic," "Bad Deer," "The Dewy Horn," etc. In Two Parts. (London, Paris, Melbourne, and New York: Cassell & Co. Limited.) pp. 442.

The "two parts" of this volume are entitled: I. "The Relapse into Barbarism." II. "Wild England." The effect of this volume is not unlike that of a landscape looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. The idea of the book is that some wonderful catastrophe destroys London and makes it hopelessly uninhabitable. All the better part of the population flees. The rest of the world seems to be blotted out of existence, and England, transformed by the rising of a great lake in the centre, relapses into the condition, say of the times of the Heptarchy. One hardly knows what to make of all this. It is a picture of primitive life in the early middle ages, and yet it is not.

There are curious little bits of survival, and, on the other hand, there is a loss of past civilization which is inconceivable. When Rome passed away the new Europe which rose

on the empire's ruins was made up of the fresh life out of the German forests. This represents a race sprung wholly from the lower orders, one much resembling the remnant left in Judea after the sweeping raid of Babylon, which bore into captivity the last king of the House of David. Whether this book is meant as an allegory, or as a warning, or what, we cannot say. It is wonderfully entertaining reading, though it ends with the utmost abruptness.

Only we are inclined to look for some hidden meaning, since as a speculation it is unphilosophical. A nation can decay, lapse from an over-wrought civilization into a very barbarian estate; but the race of mankind cannot go backward. There are certain ideas once got which cannot be lost, certain stages once outgrown to which there is no return. Thus the fixity of custom, superstition, and the inability to grasp at new truths belong to the immature, childish period of a race, or to a people (like the Australian black, for example,) which has reached by a wrong road its final condition of development.

We commend this book to our readers as a very curious study in ethnological development. It gives an idea of the way in which the ancestors of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone used to live, and the curious power which the old Roman civilization continued to have upon barbarous Britain. It does so, not in the usual way, by romantic pictures of a past seen only in graceful or pathetic survivals, but by a wonderful showing of the way men most likely did live. It is "Ivanhoe" and "The Tales of the Crusaders" seen, not in a stage pageant, but, as we said, through the reversed opera-glass.

It supposes the tide of Time to have flowed backward, and landed us in the days before the Norman Conquest.

Seen in this light, it is a very powerfully-written book, albeit a most tantalizing fragment. The first part is mainly a general outline of the state of the country—a sort of overture, or descriptive chorus, or prologue—and then the curtain rises upon the entrance of Felix Aquila, the hero of the story. His plans, his purposes, his adventures are given up to the point where everything seems to promise a great revolution and a wondrous regeneration of the races left in Wild England. Then Felix disappears, and the story is left untold. But the vivid picturesqueness of the whole, its absolute apparent verisimilitude is unsurpassed in the literature of the present day. One says, as one reads: "That man verily sat on the crest of the hill of 'The White Horse,' and dreamed out all the story—saw the lakewaters rolling over Midland England, and the strange tribes which dwelt on their shores."

WILD TALES. By E. T. W. Hoffman. A New Translation from the German, with a Biographical Memoir by J. T. Bealby. Vols. I. and II. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1883.) pp. 359, 401.

We have in these two handsome volumes eleven of the tales of Hoffman, the German romance writer, with a biographical sketch and notes. He has been dead more than two generations, but these weird stories, selected from his voluminous works, still possess a wondrous fascination in Germany, and we are glad to see them made accessible to our readers in a good English dress. Hoffman was long ago made known to the English public by Carlyle, and it was a certificate to his genius, who gave a translation of one of his stories, with a brief biographical notice. He is in his writings a good deal like Poe, but in some respects superior to him, and there was a resemblance in their lives. Hoffman lived recklessly and died pitifully and slowly. For a time before he breathed his last his body was dead to his neck, but his mind was as

strong and vigorous as ever, and his imagination as fantastic. His last act was to direct one to read to him a portion of one of his own grotesque tales, and then he turned his face to the wall and died. The tales of Hoffman are not novels. The strange and impossible characters do not work out their own life and history before the reader; but they are stories, and he, a born story-teller, narrates the history of the people he has invented—their sayings and doings. Some of the tales in these volumes are autobiographical, as "The Fermata" and "The Entail," and tell us of the man who was author, painter, and musician. He writes simply and plainly, and impossible in heaven and earth as are his creations, he throws over them such an air of *verisemblance* as makes them appear possible and probable. Hoffman's works, as a whole, would not make good reading for young or old, but in these two volumes the stories are healthy in tone, and present the author at his best, and may be warmly commended.

RUSSIA UNDER THE TSARS. By STEPIANI. Author of "Underground Russia." Rendered into English by William Westall. Authorized Edition. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. 351.

In a calm, restrained way Stepiani has drawn up the most terrible indictment ever brought against a government. He has, in these pages, described the system of political repression in which the imperial government is engaged; a system so utterly at variance with all the ideas of the races of Western Europe as to be astounding in its details. It seems to combine the atrocities of French despotism before the Revolution with the horrors of the reign of terror, and to superadd to both a peculiar cruelty of its own. Nothing more hatefully lawless than the police proceedings of Russia can be conceived. The methods are those of the Spanish Inquisition, but the temper is the temper of an inquisition in dire alarm and frantic struggles for its own preservation. We commend this volume to our readers as furnishing a key to the motive of the dynamite conspirators of Russia. If Stepiani is right, they are not as illogical and animal as they seem. They are fighting a foe which cannot be met on any ordinary terms. Their sole hope is to inspire a terror which shall at last induce the doing of justice. They are fighting for bare life against a slavery which would bind body and soul, which would subject the whole land to ignorance, military rule, and maladministration. The history of the ways in which the government rules are evaded is full of interest. One fact is full of meaning, and that is that with all the terrors of Siberia, and the fearful journey thither, the friends of a political prisoner will do all they can to have his sentence changed to exile. Detention in the State prisons is a fate too frightful to be endured. The position of the imprisoned for civil (non-political) offences is delightful compared with that of the nobly born, educated, and refined who fall under the suspicion of the State.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HENRY TAYLOR. 1800-1875. In two volumes. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) pp. vol. I. 307, vol. II. 299.

It is a pity that this should be an autobiography. It seems to us that another would have described a life not without its triumphs in literature and politics better than the subject of it has done for himself. An autobiography is interesting just in proportion as a man has to tell the story of other people, and therefore goes out of himself to chronicle the things he has seen and heard. It strikes us that in these two volumes Mr. Taylor has been greatly hampered by the natural feeling of dislike which one has to tell too freely his own doings. The author of "Philip Van Artevelde" was a true poet. One gathers from

the hints, rather than the precise statements, that he had no small share in much of the political life of his day. But we learn very little of his literary work, and only in fragments of his public career. "Philip Van Artevelde" is a noble drama, not one of the kind wisely read, but all the more admired and prized by the discriminating few. We are told that he was the son-in-law of Lord Montague, that he was in the colonial office many years, and he retired without taking a peerage. But the book, we must say, is a tantalizing one. It is gossipy, rambling, and disconnected, entertaining in parts, but unsatisfactory as a whole. To sum up in a word, it is one of those books which seem to take for granted that the reader knows almost as much of the subject as the writer. Very likely a London critic will take it to more kindly than a more distant one, but in the swift change of time and circumstance every new generation becomes, as it were, foreign to the people of the past. After a few years Waterloo and Marathon relapse into the same antiquity.

THE OFFICES OF THE ORIENTAL CHURCH, with an Historical Introduction. Edited by the Rev. Nicholas Bjerring. [New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.] pp. 166.

The editor of this work was some time a minister of the Greek-Russian Church in this city, but later became, strange as it may seem, a Presbyterian. He has given in this volume a good translation of the principal offices of the Greek Church, viz., the offices for the Eucharist, Baptism, Christ, Confession, Ordination, Matrimony, and Unction, which are regarded in that Church as sacramental offices, and also the liturgies of St. John, Chrysostom, and Basil the Great, and the nocturnal service on the eve of a festival, when the great vesters are connected with the matins. Mr. Bjerring was every way competent to make such a translation as this, and has done his work faithfully, without any indications of his new bias, and it will be readily seen how important a contribution the volume is to all who are interested in the study of liturgies. Many lessons of wisdom may be learned by comparison of the liturgies of the various branches of the Church—lessons that pertain to doctrine, worship, and discipline. Such a comparison would seem especially desirable while we are discussing the merits and demerits of the Book Annexed, and Mr. Bjerring has our thanks for making it possible as to the offices of that branch of the Apostolic Church to which he once belonged. He has made his volume the more valuable by prefixing to it an introduction, in which he explains the doctrines, rites, and religious life of the Oriental Church, and he has given to the world a valuable contribution on liturgies.

AT LOVE'S EXTREMES, by Maurice Thompson, Author of "A Tallahassee Girl," "his Second Campaign," "Songs of Fair Weather," etc. [New York: Cassell & Co., limited.] pp. 266. Price \$1.

There is no doubt that the South is the field for the novelist. It has every convenience for the art. There is not one of the stereotype characters of fiction but can be brought with the greatest ease into the regions of the Tennessee mountains. Either in shooting, fishing, sketching, geologizing, or in mere love of travel, there is a reason ever handy for the production of the personages familiar to modern society. But besides this, there is abundant material for capital writing in the life of the indigenous population of the interior of the Southern States. Whatever may be the merits of the rest of these novels, the home portion is almost sure to be vigorous, graphic, and deeply interesting. It is a virgin soil which yields a rich harvest. This is particularly the case with the novel whose title is given above. It is not above the average in its dealing with the "society people," but the picture of the

mountaineer family, who are at one of the "extremes," is as good as anything in American fiction. Not only in language, but in character, is the drawing as life-like as can be.

Tom White, Milly, his daughter, and Mrs. White, his wife, are three portraits which are masterpieces. There is another good sketch, viz., the "lady reporter," Miss Crab, who is not ill naturally depicted, which is saying a good deal, as the temptation to make a broad caricature is certainly quite a strong one.

TALKS OF A GRANDFATHER. Being the History of Scotland from the Earliest Period to the Close of the Reign of James the Fifth. By Walter Scott. Abridged and edited by Edwin Utan. [Boston: Gray & Co.] pp. 396.

We are so thankful to the editors of the "Classics for Children," that we are disposed to overlook much that is not exactly to our taste. But in the matter of abridgement they sometimes go altogether too far. For instance, in this volume the reign of James V. is cut down to a degree which renders it all but worthless as a history. It is a little to be questioned whether any abridgement of Scott's charming book is desirable, though the editor has said in his preface that he has left out some of the details of barbarous punishments inflicted. But granting him this liberty, he is going quite too far to cut down the history of the fifth James to one-third of Sir Walter's, to omit the mention of the Reformation, and to leave out some of the most striking of the anecdotes in the original. We object, too, to any modifying of the language. This is to write a new history, not to abridge the old one.

VENUES OF A COLLEGE. By Edward G. Gerstle. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 72.

Our advice to any young friend who has the rhyming impulse would be this: "If you must write verse, write burlesque, at least the worse of society. Then, if the spell is upon you to write seriously, you will at least forbear to do it till you have something to say." The trouble with nine-tenths of the poetry we have to review is just this, it has no excuse for coming into being. It is good versification, correct, nay, capable in all its points, but it might just as well have been omitted. That is to say, it might have been anything else than what it is equally well. It came about because its author had a longing to write poetry, not because he had anything in particular he wished to say. That is the trouble we find with "a collegian's" verses. We do not judge them severely. We simply take the old, wholesome rule. Verse is intended to say what cannot be so well, so tersely, so impressively said in prose. Therefore, that which there is no reason for saying in prose is not bettered by being versified, no matter how well it is done.

RED RYRINGTON, by William Westall, Author of "Livy's Lohengrin," "The Old Story," etc. [New York: Cassell & Co.] Price \$1.

The motive of this story is twofold—factory life in England, and political persecution in Russia. "Red" Ryrington is an English mill-owner, who is so called to distinguish him from his cousin of the same name, popularly known as "Deep" Ryrington. A Russian Nihilist is introduced evidently for the purpose of telling the story of government atrocities toward political suspects in Russia. It is a well-written story, and the characters are ably drawn. The picture of middle-class life in England is evidently studied from the facts, and the general impression is that social questions can be dealt with successfully if capitalists will only care for the interests of their operatives and avoid speculative hazards. We are not so sure of this conclusion as Mr. Westall appears to be, but we are strongly inclined in its favor. The Russian part is but too unhappily true, and is rather under than overstated.

LYRICAL POEMS BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Selected and annotated by Francis T. Palgrave. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co.] pp. 365. Price \$1.25.

For a selection from Tennyson's poems, this is as good a one as we have seen. A true lover of the laureate will hardly be content with any selection, and we do not quite understand Mr. Palgrave's distinction of "Lyrical." He certainly includes and excludes according to no canon that we are aware of. Nevertheless this is a charming little volume, and one which a Tennysonian missionary would be sure to put into the hands of an intended convert, as a preliminary to introducing the complete works to his notice. One is apt to begin one's love and study of a new poet with some floating quotation or single piece picked up in periodicals. Some remember "Lariana," others the "May Queen," others "Locksley Hall" as the starting-point of their Tennysonian fervor. We trust this little book will do good service in the increase of disciples.

CONSECRATION OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH. Sermons Preached at the Celebration of its Seven Hundredth Anniversary. By the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Reader at the Temple, and the Master of the Temple. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co.] pp. 78. Price \$1.

London has hardly an older or more interesting monument than the Church of the Knights Templars. These three sermons by Archbishop Benson, the Rev. Alfred Alinger and the Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., are exceptionally good, and contain not a little of interesting matter respecting the ancient church. This little volume is strikingly bound, half in black and half in white, with the red cross of the ancient shield of the Templars laid across the dividing line. "Testis Sum Agni" is the subject of the archbishop's sermon, "The Knights of the Red Cross," that of the Reader's, "The History of the Temple Church, or rather its place in History," is the subject of Dr. Vaughan's.

TUNNELING UNDER THE HEADOAK. [New York: John Wiley & Sons.]

This is a work of seventy pages, quarto, profusely illustrated by folding plates drawn by the author himself from measurements personally made during the progress of the tunnel. The writer is Mr. S. D. V. Burr, A.M., who, at the time at which the greater part of the matter was prepared, was the associate editor of the Engineering News, and who is now on the staff of the Scientific American. There is no other history of the great tunnel accessible in book form, and to engineers and others interested in such subjects this work will prove of great value, if it shall not, indeed, make itself an authority—a result which, if the illustrations and descriptions are as accurate as they appear on a cursory examination, will most likely be speedily gained by this elegantly printed volume.

PALESTINE: Its Historical Geography, with Topographical Index and Maps. By the Rev. Archibald Henderson. [Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.] pp. 251.

This is one of a valuable series of books in process of publication in Edinburgh for Bible classes and private students. They are in the nature of hand-books, and will be found very convenient and useful. Palestine contains the most recent results of explorations in the Holy Land, and gives the present geography of the various epochs of biblical history. It is admirably arranged, and will make a useful manual. There is an appendix which, among other matters, contains the text of the Masbete Stone, and a topographical index, so full as to serve the purpose of a gazetteer, and the excellent maps are from Captain Conder's "Hand-book of the Bible."

ASTRONOMY FOR ENGINEERS. In Thirty-two Lessons, with Illustrations. By Francis Baily, M.A. [New York: John Wiley & Sons.] pp. 185. "Begin at the beginning." If it is possible to get at anything simpler and more elementary

than this we cannot conceive of it. It comes to one's thought whether it be worth while to teach astronomy at all to pupils who should need a book like this. But if it be worth while to try it, then this book is the book for the purpose. And since the best way of giving such instruction to such young children as this progresses is oral instruction by a parent or friend, this book will be an excellent guide for the teacher. We are inclined to relabel it, "Astronomy for Beginners at Teaching Astronomy." Very often children are woefully misguided by the random answers their elders make to their curious questionings.

WHY THE CAPES. By Howard Pyle. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] pp. 296. Price \$1.

"The Capes" are the Capes of the Delaware, and the time of the story is that of the war with England in 1812. The hero is a privateer-son, and the heroine a Quakeress of an inland Pennsylvania town. Without being an exceptional novel, it is a fresh, original story, and is told in that sort of semi-autobiographical way which Thackeray made so effective in "Henry Esmond." Practically the hero is the story-teller, but this fact is kept in the background just enough not to interfere with free handling. The nautical part is well written, but with less of the sea-flavor than a true marine story is apt to have.

THE TWO SIDERS OF THE SHIELD. By Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Hair of Keadyffe," "Unknown in History," etc., etc. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co.]

Miss Yonge is a wonder. She has entertained two generations of grown people and children, and is now engaged in putting into the hands of the third generation some of the safest and wisest stories ever written to divert, amuse and instruct. Her admirers, both young and old, number up among the thousands, in this country as well as in England. The present story is much like its predecessors in that a very numerous family is the motive power, with their troubles, misfortunes, pleasures and adventures.

STREETS IN ROME. By Augustus J. A. Barn, author of "Walks in Rome," etc., etc. [New York: George Routledge & Sons.]

One of the most interesting books ever written about this peculiar and still little known country. Every page is full of valuable information. The numerous extracts, both in French and English, from well-known authorities, upon Russian life, manners and customs, contained in it, lend additional interest to the sketches. The many illustrations are by the artist's own pencil, drawn under great difficulties, owing to the peculiar police regulations of the country, and consequently doubly valuable.

LORENA. [Harper's Handy Volume Series.] A Novel by Katharine S. Macquoid. In Two Volumes. [New York: Harper Brothers.]

Miss Macquoid is a well-known writer of well-liked, lady-like, uneventful but readable novels. In this long story of an English wife wedded to an Italian husband, who has a fascinating and generally distracting element of a beautiful niece in the household, she assigns to greater things, and ends a very commonplace story with a tragedy—the death of the husband—neither probable or necessary in the solution of the family difficulties.

LITERATURE.

The July *Electra* (Louisville, Ky.) gives much pleasant reading for quiet summer days.

The July *Sideral Messenger* (Northfield, Minn.), is filled with interesting papers and editorial notes relating to astronomy.

"*GEORGE ELIOT'S Poetry and Other Studies*," by Miss Cleveland, the sister of the President, is announced by Funk & Wagnalls in a seventh edition.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for July, with its colored plate of "Godetias" and other illustrated articles, will be welcome to lovers of flowers.

E. P. DUTTON & Co. are importing a limited edition of Fouque's *Undine*, beautifully illustrated in color by Julius Hopper. It is a Paris edition, and will sell at \$25 a copy.

Mr. WHITTAKER announces the "New Clergyman's Companion," a volume of offices and prayers compiled by a parish priest, and intended to be a successor to the work of Bishop Hobart with the same title.

The July number of the *Star and Crescent*, the organ of the Alpha Delta Phi, is devoted chiefly to the fifty-third annual convention of that fraternity, which was held with the chapter in the University of Michigan.

The *Builder and Worker* for July has eight plates devoted to dwelling houses, and a varied table of contents. It is not an advantage to readers, if it is to publishers, the admixture of reading matter with advertisements.

A illustrated pamphlet gives an interesting account of Racine College from its foundation. If we mistake not it is from the pen of Warden Gray. It closes with a poem, "De Koven and Racine," signed with the warden's initials.

The July *African Repository* makes mention of the consecration of Bishop Ferguson, and of the fact that he was educated in the schools of Liberia. The *Repository* is largely devoted to the interest of Liberia, and is published quarterly by the American Colonization Society at Washington.

The *Addresses and Historical Papers of the Centennial Church of Virginia* is in press, and will be issued by Mr. Whittaker, in cloth, by the first proximo. A similar volume for the two dioceses of New Jersey has been issued by the same publisher. They are valuable contributions to our historical literature.

The *Sanitarian* is one of the most valuable of our scientific journals; it deals with the most important questions pertaining to health in a practical way. Three articles in the July number deserve special attention: "Causes of Typhoid Fever in Munich," "Typhoid Fever Epidemic at Plymouth, Pa.," and "The Plymouth Drinking Water."

"The First Century of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Massachusetts" is the title of Bishop Paddock's centennial discourse, published in handsome quarto, with broad margins and uncut leaves, by order of the convention. His annual address is also issued separately from the Journal by Copples, Upham & Co.

PART IX. of the *Churchman's Family Bible*, published by the Christian Knowledge Society, and bearing the imprint of E. & J. B. Young & Co., concludes the Book of Job and begins the Psalms. The notes are practical, the illustrations are good, and judging by the five parts which we have seen it can safely be commended to families as a valuable and safe compendium.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, in the early fall, will publish "The Lives of the Presidents," in words of one syllable; "Great Cities of the Ancient and Modern World," in two separate volumes; "History of Ireland," monosyllabic; and other books of a high class of juvenile literature. They also announce "Paul and Virginia," with three hundred illustrations; "Golden Hours," with colored plates; "The Idyls of the Months," with designs in colors and verses by Mary A. Latbary; and two Kate Greenaway books—"The Marigold Garden" and the *Kate Greenaway Almanac* for 1886.

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CALENDAR FOR JULY.

19. Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
24. Friday—Fast.
25. S. JAMES.
26. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
31. Friday—Fast.

"TARRY THOU THE LORD'S LEISURE."

BY E.

Our Master loves not haste ;
The world is full of gentle ease ;
The slow unfolding bud or flower ;
The nests of birds in leisure built ;
The calm, majestic course of stars,
Or the seasons' gradual return ;
These make a mock of hasty toil,
And prove man in his best estate
But turbulent, impatient, rash,
Beginning work he ne'er can end—
Imperfect work, in haste begun,
And left unfinished, ragged, lost.

O copy, then, the Master's life—
The thirty years of calm retreat,
And slow preparing for the God like end,
Then two short years to sow the seed
From which must spring the whole world's
life.

Though short His time to teach and feed,
We see no haste nor toil unmet—
A few meek hearts receive the word,
A few sweet souls perceive their God.
With slow steps towards Jerusalem
He waits His death with folded hands,
Then rests his weary head in Joseph's
tomb,

And in the appointed three days' time
He rises God-like, glorious, Christ,
Anointed now to all eternity
The Man of God, the God of man.

He leaves to time, His gentle handmaid,
The completing of His work—
His sun and rain bring fruit and flower
From dead and dying seed.
Patiently He waits for earth's best fruit,
The hearts of men, which time shall bring
In beauteous sheaves, from harvest fall.
He well can wait a thousand years—
To Him 'tis but a day ;
And every day to us may be
A thousand years of blessed service,
If we fill well each moment
With the overflowing of His love to us.

We seek to do too much,
We're not content unless we grasp
The rules of science and the skill of art.
The world, the Church, the poor
Must claim our time.
And our hearts are scorched and burnt
With the heat and fire of unfulfilled en-
deavor.

Is this too much for one man's life !
I answer yes ; far, far too much,
And care and trouble wait on such
When, in divers ways and difficult,
They seek to spread a few short hours
And talents small and scant
Around a universe as vast as heaven itself.
It may not be.
Our lives must have one central point,
One object clear and plain,
Our orbit but one centre,
And let this centre be God's love.
We soon shall find each thought of double
value,
Each hour of twice the length
Of that we dissipate on objects vain,
Each work, however hard,
Be crowned with best success,
Because when done for Christ
He will fulfil the end of our desires,

If we see it so or not,
And in the peace that comes of loving service,
The heart's content 'neath this directing
hand,
How swift our feet, how sure our aim,
No doubt detains our willing hand,
And all the earth so fair
Is seen with eyes made new
By this refreshing light ;
Each strain of music rare,
A clear, new speech and language sweet,
Speaking to souls made ready to receive it.

All time is ours, as if it had no end ;
Eternity is ours, within, around,
The best of gifts ;
The knowledge of the Lord—
This is eternity in time.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Storm in a Teacup.

" M.—They make this thought too plain.
They wound me—Oh, they cut me to the
heart!
When have I said to any one of them,
I am a blind and desolate man?"

F.—Never, my brother—so
you never have!
M.—What could she think of me
If I forgot myself so far? or what
Could she reply?"
—*John Ingelov.*

Neither Garton nor Rotha was likely to forget that day in the Burnley Woods; very serious consequences will sometimes result from comparatively simple causes, and "Be sure your sin will find you out" is an adage that will hold good to the end of time, be the sin ever so venial.

Rotha had no idea that her pleasant ramble afforded food for a dozen gossiping tongues. Blackscar had got hold of the whole affair from beginning to end, and was making the most of it, after its usual amiable fashion; and, quite in contradiction to that wholesome proverb that "Rolling stones gather no moss," the Burnley story grew and flourished to a fabulous extent.

Miss Mattie O'Brien had met the little party on their way to the station; quite by chance Miss Mattie mentioned this fact to a choice committee of ladies at that time sitting in the Travers' drawing-room, and Rotha's red cloak and gypsy hat were discussed with a zest and enjoyment of which the other sex can form no adequate idea. It was rather singular, therefore, that Miss O'Brien should repeat the same story at Mrs. Stephen Knowles's and at Nettie Underwood's; the most inveterate story-teller is apt to grow weary of repetition—memory becomes treacherous, a little judicious touching up here and there becomes absolutely necessary and heightens the interest. Mystery is always acceptable; a word will sometimes imply so much. The last person who heard this titbit of scandal was a deaf lady, Mrs. Effingham, the widow of a half-pay officer. The whole story was shouted through her ear-trumpet, and she ever afterwards firmly believed that Garton Ord and Rotha were engaged.

Some of these reports reached Robert Ord's ears. Young Jack Effingham often went by the same train to Thornborough. One day he formally congratulated Robert on his brother's brilliant prospects; Robert was first incredulous, and treated the whole thing as a joke—probably a hoax on Jack's part, and then he waxed wroth. Belle told

him she had heard the same thing from Mrs. Effingham and Amy Travers; she could not understand what had given rise to such a report, neither could Robert; but, all the same, he determined to give his young brother a hint.

Robert never took any pains to disguise his contempt for Garton. Garton's thriftless ways and want of success were very sore points with him; he could not understand a sturdy young fellow, with such thews and sinews as Garton's, being content to eat another man's bread. He had no patience with what he chose to consider his morbid views; he had many angry arguments with Austin on the subject. The vicar, who was keenly alive to the young man's faults, was yet very tender over this intense longing of his to enter the Church, and was always inculcating patience on Robert.

"I know it is very hard for you to have this burden," he said once; "but we must be careful not to press him too closely. I fear, indeed, that he must resign all hope of entering the Church; it is more application than ability that is lacking; but what a faithful priest he would have made! Let us give him a little time to get over the disappointment, and then you can speak to him about Mr. Silthers; but I think, after all, the New Zealand scheme would suit him best."

The vicar had made the foregoing speech at the time that he was so sorely pressed about the coal bill, and since then Robert had spoken very seriously to Garton about the emigration plan, which Garton had taken in very bad part; and there had been some ill blood between the brothers in consequence. Garton had promised to think over it, however, which he did every hour of the day, but as yet he had arrived at no determination; and Robert was just getting impatient again when Jack Effingham's unfortunate speech, and the absurd reports that were at present rife in Blackscar, made him more than ever desirous of Garton's obtaining some useful post at a distance. To do Robert justice, he took a very unprejudiced view of the matter, and was far more inclined to blame Garton than Rotha. "Gar has no right to be always n'at Bryn," he said to himself as he left his office one evening; "of course people will talk about it. It is all thoughtlessness, for he can't be such a fool as to think she would have him. Besides, I don't believe Gar cares for her a rap; why couldn't he have married Nettie and settled down like a sensible man? Why, I am sure the girl was half in love with him; women have droll tastes sometimes. I'll speak to him to-night; he has no right to allow Miss Maturin to be talked about like this. In spite of his stupidity Gar is a gentleman, and I can touch his pride there;" and Robert buttoned up his coat and looked very resolute as he jumped into the Blackscar train.

About an hour after this the brothers were sitting over their comfortless meal in a nondescript sort of apartment upstairs which went by the name of the study.

The dining-room, where Garton ate his solitary dinners, was a dismal room on the ground floor, as damp and almost as cheerless as a vault. Belle never entered it without coughing; the damp came through the walls in dark unsightly patches; the few articles of furniture were more for use than orna-

ment. The carpet would have blushed over its patches if it had any color left; traces of Garton's mnddy boots left indelible marks here and there; no fire ever burnt in the rusty grate. While Garton ate his dinner he would open the door that led into the kitchen for warmth and company. The kitchen was the only bright place in the house—a long low room, with a beam across, from which an occasional side of bacon or a York ham dangled in company with strings of onions and bunches of sweet herbs. The small latticed windows were laced across with vine-leaves, and the door opened on to the lawn. Garton liked to dangle his long legs from the spoolless table and talk to old Sarah as she shelled peas or sliced beans by the hearth. Sometimes on a cold winter's day he would eat his dinner there by preference. Sarah and he were great friends; she spent hours, with her iron-rimmed spectacles on, darnng his dilapidated socks. But for her care and providence he would often have had a scanty meal; he would deny himself proper food sometimes to leave the joint presentable for Robert. Garton had a healthy appetite, and used to make up with bread and cheese. Sarah always baked a pie-crust cake, or some such simple delicacy, on these occasions. When the old woman fell ill Garton's attentions were almost filial. In the winter she suffered much from rheumatism; Garton would black his or Robert's boots, or fetch water from the pump, and do many a menial office to relieve the faithful old servant. Perhaps the highest praise that Garton Ord ever won was spoken by old Sarah. "He mayn't be clever, your reverence," she said once in her droll way, "and nought but a blind fool 'ud call him handsome, but when it comes to our taking our places at the Supper up above it is the young master, God bless him, that will be called to the upper chamber." And the vicar, who heard these words, drew his hand before his eyes and said, "God grant it, Sarah."

The study, as it was called, was a tolerably comfortable apartment immediately over the dining-room; and, in spite of its shabbiness, had a cosy, well-used air about it.

The hangings were faded, it was true, but there was plenty of light; the old brown-stained book-shelves fairly groaned with books. Robert was a great reader, and would go without a meal to purchase a book; the old arm-chairs were capital places for a lounge. In winter the kettle sang merrily on the old-fashioned black hob, and a bright fire was necessary for the making of toast. Garton, who was housekeeper, butler, and gardener in one, always made extensive preparations for his brother's comfort. In the evening he would begin his proceedings by clearing the table for the tea-tray—a very simple process, which consisted of pitching a dozen books into a corner with a well-directed aim; this having tested his muscles, he bustled the black cat off Robert's particular chair, and turning up his coat-sleeves, proceeded to make toast. Amongst his other accomplishments, Garton considered himself great at making tea. It was the drollest sight in the world to see him presiding over the tea-tray with the gravity of a judge; it always excited Mrs. Ord's risibility. He would peer into the tea-pot a dozen times, with the fragrant steam curling round his nostrils, while he tenderly stirred up the brown liquid; he would de-

scribe all sorts of mysterious circles with the tea-pot as he filled the cup—"to be shaken before taken" was a standing joke in the family; he never talked at such moments, but his forehead would be a mass of wrinkles. He had a knack of carving a bare bone of mutton, too, and of making a little go a long way. Robert knew nothing about the bread-and-cheese dinners, but he often praised old Sarah's economy, and wondered at Garton's appetite; the pile of toast would disappear in a twinkling; Robert would look up from his book with a joke at his brother's expense. Garton shared all his choicest morsels with old Cinders, the black cat. Cinders would sit for hours on the arm of his chair, purring softly if he touched her. Garton would drink his last cup of tea without milk, that Cinders would have her saucerful.

Robert rarely made more than one or two remarks during the course of tea; he liked his book better than Garton's conversation; they seldom agreed on the same point, and wrangling is apt to be tiresome. On this occasion, however, Robert seemed inclined to depart from his usual rule: for, as he passed his cup to be refilled, he asked Garton, with some appearance of interest, what he had been doing all day.

Garton, who was peering into the depths of the teapot, oscillated it gently from side to side before he answered.

"Doing? oh, much as usual; it was Wednesday morning, and we had Litany, and a funeral; and I dug up the new onion-bed before dinner, and cut up some more firewood; and afterwards Rube and I went up to Bryn and took the ladies down to the shore. It was such a glorious afternoon. I have only just got back; they asked Rube to stay to tea." Garton might have added, with perfect truth, that he had been much aggrieved that the invitation had not been extended to him. But Rotha, who had been a little shy with him ever since the day in the Burnley Woods, had prudently refrained from such asking, as Mrs. Caruthers would be away.

This was the opportunity that Robert wanted; he had decided to give his brother this hint, and he had determined also on two things—he would speak very plainly to Garton, so that there should be no misunderstanding of his meaning; and he would take care to preserve his good temper, that Garton should have no excuse for any sullenness. He commenced the conversation, therefore, very good-humoredly.

"Gar, my dear fellow, I hope you will not take it amiss, but I want to say a word or two to you on that subject." Garton, who was giving Cinders her tea, looked up rather surprised.

"About Rube, do you mean?"

"No, about Miss Maturin, and I hope you will not mind my speaking very plainly; but you have no idea how people are talking."

"Why shouldn't people talk?" returned Gar stupidly. He had not the faintest suspicion of his brother's meaning. Robert looked disposed to be annoyed for a moment, but he repressed his impatience and went on:

"No man—no gentleman, I mean—is justified in allowing a woman to be talked about as people are talking about Miss Maturin. Do you know what Jack Effingham had the impudence to say the other day?"

"Not I; Jack is impudent enough for anything," returned Gar indifferently.

"Jack is a keen observer, and a man of the world in spite of his youth; which is more than I can say of you," returned Robert, exasperated by Garton's unconscientiousness; "and of course, when he congratulated me on my brother's brilliant prospects in life, and Mrs. Effingham and Amy Travers said much the same sort of thing to Belle, they must have some ground for their speech."

"What did Jack mean?" asked Garton, now thoroughly bewildered; but he grew a little hot nevertheless. Robert was driving at something certainly.

"Why, he only repeated what other people are saying—his mother and Amy Travers, for example—that you and Miss Maturin are on the eve of an engagement."

What made Garton turn so suddenly pale? Did the arrow shoot home?

"Oh, Bob, they never said that surely!"

"Indeed they did, Gar. I can vouch for it that Jack believed it too; he was quite crestfallen when I pooh-poohed it. I had some difficulty in persuading him that such an idea had never entered your head."

"How dare people tell such lies?" interrupted Garton, warmly.

"They think they are speaking the truth. Don't get hot about it, my dear boy, but let us think how we are to put a stop to the scandal. I don't mind telling you the whole thing touches my pride very closely; that one of the Ords should be accused of fortune-hunting; that a beggar—forgive my speaking plainly, Gar—should be courting an heiress, and she Miss Maturin! No; it cannot be borne for a moment. Don't you see for yourself now how wrong you have been?"

The unusual paleness still overpread Garton's face; it was easy to see the unexpected accusation sorely troubled and bewildered him; but at his brother's last words he raised his head indignantly.

"Wrong! I am always wrong, but I don't exactly know how. Come, out with it, Bob. I can see you think I have been to blame."

"You have assuredly been to blame, Garton."

"What! You dare to insinuate that this has been the reason of my visits to Bryn? And Gar's dark eyes flashed with a look never seen in them before. Robert liked this display of pride in his young brother; it showed some degree of manliness. His next words were spoken most kindly.

"Hush! sit down, Gar—what is the use of losing your temper? Of course I don't accuse you of such meanness—or are you not an Ord?"

"If you had meant it—" returned Gar more calmly, as he reeated himself.

"Well, what then?" interrupted Robert, with a laugh; for Garton did not seem inclined to finish his sentence.

"Oh, nothing; but I wouldn't have broken bread with you after such an insult—that is all. I may be a beggar—I thank you for reminding me of the fact—but I am not an unprincipled one. I was always under the impression that I was a gentleman."

"So you are, Gar, every inch of one," returned Robert, anxious to soothe his brother's hurt pride; he never respected Garton more than during this little ebulli-

tion of natural resentment. It was not Robert's words, but some strong uncurrent of feeling that made Garton so sore.

"If I blame you," went on Robert, "it is for want of thought and due consideration of what is owing to a woman. You are so unlike other men, and have led so strange a life, that I hardly know how to make you see this; but I can only repeat that you have quite forgotten your position with regard to Miss Maturin. May I speak more plainly?"

"I think you are sufficiently plain, Robert."

"All the same, I cannot allow you to misunderstand my meaning, Gar. I am eight years older than you, and have eight more years' experience—that ought to go for something; and I tell you this, that no one but an accepted lover ought to be doing what you are doing."

"Does friendship go for nothing, then? I think you forget that Miss Maturin and I have been friends from the first. Austin and Mary know that I visit at Bryn. They have never found fault with me."

"Neither should I if you were prudent in respect to those visits. I don't think either Austin or Mary knows how often you are at Bryn—of those daily visits, daily walks, and long excursions. Do you think Blackscar and Kirkby don't draw the only natural conclusion from all this? Of course people's tongues are loquacious on the subject. Jack had a good foundation for believing that you and Miss Maturin were engaged."

A hot flush passed across Garton's swarthy face. There was a tight pain at his heart that nearly suffocated him. Were all these pleasant visits, these delightful rambles to be given up? His voice was changed and husky when he next spoke. Robert thought his manner very strange.

"I am afraid you are right, Bob; I have been very thoughtless." He kept his face averted from his brother, and went on: "I forgot that people are fond of meddling in our business. I thought an Ord would be above such a suspicion, but I see they have misjudged me. I think Miss Maturin would be grieved if she knew of what I was accused."

"Every one would not consider you a fortune-hunter," returned Robert, in a tone so meaning that Garton started at him in surprise. "They might think—I am only supposing a case, you know—but they might think, Miss Maturin being young and not so bad looking—at least, it would be a more natural conclusion—that—that you, in fact, had fallen in love with her." And Robert, who had strong suspicions during the last few minutes that his brother was not quite so indifferent as he had at first imagined, looked steadily at Garton; but Garton met his eyes almost fiercely.

"Well, what then?" he replied, clenching his hand rather unnecessarily.

"Only—only that you would escape with a scorching, that's all. Don't go into a passion, Gar; I am only guessing at other people's thoughts."

"Or retelling your own—which?" replied Garton in the same fiery tone. "Look here, Robert. You mean well, I believe. You think you are pulling me out of the fire, eh? and you want to do me a good turn. But you are not doing it in the pleasantest sort of way. You are insinuating that I am a fool, and that I have been a

fool all along. So I have, but an innocent one. I have thought it no wrong to indulge a harmless friendship—only a friendship, Robert. Miss Maturin has been very good to me—his voice trembled a moment—"and it is my nature to be grateful for kindness. If the world chooses to misunderstand it, it is more of a fool than I."

"My dear fellow, no one but you can afford to set his opinion at naught. Depend upon it, 'In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom'; one cannot dispense with his rules."

"I have never meant to dispense with them, Robert. If I did not follow your advice now I know what I know, I should be more of a knave than a fool. In future you will not have need to complain of my frequent visits to Bryn."

Robert looked pleased. He really had his brother's welfare at heart.

"That's right, old fellow, you have taken my advice very sensibly, and it is first-rate of you." But Garton did not respond very cordially.

"Yes, it is all right. I suppose I ought to thank you for making me so uncomfortable, but I will tell you the honest truth. I would snap my fingers at Blackscar and its old women's tales if it were not for the fear that it might do her harm, and that perhaps in time she might get to believe it. No, I couldn't stand that. Besides, there is danger of scorching, you know." And Garton laughed a hard, bitter laugh, that had more pain than merriment in its sound, and which made Robert look at him again; and then he got up and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Gar, old fellow, I have not quite finished my advice."

"Haven't you, Bob?"

"No, the hardest part remains; don't think me cruel, lad. I only speak for your good. But do think once again of the emigration business."

"I knew that was coming, Robert." His face was paler than ever, and he set his teeth hard.

"Gar, dear boy, I swear I only mean it for your good; you are wasting—rusting here. Better go away."

"Why?" asked Garton, moodily; but Robert drew his arm round his neck as though they were boys again; and then he stooped down to the dark cropped head and whispered something very low in his ear.

What made Garton suddenly look up and wring his brother's hand?

"Too late! God bless you Robert. Yes, I will go anywhere—anywhere; but she shall never know why—never, never!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the Dark.

"No backward step; ah, no returning.
No second crossing that ripples flow;
Come to me now, for the rest is burning;
Come, ere it dawns; ah, so; ah, so."
"Then cries of pain, and arms outstretching—
The beck grows wider, and swift and deep—
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck draws them; we walk and weep."
"Farther—farther; I see it—I know it—
My eyes brim over; it melts away;
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day."
—*Jean Ingelow.*

Robert rather congratulated himself on having done a good stroke of business that night; he had struck when the iron was

hot. He drew a long breath of relief when his brother had left the room.

"I have brought him to his senses about the emigration plan. Thank heaven, that bit of troublesome business is over for good and all," he ejaculated devoutly. "Poor old Gar!" he continued, with a pang of natural sympathy; "who would have imagined that he would have been so bitten?"

And he thought with some degree of bitterness of the hand that had dealt this fresh blow. His heart was full of pity as he heard Garton's restless footsteps overhead. He lay and listened to them far into the night; a touch of compunction haunted him as those weary footsteps passed to and fro. He was glad to remember now that his words had been wise and temperate; considering all things, he had rebuked Garton's thoughtlessness very mildly; the poor fellow's hot denials and reproaches, his indignant refutations, his irate defence, had been far from displeasing to the elder brother.

"I did not think he had so much in him," he said to himself over and over again.

Robert's sympathy was very real; but he had no conception of the fierce misery that was making the night a long torment to Garton. The incessant movement, the long, restless strides, the hasty stumbles in the darkness, when the candle had guttered to its feeble end, were so many proofs of the intolerable feelings of the young man, who took no heed of the cold and darkness—groping from end to end of the narrow room in a blind, helpless way.

Sometimes he stood, with folded arms, looking blankly through the darkness, or rocking himself in his old accustomed manner. A little glimmer of light from a street lamp cut into the darkness and showed him like a swaying gray shadow on the wall. A dull surging broke the silence. Under the lamp there was a stretch of white, shining road; a barrier of darkness seemed to close it in. As he stood and looked out at it a dull, hopeless gloom seemed to settle round his heart and rob him of all courage.

He wondered now how it had come about. Robert's shrewdness had brought this sudden revelation of his own feelings home to him. He was racking his memory to discover when it was that he first loved her; but his mind was too confused, his pain too real, to follow out any given clue of reasoning. He had called his love friendship, and under this disguise had tasted of her sympathy and found it very sweet. He had blundered out all his troubles to her with an eagerness that should have revealed his own feelings. No other woman had ever seemed so sweet and gracious to him. And now all this pleasantness of intercourse must be broken up. She was the light of his eyes and the desire of his heart—ah, he knew this now. The one woman whom he could and would have dared to love, despite his beggary, but who was never to know—never, never—that he had so dared to love her.

He wondered with a sort of terror how he should bid her good-bye. A sudden anguish filled him as he thought of her youth and graciousness. What a simple, kindly friendship had existed between them! On his side he had always been very loyal, but with a sturdy independence of opinion which she had found amusing. What nonsense he had talked to her, and how patient she had always been with him! She had

never been weary of his discontent and moodiness. Her eyes would shine with a tender pity as he blurted out his grievances. She always seemed pleased to see him, no matter how troublesome he had been. She would meet him half a dozen times a day with the same shy, bright smile; a kind hand would be put out frankly to him. Sometimes she would indulge in a little joke at his expense, but the joke never hurt him.

He thought of that day in the Burnley Woods, and the wonder with which she had regarded his simple castle-building. She had been a little disappointed with his lack of ambition, he thought, and so marvel. How paltry it all looked now—the little cottage with the bow-window, Reuben, Johnnie Forbes, the lame boy, with Deb to keep house. Ah, what a different castle he would build now! A dull misery of longing took possession of him as he cherished the bitter-sweet fancy—a little room all sunshine, gleaming white lilies outside, a tall, slim girl with a plaintive face, with sweet, frank eyes.

"Oh, my God!" cried the poor fellow in his anguish. "And I must never tell her that I shall love her to my dying day."

It was the hour of his weakness. By and by a certain strength of acquiescence came to him—he struggled no longer; in a word, he accepted his fate.

One by one he put away his hopes from him. One by one he looked the bitter conditions in the face; his love was hopeless—unrequited; he must give that up—he must renounce all hopes of entering the Church. He had given his word that he would go anywhere; he would keep his promise. There should be no delay, no looking back, no undue dallying with regret. The stern sternness of Garton's nature came to his assistance here. As soon as possible he would leave Blackscar and England. The sacrifice might be a cruel one, inasmuch as it involved all he held most dear, but at least it should be complete.

He did not tell himself that he should not dare to trust himself often in Rotha's presence, but, all the same, he knew that such was the case. A few bitter drops, of which even his manhood was not ashamed, were wrung from his eyes when he thought of his boy-friend Reuben, who would fret after him sorely. The thought was a bitter one, but he put it away from him as soon as possible.

"He has a friend in her—she belongs to her now," he repeated, with a vague pleasure in this mutual property, and a fresh dimness crossed his eyes as he thought how Reuben would never allow her to forget him.

There was much painful work in store for him. It was nearly morning now, and he was terribly jaded, almost worn out; but with that unselfishness which was part of his nature he resisted the temptation to seek his bed, but lay down for an hour in his clothes that he might not over-sleep himself, and so that old Sarah, who was very ailing, might find the fire lighted as usual.

He went through his self-imposed tasks as sturdily as ever. He smiled bitterly once or twice as he blacked his own and his brother's boots. "What would she say if she saw me do this?" he thought, with an odd mixture of pride and pain. "Fancy a

beaver of wood and a drawer of water daring to love the mistress of Bryn!" He looked up and nodded to his brother as he came whistling through the courtyard with his arms full of faggots. The whistle was very sweet and shrill, but Garton's eyes had purple rings round them, and the dark face was as pale as a girl's.

"Good morning, Robert," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Sarah has the rheumatism very badly this morning; I hope you are not in a hurry for breakfast."

"Pretty fair; I suppose I shall catch the usual train," returned Robert, carelessly. "Sally would do very well if you did not spoil her so. I'll be bound you were up at six chopping that wood; and I don't think we, either of us, had too much sleep last night. I might have had a dozen men overhead, to judge by the tramping."

"Did I disturb you? I am sorry," answered Gar. "I always walk a mile or two if I am restless. If you are waiting for breakfast I may as well put on my coat, for I want to speak to you." He broke into whistling again as he followed his brother upstairs.

"What a fine fellow he is, after all," thought Robert. He was full of pity at the sight of the dark rings—Garton's pale face and puckered forehead haunted him through the day; once or twice he had twinges of remorse. How he had undervalued him! A hundred instances of the poor boy's goodness of heart rushed to his mind; he had nursed him in that long illness of his; and he remembered how Garton lay for hours parched with thirst rather than wake him, when he knew he was overtired; he had broken down under the strain of that watching, and then Garton had nursed him in his turn; he recalled Garton's clumsy attempts, his odd mistakes, the patient way in which he set himself to retrieve his queer blunders. Those strong brown hands had been as gentle as a woman's. It made Robert's heart very soft to remember these things; it struck him all at once how he would miss Garton, and how empty his daily life would be without him. He looked up when Garton's whistle ceased.

"Did you say you wanted to speak to me, Gar?"

"Yes, but begin your breakfast, please, or you will lose your train. Of course I want to speak to you. I did not waste much time in sleep last night, as it happens, so I went over everything in my own mind; and I want you to know that, as far as I am concerned, it is all settled."

"What is settled?"

"That I will go to New Zealand—Timbuctoo—wherever it is; and the sooner the better. I will go for my outfit to-morrow if you like."

"It won't be much of an outfit, I am afraid," returned Robert, ruefully, "but I have a few pounds at your disposal, to which you are heartily welcome. And you have really made up your mind, Gar?"

"Yes, Bob."

"My dear boy, you are doing very right, and I honor you for it, old fellow; you are just the sort of man to get on over there. I should not wonder if you come back with no end of money."

"I don't much think I shall come back, Robert."

"No, not for some years—eight or ten, perhaps. It's a bit of a wrench, Gar—I

know that; but anything is better than this rusting life down here. It will make a man of you—it will, indeed."

A faint smile came to Garton's lips. Robert was kind, very kind; but how could he know—how could any one know—that death would rather have been preferable to him than this lifelong separation from those he loved? Come back! He would never come back. Reuben might come out to him by and by; but Blackscar, and Kirkby, and Bryn he should never see again! A profound sadness seized on the unfortunate young man as these thoughts occurred to him. Robert cleared his throat once or twice as he looked at him.

"You must not lose heart over it, Gar." "I don't see that it matters what I lose; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. I suppose you and Austin will write sometimes; I shall tell Miss Matrin"—a new, strange falter over the word—"to send Reuben out to me. I forget if you said it was to be New Zealand, Robert?"

"Well, Mathias has offered you a free passage there; so, unless you prefer Canada or Melbourne—"

"All places are the same to me," interrupted Garton, indifferently—"out of England, I mean. Oh, yes, of course, New Zealand will be the best. What made Mathias offer me a free passage, I wonder? Have I ever heard of him before? I forget all about it."

"I was of great service to Mathias once. It does not matter, so I need not refresh your memory," returned Robert, hurriedly. It was his way to ignore any good deed he had done. "A man is always grateful to the person who happens to help him, but few men make so much fuss over it. He heard me talking about this emigration business, and then he offered me that free passage for you."

"I thought you were too proud to accept such a favor, Robert?"

"One must swallow one's pride sometimes—I am learning that. And then I have done Mathias more than one good turn. It was a great many years ago, when we were young fellows. In short, he owes me money."

"Ah! that is a very different affair."

"Anyhow, it would not do to lose such a chance; and then Mathias has an influential friend or two over there, to whom he will give you letters of introduction. The whole thing speaks for itself—it does indeed."

"I am quite of your opinion, Robert, that it will be the best possible thing for me to do—under the circumstances, I mean."

"I am so glad you agree with me, Gar."

"Of course I felt you were right, Austin and you, from the first; but now it is doubly my duty. Whatever happens, remember you have nothing with which to reproach yourself."

"I hope not," returned Robert bewildered at the solemnity of this address. Garton's face was haggard with want of sleep, and his eyes were dim, with no lustre in them; and then there was that sternness of repressed feeling in his voice. Was he cruel in thus driving him away? But when he thought of the allotments of Bryn his heart hardened itself.

"There is nothing like putting a good face on a thing, Gar, and keeping up your courage," he began in a cheery tone; but

Garton again solemnly interrupted him. "You will tell Austin what I say. I don't care to go into the matter again with you one—at least of all with him." And Garton's lip trembled as he thought how he had hoped to work under that kindly rule. "The decision was for me, and I have made it; and there is no one to blame, but only circumstances. As far as I am concerned, as I said before, I am ready to get my outfit to-morrow. Shall I go up with you to Thornborough-to-day and do it?"

"Gently, gently, my dear fellow; we have not spoken to Austin or Mathias. There is plenty of time, plenty. You need not get into a fever about it." He was more bewildered than ever by the young man's sternness and vehemence.

"Things have gone worse with him than I imagined," he said, as he put a stop to the conversation by rising from the table.

Garton eyed him wistfully as he went out. "I suppose he will miss me when he finds things are not quite so comfortable," said the poor boy sadly, as he took down his cassock from the peg.

Old Widow Larkins was cleaning the church when he went in. He nearly stumbled over her pail as he went swinging down the aisle. He had plenty of work to do there that day. There were a village wedding and two funerals, and later on a baptism. Some strangers to the place commented afterwards on the strange, dark young man who seemed to do everything for everybody. When the people had all gone away, he locked the door on the inside and went up and knelt down alone before the flower-decked altar. He was only a young man, very faulty and not over wise, not much more than the hewer of wood and the drawer of water to which he had likened himself. But, as he knelt there, Garton Ord prayed the noblest prayer but one that ever was prayed—"O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!" And he prayed it thrice with a patient sigh, as though his heart were broken. Was his manhood less strong when he invoked another and a higher Strength? Surely such men as Garton Ord are the little ones of the Kingdom. (To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XIX.

In our thoughts, last week, of the dove returning to the ark, we were led to consider the numerous symbolic allusions to that gentle bird that are found in the Bible.

And to what does this symbolism point? Who is the Harmless One and the Pure, the Author of all innocence and purity? Who is it that dwelleth apart from noise and tumult, and seeks a home in the heart that has learned to be very still? Who is it that is frightened away by the violence of pride, and that is grieved by our obstinacy and reluctance, whose reproaches are heard in the inner chambers of the soul: "O my people, what have I done unto you? Wherein have I wearied you?"

Nay, who is it this that flieth very swiftly, viewless as the wind, and more rapid than the lightning? Who is that awful One, the flash and splendor of whose sevenfold gifts are like the rainbow that arches the eternal throne of God? It is the Spirit of God, who at our Lord's baptism descended

like a dove and abode upon Him. It is the same Holy Ghost who moves upon the face of the waters, and whose chosen rest is in the Church of God.

It belongs to the necessary faith of a Christian man to affirm, I believe in the Holy Ghost. The Nicene Creed instructs us to add: "The Lord and Giver of life." In the economy of grace each person of the sacred Trinity hath His appropriate function. The Holy Ghost is the Life-Giver. As Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or his foot in all the land of Egypt," so also in the counsels of the ever-blessed Trinity is the Holy Ghost constituted the ministrant to men of life, and all that belongs thereto.

And what, we may well ask, is the limit to His beneficence? Is His mission of grace to the Church alone, and is the outside world destitute of His awakening and healing presence? No. He is abroad everywhere. The Holy Dove disdains not the expanse of weary waters and the devastation of the curse. With rapid flight He goes abroad, seeking if haply He may find emerging from the ruin some olive-leaf of peace, some token that man's heart yearns after reconciliation with his God.

Wherever there is life, even in its rudiment and germ, there we recognize the presence and the power of the Life-Giver. In the high aspirations of ancient philosophers, in the severe morality of some of those emperors who persecuted the early Church, in the nice sense of honor among men who are not devout towards God, and in their manly, chivalrous sympathy for the weak and for the wronged, in the very faith which had men keep, one with another, and in the maternal solicitude which lingers in a woman's heart where little else that is womanly remains, the Christian recognizes the fitting of God's Holy Dove. There is no human soul in which there doth not linger some trace of the image in which he was created; and the Life-Giver wearies not in His endeavor to restore each lineament of the divine likeness which is not utterly destroyed.

There is a disposition among men to antagonize what they call natural goodness and divine grace. We are pointed to a man who has eliminated all thought of God from his scheme of life—a prayerless man, a man who smiles pleasantly at the very name of religion, as if it were an exploded fable or an emotional superfluity. And yet, one says, who so generous and open-hearted to the suffering as he? Who so scornful of a lie? Who more genial and affectionate in his family?

To this the answer is very plain. Men alienated from God are not therefore God-forsaken. There are diversities of operation, but the same Spirit. Even where there is no yearning after better things, the Holy Ghost disdains not to keep alive the lesser qualities of goodness. The rain falleth everywhere, not only on the cultivated garden of the Lord, where the grapes may give out their pleasant smell, but on the bare rock also, promoting the growth of the lichen and the moss, which may, at least, cover its nakedness. Yes, such is the order of God's working, wherever anything, no matter how mean, can be made to grow, there is hope that, beneath the invincible patience of rain and sunshine, the soil will

be deepened, and better seeds take root and grow.

Ignorance of this world-wide working of God's Holy Spirit has led Christian people to assume positions that are not tenable. Did you never know one actually to groan over the austere morality of a godless neighbor, and to intimate not obscurely that there would be more hope of him if his life were profligate? Depend upon it, a pure morality can never indispose the heart to the higher attainments of faith. The pride in one's moral excellence is indeed an almost insuperable bar to spiritual progress; but let us fault the pride, not the morality, for the one is man's enormous crime, the other is a testimony to the presence of a long-suffering Spirit, who, while often grieved, is slow to withdraw Himself and to leave the house desolate, while anything lingers there by which it may be recovered.

It is no part of our religion to deny the worth of anything good, however its goodness may be imperfect. We deny, indeed, the adequacy for the emergencies of life and duty, and for the scrutiny of the unerring judgment, of all spiritual energies which come not from the vital union of an explicit faith with the true Vine, which is Christ our Lord. But where, apart from the confession of Him, we recognize any nobleness of soul or the fragrance of domestic and social virtues, instead of seeking to trample on it as a plant which God hath not planted, we shall see in it a proof that the Lord is long-suffering to us ward, notwithstanding that any should perish, enriching, despite itself, the thankless soil. If so be that amid its wild grapes of a human goodness it may presently entertain the better seed of a holy vine.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The Passover, and the Last Night in Bondage.

Exodus xii. 21-30.

Verse 21. "The elders of Israel." Moses, having received of the Lord the commandment concerning the Passover, calls for the elders, and communicates to them the directions they were to follow. "Draw out now." That means "withdraw"—that is, go to your several homes. "A lamb." That is a generic word, signifying either a lamb or a kid, a male of the first year, of the sheep or the goats. "According to your families." That is explained in verses third and fourth of this same chapter—viz., that there should be one for each household, or, if the household be too small, the same was to be done conjointly with another family of small size. The purpose was that the lamb should be wholly consumed. Hence the household could not be too large, since it was a sacrificial eating, but might be too small. "Kill the passover." That is, the Paschal lamb, the sacrifice especially known by that name.

Verse 22. "Hyssop." Not the plant now so called, but a species of thyme, the Arabian *siter* or *ziter*. "In the bason." When the lamb was killed, the blood was to be drawn off into a bason, so that none of it should remain in the carcass. "The lintel." The stone or beam forming the top of the doorway. Thus the blood dropped from above on the threshold and on the two

side-posts traces the form of the cross—a sign which can hardly be called here accidental.

Verse 23. "The Lord will pass over." Of course, this does not mean that this sign was necessary to distinguish the homes of the Hebrews from those of the Egyptians, for the Lord's information, but that the sign of covenant might show the people's faith. "Suffer the destroyer." The angel of death, the agent of the Lord's work. The Lord would restrain him from entering the houses which were guarded by the mark of salvation. The sign thus becomes doubly significant.

Verse 24. "Ye shall observe this . . . forever." It is observed in the Christian Israel by that which He who instituted the Passover, Himself transferred it to—viz., the Eucharist of the Church. That is now the memorial sign of the Lord's death, as the Passover was the prophetic sign. The union of the two on the night of the betrayal shows that the one was to take the place of and continue the other. Hence the ordinance is kept.

Verse 25. "When ye be come to the land," etc. This seems to imply that the service was suspended in the desert wanderings, and began as a yearly observance after the entry into the land of Canaan. At that time the forty years were a provisional prospect merely. If Israel had been stout-hearted after the return of the spies, it would have gone at once into the possession of the promised land.

Verse 26. "What mean ye by this service?" The memorial intent of the Paschal Feast is thus provided for. It was expected to survive the personal memory of the events which it preceded. It was history linked with an institution.

Verse 27. Here was a brief sentence, which in a few words gave the meaning which was retained in the little word "Passover." The English version gives that sense very clearly. It was a passing over to destroy, and a passing over in another sense, which is of preservation. The English and the Hebrew thought are thus identical. The last clause is not part of the word of Moses, but declares the way in which the people received this communication. "Bowed the head," that is, prostrated themselves, and worshipped God, whose word they listened to.

Verse 28. The effect of the nine visitations thus far inflicted on Egypt had greatly stimulated the faith and obedience of the people, especially as these called for very little of endurance or trust on their part.

Verse 29. "All the first born." If the idea is a correct one that the first born of all families under the patriarchal dispensation was the family priest, and that the first born male of each animal fit for sacrifice was sacred to the Lord, then this becomes the excommunication of Egypt. Its priesthood and its offerings are alike cut off. It is rejected from the eldest covenant. This is also the sign perhaps, that the new covenant, by which one nation is taken out of the families of the earth to keep the Lord's name alive, and one family of that nation is to be the priestly family, has now begun.

Verse 30. This death of the first born was not a pestilence, since that could hardly be supposed to discriminate, but a special miraculous infliction of death. It took place at midnight, when the land was wrapped in deep sleep, thus making it more appalling.

"A great cry in Egypt." The effect of this visitation was to rouse every household. Probably the death seizure was not instantaneous, for then it might not have been perceived in many instances till the morning, but as still is the case, the roused watchers by the bed of the dying, sent up the shrill, piercing cry of distress which signalled the moment of death. This would also aid to spread the news of this final infliction and make it appalling as it was intended to be.

THOMAS WINTHROP COIT, D.D., LL.D.

BY GEORGE HENRY CURTIS.

In earlier time I mark'd the manly mien
Of him whose voice and eye illum'd the page
Where Sacred Truth lay hid, and thought
No age
Could mar the beauty of the solemn scene.
Then, clad in white, he held with look of love
My latest born, and blessing with a kiss,
Received him in the Church of Christ—
in His
Now sings this cherub in the Church above.
O clear-eyed man of God! Not less sincere
Saluted thou my daughter on that day,
And pointed where high duty led the way
Toward happiness, and heaven where dwells
No fear,
And where no death nor sorrow shall appear
To cloud thy vision of a bright, eternal ray.

THE FILIAL RELATION OF THE SOUL TO GOD.*

"And when they saw Him they were amazed; and His mother said unto Him, Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us? behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing. And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—ST. LUKE II. 48, 49.

You all know the circumstances. How the Child was taken to the temple for the feast, and how, when the company left to return home they left the Child behind, and after long search He was found in the Temple with the doctors, both hearing and asking their questions. What a revelation was the answer He made to His mother! Hitherto He had been her Son, and all had gone in ways she could understand; no wonder she was now astonished. It was a critical moment in her life. No wonder that though He was still subject to her she felt that the life of her Son was changed, and she kept all these things in her heart.

His mother shows the experiences of all human hearts. It is the common experience. Let us take some examples of it. The Virgin Mary is a perpetual type of the people who, invested with some sacred interest, identify themselves with it, and when it shapes its own methods and ways are filled with perplexity. They would keep all things under their own control, and so they ask of the objects for which they live, "Why hast thou thus dealt with us?" Mary had felt that Jesus was more her Son than God's Son, and there is a tendency among the most conscientious people to think the objects in which they are deeply interested are more their children than God's children. One set of people must

find some assistance in the story of Jesus. The first is that which each father gets in his child. As the boy grows up it shows a sign of individual character and individual purpose. What he was and what he did was as a member of that little household; but now he develops individual energy and takes some action of his own. It is a critical time for child and father. The child is perplexed with the pleasure, almost pain, at the idea of doing some act conscientiously his own, and the father has some pleasure in seeing his boy doing something original, and something perhaps which he could not do himself. The real understanding of that moment rests on whether they can see the real truth that the child is not only the son of his father but the son of God. When that is so the child passes not into a looser but into a stronger responsibility, and the father is satisfied to see his child grow so because he cannot be jealous of God. It is a noble progress of life when the first venture of the young man on a career of his own is looked upon in that way. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

The mother was interested with the care of Him who was to be the Saviour of the world, and she accepts it entirely, and she is willing to work out the task, the supreme privilege which God has given her. The quality of her self-sacrifice shows its defect elsewhere. She is not able to see where the limit of her work comes and passes from under her hands, because He deals directly with His Father.

Another illustration is that of the champion of the faith. He undertakes the cause of the belief in Jesus Christ; it is a noble task for a man. It gives him sleepless nights and weary days, but to all of this he is perfectly equal. There comes a time when, as God is working for Himself, the truth begins to show a vitality which he has not counted upon and develops new associations. No wonder he is troubled. No wonder, unless he is a very thoughtful man, he cannot understand it. But if he be thoughtful, he will see that the truth is working for itself in a larger way than he could work for it. Another man champions the justice of God. He has been willing to stand for it anywhere. "The necessity of the punishment of wickedness," he says, "lies in the nature of God, and he has supported that doctrine in its simplest form, viz., the endless punishment of man." Suppose the day comes when that claims a more spiritual meaning, and means that the punishment of sin is bound up within itself, in its own degradation. No wonder he is almost dismayed, and feels that his faith is slipping away from him. He is bewildered as Mary was when Jesus began to show His individual ways and will. But the time came when she rejoiced at it. And so the believer and champion of faith becomes, if he be a really reverent man, to rejoice when his belief outgrows himself; when his belief is not the special form in which a dogma has been conceived, but the special thing to which knowledge must give more and more spiritual meaning. When he sees that what he has to guard over is Truth, not definitions—the truth seems to be slipping away from us in these tumultuous times—then the man says to the doctrine which he holds, "Why hast thou thus dealt with me?" Truth is God's child, and it must be what He wills and not what the believer

*Sermon preached at Westminster Abbey, on the First Sunday after Trinity, June 7th, 1885, by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., rector of Trinity church, Boston.

will, and it is a blessed day when the believer accepts this, and looks what new forms God will give His faith from year to year, and into what new regions He will send it forth. There are men who try to reform the world, but they want to keep it in their own hand and never outgrow their control; others think the reform is outgrowing their strength, and that they can only give a helping touch here and there when it lies within their power. The first says how evil it is to be eradicated and good sustained; the second does not know anything except that all is under God, and under God he has the hope of assisting a little. The first is the reformer with a theory, and the second is the reformer with devotion. It will be seen what is to become of these two men. If humanity has a will of its own and leaps to some special judgment when we expected slower steps, the first is entirely lost, as he sees the reform which he thought could only come to pass in one way accomplished in another, leaving him behind. The devoted reformer is glad to see that God is far larger than he can comprehend, and only too pleased if he can lend his little skill in some corner working out to unknown results. There are people who are always uneasy unless things improve in their little way. There are people in church who begrudge work unless it is done in their own school. They have the care of some one of God's children, and they treat it as if it were their child only, and grumble if it is growing strong in ways they do not understand. A thoughtful man would see that if it grows God himself is holding it in the hollow of His awful hand, and helping it in ways that His servant cannot know. He sees it taken out of his hand, and yet works for it in the way that he can. You believe that your Church has a vast work to do in your own little country, but it is very near to the heart of God, and if we think that we cannot limit our sympathy to that one Church; if that Church has somewhat failed in its duty and another has stepped in, we shall have to rejoice even while we work, seeing that God has other ways of doing His work in which she does her part so feebly.

I believe this principle applies to every work which each of us does. The responsibility lies on you for some precious life. You don't seek it or go after it, but there is some one for whom, because there is no one else to help him, the responsibility has fallen upon you. The responsibility is no light one, as you know, and the story you have heard to-night can help you. Is this not the truth, that the child over whom you are watching is the son of God also? The beggar whom you are trying to reform, or the gambler you are trying to keep from the gaming-house, is not each of them the true son of God? At last it has entered into your souls that they are under God's care as truly as under your care, and is it not to be expected that He will develop them by ways of which you can never have dreamt? It is hopeless for any man to help another unless he is aware of that fact. Mary learned that His life was mysteriously greater than her own, and that God was over and behind her, caring for that life for which she had been caring. That made her service more faithful and more sacred. You, too, must learn this truth about the lines of any man you are trying to help, or you cannot help

him as he needs. You must know the mystery of his life and his kinship with God. You have undertaken your task very flippantly. "I don't see who else can help him; I will patronize him; I see what can be made of him, and this is what he shall be." You take your scholar into your school, your friend into what you dare to call your friendship. How strange it will be when you discover that he is something more mysterious because of the mystery of the Son of God. We talk about the neglect of men for each other's lives, and hear them say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Besides the pain of seeing how men disown the care of their fellows, there is something more painful—to see a man help another all wrong, with such ignorant hands that they lead them all wrong. Suspicion and jealousy of God make worse than worthless the sincere desire of a man to help his fellow-men. Blind leading the blind all over the world. What they want to say is that "There is a mystery about this man that I must understand; he is a child of God. You say, how can I feel it about this son, whom I want to keep out of the group-shod? Can I count his life mysterious, and count him a child of God?" Unless you can do so, you cannot help him with any true, deep help. The moment Moses said, "Shall I bring you water out of the rock?" his highest power was gone. The water that he gave them as though it were his own, and not God's, was an insult to him and to God, and from that day the ruin of that great leader had begun. If we ask what are the characteristics of any man who follows the principle I have laid down, they would be these: He will have the characteristics which we can believe to be in the treatment of the child Jesus, general inspiration rather than general detail; in making good the objects of the case, rather than in the special forms in which they shall grow. The advisers are best who give the ardent desire to act right always and help us through many blunders to find that end at last. The best you can do is to try to keep the man from doing wrong. This is better than the patronizing tone which is a check on a man's desire to be good. So you may help a stronger man than yourself; but when he is at liberty leave him to go, and be thankful if the power leading him is something truer and higher than your own. There are small men to whom this would be absolutely depressing. They do not want to do any work for God unless they take it in their own hands. To a larger man it is nobler to work for God and with God. Mary put all these things in her heart, and she learned that it was nobler to bring her boy to God, and take God for His Father than to keep Him for herself. So you will understand that the type of the truest relationship between God and man is not the spiritual directorship of spiritually governing yourself for another, but the frank friendship of generous men. We each rejoice to see the other in God. There is a deeper, closer care of every man for himself who is careful for his brother. A man cannot execute his responsibility aright unless in that for which he is responsible he sees something mysterious. How a man seems to separate his life and to stand in criticism of his own life! Know thyself, says the old proverb, as if the two spoken of were

two persons. The mill of wisdom stands guard over the conscience of the man who has a reasonable capacity of self-care, and he blames and praises himself with a more even-handed justice than that with which he judges the lives of other men. There is something outside him with which all his fortunes are inextricably bound up. He lays his plans and says, "I will bring myself to the best in this way or that way," and he finds himself the subject of some other will and wisdom. His plans are overruled and interfered with. In the government of ourselves we sometimes forget that there is any other; but our plans are so altered that we cannot neglect the greater force. We meant to be that, and, lo! we are this; we thought we would be that, and we are this instead. We never meant to believe this, and now we hold it with all our heart. It is the everlasting discovery which every man makes, and with as much surprise as if no one had ever found it out before, that the will for which he is responsible is not only his own, but God's also. Yours, conditionally yours, but, behind and over yours, God's. That is the great revelation about life. When it comes everything about our self-culture is altered. It comes sometimes early, sometimes late in life. Sometimes it is the blush that flits youth with beauty, and sometimes it is the peace round old age which makes it happy. It is regeneration. It makes anything like a bewildering surprise impossible. "New plans supersede my plans, and any turn coming is acceptable to me, and I am not damaged by it. I feel a new conviction growing in my soul. I determined that as long as I lived I would believe something different from this which is taking possession of me. It seems as if my soul had turned back upon my teaching, and I say: 'My soul, why hast thou dealt thus with me?' and my soul answer: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'" That is the true meaning of the cases where men say: "I don't know however I believed this true; but the belief has come about and is precious to me in spite of myself." It was God claiming His own soul. Let a man but see this and he welcomes the conviction come to his soul more cordially than those he sought out with deliberate toil. He cannot be jealous of what God does for His own soul. He is like the servant taking care of a child, with the father behind making plans for the child with a wisdom which the servant rejoices to think is greater than his own. If our souls never disturbed the plans we have laid for them, if we never came to more truth than we are wise enough to see, how badly off we should be. What is the difference between the condition of a man who has accepted the revelation and one who has not? One is the condition of the man who believes in no government at all, and the other one who believes that God is governing his life. To each mystery is inevitable: to one the mystery of chance, to the other the rich, deep gracious mystery of loving care. To one the mystery of accident, to the other the mystery of the Prince of Life. When anything unexpected occurs one says, It is another accident, the other says, It is my Father. Between the two stand the man who has one self-made plan of living which he expects to see fulfilled. He is the man whose life is buffeted about with

surprises. He is the man who sails on the ocean and refuses to believe in the tides. No wonder after a stormy voyage he drags a wrecked life on a beach where he never expected to be when he sailed. The wise man will have one great purpose in life; he will try to come into harmony with God, to come to a perfect understanding of Him, and his child with him. "Let me not try to make one thing of my soul while God is trying to make another. What does God want this soul of mine to be? Let me find out that so I can work with Him." It is only by finding Him out that you can find out what he wants you to be. Find Him out, and you will have from your own soul the expression of what He wants you to be. Love of God comes through faith in God, as shown to us through Jesus Christ. You let Christ bestow His blessings upon you, and through Christ you love God who manifested Himself, and by that means you understand Him in His infinite nature, and by that see what He wants you to become, and you thus become ready and willing to help Him out to do what He wants to do with your soul. The Son of Mary was a revelation to her mother nature in whose care He lived. So with man's soul; it is a perpetual revelation to the man who cares for that soul. If you can only know that your soul is God's child and that He is caring for you, it will become the source of mysterious communication. He will show His goodness not merely in heaven and earth, and the history behind you, but in the soul within; it is the lofty privilege of any man who is willing to know that the soul that lives within him, which he calls his soul, is the child of God. May He bring us all to that deep understanding of ourselves, so that we may understand Him, and through knowing Him who is our Father we may know what to do with these lives of ours.

OUR CONDITION AND OUR DUTIES.

BY THE BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD.

We are comparatively few in number; we are weak in all the elements which constitute worldly power, and we are absolutely very poor, and, relatively, among the poorest, if not the very poorest, diocese in Christendom. These facts tell us in unmistakable language what are our paramount duties: as a *little flock* to be united, to be one mind and heart, as were the first Christians when they were very few. We cannot afford to risk our common safety by standing apart from our fellows, or breaking our ranks, or refusing to march on. We must hold together, we must trust our chief, and we must trust each other. The march, and the equipments, the plan of campaign, and the mode of battle may not be to our liking, but these matters are not our responsibility, and if in consequence, because we are not well pleased, we halt and refuse to go on and labor and fight, we are disloyal and heady and rebellious, and fall under the severe rebuke which our Lord addressed to St. Peter, when he sought to intrude into another man's affairs. Jesus said to him: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." This sharp, clear, ringing injunction of our Saviour is translated in the Catechism into the sentence which concludes the summary of our duty as prescribed by Almighty God

to our neighbor. These are the words: I am commanded "to do my duty in that state of life into which it shall please God to call me." Let us never forget the *pronouns*; they are tremendously, I may say, in view of the common behavior of even professional Christians, terrifically, emphatic: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me." "To do my duty," aye, mine, and nobody else's. To attempt to do anybody else's duty is to attempt the impossible; we can never accomplish it, and, alas! while we are thus interfering with other people's affairs we must be neglecting our own, and we need all our time, *every moment of it*, imperfectly, at the best, to perform our own tasks which our Heavenly Father has set us to do, since we are plainly told by Him, who will be our Judge in the day of dread account, that when we have done all that we can do we shall still prove unprofitable servants. What a world this would be if everybody in it were to mind his own business and devote all his energies of mind, soul, and body to the one supreme aim of doing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. Let others do as they may, it is our duty, our wisdom, and it ought to be our joy, to stand in our ranks, each in his place, and present a united front to the foe, and work with a right good will while we are permitted to work, remembering that for us the night will soon come when no man can work. This, then, is our first duty as a *little flock*: to sympathize, to act together, and to be so thoroughly one in our sovereign aim and purpose to build up the kingdom of God in our own hearts, and to promote its extension among others, that we lay aside and put out of sight all inferior and minor considerations, and labor as men animated by one great resolve which they mean to accomplish, cost what it may. So far as your leader is concerned, let me say that in this regard he does not hesitate to put himself upon record as ready and willing to allow the largest liberty as to details compatible with loyalty to our blessed Lord, and obedience, not to the mere letter of the canons of the digest and rubrics of the Prayer Book, since these are often confessedly inconsistent, but to the fundamental principles of the polity, doctrine, and discipline of the Church of God. Within these limits he can work with any man, and so long as he is satisfied that he is sincere and earnest and full of the Spirit of the Lord he can take him to his heart and give him his warmest sympathy and love.

We see our duty, then, as a *little flock*, to be united, to work together and help each other, and our responsibility is proportionately increased with our paucity of numbers. The units are magnified when the aggregate is small. An immense army can bear depletion and not feel the loss; but the Spartan band cannot spare a soldier from its muster roll. Each one must be a *host* in himself.

To our paucity of numbers we must add, as suggesting our line of duty, our weakness in all the elements which constitute in the eyes of the world solidity and strength. We have no material fabrics, no massive churches, no ancient colleges, no endowed schools, no domains of land, no institutions, no endowments, no great cities with their wealth and influence. Back of our beating hearts, and bosoms heaving with the breath

of life, we have nothing to lean upon which this world can supply. Can anything be plainer? We must fall back upon God. We must look away from ourselves and earth's resources up to Him. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity" is the experience of all ages summed up in a single sentence. "God's opportunity" must be improved, else it passes and all is lost through apathy or cowardice. When this opportunity was vouchsafed a former and distant generation, most conspicuously God accompanied it with His command, and His behest was meant as a message direct and personal wherever and whenever men are placed in like circumstances, apparently helpless, with fierce and powerful foes behind them and, humanly speaking, insuperable difficulties and perplexities before them. God displays the facts and paints them upon the canvas of history for our instruction and admonition. In a moonlight night an unarmed multitude, made up of men, women, and children, heavily burdened with apparel and food necessary for those who are fleeing in haste, are gathered, crowded together on the shore of the sea. Behind them, and pressing down upon them as they stand there not knowing what to do, are their foes, their tyrants, and taskmasters, bristling with armor, and amply provided with chariots and all the material of war; before them is the waste of waters stretching as far as the eye can see. There is no resource; four hundred years of slavery have broken their spirit, and educated them to tremble and bend their backs to the burden and submit. What shall they do? Their leader urged the inquiry and God answered, and this answer seems to imply rebuke that in a case so plain, after all that He had done for them, they should hesitate and ask for direction. And God said, "Why criest thou unto Me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." They obeyed, and the difficulties and perplexities before them parted right and left, and let them pass through safely, and their foes behind them disappeared forever, buried beneath the very waves which recently seemed so relentlessly to bar their escape from capture, slavery, and death. "Go forward" is the ringing word of command which comes from on high. It embodies the great fundamental principle of God's kingdom, growth, progress, advancement. "He that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God," says our Lord. And again and again He says to one and another, whom He deigns to call, from St. Andrew in the beginning of His ministry, to St. Peter at its close, "Follow Me," "Follow thou Me." The military language of earth echoes in its notes of drill the divine command, "Eyes right, front face, forward, march." For God's militant host there are no further orders, no flank movements, no wheeling about, no throwing away arms and fleeing. For them, the Christian soldiers, the behest is ever the same—one unvarying note, provided the soldiers are worthy, obedient, brave. Had the children of Israel continued as they began, they would have gone onward conquering and to conquer. It was only when God was not well pleased with them that He ceased to lead them forward, and suffered them to turn aside and pursue a aimless, zigzag course until they were consumed in the

wilderness. Bereft of earthly resources, but with hearty loyal and true and spirits strong in faith, the path of duty is plain: "Go forward." It matters not that Pharaoh and his horses and chariots are behind, and the sea is before, and we are hemmed in, forward is the path of duty, right down into the cold waves, right onward into the great depths. Do you suppose such an object lesson has been held up by the hand of God before the ages without a purpose? Do you suppose such a great principle, so thrillingly illustrated, was exhausted in its application to the Israelitish host? Do you suppose that God does not govern His kingdom by the same laws from generation to generation? Well, then, when we come to know—perhaps it is a surprise—still, when we come to know that we have no earthly supports to lean upon, no arms of flesh to hold us up, shall we sink down in despair? Rather shall we not count the exigency "God's opportunity," and, throwing ourselves upon Him for help, go right forward? Believe me, this is the path of duty, dear brethren. Your bishop did not seek the place he occupies; rather he shrank from it. You called him to it and bade him take it, and repeated your call. Nearly seven years of labor in the immense domain placed under our jurisdiction and care reveals the spiritual sterility of the soil, and discloses the difficulties and perplexities with which its cultivation is beset, and now I come to you, fresh from this accumulated experience, and, as we halt here for a space at our annual synod, I tell you that the result of my observation confirms me more and more every day that God has honored us with the great privilege, as a diocese, of coming into that condition of human extremity which He will make, is making, *His opportunity*, and He says to me, as He did aforetime to Moses: "Speak unto My people, that they go forward." Are you not ready and willing to obey? Be sure your leader will never go back. He will go forward and onward while health and strength permit, until he is satisfied beyond peradventure that another could, and probably would, occupy the ground a hundredfold better, and then he will relinquish the pastoral staff and take up the humbler shepherd's crook in the care of a few sheep in some mission or parish which will accept his services and bear with his infirmities. Meanwhile he holds aloft the pastoral staff of office over our sea of difficulties and perplexities, and bids you, as the call of duty and the command of God, "go forward."

But not only are we a little flock, and with no prestige of name and establishment and traditions of an historic past, but we are, in addition, poor, very poor. In the light of this fact, our duty, as prescribed by God and repeated again and again under the law and the prophets and the Gospel, is seen written in letters of fire: "Honor God with your first fruits," "Never appear before God empty," "Give the tithe of thy substance to God." Were we the members of a diocese splendidly endowed, and with material wealth abounding on every hand, God's command to give, to pay to Him our interest on His loan to us, and offer to Him our first fruits, might fade out and be lost to eye and ear, amid the superfluity of luxury and the waste of indulgence; but now stern want, sharp penury, and sometimes even severe distress, translate these

precepts into language whose meaning is unmistakable, and whose application we cannot evade or escape. God's claim upon our first fruits and a certain proportion of our increase—we think a tenth—is universal, whether we be rich or poor, or live in a diocese endowed with wealth or in one that has nothing. The principle, namely, to pay our honest debts, binds us as upright men in all cases alike, only the path of duty may not seem so clearly defined nor the claim so peremptory when the recipients of our bounty are far removed—those whom we have never seen and shall probably never see. Such, dear brethren, is not our trial. The diocese appeals to you in every interest for your tithe, your first fruits, your offerings; our missions, our schools, our clergy, our orphanage, our funds for necessary purposes, for diocesan support, for theological education, for aggressive work, for the aged and infirm clergy, all cry aloud to you for sustentation and support.

Our work in this diocese ought to be largely aggressive. In more than one-half of our counties we have no mission, no services, no clergyman; in ten or a dozen others our presence is merely nominal; in all our labors are only begun. The demand for means, therefore, is imperative, and we cannot with a clear conscience set it aside and decline to respond. The desolate counties, the languishing missions, the sadly pinched clergy advertise you of your duty and make it perfectly clear and plain.—*Synodal Address.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

SUSIE'S WATCHWORD.

BY MESSIE E. KENNEY.

It was a hot Sunday afternoon in July. The sun's rays poured down fiercely, and not a breath of air was stirring to relieve the oppressive heat.

The last bell was ringing for Sunday-school as a throng of poorly-clad children with their pinched faces streamed through the open doors of a mission chapel and gathered about their teachers.

Poor little waifs they were, whose faces had lost all the freshness and bloom of childhood, and were sharp-featured and prematurely old with their hard life of want and poverty. They hastened in through the open door, crowding and jostling against each other in their haste, lest the tap of the superintendent's bell should warn them that they were to be placed on the tardy list.

The hymns rose sweet and clear for a time and then there was a hum of many voices engaged in reciting the lessons for the day, until you might fancy that the school-room was a busy bee-hive swarming with its little workers.

When the lessons had all been recited the superintendent tapped the bell as a signal for silence and rose to make an announcement with such a look of pleasure on his kind face that the children felt instinctively he was about to tell them something that would make them happy, and visions of a possible excursion filled their minds, as they saw he held some little blue tickets in his hand.

"I have some good news for you," he began, smiling at the eager expectant faces turned toward him. "A gentleman has sent some tickets to be given out to the scholars in this school, not enough for every one I am sorry to say, but enough for at least one in every class to have one. These tickets entitle the holder to a week in the country at a farm-house, and I am sure it will be a week of great pleasure to you. I will distribute these tickets among the teachers and they can use their discretion in giving them out."

The children sat still, breathless with expectancy as the superintendent placed in the teacher's hands the little slips of blue card board that meant so much happiness to the child who would be fortunate enough to possess one.

It was hard work for the teachers to decide who should have the ticket when the pinched, wan faces of all the children made such a pitiful appeal for the pure fresh air of the country, and there must of necessity be many disappointed ones, since the tickets were so few in number.

Miss Harris glanced around her class several times before she asked,

"Well, children, who do you think needs this ticket most? There are eight of you, and only this one ticket, so I will let you decide yourselves, if you can, who shall have it."

There was silence for a moment. Each child wanted the ticket, but no one liked to be selfish enough to lay claim to it for themselves, and yet it was hard to speak of giving it to another.

A week in the country meant so much of happiness to these girls, many of whom had never seen anything else than narrow streets and long rows of swarming tenement-houses in all their short lives.

Presently one of the girls answered rather shyly:

"We all want it ourselves pretty bad, I guess, Miss Harris, but as long as we can't all have it, I guess you had better give it to Susie West. She needs it the most."

All the rest of the class agreed with the speaker as they looked at the hollow cheeks and dark ringed eyes of a little girl who had just recovered from a long illness that had left her weak and feeble.

"Yes let Susie have it," assented the children, and the little face grew radiant with delight as Miss Harris placed the ticket in Susie's hand.

"Oh, what a splendid time I will have," she exclaimed joyfully.

"Thank you ever so much girls. I wish you were all coming too."

"Perhaps some time there will be some more tickets and then the rest will have a chance to go," answered Miss Harris, smiling at the sight of her happiness.

Just the anticipation of so much pleasure brought a flush to her cheek, and she could scarcely wait until school closed, she was so impatient to hasten home and tell her mother of the good news.

"Was you ever in the country, Susie?" asked one of the girls as they went down the aisle together, Susie clasping her ticket as tightly as if she feared it might slip away from her if she were not careful, and deprive her of her anticipated pleasure after all.

"No, I never was you?" asked Susie.

"Yes, I went once on an excursion steamer and spent the day there, and it was just grand I tell you. Why, it was just like the Park everywhere, only ever so much prettier, and it was so nice and cool. I didn't never want to come back again. You was lucky to get that ticket, for you can stay a whole week—just think of that!"

"Won't it be nice!" returned Susie, her eyes bright at the thought. "I'm not to go till next Wednesday, and I don't see how I can ever wait so long. I wish it was to-morrow. I must run in here and tell Janey the good news.

Good-bye," and she ran lightly up the steep, rickety stairs and along the narrow, dark halls, until she reached the topmost floor of the tall tenement-house.

She tapped at a door, and scarcely waiting for the faint "Come in" which answered her knock, she burst into the room, her face flushed with excitement and pleasure.

In one corner of the room, on a low

bed, lay a girl somewhat older than Susie, but even thinner and paler. She looked up with a smile of welcome as her visitor entered.

"I was hoping you would stop in on your way from Sunday-school and stay with me a little while," she said. "Aunt's been out ever since dinner-time, and I am so lonely."

"Won't I have a splendid time? It don't seem real, somehow. I feel as if I was asleep, and it was just a beautiful dream, and I would wake up pretty soon and find the ticket gone. Won't it be too lovely?"

"To wake up and find the ticket gone?" asked Janey, with a smile.

"Of course I don't mean that!" ex-

claimed Susie, clasping her ticket tighter.

"I mean, to go to the real country. I never was there, you know, but one of the girls in our class says it is awful nice."

"You'll have a good time, for certain," said Janey, looking wistfully at the little slip of card-board which opened up such a vista of pleasure.

"I wish I could go too."

"I wish you were going," said Susie, stroking caressingly the thin hand that lay on the counterpane. "Maybe it would make you well again if you could go and stay a little while. I would go and ask the teacher for a ticket for you, but I know she hasn't a single one more, for there was only one for all our class, and she gave it to me.

I think the girls were so good. She left

it to them to choose who it should be given to, and they chose me."

"You must run about and get strong and well while you are away," said Janey; "and be sure and remember all the good times you have, so you can tell me about them when you get back."

"All right; I'll tell you all about everything," promised Susie. "I must run home now, for mother will be wait-



"CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO MRS. WEST'S ROOMS?"

"Guess what that is!" exclaimed Susie, sitting down on the edge of the bed and holding up the little blue ticket for inspection.

"I can't guess what it is," answered Janey. "I can see that it is a ticket for something, but I don't know what."

"It means that I'm to have a whole lovely week in the country—in the real country!" exclaimed Susie, rapturously.

ing for me. Good-bye, Janey, dear. I will come and say good bye before I go."

"Good-bye," answered Janey, returning Susie's smile, but as soon as the door was closed she buried her face in the pillow to hide the tears that would come. If she could only go, too? How inexpressibly grateful would be a breath of fresh, sweet, country air, after this suffocating heat! And she fancied that just a glimpse of green fields and waving trees would make her well again.

At the foot of the stairs Susie encountered Janey's aunt, who was just returning from a visit to a neighbor's.

"Have you been up to see Janey?" she asked.

Susie nodded, and then, too happy to keep her joy to herself, showed her ticket and told of the week in the country that she was to enjoy.

"Wish Janey could happen on such good luck as that," answered the aunt. "The doctor was saying yesterday she wouldn't never get well again as long as she was shut up in that hot room, with the steam from the tubs every day I wash. He told me to take her up to the Park two or three times a week; but I can't be bothered doing that, for I'd lose all my customers if I kept them waiting for their clean clothes while I was taking her up there.

"Poor Janey," thought Susie, as she hastened along homeward. "Her aunt don't seem to care a bit whether she gets well or not. She might take her up to the Park if the doctor said so. I do wish I could get her another ticket, so she could go to the country with me."

Just then a thought came into her mind, not a pleasant one either, and she tried hard to put it away from her without paying any attention to it.

But it kept returning to her again and again, notwithstanding her efforts to forget it, and she walked along very slowly, trying to put it out of her mind altogether.

"Why not give Janey this ticket, and let her go in your place? She needs the change more than you do, and you have a loving mother to take care of you when you are sick, and she has not."

This was the unwelcome thought that would not be banished.

"Oh, I couldn't! How could I possibly give Janey this ticket? I want to go so much, and perhaps this will be my only chance. She wouldn't let me give it up to her, I know, even if I was willing to."

The more she thought about it for some time, the more she felt quite sure that she could never, never give up this great pleasure, even for poor little Janey's sake. She loved her little sick friend very much, and pitied her with all her heart, but she could not bring herself to give up so much for her.

Yet the aunt had said that Janey would never get well again shut up in that hot little room. Perhaps just this one week would give her health and strength again, if Susie would only let her go to the country in her place. The little girl had a hard struggle between her inclination and her desire to do right. She was a little girl, only ten years old, though so small and thin that she might have passed for only six or seven, and this visit to the country seemed a well-nigh impossible thing for her to give up. She had passed all her life in this narrow, dirty street, lined with tall tenement-houses, between whose roofs there was only a narrow line of blue sky visible, and two or three visits to the Park had given her the only idea she had of grass or trees. Very few pleasures came into her life, and to voluntarily give up such a great one as this would have been hard to many a one older than Susie.

Only a few weeks before she had waited after Sunday-school to have a little quiet talk with her teacher, and from that day she had chosen as a watchword, "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

She was trying to follow in the steps of her blessed Saviour, and when she remembered His life of self-denial and unselfishness, it was easier for her to be gentle and loving with her companions, and self-sacrificing when it seemed right for her to prefer another's pleasure before her own.

Hitherto all the victories she had won over herself had been little ones, but they had given her strength to withstand greater temptations when the time of trial came.

But could she make this great sacrifice?

"Even so, Christ pleased not Himself," she repeated, softly, and she knew that if she gave up this pleasure she would be following His great example.

A swift little prayer went up from her heart:

"Oh, God, please help me to do right. Help me to give this ticket to poor Janey, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

And the answer came even while she was praying. She resolved to give her poor little friend the ticket which would bring back life and health, and though tears of bitter disappointment would fill her eyes, and threaten to overflow, yet her heart was light with the consciousness that she was doing right.

She turned back, determining to take Janey the ticket at once and make her happy. She had almost reached the house when it occurred to her that she ought to ask her teacher's permission first, that perhaps she had no right to give it away.

It seemed a long walk to her teacher's home, for she was still weak from her

illness, and the walk she had already had and her excitement had exhausted all her strength.

"Well, dear, what is it?" asked Miss Harris kindly, as she saw Susie toiling up the steps, and opened the door to welcome her.

"Comin, and sit down. Why, how tired you look," she added, as she saw how pale and weary the child was.

"Miss Harris, can anybody else go to the country on this ticket?" asked Susie, sinking luxuriously into the soft depths of the easy-chair in which her teacher placed her.

"No, dear, it is only good for one child," answered Miss Harris, not understanding Susie's question.

"I mean can I give it to anybody else, and let them go in my place," explained the little girl.

"Oh, yes, you can do that if you want to," answered Miss Harris; "but, Susie, I thought you were so delighted at the idea of going. What has happened to change your mind? Don't you want to go?"

"I want to go just as much as ever," answered Susie, "but there is a little girl I know who is real sick, and the doctor says she won't get well if she don't get fresh air, and her aunt won't take her to the Park, 'cause she says she can't leave her washing, and I think she needs to go more than me, so if you will let me I will give her my ticket and let her go in my place."

"But isn't it very hard to give it up?" asked Miss Harris, and she read her answer in the tear-stained face.

"Yes'm, it's awful hard not to go, for you know I've never been to the country, and I did want to go so, but I think I ought to give up and let her go. You know my text is 'Even Christ pleased not Himself,' and so I mustn't always do what I want to."

"I am sure you will be far happier for giving up this pleasure," answered Miss Harris, kissing the quivering lips and pushing back the tangled curls with a gentle touch. "You will make your little sick friend very happy, and I know that will give you pleasure, and besides that, dear Susie, you have pleased the dear Saviour, by following in His footsteps, and making this sacrifice for His dear sake. Perhaps this will only be a pleasure deferred, not given up entirely, for it may be that more tickets will be sent to the school, and you may have another given you. Are you rested?" she asked, as Susie rose to go.

"I am some tired," answered Susie, but I must go home for mother will be worrying about me, she won't know what has kept me so long. Good bye."

Miss Harris stood in the window, looking after the little girl, as she went slowly down the street.

Presently her brother joined her, and

she told him of the child's noble self-sacrifice.

"She is a brave little thing," he said approvingly, as Susie turned the corner of the street and was lost to sight. "It's a pity you can't get another ticket, so she can go too. She looked as if she needed it badly enough too."

"Yes, she is just getting over a long illness," answered Miss Harris, "and she needs a little country air and good food to build her up again. I must see if it can't be arranged in some way. Her mother is not a strong woman, and she has all she can do to earn enough for them barely to live upon. She is a good conscientious woman and has brought Susie up well, in spite of her miserable surroundings."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Dr. Harris presently, "and I will leave it to you to decide whether it is a good one or not. You know I have been looking for a woman to keep my office in order and attend to the door when I am out. How do you think this child's mother would like to undertake it! She would earn enough to keep them comfortably, and in the suburbs of the city the air is as pure as that of the country itself. If you approve of the plan you might suggest it to them to-morrow."

"I can just fancy the poor woman's delight at the prospect," answered his sister. "I know she will be overjoyed at the idea."

In the meantime Susie on her homeward way stopped a moment to leave the ticket with Janey.

"I have a ticket for you to go to the country," she said, gently rousing her from the light dose into which she had fallen.

Janey opened her eyes to their widest extent, and stared incredulously at her little friend. It was her turn now to think that she was dreaming.

"Aren't you glad? Here it is," said Susie, putting it in her hand.

As soon as Janey really understood that she was not dreaming, but that she was really going to the country that she had so longed for, her delight knew no bounds. It was some minutes before she discovered that Susie had given her her own ticket. At first she refused positively to take it, but Susie insisted so earnestly upon it that she was forced to yield. Her joy and gratitude almost repaid Susie for her sacrifice.

Her mother was watching anxiously for her return, wondering not a little at her long absence. When she heard Susie's story she was tempted to wish that the child had kept the ticket instead of giving it away, for she thought that no one could need it more than herself, but she did not say this—only commended her for her generosity.

When Susie went to bed that night her dreams were brightened by a remembrance of poor Janey's pleasure,

even though her pillow was wet with tears of disappointment.

The next day Susie went down stairs to visit an old woman who kept a little store in the cellar, and perched on the counter, her favorite seat, took out her book to study her Sunday-school lesson, while she "minded store" for the old woman, who had gone to a neighbor's on an errand.

Presently a firm step came down the stairs, and Susie looked up from her book as a stranger entered.

"Can you direct me to Mrs. West's rooms," he inquired.

"Yes, sir; she's my mother," answered Susie. "But, please sir, could you wait a minute. I promised to mind the store till Mrs. Carr came back, and I musn't leave it. I think she'll be back directly."

Even as she spoke Mrs. Carr came in, and Susie, free from her charge, led the way up stairs, and ushered the visitor into the room where her mother was steaming busily away upon the endless seams which Susie often thought would never be finished.

The gentleman seated himself, and stated the errand upon which he had come. You can, imagine, perhaps, how happy Susie was when she learned that she was to go to the country, or at least a place that was almost like the country, not for a week only, but to live there.

Her mother was no less happy, though her joy was more quietly expressed, and her eyes filled with tears of gratitude as she looked at her little girl, and thought how soon the fresh air would bring roundness and color to her cheeks.

As soon as she could pack up and get ready to leave the city they were to start for their new home. It did not take very long to do this, and so it happened that on the day that Janey started for her visit, Susie and her mother left the hot city, too.

"Mother, I'm so glad I gave Janey my ticket," said Susie, as the cars started, and she began to realize that she was really on her way to her new home. "I didn't know everything was going to happen this way, though, when I gave it to her."

In a very few months you would scarcely have known the active, rosy-cheeked child, who was a real little Susie today lassie, to be the same little Susie that got off the cars that bright morning.

At the foot of her little white bed hangs an illuminated text, upon which her eyes rest the last thing at night and the first in the morning. It is the text which is still her watchword: "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

ART.

In the rapid survey of the Music Teachers' Convention, much of the concluding matter was necessarily slurred over or left without mention. Mr. John H. Cornell's paper for Thursday afternoon on "What is Church

Music?" for its text, proved certainly to the religious public the most interesting literary production of the series, and its significance demands a more deliberate consideration, possibly, than this column can provide. It is enough here to leave on record that the learned writer accepted his thesis in an interrogative form, and in its development reached no positive conclusions.

Mr. Carlyle Petersilea gave the Friday morning piano recital. The opening number was the Bach-Liszt Prelude and Fugue in A Minor, which Mr. Liebling of Chicago had presented on the previous morning. It must be conceded that the second interpretation, while not wanting in the positiveness and arithmetical precision of the fugue player, developed new grace and structural beauty under the eloquent touch of Mr. Petersilea, whose secret partly lies in the recognition of both *piano* and *forte*, while at the keyboard, securing thereby a restful and refreshing tonal chiroscuro which the literalist and unimaginative miss. Such fugue playing is at the same time instructive and enjoyable. The same union of vigor and refinement was noticeable, especially, in the Introduction Theme and Variations, Handel-Reinecke, in which the courtly Handelian motives were half smothered in the exuberant and brilliant gossamer-like arabesques of Reinecke. The succeeding Etude, C Major (staccato) of Rubinstein, which makes such prodigious demands upon the endurance and technique of the performer, gave sufficient illustration of Mr. Petersilea's rare breadth of culture and exceptional resources as an interpreter of widely contrasted schools of composition.

The bouquet of pretty trifles which made up his second number, was a very graceful tribute of professional courtesy to the five contemporary composers of Boston and elsewhere, showing more of the player's amiability than of originality and staying power in the graceful works presented.

Mr. J. A. Metcalf, baritone of Zion church choir, delivered with fine poetical expression three well-contrasted songs—"Two Grenadiers," Schumann; "Ah, 'tis a Dream," by Lassen—something, by the way, exceptionally touching and refined in treatment—and "My Love is like a red, red Rose," by F. Braehle. The audience seemed captured by a delightful surprise, and Mr. Metcalf's sympathetic voice and thorough method were enthusiastically recognized.

The playing of Miss Bloomfield, Friday evening, of Rubinstein's heroic "Concerto," left the impression that in all the requirements of this exacting school of composition she remains at present unrivalled. She grasps and retains the score securely and intelligently, never fails in rhythmic and tonal illustration, unites with unexampled swiftness perfect articulation, accuracy, marvellous delicacy, breadth, and sustained energy, keeping and enthusing her audience with steady magnetism and uninterrupted self-possession.

Our native compositions for the orchestra, chorus, and chamber music as yet develop little that is distinctive or characteristic. Mr. Bristow's "Columba" was written long ago, is conventional, stately, and without either inspiration or intelligent orchestration. Mr. Gleason's "Montezuma" overture was surely a misnomer, his work being nothing better than a wearisome echo of Wagner, with its tedious and interminable sequence of modulations, promising nothing and ending nowhere. Mr. Lavalle's "Offertory" orchestra and chorus, was delivered under much disadvantage, was striking, dramatic, and devout in places, without dulness or commonplace, but falls far below the range of the great motets, as of Mendelssohn, Gounod, and others.

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885.

THE summer vacation is a luxury and often a necessity to pastor and people. They come back refreshed in body and mind, and resume work with increased energy and zeal, so that really nothing is lost. But while it is a vacation from labor, it is not a vacation of responsibility. It is sometimes said of men going South or West, that they leave their consciences behind them off Cape Hatteras or in the great lakes. They are among strangers, the restraints of home and society are relaxed. They forget what manner of men they were, and their standard of conduct varies with their clime. Is it not the same sometimes with Churchmen? While they enjoy themselves, as is right, by the sounding sea or in some rural retreat, do they not sometimes forget that rest from labor is not rest from worship? It is Lord's day in the country as in the town, and the rural sanctuary should never want for worshippers. Spiritual and moral obligations do not depend upon location or heat or cold. Churchmen must be Christians at all times and everywhere.

In nine cases out of ten, perhaps, the trouble with the Indians grows out of the encroachment upon their lands by white people. As a rule, the Indians are far more peaceful and law-abiding than white men would be in their circumstances. It is not they who stir up quarrels, but the lawlessness and greed of these white land-grabbers. The latest instance of this is seen in the Utes of Colorado, as shown by the letter of General McCook to Secretary Lamar. Rich and powerful companies are raising cattle upon the Utes' reservation, making a claim of ownership. Because the Indians resent this trespassing on their territory they are supposed to deserve summary shooting at the hands of the white, and in this case mostly foreign, invaders, who care everything for the land and cattle and nothing for the Indians. It is high time that this wretched business be put an end to. It has been repeated so often as to leave it not so much as a show of justice. If the Indians have more land than they require it should be sold to the government at a fair valuation. They would then get the benefit of a property which, as the case stands, goes neither to them nor to the government, but to parties who have little interest in either. The lesson from all this is that the Indian reservation business should be done away with altogether, as fast as practicable, thus leaving no further opportunity for reckless land-grabbers and speculators to appro-

priate millions of acres by wholesale, without either any return of money or expressions of gratitude.

MEN are sometimes disposed to complain of the frequent appeals that are made to them for contributions for religious and charitable uses, but they forget that it is the necessary consequence of their infraction of the divine law. "Upon the first day of the week," says the apostle, "let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him," and they are to do this in order that there might not be any gatherings when the apostle come. It was a universal law for rich and poor alike—"let every one of you." The time for obedience was set, "the first day of the week;" the measure, "as God hath prospered him," and the object, "the collection for the saints." Men are stewards. A portion of their treasure is for their own wise use, a portion belongs to God. These two portions they are on the first day of the week to separate and to bring God's part into God's house. When this law is observed, and men give by method and rule instead of by impulse, there will be no need of "gatherings." The treasury of the Church would be overflowing full if men would but give God of His own. Very pregnant words are those of the prophet: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. Wherein have ye robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings."

COMMON EDUCATION.

It is not so well comprehended as it should be that with all its boasted free schools, several of the countries of Europe are rapidly getting ahead of America in the matter of popular education. This is to be accounted for partly on the ground of compulsory attendance at school, and partly from the fact that the studies are more practical. In England, Germany, Belgium and Switzerland, education is coming to mean a way of getting a livelihood.

But this with the great body of the people means something vastly different from knowledge for its own sake. With them getting a living does not follow at all from knowing how to read, write and cipher. It is now putting 1,118,000 of their children in mills and factories, when they ought to be at school. But this, so far as these children are concerned, is the end of their education. They are in no condition to study after ten or twelve hours of exhaustive toil, as in a few years they will be in no condition to work.

Education must become far more than it has yet done in this country, an in-

strument of honest and intelligent and skillful living. It must be concerned in the use of tools, as well as in adding up of figures and parsing of sentences. It must be acquired at a certain age, and no immediate pecuniary needs be allowed to interfere with it. It must be looked upon as a child's working capital, to deprive him of which is sinful in the parent and perhaps ruinous to the child.

THE INTELLECT AND THE HEART.

A great if not the fatal defect of the popular educational system is the entire absence of the spiritual element. It cares for man's intellect and ignores the heart. If the nature is evil, born in sin, education adds to its power and capacity to do wrong, but does not give a corresponding power of wise restraint. There is no moral force in the intellect aside from the heart and conscience; the great spirit of evil is an embodiment of pure intelligence without grace. In the popular sense Americans are an educated people, perhaps in the elementary rudiments there are none more so, and yet what means the widespread corruption of public and private life—what the growing complaint that so many schools are no longer safe places for children; that with the alphabet of learning they draw in corruption and death. Society reaps what it sows, and the religion that is expelled from the schools is parting from the family as well. In the prisons one beholds shrewdness, cunning, invention, many of the highest qualities of the mind in company with the worst vices of the heart. The godless penman forges a draft. The skilled accountant embezzles funds, and covers up all traces of his crime for months, perhaps for years. The sun by its light and heat to some things brings corruption; to some it gives beauty and life. It depends upon the nature of what it shines upon. So the light of education let in upon the human soul, if it be not at the same time purified, may only render its darkness more visible, or may give life only to the evil germs that are planted within it.

No age of the world excelled that of Pericles in all the arts that give softness and refinement to life. Painting, sculpture, the genius of Phidias and Praxiteles, the pencil of Zeuxis, the temple of the virgin goddess, with its elegant proportions and its carved facade, even in its ruins one of the wonders of the world, poetry, oratory—all illustrated and adorned it. The splendor of its court has passed into a proverb. Aspasia presided over it, wonderful for her wit, beauty, and grace—yea, for her wisdom and learning—the confidant and coun-

seller of statesmen and kings. Her intellect, as her person, had been cultivated to its utmost limit; in that respect she was the paragon of her sex. But what age was more corrupt than that of Pericles? Aspasia herself, the education of her moral nature neglected, was a wreck; as the poet says, "One of those shameless women who are the worst of men." She was a splendid monument of what the unsanctified intellect can be. No regard had been paid to her complex being; her nature was distorted, and, in the absence of virtue and religion, she was not an unmeet prototype of many of the disrowned women of our own age.

What else could be looked for? It was the natural sequence of a divorce of the head from the heart. God has joined them together, and when man sunder them the necessary outcome must be misery and shame: if he sows the wind he will reap the whirlwind. When men increase the capacity of the intellect and dwarf the moral nature, the result is not symmetry and grace, but spiritual deformity; the dragon's teeth spring up into armed men. It is to sharpen the claws and teeth of some savage animal without taming and subduing its spirit. There is in all true education a law of proportion; the body, mind, and heart must all be cultured if we would have a truly cultured man. In "The Art of Poetry" Horace tells us that the union of incongruous things—as of a woman's beautiful bust to the extremities of a fish, would produce a monster in the natural world. So the separation of congruous things, the intellect divorced from the heart, creates a no less wondrous prodigy.

If the State is derelict, the Church must supplement its deficiencies, must replace the schools which recognize no Christianity and no God, or, if that cannot be, the priest at the chancel rail must the more diligently instruct the lambs of the flock in those elementary principles which underlie the doctrine of Christ. If, as we are told in the Revised Version, Timothy from a babe had known the Sacred Writings, which were able to make him wise unto salvation, it was from no teaching of the State, but because of the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice, who in this regard may be looked upon as types of the Church which is the spiritual mother of us all.

The English Church Times in speaking of the secession to Rome of the Rev. Thomas Wimberly Mossman, says that though intrinsically unimportant, it "is of some passing interest as finally pricking a bladder which has never attained much inflation—the so-called Order of Corporate Reunion." Mr. Mossman was self-styled Bishop of Selby.

THE REV. ASHBEL BALDWIN, M. A.

In a farm-house on the hills of Litchfield, Connecticut, was born March 7th, 1757, the subject of this sketch. His father, Isaac Baldwin, was a graduate of Yale College in the class of 1735, and an older brother, who bore the paternal name, was graduated in 1774. Ashbel was later, graduating in 1776, the year of the Declaration of American Independence. Isaac Baldwin, the senior, on leaving college, began the study of theology, and was licensed as a Congregational minister, and preached for a time in what is now the town of Washington, Conn. But he soon relinquished the study, and turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, settling upon a farm in Litchfield, and becoming an eminently useful official in the public affairs of the town and county.

His son Ashbel contracted a lameness in boyhood by going into the water and imprudently exposing himself to a cold, which stiffened and shortened one of his limbs, and made his gait ever afterward unequal and limping. He had not relinquished his attachment to the Congregational order when he left college, and subsequently took a temporary tutorship in a Church family on Long Island. Stanch Churchmen in those days, when for any cause the parish church was closed on Sunday, turned their parlors into chapels, and had in private the full morning service. Mr. Baldwin, being the educated member of the household, was required to act as lay-reader, and not knowing how to use the Prayer Book, and yet ashamed to confess his ignorance to the head of the family, he sought the assistance and friendship of the gardener, who gave him the necessary instructions, and very soon love and admiration of the Liturgy and conversion to the Church followed. How long he continued in his private tutorship is unknown.

For two or three years during the Revolutionary War he held the appointment of a quarter-master in the Continental army, and was stationed for a time at Litchfield, where there was a large depository of military stores, "principally taken at the surrender of General Burgoyne," and guarded by a considerable detachment of soldiers. For his services in this capacity he received a pension from the government, which became his principal means of support in the last years of his life.

Upon the cessation of hostilities and the acknowledgment of independence, he applied himself to theological studies, and was an interested spectator at the meeting of the clergy in Woodbury on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1783, when choice was made of the first Bishop of Connecticut. He was then a candidate for Holy Orders, and with Philo Shelton and Henry Van Dyck was waiting for the opportunity to receive episcopal ordination in this country, which it was expected would ere long be given.

More than two years had elapsed since Seabury left the shores of America to seek in Great Britain consecration to the apostolic office. On Monday, June 29th, 1783, he arrived at Newport, R. I., after a voyage from London of three months, including his stay in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and reaching his future home in Connecticut a week later, preparations were immediately begun to meet his clergy and hold

his first ordination. The meeting was in Middletown, and the ordination was there on August 2d, when Colin Ferguson of Maryland, Henry Van Dyck, Ashbel Baldwin, and Philo Shelton were admitted deacons. The three last-named belonged to Connecticut, and were recommended by its clergy, of whom in convention assembled the Rev. Jeremiah Leaming was president. Mr. Baldwin was sent at once to his native place, and continued in charge of St. Michael's church, Litchfield, till 1793, when he resigned and accepted the rectorship of the venerable parish at Stratford. He was instrumental in awakening the zeal of the Episcopalians of Litchfield county, and leading them to re-open their churches after the desolations of the war, as well as to project new ones.

His recognized position in the diocese was early one of influence and responsibility, and his energy and facility in the dispatch of business made him especially useful in the deliberative and legislative assemblies of the Church. He was chosen Secretary of the Convention of the Diocese of Connecticut in 1796, and continued to discharge the duties of that office for a period of nearly thirty years. He was a deputy to the General Convention for an equally long period, and held the office of Secretary in the House of Deputies, from which he retired in 1828, with the thanks of that body "for his long and faithful services."

Mr. Baldwin was a man of keen discernment and quick apprehensions, and was rarely known to fall below the demands of any occasion that might arise. An incident is related of him which will illustrate his readiness and ability to cope with those who venture to indulge in pleasantries and witticisms at the expense of the clerical character. In June, 1799, the General Convention of our Church met in Philadelphia. It was the first time that he had been sent as a delegate to represent the Diocese of Connecticut, and in company with a legal gentleman of some shrewdness and considerable humor, who was his colleague. The journey was entered upon in a private conveyance, for steamboats and railroads were unknown in those days. As they approached at nightfall the place where they expected to find lodgings, the thought, more wicked than pious or respectful, suggested itself to the lawyer of passing off Mr. Baldwin as his servant. They had alighted at the public house, and rested a few moments in the sitting-room, when the lay-delegate stepped out and said to the landlord that he was travelling with his servant to Philadelphia, that supper might be provided for both, and they would take it together, but they must have separate apartments for the night, and he hoped his servant, as he was a clever fellow, would be given the best quarters allowed to such persons. Long before the evening had passed away, Mr. Baldwin felt a disposition to retire, and was shown to an apartment where, to his surprise, he found other occupants, and those not of the most agreeable kind. Indignant that one of his cloth should be thus treated, he limped down quickly to the landlord, and asked the meaning of this strange treatment. "Have you no better accommodations in your house?"

"No better!" was answered, "What! do you, a servant, expect the best apartment in the house? It is good enough. The gentle-

man gave me directions, and said you were nothing more than his servant." "Servant! servant! I am the servant of the Lord—nothing more."

The landlord now saw that he had been made the dupe of premeditated sport, and without waiting to apologize, he conducted the clergyman into a genteel apartment, and then sought the lawyer, disposed at first to be angry with him for the imposition; but he was quieted on being assured that it was an innocent artifice, from which no harm would come. The travellers were detained for nearly two days, but when at length a bright June morning dawned their carriage was driven to the door, the baggage adjusted, and Mr. Baldwin had already taken his seat as postilion, before the landlord politely suggested that he had forgotten to pay his bill. "Ah," said he, quickly, "my master will attend to that. Call upon him."

The lawyer was fairly outwitted, settled the bill, and resolved that he might pass for the rest of the journey as the servant of the Lord.

As the General Convention of 1799 was the first which Mr. Baldwin attended in the capacity of a deputy from the Diocese of Connecticut, so that of 1833 was the last. He was conspicuous in that body for remarkable self-possession and promptness and facility in giving expression to his opinions. The type of his theology led him to take the "old paths," and reverence for the memory of the bishop who admitted him to Holy Orders, held him up to a high standard of legislation for the Church. He would have her doctrines and discipline well defined and guarded, and his first action in the House of Deputies was to move a resolution to take into consideration the propriety of framing articles of religion. He lived at a period when Puritanism was rife in New England, especially in Connecticut, and while it was his policy to avoid being drawn into controversy, his devotion to the interests of the Episcopal Church never faltered or became doubtful under any pressure of circumstances. He was a parson without the smallest trace of bigotry, and attracted and retained the affections of all who were privileged to know him well in his private and official capacity. He was a good reader of the Liturgy, an instructive, if not a learned, preacher, and had a clear, sonorous voice and a persuasive manner which rendered his discourses acceptable to all classes of people. His best and happiest days were passed in Stratford, where for over thirty years he held the rectorship of the parish which had been faithfully served by those two eminent divines, Johnson and Leaning.

For a portion of the time he had this parish in connection with the neighboring one at Tashua, ministering to the latter every third Sunday, and holding frequent services in school-houses and private dwellings. His mode of travelling from place to place was in a chaise, and on one occasion he drove up rather hurriedly to meet an appointment at a house where the people had already assembled, and stepping down from his seat he was thus accosted by the host, who was not a Churchman: "I suppose, Mr. Baldwin, as it is the season of Lent, you will not have any refreshments before beginning the service." "No; nothing for me," was the reply. "But my horse is a Presbyterian; he must be fed."

In social intercourse he had wonderful

powers of adapting himself to circumstances, and was alike an acceptable visitor in the homes of the wealthy and refined, the humble and the uneducated, and a welcome guest at their tables. It was his practice, as it was the practice of many of the clergy in that day, to administer baptism in private houses—using the occasion of a lecture to make the office a public one. Very often whole households were baptized in this way, and sometimes their connection with the Church was afterwards unfortunately lost through neglect to exercise over them a proper degree of vigilance and care.

Mr. Baldwin married Miss Clarissa Johnson, of Guilford, a grand-niece of his predecessor in Stratford, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson. She died childless many years before him, and he never married again. He was in the full possession of his mental powers, and blessed with a fair degree of health when he resigned in 1824 the rectorship of Christ church. For a time he lingered in the neighborhood of Stratford, but could not be idle, and was soon in charge of the parish in Meriden, and afterwards officiated in several places—as Tashua, Wallingford, North Haven, Oxford and Quaker's Farms. Ten years were thus passed, doing what he could for the Church which he had served so faithfully and loved so much, but in 1834 failure of eyesight and other infirmities obliged him to cease from all public service and go into retirement. It was natural for him to dwell for the rest of his days among or near his old parishioners, and from 1834 to 1843 he resided at New Haven, Bridgeport and Stratford. He was at the latter place in 1837, when he addressed a letter to Bishop Brownell, taking an affectionate leave of the Diocesan Convention then sitting in New Haven, and resigning the only office of trust in its gift, which he had continued to hold. The letter is so descriptive of the man, so chaste, so exquisitely beautiful in its style, and so pathetic in its allusions, that it is worth producing almost wholly to close this paper.

"I was much pleased to learn that the convention would be held in New Haven this summer, as my present stay would be so near that I might possibly be able once more to meet with my brethren. I had made arrangements to do so; but in that I am much disappointed, as the weather is such that I dare not venture abroad. The least cold affects my eyes immediately, and produces much pain. In addition to an earnest desire once more to meet my clerical and lay brethren, I wished to be present at this annual meeting for the purpose of resigning my office of trustee of the Episcopal Academy. I was made one of the trustees of that institution at its first organization, and for many years I never failed to attend its meetings; but for several years past my health has been so bad that it has not been in my power to attend to any of its concerns. Will you have the goodness, sir, to present me very affectionately to the members of the convention, and request them to accept my resignation?"

"My dear sir, when I first entered the Church its condition was not very flattering. Surrounded by enemies on every side and opposed with much virulence, her safety and even her very existence were at times somewhat questionable; but by the united and zealous exertions of the clergy, attended by the blessings of her great Founder, she

has been preserved in safety through every storm, and now presents herself, with astonishment to every beholder, not as a grain of mustard-seed, but as a beautiful tree, spreading its salubrious branches over our whole country. The Church, by a strict adherence to its ancient landmarks, its priesthood, its Liturgy, and its government, has been preserved from those schisms which seem to threaten the peace of a very respectable body of Christians in our country. May the same unanimity and zeal which animated our fathers still be preserved in the Church. My days of pilgrimage, I know, are almost closed, and I can do no more than to be in readiness, by the grace of God, to leave the Church militant in peace. May I be permitted, sir, to ask the prayers of my bishop and his clergy that my last days may be happy?"

Mr. Baldwin went to Rochester, N. Y., in 1843, and became an inmate in the family of one who had removed thither from Connecticut, and who was under special obligations to him for kindness and care bestowed in previous years. He died in that city on Sunday, February 8th, 1846, lacking twenty-seven days to complete his eighty-ninth year.

E. E. BEARDSLEY.

ENGLAND.

DISCOVERY AT ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.—At St. Martin's, Canterbury, the rector, Canon Routledge, has discovered a "hagio-scope" in the northwest wall of the nave, at its junction with the tower. It is a Norman insertion in a wall of Roman construction, a wall which is now seen to be similar to those which form at least the lower portions of the nave and chancel. There are regular courses of Roman brick, and the surface of the original wall has been covered with the characteristic salmon-colored mortar. A coating of plaster two or three inches thick has covered up and concealed the ancient walls, which have for the most part stood intact since first erected by Roman or British Christians in the third or fourth century. The Romano-British sanctuary was afterward profaned to heathen use, or allowed to fall into decay, until it was, as Bede records, repaired and reconstructed to Christian worship for Queen Bertha. The original fabric has undergone, in the long course of time, many changes; it was already of venerable age when the Norman builders pierced the walls to insert door or window, squint or piscina, which still further lapse of ages once more concealed. Yet the ancient walls are there, and St. Martin's remains a memorial of Christian worship in Britain earlier by several centuries than the coming of Augustine.—*Guardian*.

COMMEMORATION OF BISHOP KEN.—On Monday, June 29th, of the anniversary of the trial of the seven bishops in the reign of James II., large numbers of clergy and laity from all parts of the Diocese of Bath and Wells assembled at the cathedral in Wells to take part in commemorating the bi-centenary of Bishop Ken, who was Bishop of Bath and Wells from 1685 to 1691, when he was deprived by William III. There was an early celebration of the Holy Communion, at which Bishop Ken's morning hymn, "Awake my soul and with the sun," was sung. At 11:30 a.m. there was a special service in the nave of the cathedral, at which the mayor and corporation of Wells attended in their official robes. A commemorative sermon was preached by the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe (Dr. Alexander).

AN OFFER TOWARD METHODIST RECONCILIATION.—The Rev. G. W. Danks, vicar of Mor-

tonhy, Gainsborough, proposed to the representatives of both the Wesleyan and the Primitive Methodists in his parish that they should retain their preachers, their chapels, their class-meetings, their prayer-meetings, their Sunday-schools, and everything else that was characteristic of their system. He further proposed that the children of the schools should be included in the annual feast of the Church schools; and he offered, as his was the richest congregation, to help the two bodies pecuniarily to the best of his power. All that he asked in return was that they should declare themselves in unity with the Church of England, and communicate at the parish church. In other words, he offered them everything that John Wesley contemplated or ever gave his personal followers. Unhappily, the Methodist authorities outside the parish interposed and stopped the movement, so that when the final conference met only three Wesleyans attended. We hope, however, that the attempt has not been in vain; but that the proposal having once been made, it will gradually bear fruit; that first one or two and then many Wesleyans will feel that they are bound by the very same they bear to clear themselves from the stain of a schism that would have been most odious to their founder.—*The Church Times.*

THE PUSEY HOUSE AT OXFORD.—On Thursday, June 25th, a thanksgiving service for the first year's work of the Pusey House, was held in the University church, Oxford. It was preceded by early celebrations at the cathedral, at Keble College, and in the chapel of Pusey House. Canon Liddon was to have preached at the noon service, but the state of his health did not permit him to keep the engagement, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Francis Paget, who succeeds Bishop King as Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford. The nave of St. Mary's was crowded, one hundred and fifty robes being present. After the sermon the Ambrosian *Te Deum* was sung, and a liberal collection was made for the endowment fund.

A collation was served at Keble College, when speeches were made by the Bishop of Oxford, the Earl of Glasgow, the Principal Librarian and others.

SCOTLAND.

COADJUTOR BISHOP FOR THE DIOCESE OF MORAY, ROSS AND CAITHNESS.—Following is the mandate of the Primus, the Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness, for the election of a coadjutor:

"Whereas, the College of Bishops has sanctioned the appointment and the election of a Coadjutor-Bishop for the United Diocese of Moray, Ross and Caithness. We, the Primus, in our own name, and with the sanction of our colleagues, the Bishops of the Episcopal Church in Scotland, do hereby authorize and command you, the clergy and laity of the said diocese who may be entitled to vote in terms of Canon III. and IV. of the said Church, to repair, within two months from the date of the receipt of this mandate by the Dean of the said diocese of Moray, Ross and Caithness, to such place within the diocese as the said Dean shall appoint, and then and there to elect for Coadjutor-Bishop, *cum jure successione*, a man of blameless conduct, orthodox in the faith, apt to teach, fit to govern, and having a good report as well of those who are without as of those within the pale of the Church.

"In the meantime, we exhort you, individually and collectively, to consider well the sacred nature of the trust which we now commit to you, and the importance of the election which you are to make; and having the fear of God, and the peace of the Church perpetually

in your view, to divest yourselves of all partiality and prejudice arising from any personal feeling, remembering that your choice will necessarily affect the interests, not of the United Diocese of Moray, Ross and Caithness only, but also of the whole Church in Scotland. *Episcopatus unus est, cuius a singulis in solidum pars tenetur*, is a proposition venerable, not merely for its antiquity and its author, but because on its truth rests the possibility of exercising any discipline in the Church Catholic.

"You are to have in view, therefore, not only the peace and good government of the United Diocese of Moray, Ross and Caithness, with which you are most intimately connected, but likewise the peace and harmony and good government of the whole Church. It is for securing the former of these two objects that, when a diocese becomes vacant, the presbyters of the said diocese, and laity therein, entitled to vote as aforesaid, have the privilege of electing their bishop, and of presenting the person elected to the bishops for consecration; and it is for securing the latter, which is at least of equal importance, that the bishops possess the right of either confirming or setting aside the election made by the said presbyters and laity.

"We earnestly pray that God may direct you by His Holy Spirit in all things, and especially in the discharge of this most important duty.

"Given under our hand, at Eden Court, Inverness, this eleventh day of June, being the Feast of St. Barnabas the Apostle, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

(Signed)

"ROBERT, Bishop of Moray, &c., Primus." He also authorized the following prayer to be said in all the churches of his diocese until the election was held:

"O Lord Jesu Christ, thou great Shepherd of the Sheep, who knowest the hearts of all men, and Who, after Thine Ascension, didst inspire Thy faithful Apostles to choose Matthias into the number of the Twelve, mercifully ordain that a faithful and true pastor may be chosen to be Coadjutor-Bishop of this diocese, who may discharge the duties of his sacred office to the glory of Thy great Name and the benefit of Thy holy Church, for Thine own merit's sake, Who livest and reignest with the Father, in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen."

The meeting for the election was held in the Cathedral on Thursday, July 16th. There was an early celebration of the Holy Communion in the bishop's private chapel at 8 A. M., and a second celebration in the cathedral at 11:30 A. M.

The result of the election has not yet been received.

GERMANY.

OLD CATHOLICISM IN ODENWALD.—The Deutscher Merkur announces from Odenwald: "On the 8th inst. the inhabitants met and resolved to 'renounce the so-called Infalible Popish Church, and to return to the Old Catholic Church, as she believed and taught until 1870.' The great majority in the place have signed this resolution. The pastoration is for the present to be supplied from Heidelberg. Moreover, several Romanist clergy have recently applied for mission to our bishop."

JEWISH CONVERSIONS.—The London *Zukunft* (Judeo-German) says: "At Vienna, last year, no less than two hundred and sixty-three Jews became Christians—among whom were thirteen barristers, nine physicians, four journalists, three professors, three judges, seventeen merchants and manufacturers."

FRANCE.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE UNIVERSITIES.—At the sitting of the French Chamber on Monday, June 29th, when the estimates for public instruction were presented, Mgr. Froppe moved to diminish the credits for superior instruction on the ground that they were to be employed for establishing at the universities chairs for the teaching of religious science, from which the Catholic religion was to be attacked. M. Goblet, Minister of Public Worship, replied that the various religions would, notwithstanding the suppression of the theological faculties, retain for some time to come a considerable place in the world, if only from a historical point of view. The chairs of religion and science would not be for polemic purposes, but for historical and literary research, and in the view of the government provision ought to be made for confiding these high studies to savans like M. Havet and M. Renan (!) (Disapprobation from the Right and applause from the Left.) Mgr. Froppe having declared that the government only instituted an anti religious system of theological education, the Chamber rejected his amendment by 339 to 97.

HOLLAND.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT OLD CATHOLIC.—We announce with regret the decease, in his forty-second year, of Theodor Rol, of Utrecht, one of the Dutch Old Catholic clergy best known to Anglicans, and a most intelligent worker in the cause of Continental Catholic Reform. When Dr. May carried to the late Archbishop Loos letters from some of the English episcopate, urging that prelate to take forward steps on behalf of Dr. Dollinger and his anti infallibilist associates in Germany, he found no stronger advocate of the policy happily in consequence adopted than Mr. Rol. He was one of the founders of the *Oud-Katholiek*, the Dutch Church paper, which will especially miss his pen.—*Church Bells.*

ITALY.

THE NEW APPOINTMENTS.—With regard to the appointments announced for the approaching consistory, the Daily Chronicle's Roman correspondent observes that the elevation of three of the four Italian cardinals excites much comment both at the Vatican and the Quirinal. He says: "There is undoubtedly a party in the Sacred College disposed to accept conciliatory advances from Italy. The chief of this is Cardinal Laurenti, formerly at Perugia with Leo. XII. The 'Perugian' section at the Vatican is now to be strengthened by the nomination of Mgr. Baccelli, brother of the former minister of Public Instruction, Mgr. Schiaffino, a strong Italian, Archbishop Battaglini, of Bologna, who succeeded the militant Cardinal Parocchi, and Mgr. Capecestrato, Archbishop of Capua, whose brother is acting postmaster general of the kingdom of Italy, and who was formerly the confessor of Queen Margherita."

MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN.—St. Stephen's Church.—The Lynn Transcript of Friday, July 10th, says:

"One of the largest congregations that was ever convened at St. Stephen's Memorial church, met on Sunday last at the closing service of the rectorship of the Rev. Louis DeCormis. It comprised a large number of the many friends of the late rector, whose friendship has been developed and strengthened by the pleasant associations of nearly ten years, during which time he has met them as a faithful pastor, friend, and adviser, in scenes of joy and sadness, and in administer-

ing the holy rites of the Church at all times when called upon.

"A large number of the members of the mission attended this closing service; but the entire assemblage could but feebly represent the kindly feelings and universal respect in which he is held throughout the city.

"Mr. DeCarmis was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Eglert, who is now in charge of the mission which was commenced several weeks since, and is now in successful operation, with a prospect of erecting a chapel on the beautiful lot corner of Broad and Estes streets at an early day.

"The service was very fine, and the music, under the direction of Mr. Weston, was excellent. The whole seemed a just tribute of respect and love to a faithful servant of Christ who has labored earnestly and effectually for the cause of his church in this city."

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—The Italian Mission.—This mission, (the Rev. C. Stander, minister in charge,) which has the privilege of Grace chapel in which to worship on Sunday afternoons, discontinued its services on Sunday, July 12th, and will resume them on the first Sunday in September. The Sunday-school, however, will be re-organized a week or two earlier. This is the first time Mr. Stander has had a vacation for nearly twelve years.

The Italian Mission is working under great disadvantages from not having a church of its own. If it could get possession of St. Phillips's church in Mulberry street, which is for sale, it would seem very much to be desired. This church is much more convenient to the homes of a majority of the Italians than Grace chapel, and would in every way answer the purposes of the mission. The matter has, in an unofficial way, been brought to the attention of the committee of the Italian Mission, and it is possible that in the fall something may be done to see if the property in Mulberry street can be secured. The price asked for it is \$60,000. There are now from 50,000 to 60,000 Italians in this city, and it is believed that if the congregation could get possession of St. Phillips's, they could make their work self-supporting.

NEW YORK—Holy Trinity Church.—About the middle of June, this church (the Rev. Wilber F. Watkins, rector), established a summer home in the beautiful village of South Norwalk. In former years the poor children of the congregation were sent into the country by means of the Fresh Air Fund, but the requirements of some other children can be taken in this way led to the renting a commodious house for the summer. The house is charmingly located on a hill from which extensive views are obtained of Long Island Sound and of the surrounding country. The acre of ground connected with it is well shaded, and provided, especially, with apple trees.

The home is rented at a cost of \$50 a month, this amount being paid by one of the ladies of the congregation. It has ten rooms, including kitchen, dining-room, etc., and is neatly furnished for the purposes intended. Everything is done in order and good taste, the object being to have the children and mothers learn something in the matter of housekeeping. The selection of crockery, even, and the setting of the table are designed as a sort of object-lesson.

About fourteen children and mothers are taken to the home each Saturday, the others returning. Of the twenty or thirty mothers connected with the Mothers' Meeting, nearly all will have a week at the home, their requirements being often full as great as those of the

children. The household is supplied with abundant and excellent food, the groceries having been purchased at wholesale at one of the best establishments in this city. The very best of milk is also supplied by a farmer morning and night.

The entire cost of carrying on this work for the season, including rent, is expected to be about \$1,800. The home is only rented for the summer, as the church is in some sort experimenting. The home and all the arrangements, however, seem to give excellent satisfaction to the rector and congregation, and the work is considered to be of very great importance.

It should be added that Miss Clifford, visitor in Holy Trinity parish, and also Bible teacher, has made herself very useful and efficient in connection with this excellent work. Through her efforts \$600 were raised at the outset, and it is understood that the entire sum required is largely provided for. Miss Clifford selects the parties, herself taking them to the home on Saturdays, and conducting religious services on Sundays. Prayers are also said each morning and evening. It is expected that the home will not close till the middle of October, and that by that time upwards of two hundred persons will have shared in its benefits.

NEW YORK—The Holy Cross Mission.—The clergy in charge of this mission, having their headquarters at 711 East Twelfth street, between Avenues C and D, have opened a cottage known as St. Andrew's Cottage, at Farmingdale, L. I. The cottage was little more than a barn when first occupied in 1883. Last year, however, it underwent some alterations, and is now a frame building, 50x33, the boys, for the most part, sleeping in the lofts. Connected with this building is land amounting to forty acres, it being the aim of the order to establish a farm, as also a trade-school. The boys mostly come from "Little Germany," or that crowded German population living in the vicinity of Avenue C. About eighteen or twenty boys are taken to the cottage each week, and during their stay of a week or so all are required to work. Each day a schedule is handed them specifying what they are required to do. This being occupied is conceived to be both enjoyable and useful. In the course of time it is hoped to establish a colony in the West, by which means the boys may be drafted off and become farmers.

NEW YORK—St. George's Church.—This church has opened a sea-side home at Rockaway Beach, to which large numbers are sent from the Sunday-school, the Girls' Friendly Society, etc. From the latter, and including also mothers, about eighteen are sent each week, to make a week's sojourn. From the former are sent about four hundred children a day. The children who stay a day only are required to take their lunch with them, the church, however, providing tea and coffee. The children have no further expense except ferriage.

NEW YORK—The Church of the Ascension.—This church (the Rev. E. Winchester Donald, rector,) at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth street, was closed late in June for renovation and changes which, it is believed, will make it one of the most beautiful churches in the city. The side galleries have been removed because they darkened the church, and, in fact, were never intended by the architect, Mr. Upjohn, to be there. His wishes, however, were overruled by the Rev. Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Eastburn, at that time rector. In addition to this restoration of the church to its original idea, the five tall windows on either side are being shortened up four or five feet, while the church is to be re-carpeted, re-upholstered, painted, etc., and have a new furnace. These repairs will cost about \$12,000.

In addition to the above, the chancel will be made new. The main features of this work will be a new stone floor, a reredos of Sienna marble, and a painting of the Ascension, by John Lafarge. This work will, in all respects, be severely simple, and the character of the church be rigidly adhered to. The cost of making these changes will be \$20,000. This sum has been contributed by two parishioners, who wish to do something to anchor the church on its present site for all time, so that if hereafter the better or richer classes remove from this locality—of which, however, there are at present no indications—the church will be a fixture. The architecture of the church needed only these changes, it is believed, to bring out its strength and beauty. The aim in making them is not one of prettiness, but of a dignity and solidity in keeping with the church.

Under the present rectorship, which embraces three years, the debt of \$30,000 has been paid, the church has received a new organ and pulpit, and gained a congregation. The parish supports two chapels, the Memorial Chapel of the Ascension, in charge of the Rev. J. F. Steen, and the Chapel of the Comforter, in charge of the Rev. E. H. Van Winkle. Both church and chapels are in a highly flourishing condition. Best of all, there has been a deepening of the religious life, the aim of the rector having been to use everything for the spiritual betterment of the people under his charge.

It may be added that the old pulpit and reredos have been removed, and are to be set up in the Church of the Ascension, Ipswich, Mass., as a memorial to the late Dr. John Cotton Smith.

NEW YORK—House of the Holy Comforter.—This free Church home for incurables, at 18 East Eleventh street, finds its treasury especially low during the summer. It has no endowment, and as it no longer receives help from the Excise Fund, it is compelled to fall back on the voluntary offerings of the benevolent. Its household now numbers twenty-nine unfortunates, while five or six are being cared for in the country. The sum needed for the year's current expenses is \$5,000. Any contributions which the charitable are moved to bestow may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. John C. O'Connor, Jr., 14 East Thirty-third street, or directly to the home. At the latter place donations of food, clothing, books, etc., would be most welcome.

NEW YORK—The Trinity Seaside Home.—This home, carried on by the Trinity Church Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary, and situated at Great River, near Islip, Long Island, has completed a new addition which is to answer the purpose of dining-room, play-room, etc. The Home was opened the latter part of June, receiving a number of children, and by means of this enlargement it may be able to accommodate fifty children at any one time. The whole number of women and children received last year from June 10th to September 31st was 225, each of the children remaining one month. Those beneficiaries who belonged to the parish came from Trinity church, and the chapels of St. Paul, St. John, St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine.

The Trinity Seaside Home grew out of a small house at first situated in a village on the Hudson River, which two years afterwards was abandoned on account of malignant malarial fever. Subsequently, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who had promised to give \$1,000 towards the endowment of a home, in case one could be established by the seaside, purchased and deeded the present Trinity Seaside Home to the rector, wardens and vestrymen of Trinity church. These trustees leased the Home to the Trinity Church Association in

order that it might be efficiently managed, and the Executive Committee of the latter organization placed the Home under the care of the Sisters of St. Mary and of an advisory committee of the association.

The Home consists of a large and well-arranged house, and made still larger and more convenient by the present addition. The property includes eight acres of land, as also outbuildings, the original cost having been \$8,500. There was also received during the year in which the Home was purchased \$5,774.14, making a total of \$13,774.14. The Home possesses good and perfectly safe salt water bathing, while the climate throughout the region in which it is situated is free from malaria, and known to be of the best for the purposes of a sanitarium. Through the generosity of Mrs. Vanderbilt the grounds in front of the Home were last year graded and improved, and a wire fence built along the highway. With the present addition and improvements, its usefulness will be greatly increased.

The children for whom the Home is designed are taken from the crowded, ill-ventilated tenements, and are all sick and feeble, and some of them almost helpless. They include convalescents from diseases incident to childhood, the crippled or maimed from disease or accident, or the delicate, poorly fed children of parents living for the most part in the lower districts of the city. For all of these the changed living and bracing air of the seaside are found to be of very great benefit.

The Home, which is under the oversight of the Sisters of St. Mary, is in part carried on by the Ladies' Auxiliary Board, of which Mrs. John D. Prince is President, Miss F. A. Binger Secretary, and Mrs. Richard Irvin, Jr., Treasurer. The main object of the Board is to secure ample income for the Home, to provide for its contingent necessities and to ultimately furnish it with a suitable endowment. Persons who may be glad to assist in the maintenance of the Home may become life patrons by the payment of \$100 or more, and patrons for the current year by the payment of from \$25 to \$100.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—Church Charity Foundation.—The services on St. John Baptist's Day at the Foundation were of more than usual interest. The day being the anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of St. John's Hospital, special collects for the Hospital were said in connection with the celebration of the Holy Communion at 8:30 o'clock. An added interest was given to this celebration by the fact that a new chalice, recently presented to the chapel by Mrs. R. Chaucey Hamilton, was then used for the first time. The chalice is a beautiful piece of work made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company. It is of solid silver, the bowl being heavily lined with gold. The base is hexagonal, and on one of the sides are engraved the words: "To the Glory of God, and in Loving Memory of my Parents, Harry Messenger, who Died June 12, 1882, and Rosa Messenger, who Died Dec. 12, 1882. N. M. H." The chalice is about seven inches high, and the centre of the stem is richly engraved and hexagonally embossed. Upon the boss immediately above the side bearing the memorial inscription, a Latin cross is engraved, while the remaining bosses bear severally the letters "J. E. S. U. S.", the spaces between the letters being engraved with grape-vine leaves.

Later flower and refreshment tables were set in the Home for the Aged, the arrangements being under the charge of Mrs. Francis Peck, president of the Associates' Auxiliary Committee of St. John's Hospital, who was ably assisted by representatives from many

parishes of the city. The attendance of visitors was large. In the evening the grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns, and the entertainment, varied with music, was much enjoyed both by the beneficiaries and their numerous friends.

BROOKLYN—St. Ann's Church.—It is expected that Archdeacon Kirkby will supply St. Ann's church during the months of August and September. His many friends will give him a cordial welcome.

CENTRAL ISLIP—Church of the Messiah.—The deeds of the property of this church have been delivered to the Standing Committee. The foundation was laid in 1879, and the church was erected at a cost of \$2,700. The lot was given by Mr. Henry Holmes. Messrs. Bradish Johnson, L. C. Lawrence, G. W. Willmording, and James Slater were liberal contributors, while the organ and the communion vessels were given by St. Mark's church, Islip. It is expected that the church will soon be consecrated, and a missionary appointed to the charge.

FORT HAMILTON—St. John's Church.—There has been lately placed in the chancel of this church (the Rev. R. B. Snowden, rector), a new altar, larger and higher than the small and unsuitable one that preceded it. It is constructed of walnut, highly polished, having in the centre, facing the congregation, the monogram of the Saviour in white. It has a retablo of fitting proportion, on which stands the cross, of polished brass, the Easter gift of the Sunday-school. A complete set of Trinity-tide hangings were presented, together with the altar, by St. John's Guild.

The third annual report of the guild, of which Mrs. John Hamilton is president, and Miss May Hamilton secretary and treasurer, was read on Sunday, June 12th, and set forth a very important work done in supplying clothing, food, delicacies, coal, etc., to the poor and the needy sick, eleven families having been regularly visited and relieved. The guild has also materially improved the furnishings of the church, and contributed to the prosperity of the parish in many ways. Its benefits to the poor are distributed to all alike, without regard to sect or denomination. Of the many cases of distress found and relieved, amidst the unusual rigor of last winter, one was cited in the report as follows: "That of a sick man with a bad cough, found sitting by the body of his infant child, for which he was unable to buy a coffin, in the bitterest weather, without a fire, in his shirt sleeves, having pawned his very coat to buy bread. His wife, though not sick, was more destitute in the matter of clothing than himself, and they had sold all but the most indispensable articles of furniture long before." The guild distributed 269 articles of clothing of all kinds, and expended \$156.36. Ministrations like these to the suffering and deserving poor gain for the Church the respect and love of all classes, and prove her spirit to be that of the Divine Master.

GREENPOINT—Church of the Ascension.—This church (the Rev. Arthur Whitaker, rector), is putting up a building on lots in the rear of the church edifice, which is to answer the purposes of the Sunday-school, the infant school, and St. John's Section, a branch temperance society in which the rector and congregation are more or less interested. The building stands on lots given to the parish ten or twelve years ago when the church was built by James Valentine and Thomas Roland, at that time wardens or vestrymen. It will be a substantial brick structure, 85 feet long and about 40 feet in width, and having large, commodious rooms, it is understood, on the ground floor and on the story above. The cost, aside from furnishing, is expected to be from \$8,000 to \$10,000,

nearly all of which has been raised. When this building is completed the little chapel to the east of the church on Kent street, in which the Sunday-school has held its sessions, will be removed.

In the five years in which Mr. Whitaker has been rector of this church he has been highly successful. The church, which was much run down, has gained a congregation; a debt of \$13,000 has been paid off, while this further work of putting up the building spoken of is evidence of a working and harmonious parish. Mr. Whitaker is a business man, withal, and has been careful to see that the property of the church was put in such shape that no mortgage could be put upon it, in case money might be required to complete the present building.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

NIAGARA FALLS—Opening of the Niagara Falls Park.—The Niagara Falls reservation, recently acquired by the State of New York, was opened as a park, with formal ceremonies, on Wednesday, July 15th. The Bishop of Western New York was chaplain for the day, and the following was the office of praise and prayer which he drew up and used on the occasion:

- I.
1. We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.
2. Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
3. O all ye works of the Lord; O ye seas and floods; O all ye green things upon the earth and all ye children of men, bless ye the Lord—praise Him and magnify Him forever.

II.

Almighty God, who madest the earth to be inhabited and gavest waste places to our fathers, setting the bounds of their habitations, and, by their labor, making the wilderness to blossom as the rose; we bless Thee for the goodly heritage they have left to us, their children. More especially, this day, we praise Thee for making beautiful these limits of our land, and for speaking to all nations and kindreds and tongues, in this place, with the voice of many waters. Blessed be Thy name that Thou hast opened our eyes to see and our ears to hear, and that Thou hast put it into the hearts of this people to acknowledge Thy glorious works, and to make them a legacy and a testimony unto their children's children. Therefore these pleasant places of Niagara we do set apart, this day, from common and sordid uses, making these coasts and isles which Thou hast marvellously adorned, to be a school for the hearts and minds of men, and of discipline to their senses; to inspire our countrymen forever with a love of nature and of Thee, its Author and Creator; and to make us know and feel that man cannot live by bread only, but by the better things Thou givest in Thy works and in Thy Word. Accept these our thanksgivings, and command a blessing on all who share in the duties of this celebration, that they may perform the same as a service to their country and to their fellow-men. Grant, also, that all those who shall hereafter enjoy the benefits of this place may make a right use of the same for their own welfare and with grateful hearts to Thee, their God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

III.

Bless, O Lord, the President of the United States, the Governor of this state of New York, and all others in authority. Bless all the people of our country, and grant that, one and all, in our several vocations and estates, we may live in cheerful obedience to Thee as supreme; in dutiful submission to the laws of the land, and in kindly charities and good

neighborhood, one with another; that so our lad may bring forth her increase; that our children may grow up in good learning and nurture; and that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations. Grant this for the sake of Thy Son, our blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

IV.

O God, who hast set thy bow in the cloud, which compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle, because the hands of the Most High have benuded it; we praise Thee that Thou hast made it to give light in the bright cloud as a memorial of Thine everlasting Covenant with all mankind. Moreover, we praise Thee that Thou hast set it as a seal upon these thy glorious works, and hast made it to shine perpetually in these floods, as well under the moon as under the sun, as well by night as by day. Grant that it may ever remind us of Thy loving kindness and tender mercy toward all men and be a symbol of peace and good-will to those, out of every nation, who shall come hither to behold the operations of Thy hands. Grant also that it may be a token of brotherhood to the kindred peoples to whom this river is a boundary, making it, also, a bond; so that the mighty power Thou hast given them in all the world may evermore be used not to hurt but to help and to make thy way known upon earth and Thy saving health among all nations. All which we beg in His blessed Name and Merits, in whose perfect words we saw our prayers, saying:

Our Father, etc.

NEW JERSEY.

ASBURY PARK—The House of the Good Shepherd.—This summer home, under the charge of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, whose city home and centre of work is St. Barnabas's House, 304 Mulberry street, New York, was some weeks since opened for the season. Thither come the sisters in turn, as they can be spared from the city or as needed here. It is here in the refreshing air from the sea and in the open country that they find as much of rest as the partial charge of a numerous household will admit of.

This household consists, first, of their own children, as they call fifteen or twenty girls, who from ten to seventeen years of age live constantly with the sisters. These girls, who else had been in most instances the neglected and ruined inmates of pauper and vicious homes, are trained to be thorough house servants. These girls stay at the Park during the season, their usual routine of work being varied with shortened school-hours and frequent rambles after flowers, and an occasional dip in the sea.

In the next place, there are the little family parties made up, perhaps, of a mother or aunt, with one, two, or three children—a sickly babe, a crippled boy, or the little daughter whose cheeks were always colorless. These families, selected by the ladies of St. Barnabas's from among their most deserving and needy beneficiaries, are sent down for two weeks, or, possibly, they have been sent down by one and another of the city churches from among their worthy and poor parishioners, for whom a more gracious and helpful charity could not be devised.

Lastly, there are the ladies of the sisterhood and their fellow-laborers, whether in the city missions or in remoter fields. These may consist of a Bible reader from the far West, the wife and daughter of a country clergyman, teachers in Indian schools in the far-away land of the Dakotas. Possibly a country clergyman himself may be found among the company, though the sterner sex are at best in a discouraging minority.

Besides these guests of the house who pass a fortnight in rest and relaxation, one party quickly succeeding another, there are a few boarders, ladies of like mind with the workers whose congenial society and helpful pursues make them valuable additions to the house family.

It can well be imagined that the house at Asbury Park has very much to make it attractive. Half way around the house runs a broad portico upon which stand bright flowers in boxes, while vines are trailed up the pillars and beneath the cornice. By dint of much coaxing a tolerably green sward has taken the place of the white sand. There are, also, the remaining trees of the old pine forest to cast a light and pleasant shade. To the right as one enters is the simple chapel-room, for family worship night and morning, Evening Prayer being had at 5 o'clock. To the left is the parlor, with books, magazines, and a few pictures on the wall. Behind is the ladies' dining-room, and to the rear of this the dining-room of the children and the women. On this story is also a well-arranged and well-ordered kitchen and laundry. Up an easy flight of stairs is another broad hall hung with pictures of the English cathedrals. Here the children have their school-room and play-room, and the full benefit of the ever-stirring sea breeze. On the story above, these happy exiles from the crowded tenement houses have their spacious and comfortable rooms to sleep in.

PENNSYLVANIA.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The journal of the one hundred and first convention fills 250 pages, and its chief statistics are as follows: Clergy, including the bishop, 212; parishes, 121; candidates for Orders, 30; ordinations, 13; corner-stones laid, 1; churches and chapels, 131; Sunday-school buildings, 76; parsonages, 68; cemeteries, 50; baptisms, 4,014; confirmations, 2,098; communicants, 29,362; Sunday-school scholars, 28,730; members of Bible classes, 5,304; parish school scholars, 692; sewing-school scholars, 2,608; members of mothers' meeting, 2,000; industrial scholars, 965; members of guilds, 15,750; value of church property, \$9,350,000; receipts from all sources, \$784,397.83. The bishop in his address confines himself to diocesan affairs, but has some judicious remarks on the subject of divorce, and upon the centennials occurring during the present year.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Beloved Disciple.—The improvements on this church (the Rev. H. T. Widdemer, rector), are progressing towards completion, the chapel on the east end having been finished, and the addition to the main building roofed in. The chapel is 45x18 feet, and will be used for Sunday-school purposes, and for practising purposes by the choir of thirty boys. The addition to the church is seventy feet in length and fifteen feet in height, and will increase the total seating capacity to about five hundred. It is expected that the improvements will be entirely completed in time for the opening service, which will be held in the middle of August.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MAUCH CHURCH—St. Mark's Church.—The Rev. B. F. Thompson, who has served a part of his diaconate as assistant at this church (the Rev. M. A. Tolman, rector), was advanced to the priesthood by the assistant-bishop of the diocese on Wednesday, July 1st. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. E. Thompson, the candidate's brother. There were present and uniting in the laying on of hands the rector of the parish, the Rev. C. Kinloch Nelson, and the Rev. H. E. Thompson.

The music was very well rendered by the newly-trained choir of men and boys. It is to the credit of them and their trainers that the long and somewhat involved service, entirely new to them in their present position, proceeded without any awkwardness or hesitation.

SAYRE—The Robert A. Packer Hospital.—On Monday, July 13th, the new Robert A. Packer Hospital, at Sayre, Penn., was formally opened. It is the gift of the late Robert A. Packer, and consists of his spacious and beautiful residence, which has been refitted and made suitable for hospital purposes. It has been thoroughly renovated and put in a state of complete repair. The former dining-room, which was in a wing by itself, and built after designs furnished by one of the most artistic architects in the country, has been fitted up, with all its former adornments, into what the resident physician calls "the handsomest hospital ward in the world." The female ward is on the second floor, as are also a dozen chambers, all beautifully finished, which are intended for such patients as are able to pay for treatment. The dispensary is in the room which was once Mr. Packer's library. None of the adornments that made the house so attractive in his time have been removed, and the hospital has been made one of the most beautiful buildings, as well as one of the best suited for its purposes, of any in the country. The dispensary was furnished by an auxiliary branch in Owego, N. Y., the staff dining-room, on the ground floor, was provided with furniture and dishes by the people of Towanda, Penn., the warden's office and trustees' room was cared for by the people of Waverly, N. Y., the linen was provided by the people of Sayre, the kitchen and laundry were equipped by the people of Athens, and the resident physician's department was furnished by Mr. William Stevenson, the president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

The president is Mr. William Stevenson, the warden the Rev. W. B. Morrow, the secretary Mr. R. M. Hovey, the treasurer Mr. J. W. Bishop. The trustees are among the best known citizens of New York and Pennsylvania. The attending physicians are Drs. W. E. Johnson, Anderson, and Kline. The chief consulting physician is Dr. W. L. Estes of St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, Penn., and the house surgeon is Dr. Franklin M. Stephens.

The gift consists of the house and grounds alone, and the hospital must be supported by private and public subscription. For this purpose auxiliary branches have been organized in Sayre and the neighboring places in New York and Pennsylvania. Three hundred dollars a year will endow a bed, and some beds are already endowed.

The ceremonies at the opening of the institution were brief, but impressive, and took place in the grand dining-room, now the male ward. A short address was made by the Hon. William Smythe, and the Rev. W. B. Morrow, the warden, said a prayer of consecration, and declared the hospital formally opened.

The hospital will accommodate about twenty or thirty patients, and the first was expected in a few days from Owego, N. Y.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—St. John's Church.—Since the last enlargement of this church (the Rev. Dr. W. A. Leonard, rector), it is capable of seating 1,200. The rector has charge of 370 families, of some 1,500 members, and has baptized since May of 1884 no less than 205 persons, 196 of them being infants. He and his assistants have delivered since the same time over 600 sermons. The parish now embraces about 800 communicants; pupils in the Sunday-schools 600. Including salaries of the corps of three clergy the parish will report

\$32,500, \$2,000 of which is Communion alms. Five parochial schools of thirty teachers and 360 pupils are taught. The colored work has the special oversight of an assistant. The orphanage has received \$1,500 from Government.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Grace Church, South Washington*.—Since the Rev. John W. Phillips assumed charge of this parish, which was early in January last, the moneys raised were nearly \$600. The Sunday-school has increased to some 160, and the list of communicants to some 100.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Trinity Parish*.—The Rev. Dr. Addison is the rector of this parish, which now enrolls some 360 communicants, and raised for parochial and diocesan work this year \$4,600 and over. He is more generally called on to marry than any of our rectors, and has, the year just ended, married no less than forty-eight couples. His Sunday-school numbers 500.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Washington Parish*.—The sum of \$2,000 nearly has been paid by this parish (the Rev. C. D. Andrews, rector,) in settlement of a debt of that amount on the parish buildings, and other improvements are to be made on the chapel. In all, \$3,697 were raised during the year past, all save some \$240 being expended for parochial purposes. Twenty communicants have been added to the parish list, making the present number 313. Two hundred families constitute this the venerable mother parish of the district, embracing some six or seven hundred individuals. The rector has preached 290 sermons in the past twelve months, administering the Holy Communion on fifty-three occasions.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. Luke's Church*.—The colored work in this parish (the Rev. Dr. Alex. Crummell, rector,) now owns \$22,000 in a church and other church property. Two hundred and forty-three communicants, and 150 Sunday-school pupils. Five hundred and fifty is the number which the individuals within the cure of the Rev. Dr. Crummell is supposed to aggregate.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Church of the Epiphany*.—The rector of the Epiphany (the Rev. Dr. S. Giesy,) has received the sum of \$150 towards aiding the widow of one of our clergy lately passed to his rest. The sewing school now numbers 234, with an average attendance for the last reported period of 190, 347 garments having been made and distributed.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. Paul's Church*.—The outside work on the addition to this church (the Rev. W. M. Barker, rector,) is nearly finished. New choir stalls are asked for by the rector as memorials. The offerings for the month of June amounted to \$157.65; total offerings of this parish for the year, \$5,583. The church, when enlarged according to the plan now in execution, will seat 500. It has 225 communicants, a parish school numbering 35 pupils, and in Sunday-school 150.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Christ Church*.—The old church building of this parish (the Rev. A. R. Stuart, rector,) is in process of demolition to give place for a new and more imposing edifice. On Sunday, July 12th, the last service in the old church was held. The new structure will cost about \$40,000, and will be built of dark red brick, with buff-colored Ohio stone trimmings, and will seat six hundred people. There will be a double-arched chancel, and the interior will be handsomely fitted up, and a new organ will be purchased. A chapel will be connected with the church.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. John's Church*.—This parish (the Rev. J. S. Lindsay, rector,) has raised since last annual report \$4,250; in the five and a half years of the present rec-

torship \$38,000. The present roll of communicants numbers 330. Nearly 200 communicants have been added by the present incumbent. Ten committees are in the nature of assistant ministers in the parish, while the parish owns \$42,000 worth of property in the shape of church, chapel and parsonage. The late Rev. John H. Chew assisted frequently in the public services of this venerable parish, and his presence and voice were ever welcome both by rector and people.

BALTIMORE—*Grace Church*.—The Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, rector of St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., who was elected rector of Grace Church, Baltimore, in succession to the late Rev. Dr. Leeds, has declined the election.

VIRGINIA.

FAIRFAX COUNTY—*Mission Work*.—There is much that may be called real missionary work going on among the poor in various parts of Virginia which escapes notice. This is partly owing to the present enthusiasm over the good work which is being accomplished for the colored people, partly because this mission work, much of it, is in the hands of Churchmen and women at a distance from towns and large or wealthy parishes. One of these is in Fairfax county, near Burke's Station. Six or more years ago a Sunday-school was opened in a school house at a distance of several miles from any church, almost in the woods, two or three ladies and gentlemen being the only Church people in the neighborhood; all others were mostly Baptists, a few were Methodists. With some opposition, the school soon became a success. It is in what has been known for a hundred years as "Truro parish," of which old Christ church in Alexandria and Pohick were at that period the principal churches. This mission is nearer Emmanuel, at Fairfax Court-house, than any other of the Truro churches. The superintendent rides from there every Sunday. The rector (the Rev. Frank Page) gives services when he can. Over forty children and adults have been baptized, two confirmed, since the opening of the school. For over two years the Rev. Mr. Wallis, from Pohick, has held a monthly service in the school-house, which is well filled, and much interest is shown. The moral improvement in the whole community is the subject of comment, even by those who at first opposed the movement. A church building is an absolute necessity to the continuance of this mission. For five or six years these two or three have struggled to raise money for that purpose. A year ago a good foundation was built, but there was not enough money to do more. Then Mrs. Harrison of New York, a native of Virginia and of Fairfax county, gave \$300. This was a great lift. The contract has been made for enclosing the building, the framing is up, soon the roof and weather-boarding will be on, but there is neither flooring, nor windows, nor doors. Are there not some kind friends who are able and glad to help their co-laborers in the field who will aid in making it possible to hold services in this Church of the Good Shepherd! Any such, who will send to either Mrs. Upton H. Herbert, Burke's, Fairfax county, Va., the Rev. Frank Page, Fairfax Court-house, Va., or the Rev. S. A. Wallis, Pohick, Accotink P. O., Fairfax county, Va., will receive grateful acknowledgment.

EAST CAROLINA.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The journal of the second annual convention as no table of diocesan statistics other than the abstract of parochial reports, but we gather the following items: Clergy, including the bishop, 27; parishes and missions, 61; candidates for orders and postulants, 9; ordinations, 2; baptisms,

253; confirmations, 167; communicants, 2,369; Sunday-school scholars, 1,924; parish scholars, 378; contributions, \$35,867.25; value of Church property, \$201,019; churches and chapels, 33; rectories, 13. The bishop's address is devoted to diocesan matters.

NORTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

JULY.

- 26, Sunday, Asheville.
20, to August 4, Newnan, Tenn.
ACTOUR.
9, Sunday, Mica Dale.
11, Tuesday, Webster.
13, Thursday, St. John's, Macon County.
14, Friday, Patton's, Macon County.
14, Friday, P.M., Franklin, Macon County.
16, Sunday, Colliwhee.
19, Wednesday, Cashier's Valley.
22, Saturday, St. Paul's in the Valley.
23, Sunday, Brevard.
24, Monday, Holmes's Neighborhood.
26, Wednesday, Whiteside's, Henderson County.
27, Thursday, Hendersonville.
28, Friday, Flat Rock.
30, Sunday, Tryon City, Polk County.
31, Monday, Mills's Cross Roads.
APPROPRIATE.
3, Thursday, Calvary, Henderson County.
4, Friday, Calvary chapel.
6, Sunday, Asheville.

FLORIDA.

PALATKA—*Convocation*.—The Eastern Convocation of the diocese met on Tuesday, June 23d, in St. Mark's church, Palatka, (the Rev. S. A. Williams, rector.) Evening Prayer was said at 8 P.M., and the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. B. Wilmer. At a business meeting the Rev. A. W. Knight was elected secretary.

There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 9 A.M., on Wednesday, immediately after which the convocation met in the school building. Communications from other convocations were read, and a committee was appointed to select topics for the next meeting. The Rev. J. R. Bicknell read an earnest and able paper on the subject, "How to Deepen the Spiritual Life of our People." The Rev. F. B. Dunham opened the discussion on the subject, "How to Train Sunday-school Teachers."

In the afternoon the Woman's Auxiliary was addressed by the rector of the parish, and in the evening addresses were made by the rector, the Rev. Dr. R. H. Weller, and the Rev. Messrs. S. B. Carpenter, W. Wilson, and E. L. Drown, and Col. Daniels.

The topics selected for the next meeting, which will be at Ocala in October, were, "The Duty of the Convocation to the Colored People" and "The Means of Deepening the Spiritual Life among the Clergy."

MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG—*St. Mary's Church*.—The new church of St. Mary's, the church of the colored people, which was begun and nearly finished within sixty days, was opened for worship on the Fifth Sunday after Trinity (July 25th). The church stands on one of the many hills of Vicksburg, and within a stone's throw of the Court House, which, from its central position, overlooks the whole city. The lot is about sixty-five by seventy feet in size, and the church occupies all the available space. It is cruciform, and otherwise Churchly. Its numerous windows are beautifully finished in cathedral glass by Cox & Sons. In the sanctuary there is an altar of suitable size and design, the gift of a church in Baltimore. As yet there is no altar-piece; the cross is of gilded wood; the vases are only common flower-pots; the candlesticks only small china ones, with broken-off rims; credence and amboles are yet to be supplied. The only furniture yet in the choir are the lecturn and a read organ, the latter the gift of St. Andrew's

church, Jackson. Deal chairs do duty for stalls. It has leaked out that at an early day the episcopal throne of the diocese will stand here. The nave is furnished with some three or four hundred chairs, leaving space for as many more. The interior is altogether unfinished, requiring to be ceiled, painted or oiled.

But the building and its appointments are, after all, the least interesting features of this remarkable work. The large congregations which greeted the assistant-bishop both morning and evening, their quiet, orderly and devout behaviour, and their manifest anxiety to go forward, give token of new things, new purpose and new life on the part of the colored people, while the making of it possible betokens not less a new purpose and a new life in the Church herself.

The large choir of about thirty boys—little colored fellows—and men, in cassock andotta, followed by half a dozen clergy and the assistant-bishop, and led by a handsome little crucifer, bearing a red-painted cross, proceeded down the aisle and up to their places. The singing was well done, not by the choir alone but also by the whole congregation. The service was, in the morning a choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the assistant-bishop celebrating and preaching; in the evening choral Evensong, the assistant-bishop again preaching. When it is remembered that two months ago not one of the congregation had ever heard a choral service, the labor of the careful and painstaking priest in charge of this mission (the Rev. Nelson Ayres) can be appreciated.

After the sermon in the evening the candidates for confirmation were summoned by name, and twenty-two responded (all adults) and received the "laying-on of hands."

Altogether St. Mary's is a wonderful success. The money used, about \$3,000, has come mainly from outside the diocese. Five or six hundred more will be required before the church can be completed and furnished. Bishop Thompson's post-office address is Oxford, Miss.—a money-order office, by the way.

INDIANA.

EPISCOPAL ACTS.—On the Second Sunday after Trinity the bishop of the diocese used the beautiful Office of Institution in St. Paul's church, Richmond, instituting the Rev. Frank Hallam as successor to the Rev. Dr. J. B. Wakefield, who for thirty years had been rector. The bishop preached on the mutual relation of pastor and people and the reflex influence each has, or should have, on the other.

On the Fourth Sunday after Trinity the same office was used by the bishop, in the venerable parish of St. James, Vincennes, where the Rev. Dr. Austin was rector many years, and where he died about a year ago. The Rev. Peter Macfarlane was instituted into the rectorship. Mr. Macfarlane has been in charge since January 1st, and in that time has presented a class of twenty-two for confirmation, and made many improvements in the church and services. Seldom have we worshipped with a congregation where the worship is more orderly and hearty.

A valuable mission property, chapel and two lots, have been secured by Mr. Macfarlane through the generosity of a parishioner in coming forward to advance the necessary means, and a Sunday-school, an industrial school, and weekly service maintained.

The mission is situated among the homes of the working-class, and already sixty of their children are enrolled in the school. Mr. Macfarlane also maintains a monthly service in the neighboring towns of Washington and Petersburg, with occasional services at Sullivan and Shoals. The bishop preached at

the institution service, the rector celebrating Holy Communion, as required by the office. Already Bishop Knickerbocker has instituted six rectors into their parishes with prospect of permanent pastoral relations.

On the Fifth Sunday after Trinity, in Trinity church, Fort Wayne, the bishop preached twice to large congregations, confirmed seven persons presented by the rector, the Rev. W. N. Webbo. In this church a vested choir of men and boys was introduced on Whitsunday, trained by the rector. They render the service beautifully. This makes five vested choirs in the diocese, with another in training; a gain of four since the advent of the present bishop.

On St. John Baptist Day the bishop, assisted by the Masonic order and a large congregation, laid the corner-stone of St. John's church in the mission at Rockville. This mission is in charge of the Rev. Dr. Delafield, rector of St. Stephen's church, Terre Haute, who gives them one week-day service every week, and has interested a number of people in its welfare. The vested choir of St. Stephen's, Terre Haute, was present, and rendered the music delightfully. Two services were held in the Methodist church, at which the choir rendered the music much to the edification of a large congregation of strangers to the Church. The bishop preached and addressed the congregation at each service, and also gave an address at the laying of the corner stone. At one of the services the warden of the mission presented a deed of a lot which he had purchased at a cost of \$250. It is hoped the church will be completed in the autumn.

Tuesday, July 7th, the bishop consecrated St. Philip's church, North Liberty, a beautiful Gothic church in a rural town, seven miles from a railway. The sermon was preached by Dean Deane, formerly a lay reader and teacher in the mission. The instrument of donation was read by the Rev. Mr. Orpen, and the letter of consecration by the Rev. R. S. Eastman, missionary in charge. The church, though built some years ago, has recently been renovated and improved, and the mission is in a flourishing condition.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We find statistics as follows in the journal of the forty-eighth convention: Clergy, including the bishop, 39; ordinations, 6; candidates for orders, 1; lay-readers, 30; churches consecrated, 2; corner-stones laid, 2; parishes and missions, 49; churches and chapels, 50; baptisms, 481; confirmations, 329; communicants, 4,422; Sunday-school scholars, 2,912; value of property \$474,450; offerings, \$87,950.33. Bishop Knickerbocker confines himself in his address to diocesan matters.

WISCONSIN.

BISHOP'S VISITATIONS.—The bishop of the diocese is engaged in a visitation of the North-western Convocation District. He visited Christ church, Chippewa Falls, (the Rev. S. J. Yndt, rector,) on Sunday, July 5th, and confirmed twelve persons. St. Luke's Hospital, in care of Mr. Yndt, continues its good work. During the week the bishop visited the missions at Rice Lake, Hayward, Superior, Shell Lake, Cumberland, New Richmond, and Star Prairie.

The atmosphere in this great pine region is healthful and invigorating even in mid-summer, and the growth of the little towns in this portion of the diocese is very marked. The Church is striving to keep pace with this growth. There are church-buildings at Rice Lake, Shell Lake, and Cumberland. Three hundred dollars would complete the chapel at Cumberland, and a like sum would encourage the few at Hayward to begin work.

FOND DU LAC.

RIPON.—Ordination.—Trinity Sunday, May 31st, witnessed very solemn and impressive services at St. Peter's church, on the occasion of the ordination of Mr. Lucius D. Hopkins, as deacon. The Holy Communion was celebrated, chorally, by the bishop, assisted by the Rev. O. S. Prescott, rector, the Rev. Fayette Durlin of Madison, the Rev. W. R. Gardner, and the Rev. H. B. St. George. The Rev. Mr. Durlin presented the candidate, and preached. The service was of peculiar interest, as Mr. Hopkins had been born in the parish, and educated under the care of the Rev. Mr. Durlin, for many years rector of St. Peter's. In the evening, the Rev. Mr. Gardner and St. George said the prayers, and the bishop preached. The Third Sunday after Trinity, the bishop visited the parish and confirmed four candidates, giving an address at the morning service, and preaching in the evening. During the summer the Rev. Allen Prescott, lately ordained deacon, at Milwaukee, is to assist his uncle, the present rector of the parish.—*Diocesan Paper.*

IOWA.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—In the journal of the thirty-seventh annual convention, we find statistics as follows: Clergy, including the bishop, 52; candidates for Orders, 3; ordinations, 7; lay-readers, 30; corner-stones laid, 3; churches or chapels consecrated, 8; parishes, 58; missions, 45; baptisms, 626; confirmations, 435; communicants, 4,646; members of Sunday-school, 4,545; contributions, \$11,770.38; value of church property, \$1,043,072.00. The address of the bishop is confined to diocesan matters.

COLORADO.

LEADVILLE.—St. George's Church.—On account of failing health, the Rev. John Grey, the rector of this parish, has been obliged to tender his resignation. The resignation was very reluctantly accepted by the vestry a few weeks since. The resignation was learned with deep regret by the citizens of Leadville, who recognized the value of Mr. Grey's faithful services, not only in building up and adding to his congregation, but also in his influence for good in the community. Mr. Grey and his family have gone to Poncha Springs, where he is resting from his long and arduous duties, which were particularly trying at the high altitude of this Rocky Mountain city.

ARKANSAS.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We find statistics as follows in the journal of the thirteenth annual convention: Clergy, including the bishop, 16; parishes, 19; baptisms, 152; confirmations, 103; communicants, 1,366; Sunday-school scholars and teachers, 1,066; offerings, \$11,449.90. The bishop, in his address, confines himself to diocesan affairs.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.—Good Samaritan Hospital.—The Good Samaritan Hospital has just received a contribution of \$3,000 from Philadelphia, for the endowment of a free bed, to be known as the "George C. Morris Memorial Bed." Bishop Morris stated to the convocation that there were now six such endowed beds in the hospital, which bear the following names: "S. Morris Wain," "Mary and Lewis Flinders," "Grace Charlotte Stark," "Henry Rodney Morris Memorial," "British Vice-Consulate," and "George C. Morris Memorial." Each of these endowments will provide constant care and attention of a free patient. Other endowments are begun, one in the name of

St. MARK'S SCHOOL, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—This school commenced its eighteenth year June 1st. The number of pupils enrolled during the past year was 697. There were 1250 connected with this school since its origin in 1873. Of these 3,100 were of Mormon antecedents.

The Commencement took place on July 15th. Five scholars graduated from the High School Department, four of whom were of Mormon parentage. The exercises were read at the evening chapel at the school, and in the evening, at St. Mark's Cathedral, after a formal service rendered by the pupils and addressed by Bishop Chapin, who presided at the ceremony. Twenty-eight young ladies have been prepared for teachers by the school, and one clerkship in the school was a graduate of St. Mark's, and five young men who have graduated are now at the East studying for their degrees. Two boys from the school are at Columbia College, and two go on this fall to St. Paul's, Concord.

HOWLAND HALL, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—This boarding school for girls has finished its fourth year, and is beginning to take a secure position in giving to girls a thorough Church and Christian training. There has been an attendance of eighty members of the boarders. The Commencement was held Wednesday morning, June 17th, at St. Mark's Cathedral. The girls, dressed in white, were singing in the procession. The service was a beautiful scene, that touched many hearts. The only graduate was Carrie T. Davis, daughter of Geo. and Della B. Davis, of Idaho. Her part of Morning Prayer, rendered chorally by the pupils, and an address by the Rev. G. D. H. Miller, together with a few words of exhortation and fatherly counsel, delivered the diploma to the candidate. The efficient administration of the principal during the last year renders the outlook for the school hopeful and encouraging.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. E. A. Bradley has received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Kenyon College.

The Rev. R. S. Carlin has entered on his duties as minister in charge of the Church of the Resurrection, Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y. Address accordingly.

The Rev. W. H. Deas has taken charge of St. Andrew's church, Norwich, Conn. Address, 314 Central avenue, Norwich.

The Rev. Nolla Dyer has become assistant minister in Trinity church, Columbus, Ohio. He will have charge of the parochial mission work.

The Rev. John L. Egbert has resigned Trinity parish, Vineland, N. J., and on the Ninth Sunday following will enter on the rectorship of the Church of the Incarnation, lately organized in Lynn, Mass.

The Rev. G. Forken has become rector of Emmanuel church, Long Island city, New York.

The Rev. T. B. Fogg continues in charge of Trinity church, Brooklyn, Conn.

The Rev. J. Gibson Gantt has resigned the rectorship of Christ church, Chapin, King and Queen streets, Maryland, and accepted a charge in Wheeling, West Virginia.

The Rev. J. E. Goodhue has resigned Christ church, Cuba, and accepted the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Newark, Wayne County, N. Y.

The Rev. Robert Holden and family have gone to their country seat at Holbrook, Long Island, N. Y., for the summer.

The Rev. S. F. Jarvis having returned from Europe, has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, Brooklyn, Conn.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Matlack has declined the overtures made him to become President of Ursula college, Iowa.

The Rev. G. H. Plimmer has accepted the rectorship of Christ church, Red Wing, Minn.

The Rev. Washington Rodman has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Holy Faith, New York.

The Rev. A. R. Stuart has received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Columbia University, Washington, D. C.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, gratis in Advance, (compared for Three Cents of Work, prepaid.

MARRIED.

At Clinton Springs, N. Y., July 15th, 1885, by the Rev. Wm. B. Edson, his daughter, MARY J. HOTZES ESSEX, to EDWARD CHARLES CHESTER BARKER of New York City.

At St. Stephen's church, Olean, N. Y., July 8th, by the Rev. James W. Ashton, the Rev. Henry CALMANTINE to MARY DELAVARONA, both of New York City. No cards.

July 16th, 1885, by the Rev. Clinton Locke, D.D., at Grace church, Chicago, the Rev. HIRSHAN HATMAN, M. D., to LUISA A., daughter of Judge Louisa B. Hill.

DIED.

In Hidgefield, Conn., July 8th, 1885, in the 63d year of her age, POLLY MARY MORTIMER, wife of Frederick Ward, and mother of Mrs. W. R. Hayward. "In a blessed hope."

Entered into the rest of Paradise, Monday, July 8th, at Boston Highlands, HENRY AMSTON, youngest child and only son of William W. and Sarah S. Bartlett, 7 months and 1 day.

Entered into rest on the evening of July 11th, ELIZABETH MCCORMACK, daughter of the late Henry Colwell, in the 78th year of her age.

Entered into life at Trenton, N. J., on the morning of Saturday, July 18th, Dr. JAMES M. DAVIS, in the 67th year of his age.

At the rectory, Coatesville, Pa., July 8th, entered into the arms of his Creator, the late Hon. Geo. T. Hale of Bellefonte, Pa. Buried in the latter place July 7th.

On the 16th inst., at Newark, N. J., Miss FERDIA LOWMYER, daughter of the late David Lowmyer of New York, in her 74th year.

At Los Angeles, Cal., July 9th, ELIZA M. wife of the late Daniel Marsh of Rochester, N. Y.

At New Rochelle, at the residence of her son, Henry D. Phelps, on Thursday, July 16th, CATHERINE WILLIAMS, widow of Henry Phelps, in the 96d year of her age.

Entered into rest at the residence of her son-in-law, Charles F. Huribart, No. 564 Monroe St., Brooklyn, on Wednesday, July 15th, 1885, Mrs. FRANK R. HERRICK, widow of Henry C. Herrick, Esq., of Hartford, N. Y., in the 76th year of her age.

"There is a rest for the people of God."

In Raleigh, N. C., July 8d, after a very painful illness, the wife of Mr. J. W. Sisson, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Robert B. and J. A. Saitton, fell asleep in Jesus, in the confident hope of a life in the arms of her Father in Heaven. The funeral service was in St. Bartholomew's church, Pittaboro, N. C.

Entered into rest on Monday, July 6th, at Trinity Rectory, Canaan, N. Y., the Rev. GEORGE S. TAYLOR, Doctor of Trinity church, aged 82 years. "Faithful unto death."

On Monday morning, July 30th, at the Florence House, New York, the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. W. Wiggins, widow of John Wiggins, Esq., of St. Louis, in the 73d year of her age. Funeral from her home in St. Louis.

MRS. JOSEPHINE DAVIS OSBORN.

Entered into rest June 30th, 1885, at Laing, Texas. JOSEPHINE, beloved wife of David Gregg, Esq., in her 82d year.

Mrs. JOSEPHINE DAVIS GARGO was born September 2d, 1802, in Wilmington, N. C., where her life was spent until her first marriage, when she married David Gregg, Esq., third son of the Bishop of Texas, and moved to Laing, Texas, just founded.

Her husband's death has been anticipated from one so closely connected with those whose lives were devoted to the extension of the kingdom of God.

Baptized in infancy, at fourteen she received confirmation at the hands of her diocesan bishop, William North Carolina, and during her life in Wilmington was the zealous promoter, according to her opportunities, of all good works.

Her death was coming to Texas, she transferred to the Mission of the Annunciation at Laing the energy that had at home marked her life.

Her death next year her health perceptibly failed, and when in May, a serious operation seemed necessary, she with Christian fortitude served herself to meet it, despite fever followed, and upon the 29th of June, the end being near, she received with joy and perfect resignation the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.

Throughout the celebration of the Office she sustained the responsive portions, and the benediction was pronounced over her, and she lifted in thanksgiving to the Holy Trinity the conforts of His holy religion. Consoled by a perfect trust in the mercy of the precious Blood of Christ, she calmly awaited the great change. At 10 o'clock, on the morning of June 8th, with the words "I am going into the arms of my Father,"

That afternoon at sunset, the Church of the Annunciation, Laing, was filled with sorrowing neighbors, who had been invited to the funeral service of the Office of the Church. As her body lay before the costly shroud, her praise was found in the appropriate words of the declaration, "and upon every day for in all she had taken her part while she had time. So has departed one who as daughter, wife and mother, has left a precious mission to her country, and comes from the good confession of Jesus Christ our Lord.

For all thy saints who from their labor rest—who Thee by faith before the world confessed—Thy name O Jesus be forever blessed." B. W. B. E.

APPEALS.

Spending two or three days at this mission station, I have had the joy of learning from the Indian agent at Neah Bay, (Washington Territory) that the Rev. J. H. Forrest-Bell, formerly the faithful teacher there, has been invited to return and act as teacher and missionary to the Makah tribe on the coast.

Mr. Bell, whose heart is in this self-denying, truly Christian work, accepts the position, but desires, before he starts, that mission funds be expended a few hundred or a thousand dollars, to be expended in securing and improving a building for services.

I heartily commend him and his undertaking to Christian people desirous of doing something for

the temporal welfare and the eternal salvation of the aborigines of our land, who have so frequently been wronged and injured by their white brethren. That either of us should be expected with the approval and under the supervision of the Missionary Bishop, J. J. A. FADDUCK, Missionary Bishop, Washington Territory, Port Townsend, Wash. Ter., June 16th, 1885.

THE Rev. Sherman Coolidge is a full-blooded Arapahoe Indian. He was educated by Bishop Whipple in the diocese of Oregon and is in priest's orders. No appropriation has been made by the Board of Missions for his salary, and we have no means to erect the small house he has for, which seems to be indispensable to his work among his people. Last year special offerings sufficient to pay him a salary of \$300 were now exhausted. The Board, in response to an appeal from Bishop Whipple, will not the friends of the Indian mission work stop, again, some to our relief? It is necessary that I should receive in special offerings at least \$600 for his salary for next year, from September 1, and also the means to erect for him a small house which shall also serve for a chapel.

J. F. SPALDING, Provisional Bishop of Colorado, Denver, Colorado, July 10, 1885.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashotah. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited. 1st. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.

4th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination. Address, Nashotah, Washburn county, Wisconsin.

St. Paul's church, Bantoni, Ill., is a poor struggling parish, in the poorest diocese (St. Louis) in the United States. For the last two years, having no rector, the services have been held by a lay reader as often as possible. Gladly through the efforts of a few noble women, a small rectory has been almost erected. The funds, unfortunately, are now exhausted, and a debt of more than \$200 hangs over this faithful number. It may seem small, but to us it is very great, for we cannot get it by any means. We will not some kind Christians help us? Their gifts will be very welcome, and they may rest assured we have added a good word. Address R. MACKELLAR, Jr., Bantoni, Ill. Minister-in-charge.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aide young men who are preparing for the work of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount of money for the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK, 125 Chestnut Mt., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. H. H. Hartford, Corresponding secretary, 57 Spring Mt., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned desires to make grateful acknowledgment of the following sums lately received for the completion of the chapel for colored people in Vicksburg and the support of the missionary: M. E. \$10; art. no exhausted, and a debt of \$1000 through CHURCHMAN; \$5; through Domestic Committee, St. Paul's, Albany; \$20; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; \$20; Grand Olney; \$10; through Mrs. J. W. Goshen; \$20; R. C. St. Philip's; \$25; Emmanuel Hastings, Mich.; \$12.50; Miss L., Fort Gibson, Miss.; \$1. Mrs. E. D. Parkersburg, Va.; \$10; Mrs. J. Cleveland, O.; \$25; St. Matthew's, Kenosha, Wis.; \$25; Mrs. M. through Mrs. J. \$10; Mrs. E. H. Herrington, Mich.; \$5; Thos. Domestic Committee the following sums: St. Agnes' Hall, N. Y.; \$10; W. A., St. James's, Rochester, N. Y.; \$25; B. N. E. L.; \$100; C. W., Philadelphia; \$25; T. H., Hartford, \$100.

Also, he desires to acknowledge the gift of a large-wood organ from St. Andrew's church, Jackson, Miss. On the Fifth Sunday after Trinity the chapel was formally dedicated, and 200 persons, men, women and ten women, were confirmed. The chapel will seat five hundred. There remains some interior finishing to be done. The books for the year, the instruction and library are needed. There is no debt. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, Oxford, Miss., July 10th, 1885.

I acknowledge the following amounts received for the Divinity School for Colored Students, for month June, 1885: \$100 from the Rev. J. H. Hartford, Corresponding Secretary, Domestic Committee (five students), for May \$120; Evangelical Educational Society, for May \$120; \$100 from the Rev. J. H. Hartford, Corresponding Secretary, Domestic Committee, for May \$100; \$100 from the Rev. J. H. Hartford, Corresponding Secretary, Domestic Committee, for May \$100; \$100 from the Rev. J. H. Hartford, Corresponding Secretary, Domestic Committee, for May \$100.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: For the Missionary Society, \$100; for the Rev. J. H. Hartford, \$100; for the Rev. J. H. Hartford, \$100; for the Rev. J. H. Hartford, \$100; for the Rev. J. H. Hartford, \$100.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NEW YORK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Let me say by way of preface that although the rule which you have adopted of late years requiring communications to be signed by the writers no doubt has some advantages, yet it is not unfrequently a hindrance to the writing of things which ought to be valued. There are many cases in which one feels that a certain thing should be said, and yet he is not so egotistical as to wish to thrust his own individuality into the matter. The world is critical, and a reasonably modest man does not like to subject himself to the suggestion that he is anxious for notoriety, or has an itching to see his name in print. In almost all cases where the subject is of general interest, it is so easy to say of the writer of a communication, "Why does this man put himself forward in this matter? How is it his business more than that of a hundred others? Why does not he wait until those better qualified have spoken?" etc., and so, to avoid this kind of criticism, what might have been a word fitly spoken is left unsaid. In nearly all cases it is the substance of what is written that is important, and not the name of the writer; and I have in my collection of bishop's autographs a good illustration of what I have just suggested, in a communication addressed to a leading Church paper by the late Presiding Bishop, to which is appended a note saying that so averse was he to taking any personal part in a controversy, that he would prefer to have his article rejected entirely than to have it appear with either initials or *nomme de plume* that could be recognized as his.

It seemed to me at the time of the inspiring ceremonies of the consecration of the Cathedral of Long Island, that one of the thoughts that must force itself on every mind, was as to the long and strange delay in the erection of a cathedral in the great City of New York. On such a subject those who are not connected are, of course the most proper ones to speak, and so I have waited from week to week thinking that some words would come from them, called forth by the late event at Garden City. But, after all, New York is the metropolis of the nation, and belongs to us all; and with hundreds of thousands of us who are not counted in the population of the city, it is the home of the busy working hours of the day, if not of the night.

And so, with all diffidence, I suggest to the Churchmen of New York whether it is not time that the American Church should have some visible, central temple in the greatest American city. The Cathedral of New York was incorporated long before the incorporation of those of Albany and Long Island, and while in the latter exceptional circumstances have attended the erection of its cathedral, yet in Albany all that has been so admirably done toward the realization of the cathedral system in church and home, which has not been accomplished by the unaided efforts of the people of a diocese far from rich, Nebraska and Colorado, though weak in numbers and poor in purse, have built their cathedrals at Omaha and Denver long since the Cathedral of St. John the Divine was incorporated for the great and rich Diocese of New York, and the foreign Church, alien in ideas and government, has erected its magnificent cathedral at the highest point in the most beautiful avenue of the city, while the American Church itself has not even laid the foundation of its great central temple.

I remember thinking, when a boy, that the most glorious celebrity which any one could attain in this generation would be as the giver of the first dollar toward the building of the Cathedral of New York, and the passage of many years has not changed that idea. One of the most conspicuous of our public edifices traces its history back to the single dollar given by a man with faith to see what the future would require, and who was so sure that there must be a beginning. Of course, in the case of a great diocese, wiser plans can be adopted. But it certainly is not out of place to draw attention to the danger of delay, at

least in procuring the site for the future cathedral. Apart from the rapid rise in values, the remaining vacant blocks that are suitable are already very few. Even now the expense of the land alone will be an amount almost large enough to have erected the building years ago, and if delay takes place until every available site is occupied, the enormous expense entailed by the purchase of the existing structures is added. The building of the cathedral of a metropolis, larger by far than was any city of the Old World at the time almost large enough to have erected the building, may well be the work of many years; but may we not hope that the Churchmen of New York will see to it, as prudent men as well as large-hearted Christians, that the land for its site is secured before the coming of 1886.

L. BRADFORD PRINCE.

Long Island.

A WORTHY OBJECT.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Will you, for the Master's sake and the sake of these poor Arrapahoes, print this extract from my last address to the Council of Minnesota?

"The history of Mr. Coolidge is a marked evidence of the providence of God. Born a heathen child, he was picked up after a battle with the Indians and taken to the Seminary. Baptized and nurtured in a Christian family he grew up a thoughtful Christian boy. I received him in Shattuck School. He developed into a manly youth. One day he said to me: 'My people have never heard of the Saviour. If possible, I would like to become a missionary, and go back to tell my kinsmen of the love of our Christ.' He became a candidate for Holy Orders, and completed honorably his course in Seabury Divinity School. Last fall he went to the Arrapahoe Indians, a missionary. He was welcomed as one from the dead by his mother and kindred. We hope under God he will be the instrument to lead his people to the light of Christ's cross."

I received this week the following letter, which has touched me deeply:

"I write you on behalf of the Rev. Sherman Coolidge. It has become necessary that some sort of a dwelling place, a small building of two or more rooms, shall be erected for his home. As he has been living in the Government School House and teaching small children, on Sundays holding services at the fort and town of Lander. He can never accomplish anything as a missionary to his people in this way. If he has a roof to cover him and means given for his support, Bishop Spalding thinks he can do great work for his people. They love and reverence him, and are proud of their 'Arrapahoe white man.' I fully agree with all this gentleman says. Will not those who pity this poor people, who have suffered great things at our hands, send good Bishop Spalding, at Denver, the means for this work? It would be a great sorrow to have Sherman leave his people for lack of support."

H. B. WHIFFLE,

Bishop of Minnesota.

Fairbault, Minn., July 7th, 1885.

NEITHER THERewith NOR THEREIN.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I send you herewith an extract from a carefully prepared review of "The Administration of Holy Baptism to Infants" as presented by "The Book Annexed," which I wrote about six weeks ago and is not yet published, which in my judgment fully meets the difficulty proposed by my brother, the Rev. Isaac Martin, M.D., in your issue of the 11th inst.

EXTRACT.

"In the ninth line of the Consecration Prayer, on page 273 of 'The Book Annexed,' omit the word 'therein,' because it is superfluous, and also, if allowed to remain, it demands baptism by immersion, a mode not often used now. If the administration is by pouring, 'therein' is surely out of place," (as for sprinkling, mentioned by your correspondent, it is a mode which is not recognized by the Catholic Church). "If holy baptism be administered by *trine affusion* (pouring), then evi-

dently the word should be 'therewith.' On examination, however, it will be found that the word 'therein' is not required."

N. W. CAMP.

Washington, D. C., 1885.

A CAUTION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Permit me to warn the people of New York and its vicinity, especially the clergy, against a young man of pleasing address, good manners, and well dressed, who is trying an old swindling game with the clergy and others. He gives a name, generally a good one, and says he is on the way from Shrewsbury to some place on the Hudson River, to attend a wedding, sometimes of a friend, and sometimes of a relative, and finally offers himself without a pocket-book, and with only a few cents in his pocket. He may be recognized by his teeth, which are noticeable, one or two being missing from the left side of his mouth.

He has given in New York, to my knowledge, the names of Livingstone and Finlay, and in Elizabeth he has called himself Van Rensselaer.

As I hear of his using my name pretty freely in his attempts, I beg to warn my brethren against him as a fraud, and hope, if he is caught, that he may be handed over to the police.

CHARLES M. FYNE.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 15th.

MISSIONERS FOR THE ADVENT MISSION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The publication of the list of "possible missioners" in some of the Church papers is unauthorized. It was sent to certain rectors who desired it as a private memorandum furnished by the Mission Committee of such clergymen at home, and in England and Canada, as in their judgment might be available as missioners. It was understood that the committee had no authority to say that the Clergymen would engage in the New York Mission, but only that it was hoped they might, in sufficient numbers, to supply the need.

In justice to the gentlemen whose names appear on the list, as well as to the committee, please give this explanation to your readers.

R. H. McKIM,

Chairman of Sub-Committee on Missions.

NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Philip Schaff. Vol. IV. Medieval Christianity. From August 1st to August 31st, A. D. 1024. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883.) pp. 726.

Of the indefatigable industry of Dr. Schaff, of his general fairness and impartiality, at least, in intention, of his great erudition, and of the value to the student of his *magnus opus*, the "History of the Christian Church," in the three volumes, devoted to its origin and earlier years, we have already spoken in our notices of the volumes as they appeared. Those volumes were a laborious revision, with many additions and changes, and they gave the author a high rank as a historian, though they were not free from blemishes and defects. They deserved to be read, but to be read with care, for every now and then the evidences of theological bias cropped out, and if the author gave facts of history they were facts that had been arranged by Dr. Schaff and distilled in an alembic of his own choosing. It is said of Bishop Burnet's notable chapter on the XVII. of our Articles of Religion, that he gave with such fairness and moderation the various interpretations of it, as held by our theologians, and so arrayed the arguments for each and the objections, that no one could infer to which of the interpretations he himself held, or if he held to either. Dr. Schaff does not and can not write history upon that plan, and with all his ability and learning he is not able to make us forget that he is a Presbyterian divine; he does not forget it himself. The same remark will apply to this volume of

Medieval Christianity, which is a new work, and a continuation of his "History of the Christian Church," and which, like the former portion, we judge, will extend to three portly volumes. This first volume, we think, will be the most important of the three, and the most interesting; it deals with facts and events second in interest only to the foundation of Christianity itself. It has for its themes the conversion of the barbarous nations of Europe, beginning with that of England, the rise and rapid spread of Mohammedanism and its relation to Christianity, the growth of the papacy and its corruption, and the great schism between the East and the West, themes worthy of the study of the noblest minds, and which may well kindle the enthusiasm of the historian and the interest of the philosopher. In connection with these themes the historian discusses the morals and religion of the time, the influence of the convents in the middle ages, which we see in England are coming to be spoken of by the euphemism of "clerical households," Church discipline, Church and State, worship and ceremonies, doctrinal controversies, heretical sects, and the state of learning. These topics are treated with great fulness and learning, and it is one of the merits of Dr. Schaff that he is not afraid to give his authorities and thus enable the student to correct his mistakes of doctrine or of fact. Thus while he admits that it was not impossible that the Church in Great Britain was of apostolic origin, and that at any rate it was in existence at least as early as 209, he is easily disposed to reject as legendary much of its history in the times before the mission of St. Augustine. He allows that there are monumental remains of it while the Romans still possessed the isle, and they departed in 410, nearly two hundred years before Augustin. Dr. Schaff admits all that is necessary in regard to the early existence of the English Church, and he gives authorities which sustain, in our judgment, much that he denies. It is truth of history, and not legends and myths. So in the history of the eucharistic controversies, while he rightly rejects as having no historical foundation the substantialiation of Rome, he is not able to see that the jejune theory of Calvin has no one historical fact to rest upon, but was entirely new and therefore new. It is upon such points that even in history Dr. Schaff cannot be entirely relied upon, but we must read between the lines and recur to his own authorities to get at the true facts. The author may be unconscious of it, but his Presbyterianism makes him see through a glass darkly just as they say a jaundiced man sees all things yellow. With this caution we cordially commend the volume as able and learned, and as a valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history. The final chapter contains biographical sketches of the Greek and Latin ecclesiastical writers of the period, and, with the exception of a small portion of it, was written by the Rev. Samuel Jackson, under Dr. Schaff's direction. There is an index and a colored map, and the typography, paper and general make-up of the volume is creditable to a work so important and to the publishers.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FROM THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONTINENT. By GEORGE BANCRIFT. The Author's Last Revision. Volume VI. (New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1885.) pp. 572.

The first volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States" was published in 1834, and the last in 1873. It took rank at once as a standard, and the author has now, after more than fifty years, given us a new and revised edition, the one by which he himself desires to stand or fall. At more than fourscore years of age it may be safely said that the author's work upon this history is completed. He has expended upon it the conscientious toil of a

half century, and his work is, and long will be an authority in all the world. This sixth volume is, in some respects, and especially to statesmen, the most interesting of all. It gives the history of the formation of the American Constitution, tracing its progress from the loose articles of the confederation to the establishment of the stable government of 1789, and a study of this volume will afford a clear view of the difficulty and magnitude of the task that devolved upon the thirteen exhausted colonies, and of their remarkable success, which the lapse of time has proved. The patient student in the abstract of the debates in the conventions and in the narrative of the successive steps that were taken in its making, will obtain new views of the meaning of the Constitution itself, and in this way the history may be regarded as an exposition of the fundamental law. The venerable historian has outlived the political heats of the generation in which he himself was a prominent actor, and in his narrative and discussion has looked upon his subject with a judicial mind. If there are any disposed to differ with him in regard to fact or law, they will find in foot notes the historian's authorities, and by their aid can investigate the subject anew. The prolonged life of Mr. Bancroft has been of great service to his history, how great those only can say who compare the present with the first edition, for he has not feared to admit an error of opinion or of fact, and to correct it. This history is one of the most important of the contributions to the literature of this country, and deserves a place in every library. It is admirably printed, and this final volume has a good likeness of the historian, and a full index to the whole work by Dr. J. A. Spencer has been added.

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN NAMES. By Charlotte M. Yonge. New Edition Revised. (London, Paris and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1885.) pp. cxiiv. 45s.

The first edition of this valuable work was published in 1863, and was a monument to the patient research and untiring industry of the author. It was begun for amusement, but soon became a subject of absorbing interest, and before it was put to press it had the benefit of twenty years of toil, and it had led Miss Yonge into many strange by-paths of literature. To do the subject full justice, and she does not claim to have done this, required an acquaintance with language, philology, ethnology, hagiology, history, and antiquities. When the author began her work she was entering upon an almost untrodden field, especially in English and Saxon nomenclature, but she was to be daunted by no difficulties, and in spite of them gave to the world a nearly exhaustive history of Christian names as derived from Hebrew, Persian, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic sources. The volume opens with a glossary in which the names are referred to their language and to their root, and their signification is given. This is followed by a history of Christian names which occupies the greater part of the volume, and is divided into seven parts, according to the origin of the names treated in them. It is full of curious information, legends, and myths, and though but a history of names, is of greater interest than many histories of deeds. Of many of the names tabular forms are given in the various languages. Thus we have the name George in twenty-four languages, with the feminine forms of it in five languages. It is often an anxious question with parents: "What shall we name the baby?" By the help of Miss Yonge's volume they cannot only select easily but wisely, and give names that shall have appropriateness, significance, and beauty, and the clergy, who are often called to advise in the matter, will find it very useful. In this revised edition many errors have been

removed and corrections made. Miss Yonge has written much, her works enjoy a large popularity; but in sterling worth and importance we think her "History of Christian Names" leads all the rest and will outlast them all.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON. By Laurence Hutton. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1885.) pp. 361.

This volume is the fruit of much labor and research. All cities are constantly undergoing change, old landmarks are destroyed, streets are renumbered and renamed, and a few years creates a city as new in appearance as in population. Even in a lifetime the street in which one was born may become strange. When, then, Mr. Hutton undertook to give some account of the haunts of the various authors and scholars who had given fame to London by their residence in it or visits to it, he entered upon a task of no small magnitude. The whole realm of literature, almost, was to be traversed, old maps, surveys, and directories were to be examined, tradition was to be sifted, and many a man might have looked back without putting his hand to the plough. It was not so with Mr. Hutton, and his industry and patience have had their reward. He has given us a volume of great value, and one which all lovers of letters will welcome. In alphabetical order he has arranged the denizens of literary London, telling us where they lived or lodged, the places to which they resorted, and giving here and there anecdotes and notices connecting them with the city. Few of the great stars in the English firmament of letters for three hundred years are missing, though Churchmen will wonder that the great Master of the Temple, the "judicious Hooker," should be omitted, when "honest Isaac" Walton, his quaint biographer, is named. But an omission here and there hardly detracts from the sterling value of the work which enabled one to visit so many of the haunts of genius. The volume has an index of persons and of places, and may be consulted, will be prized as a book of reference. It is a curious fact that the London journals have exhibited a genuine mortification over this book, because Mr. Hutton is an American, and they regret that it was not an Englishman who thus thoroughly and *con amore* searched out and described the "Landmarks of London."

THE STATESMAN'S YEAR BOOK. Statistical and Historical Annual of the States of the Civilized World for the Year 1885. Edited by J. Scott Keltie. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1885.) pp. 908.

"The Statesman's Year Book," one of our very best reference books, grows fuller and better year by year. Its statistical tables and facts with reference to all the countries of the civilized world are drawn from official sources, and have been added to and changed as necessity and truth required. The editor, Mr. J. S. Keltie, spares no pains to make the work as perfect as possible, and the publishers give us the stores of information in convenient form and good type. The space to the several countries is well apportioned, the statistics and facts are orderly digested, and the volume admirably serves the purpose for which it was compiled—it is a statistical and historical hand-book for the civilized world.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. By Charles Dudley Warner. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885.) pp. 194.

When the essay on "Irish Bulls" first appeared agricultural societies vied with each other in ordering early copies for their libraries; we have no doubt horticultural societies will hasten to place "My Summer in a Garden" on their book-shelves. If they will read it they will be amply repaid, if not in their increased knowledge of Adam's calling, in their quiet enjoyment of its easy humor, satire and

wit, to say nothing of its bits of morality and good advice. We are reminded, page after page, of genial Charles Lamb. Nineteen weeks are spent in the garden, and the author carries the reader with him by an irresistible charm, and gives him a living interest in his chases, plagues and pets. One may read it through and through without being able to distinguish green peas from string beans, but not without a good deal of love for Folly and a high respect for Calvin. Was there ever anything better than the final chapter, "Calvin, a Study of Character." Calvin was the author's *cat*, a *quasi* legacy from Harriet Beecher Stowe. These papers, originally written for the *Courant*, are published as one of the *Riverside Series*, and richly deserve the honor.

THE FIRST SIX BOOKS OF THE AENEID. With Explanatory Notes by Edward Seear. The Bucolics and Georgics. With Explanatory Notes, together with a Complete Vocabulary and an Appendix containing Dr. S. H. T. Parker's Questions on Virgil, and a Metrical Index. Illustrated with numerous engravings, and a Fac-Simile Page of one of the Oldest Existing Manuscripts of the Latin Text. [New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.] 1885. pp. xxii., 642.

The long title of this volume is sufficiently descriptive of its contents, and there is but little to add except that it is handsomely printed and upon good paper, and that one of its objects is to lessen the cost of appliances to young Latin students. They here find between the same covers text, dictionary and notes, and at moderate cost. The *Aeneid*, with the notes, were published by Mr. Seear substantially nearly twenty years ago, but Mr. Johnson, who is a professor in Lehigh University, now for the first time gives us his *Bucolics* and *Georgics*. With the notes, maps and engravings, the study of Virgil is made a delight, and the poorest boy may have a better text book than did of old the Dauphin of France, for whom the Delphin edition, with its ordo was prepared. Such an edition of the great Latin poet might tempt not only boys but men to renew their joys.

ARISTOPHANES'S CLOUDS. Edited by Professor M. W. Humphreys, of the University of Texas. [Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co.] 1885. pp. 252.

No publishing house is doing more service to the cause of education and high scholarship than the house whose imprint is on this volume. The text books which they publish are admirable for their importance and correctness. The "Clouds" is one of a series of Greek works which they are issuing, and is in clear, legible type and convenient form. It is based on Theodore Koch's third Berlin edition, following its text closely, its changes being chiefly in punctuation and orthography. The notes are almost entirely critical, explaining the text and the various readings, and the want of commentary is largely supplied by an excellent introduction translated almost entirely from Koch, and which gives an analysis of the comedy. The division into verses of the lyric portions follows the schemes of J. H. R. Schmidt, and there is a very full appendix on metres. The volume is in a high degree creditable to the scholarship of Professor Humphreys, and the students in our colleges will welcome a comedy which will show them how Socrates could be represented on the Athenian stage, and how the Clouds proved to be a *brutum fulmen*, and philosophy survived the satire and the wit.

LA CHANSON DE ROLAND. Translated by Leonore Rabillon. [New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1885.] pp. 31.

"La Chanson de Roland" is founded on the slaughter of a portion of the army of Charlemagne at Roncevaux, in the Pyrenees, in 778. It was a rear guard commanded by Roland, and surrounded by thousands of Gascons, owing to treachery, not a man survived to tell the tale. It soon became the subject of legend and of song. The poem, of which we here

have an admirable translation by M. Rabillon, lecturer in Johns Hopkins University, dates from before the first crusade, in 1096, and was written in Norman French, but by whom is not certainly known, though the last line of the poem reads, "Thus endeth here the Geste, Turlokus sang." It at once grew into fame, and became the epic of France, as the "Iliad" was of Greece, or the "Nibelungen Lied" of Germany. There are parts of it full of spirit and life, as much so, perhaps, as the "Marselaise," and it is singular that we have never before had a good English version. The translator has followed Leon Gautier's seventh edition, making use of the old orthography and prosodic accent, but furnishing a glossary. M. Rabillon was well fitted for his task, and has infused the spirit of the original into his version.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF BRITISH ACTRESS. Edited by Edward T. Mason. With Portraits. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.] pp. 384.

Hood, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Jerrold, Dickens, Charlotte Bronte, and Thackeray are the subjects of this fourth and final volume of the series of the "Personal Traits of British Authors." The name of nearly every one of them is a "household word," and probably no better selection could have been made, though doubtless some will regret to note the absence of the names of Carlyle and George Eliot. These sketches are not biographies, nor memoirs, nor lives, but a collection of the personal traits of these authors, and of anecdotes which illustrate their character. They are fairly done, setting down nothing in malice and extenuating nothing, giving their foibles as well as virtues, and enabling us to see those notable men as they lived, and not only as they wrote. The picture does not misbehave them, and we do not admire their genius less for knowing that Homer sometimes nods and that genius can scar with ruffled feathers. They were not only great authors, but they were men "not too good for human nature's daily food." The series is admirable in make-up and contents, and publishers and editor are entitled to thanks.

AFGHANISTAN AND THE ANGOLO-RUSSIAN DISPUTE AND ACCOUNT OF RUSSIA'S ADVANCE TOWARD INDIA. based upon the Reports and Experiences of Russian, German and British Officers and Travellers. With a Description of Afghanistan and of the Military Resources of the Powers Concerned. By Theodore Rodhouse, Major-Brigadier General, F. R. S. With Three Maps and other Illustrations. [New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

In these excited times, when everyone is anxious to decide for themselves, if possible, the question of where Russia will stop and England in India is to begin in future, this book cannot fail to prove of interest. The author thoroughly understands what he is talking about, and the illustrations give one a capital idea of the debatable land.

ITALIAN RANBLERS. Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By James Jackson Jarvis, Author of "Art Ideas," etc. [New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

Among the artists—use the word in the realistic sense, remembering that pen pictures can be made quite as graphic in their way as when brushes are used—who ramble about in pleasant places, making what they see as vivid to the senses of the "stay-at-homes" as if they shared their journeys with them, Mr. Jarvis proves himself a most able painter. Nothing escapes his keen sense of the beautiful or picturesque in art or nature, and we have the results in clear, vigorous, vivid English.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE. By Juliana Horatia Ewing, author of "Jackanapes." London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. [New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.]

A pleasing, pathetic story of a little child soldier, who strove to fight the Christian fight of patience and unselfishness against much

suffering and natural ill temper as bravely as his friends, several soldiers in the Queen of England's army, fought and endured pain and hardships in their battles against their country's foes. Good teaching for children, and profusely illustrated.

LITERATURE.

The *Fortnightly Review* for July (Leonard Scott Publication Co.) has a paper by H. D. Traill on J. R. Lowell, late minister to England.

"WATSIDE FLOWERS," an illustrated Birth-day Scripture Text Book, and "An Illustrated Floral Text Book," are announced by Mr. Whittaker.

"IN MEMORIAM" is a tribute to the late Rev. John Brown, D.D., of Newburgh in this State, and contains the eulogies which were pronounced upon him in his masonic relations.

GINN & Co. publish a "Handbook of Poetics," by Francis B. Gummere, treating historically and theoretically subject-matter, style and metre. It will fill a vacant niche in courses of instruction in literature.

The *July Musical Herald*, Boston, gives Nannini's *Stabat Mater*, with English verses by Laura M. Underwood, "Father of Mercy," arranged from Beethoven, and "The Brook," an instrumental piece by Frits Spindler.

The eighteen articles of the *Angust Eclectic* are taken from fifteen English reviews and periodicals, and with the book notices, foreign literary notes and miscellany, will be found a most desirable companion in the long days.

"SOWING and REAPING" is the title of the historical sermon by the Rev. Marcus A. Tolman, the rector, on the semi-centennial of St. Mark's parish, Mauch Chunk, Pa., and it is a valuable contribution to the local ecclesiastical history.

"TEACHERS' INSTITUTES" is the subject of Circular No. 2 of the Bureau of Education for the present year, and makes a pamphlet of 206 pages. By means of these circulars the government distributes a large amount of information.

The Rev. F. S. Hatch's address on the "Relation of Congregational Churches to their Theological Seminaries," is printed in pamphlet. Now that Andover seems to have broken from its moorings, it is an important subject among them.

The *Baptist Quarterly Review* for July is very handsomely printed and on good paper, and comes into our hands. It contains five articles besides those in the editorial department, and a large part of the number is devoted to current literature.

"CONVICTIONS of Duty and Belief" is the subject of some weighed thoughts by C. H. Fitch of Massillon, Ohio, inscribed to his father. It is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. The thoughts are by a thinker, and are full of suggestiveness.

"The Policy of the Early Colonists of Massachusetts toward Quakers and Others whom they regarded as Intruders," is the subject of one of the Old South Prize Essays, by Henry L. Southwick, and it is printed in pamphlet form at the Old South Meeting House, Boston.

The *North American Review* opens its August number with a symposium on the questions, "Can Cholera be Averted?" Five physicians take part in it. One of the papers in the number is on "Temperance Reform Statistics," a subject that needs sharp handling, for there has been much carelessness in the collection of them, when exactness was most required.

A LARGE portion of the August Lippincott is devoted to fiction, light and airy and suited to these torrid days. From the Crafters of Scotland we are taken to the Pioneers of the South west, and are sometimes dealing with French provincial life and sometimes with the mountain region of West Virginia. There is something to suit all tastes, and the number will be sought at our winter resorts.

With its May number Latine (D. Appleton & Co.) commences a new volume and gives a careful index of the first three volumes. An examination of this index will show the great value of the publication to students and scholars. Many of the separate articles are worth more than the price of the subscription, and a magazine whose aim is to improve our scholarship ought to receive a liberal support.

Mrs. FREMONT has become a frequent contributor to the "Wide Awake" magazine. Her reminiscences of a varied and eventful childhood, spent in the South and West, are always interesting. The story she tells us in the July number is about an adventure with the "Big English Bull." Also a chapter of her "Recollections of My Time." The many illustrations are excellent, and the stories bright and readable.

THE Portfolio for July, by way of illustrations, has "Magnolia Grandiflora," etched by J. M. Head; Cox's "Bolton Abbey," etched by S. Myers, and the "Interior of St. George's Chapel, Windsor," by H. Railton. These are full page, and there are some sixteen other illustrations. The series of papers on Windsor, by W. J. Loftie, is continued, and there is an interesting article on "S. Maria del Popolo and its Works of Art," by J. H. Middleton.

CASELL'S Family Magazine for August might well be called the illustrated, for nearly every article is accompanied with engravings, both poetry and prose. The frontispiece is "A Summer Tryst," and the stories and papers are suited to the season, with the exception perhaps of "London by Night," whose illustrations are full of sorrow and may well remind the reader of some recent developments in that city. We have on several occasions had to speak in high praise of the Gatherer, and the August number of it is equally deserving.

ART.

THE Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts wants an endowment of \$50,000, and are endeavoring to raise it by subscriptions from lovers of art.

At James Pott & Co's. may be seen two original oil paintings, "The Goddess of Music," by N. Poussin, and "The Vestal Virgin," by Eschmann the younger, and it offers a favorable opportunity for buyers.

NATHAN APPLETON, who placed a bust of his brother Thomas G. Appleton in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has given to the museum sixty miniatures, one of them being a Napoleon painted on wood by Meissonier.

THE pictures taking the Prize Fund prizes of \$2,500 each have been distributed by lot among the four chief subscribing cities, as follows: R. Swain Gifford's "Near the Coast" goes to the Metropolitan Museum in this city; Frank M. Boggs' "Rough Day—Entrance to the Harbor of Honfleur," to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Henry Mosler's "The Last Sacraments," to the Polytechnic Institute, Louisville, and Alexander Harrison's "Le Crepuscule," to the Museum of Fine Arts, St. Louis. The latter city is regarded as the most

fortunate of the four. Next year ten prizes of \$2,000 each will be awarded.

A NEW FREAK OF AGNOSTICISM.—At the recent annual meeting of the National Association of Music Teachers in New York City the subject most deeply interesting to the religious world was discussed in a paper by Mr. John H. Cornell, under the caption, "What is Church Music?" To say the least, this interrogative form of the thesis is quite as tantalizing to the Church as it is creditable to the very respectable association which introduced it.

Perplexity deepens when it is borne in mind that the essayist is one of the most learned and accomplished musicians of our day; that he was born and educated in the Church, and from his early youth enthusiastically devoted to the study of Church music in its purest and strictest schools; that it formed his one ideal and pursuit; that he sat reverently at the feet of Dr. Edward Hodges, our greatest master in religious music, for many years; that he was so impregnated with the idiom and inspiration of Tallis, Farrant, Purcell, Boyce, Gibbons, and the rest of the early English school, that his own fine individuality seemed at times hopelessly sacrificed to his enthusiasm; that in his young manhood he became a Romanist, buried himself in the order of the Redemptorist as a brother-priest for fifteen years or more, and threw his genius into a splendid elucidation of the "Gregorian Tones and Modes"—a work which stands unrivalled as an authority—and that in this period and after, when he became a layman, he produced many religious works for choir and organ of exceptional importance; and yet, with all this, we have Mr. Cornell's word for it that he finds himself to-day on the sunset slope of his distinguished career, unable to answer the question submitted to him for consideration. Mr. Cornell professes that he can not tell what Church music is!

But, with fine frankness, he admits in the outset that if any one had confronted him with such a question some years ago he would have "laughed in his face"! For then, Mr. Cornell knew, or believed that he knew, what Church music is; and since we, Churchmen, stand where Mr. Cornell did during his former years, that is, within Christianity and within the Church, we, believing as he then believed, may, without rudeness or presumption, "laugh in the face" of any such question or questioner. And here we drop back to a fundamental axiom of religion—spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Therefore, to know concerning the faith one must be in the faith, and to know religious art one must be rooted and grounded in religion. He who steps outside ceases to know, because his change of standpoint involves the loss of vision.

This great question, then, belongs to the man of and within the Church. And to such religious art is a verity precisely as is religious experience and consciousness. "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind I now see." The Churchman knows that the Church has her own voice of adoration and worship, and of total inspiration; that her music is not martial, nor festive or bacchanalian, nor reverie, nor rhapsody, nor mere idealism; and the Churchman knows that the organ variations on "O Sanctissima" are all aglow with religious delights and aspirations, even if their gifted composer has lost the "heavenly vision" of his earlier years. This question demands positive treatment. The association owes it to itself as well as the religious public, who are the chief constituency of musicians, that on an early occasion the Church shall have a voice and a hearing in the presentation of her own convictions concerning her own worshipful art.

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IN view of the recent appearance of the revised version of the Old Testament, we feel that a special interest will arise with reference to the history of the Bible. We have therefore secured Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.'s edition of Dr. Mombert's "Hand-Book of the English Versions of the Bible," published at \$2.50, and offer it, with THE CHURCHMAN, at \$5.00, or to subscribers now fully in advance at \$1.50.

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CALENDAR FOR JULY.

23. S. JAMES.
26. Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
31. Friday—Fast.

AUGUST.

2. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
7. Friday—Fast.
9. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
14. Friday—Fast.
16. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
21. Friday—Fast.
23. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
24. St. Bartholomew.
26. Friday—Fast.
30. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

CHASTENING.*

BY LOUISE S. MIXSELL.

Unto my life there came a call,
When busy hands could scarcely spare
A moment's pause, when anxious care
Was deepest, and the present hour
Held me with an unwonted power,
Then came the call.

No "day" for answer to that call,
But swift obedience! Quickly faded
The world that so engrossed and shamed
Of twilight from an unknown sky
Fall thickly o'er me where I lie,
Led by that call.

Familiar faces e'en grow strange!
The world—how far away! How vain
'Alike its pleasure and its pain!
While the unseen, which seemed to be
In those past hours so shadowy,
Alone is rest.

Waiting upon the border land—
Passive and weak—too weak for choice,
(Yet leaning unto rest) the voice
Comes once again, "Not yet for thee
The long-desired rest shall be,
But higher work.

"Learn thou how frail a thing thy life!
And as the moments swiftly speed
Upon thy nobler self take heed;
And though thy hands must labor still,
Give me thy thoughts, thy work, thy will,
Till thee I call."

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Continued.

Rotha could not understand what had become of her friend. She had not seen him for three whole days, and she was as restless and uneasy as a woman could be. He had gone down to the shore with her and the boys on the afternoon in question, and she had brought in Reuben and Guy to tea, not extending the invitation to Guy's uncle, as Mrs. Carruthers would be out. She had noticed, or fancied she noticed, a shade of disappointment on Garton's face at the omission, and he had lingered more than a moment at the gate, as though unwilling to break up the little party. Was he hurt? Did he think her stiff and inhospitable. There had been a look of reproach in his eyes as he had turned away, as though she had been guilty of some breach of friendship. This had been on the Monday evening, and the next day she had a cold and did not care to stir from the fireside. As it happened, none of the Vicarage party made

* These verses were written when the writer was just recovering from an illness. A year later the call came which finished her work.

their appearance, not even Guy or Laurie, her most frequent visitors. Garton, too, kept himself completely aloof; Meg saw him at church in the evening, but, being short-sighted, could give Rotha no information of his looks; and he had only bowed to Meg from a distance instead of coming forward as usual to shake hands.

Rotha thought this very queer, but she did not say so. The evening was a dull one, and she went to bed early and dreamed all night that she and Garton had a quarrel. The next day it was no better. Rotha's cold was still troublesome, and the weather was unusually inclement. Rotha, who was an unwilling prisoner, grew slightly ruffled in spirits towards evening. To add to her discomfort Mary came in on her way to church, and was very sympathizing on the subject of Rotha's cold, and slightly mysterious on every other subject. Rotha, with unusual querulousness, wanted to know what they were all doing with themselves.

"I feel as though I have been dead and buried these two days," said the girl, with a little fretfulness. She wanted Mary to give up church and stay and talk to her.

"Doing good is better than saying your prayers, don't you think so?" said Rotha, with a droll inflection of voice. She liked to shock Mrs. Ord sometimes. Mary was always so good and serious.

"Oh, my dear, no," said the earnest woman. "We must do one without leaving the other undone. And then when one is so worried—"

"Are you worried?" cried Rotha affectionately. "Is that the reason why you have all left me to myself so long? I did not think you would have treated me so badly unless something were the matter."

"But, my dear—"
"Of course something is the matter. Don't you tell me all your worries? When persons have something on their minds they had better always talk it out," said Rotha, with a little decision. "Saying one's prayers is all very well, of course, but a friend's help and sympathy are not to be slighted."

"I never slight yours. Oh, my dear, what a dreadful notion! One may be worried on other people's account," finished Mary, with a sigh. She had sighed several times very distinctly. "And, after all, talking will not do any good in this case."

"I have no wish to interfere in other people's business," said Rotha stiffly. "You have always treated me so as one of the family, that I have grown to consider myself as one of you—that is all." Rotha was more than ruffled, she was positively aggrieved now; the tears stood in her eyes. She was certain now that something was the matter—something, probably, in which Robert or Garton was concerned, and which she (the little sister) was not to know. She drew herself back from Mrs. Ord's caressing arm with a little dignity.

"The bell is stopping now. Don't you think you had better go?" she said presently. She had her face averted when Mary stooped and kissed her. She took all her friend's affectionate exhortations as to her cold with perfect coolness. "You are feverish—a bad cold always makes one feverish," said Mary, with a placid sigh. "You must take care of yourself, and we shall see you about in a few days." Rotha shed a few tears when she was left alone. A positive sense of in-

jury took possession of her. She had only been a prisoner two days, and already something had taken place at the Vicarage which she was not to know, and then it was so strange of Garton. She determined nothing should keep her indoors on the morrow, but when she awoke the next morning she was forced to reconsider her resolution. A damp drizzle of mist and rain threw a metaphorical wet blanket over everything, her cold was still obstinate, and it would be little short of madness to stir from the fireside.

Rotha thought it the longest morning she had ever spent in her life. Mrs. Carruthers was induced to agree with her too. Rotha was a trifle contrary; she would not open her lips or be interested in anything. Meg was quite relieved when it was time to go down to the schools. When she had gone, Rotha drew her chair to the fire and was miserable to her heart's content. The whole world was against her, and the weather too. What was this thing they were keeping from her? Rotha had not long to ask herself that question, for just then, to her surprise, the doorbell rang and Reuben Armstrong came in.

It was not a half-holiday, but he had come up to Bryn with a message. As he gave it—standing cap in hand, as though in haste to be gone—she noticed the boy's eyes were red and swollen, and his face was flushed with crying.

"Why, Rube," she said reproachfully, "you have not got into any trouble with Mr. Dentry, surely?"

Reuben shook his head and looked rather indignant at the supposition.

"Your father has not been near you?" but again the boy shook his head.

"What is the matter, then?" she continued impatiently. "Rule you must tell me; you look as though you have made yourself ill with crying."

Reuben's eyes brimmed over.

"Don't you know? Haven't they told you?" he began eagerly.

"No one has told me anything," returned Rotha, with a touch of the old seriousness; "there is some mystery—I am quite aware of that; but no one has thought it worth while to tell me anything?"

"And you don't know that they are sending him away?"

"Sending whom—do you mean Mr. Garton? Something sharp seemed to shoot through Rotha's heart then. She caught her breath once or twice. "Why don't you speak out plainly, Reuben? I think you are under some mistake. If it were true, don't you think they would have told me themselves?" said the girl, with a little natural impatience.

"Perhaps Mr. Garton told them not. Oh, Miss Maturin, he is so unhappy; he could hardly speak to me last night when he told me about it. I think, I do think, they will break his heart between them."

"Reuben, you are very wrong," said Rotha, rebukingly; her face was very pale, and she spoke hurriedly. "My dear boy, I don't think you know what you are saying. Why should they send him away?"

"Of course, it is his own doing; it is too noble to eat another man's bread—don't I know that?—but, all the same, they have driven him to it. He is never to be a clergyman—never; and he is going away to the very end of the world."

"Oh, Rube, God forbid!" and a hot flush of pain came to Rotha's cheek. "We must not let him go, Rube. You are right; it will break his heart. Why did you not come to me last night and tell me this?"

"I thought you knew," returned Reuben, mournfully. "It is no use; they will not let you do anything, Miss Maturin—it is all as good as settled. One of Mr. Robert's friends is to give him a free passage to New Zealand, and he is going to Thornborough to-morrow to get his outfit."

"Without telling me?" exclaimed Rotha. She was indignant, even in the midst of her trouble, but Reuben was too miserable to heed her.

"It is all Mr. Robert's doing—every bit; he will try to prevent my going out to him, I suppose, but I will go if I work my way for it; in a few years I shall be a man." He cheered up for a moment at the thought, and then in an instant broke down again. "He saved my life," said the boy. "I can't bear to see him go away. Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" And Reuben laid his head down on the table in a perfect agony of crying.

Rotha could not have cried for words; her eyes were hot and dry, and her throat ached; her pain almost bewildered her. He was going away—her friend and companion, clumsy, honest Gar. No more pleasant morning visits; no loitering on the shore; no more happy excursions to Burnley and Lestham Woods; no lingerings under the lighthouse to look at the stars; no tall form striding up and down the dim aisles; the dark face missing from the choir-stall. Rotha thinks stonily of these things; through it all she hears Reuben sobbing with a sort of impatience, "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

Rotha goes up to him and gives the lad a little shake.

"Reuben, leave off crying. Can you give a message from me to Mr. Garton?" The boy nods his head. Rotha's hand is very cold, and it lies like lead on his shoulder. A dim hope creeps in his heart; perhaps, after all, she may do something.

Rotha clears her voice; it is scarcely so sweet as usual, but it is wonderfully steady.

"I shall be at church this evening, Rube. When the service is over, tell Mr. Garton that I shall be waiting in the porch to speak to him. Whether it be wet or fine, remember, I shall be there."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all. The little sister may have lost her power, but she will try what she can do, for all that. You are a good boy, Reuben—a faithful friend; you deserve his love. There, go. I shall rely on you, Rube, mind you don't fail me." And then, somewhat to Reuben's surprise, she leans down and touches the boy's forehead with her lips.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Don't go, Garton; I want you."

"Silence!" he exclaimed.

"A woman's pity sometimes makes her mad—
A man's distraction must not cheat his soul
To take advantage of it. Yet 'tis hard,
Farewell. . . . But I love you."
—Aurora Leigh.

Rotha had quite made up her mind what to do.

As soon as Reuben had gone she went to the window and took a calm survey of the weather outside. The prospect was not very promising. The damp drizzle had

ceased, but a gray sea-fog was creeping over the sands. A raw mistiness pervaded everything; it was scarcely an evening for it invalid to stir abroad. Nevertheless Rotha felt no doubt of the prudence of her undertaking.

She communicated her intention to Mrs. Carruthers with admirable sangfroid. She only shrugged her shoulders with pretty petulance at that excellent woman's dismay. Meg's remonstrances fell on deaf ears.

"When one has a duty to perform, one must fulfil it at all risks," she repeated with a little dignity. She nodded at Meg with wide-open anxious eyes. Two bright spots of color were in her cheeks. There was repressed impatience in her every movement. She scarcely listened when Meg pleaded a sick headache as an excuse for not accompanying her.

"You had better go to bed early," Rotha said to her. "You ought to speak to some doctor about these headaches." She was not indifferent to her friend's sufferings; she was simply self-absorbed. She sat in a fever of excitement while Meg sipped her tea; an intolerable mixture of pain and pity filled her heart to overflowing. "What is the good of making friends if one must lose them?" she thought.

Meg, on her part, was sorely bewildered by the girl's impatience and wilfulness. A dim suspicion of the cause kept her in sympathizing silence. She sat with throbbing head while Rotha roamed hither and thither in her gray dress. "It must come to her, as it must come to all of us," she thought, and a pitiful feeling came over her as she remembered her own miserable past, a longing to take the girl in her arms and shelter her from all possible trouble and disappointment. She was a little indignant at the way things had gone. "She has seen no one else, and she does not know her own heart," thought Meg sadly. The young man's peculiarities repelled and annoyed her. In common with many other people she was inclined to undervalue Garton Ord.

Meg, in her wise experience, thought that she saw how Rotha's possible future was shaping itself, and was rather inclined to be angry at the sorry result. She thought Rotha, with her sweetness and cleverness, might marry any one. The young people's pretence at friendship did not blind her in the least. "They will go on talking and laughing till they find they are necessary to each other, and then one or other of them will wake up." She did not know that the waking had already come to poor Garton, and that he was finding it very bitter. She was thinking rather of Rotha's restlessness these three days, of her unusual pettishness and caprice. Rotha's wide-open eyes, shining with impatience, her glowing cheeks and hot hands were so many signs to the watchful woman of the reality and truth of her surmises.

Rotha, on her side, knew nothing of her friend's suspicions. She was a little chagrined at her scant sympathy, that was all. She went up and kissed her, almost penitently, before she left the house.

"You must go to bed before I return," she said, with some remorse. "I would rather have the headache than the headache," she thought as she struggled through the damp fog.

She went to her usual seat behind the pillar and knelt down for a long time. It

could hardly be said that she prayed, for her prayer was in some such fashion as follows, for she said over and over again, only in different words:

"If Garton Ord refuse to take my advice, what shall I do? and if he refuse to accept my help, what shall I do? And then he is my friend, my very own friend, and I cannot let him go away;" and once, "God forbid!" very energetically. I do not know whether Rotha added an "Amen" to these clauses, but it certainly struck her with some degree of shame that there had not been much reverence in her petitions. She sat and looked towards the chancel very humbly at this point of her reflections.

"I ought not to have been here to-night," she said, with a sigh at her own shortcomings; "I am as bad as those who bought merchandise or sold doves." And as these salutary thoughts prevailed, she chose the longest hymn she could find in her book and read it three times over without taking in a word of its sense. And why? Merely because a tall, dark figure had brushed past her as it went down the aisle to the vestry; and she had looked up and seen Garton Ord's face, looking sad, and pale, and worn, as she had never seen it before.

And after that it was all no use. Rotha stood up in her place or knelt; she listened attentively; she sang with her usual heartiness, but the strain on her mind was terrible. She could not keep her attention from wandering; chill doubts haunted her; she was afraid of herself and him. Was she right in seeking a confidence which had been withheld from her? And then the remembrance of the poor boy's worn face drove all hesitation from her mind, and after that she had a strange fancy.

They were singing that beautiful hymn, "Thy will be done." Rotha was singing it too with tears in her eyes. She was looking at the altar and the lilies; the dim, white globes seemed blossoming from the freecoats; the tall, painted windows were full of blurred outline and shadow. Reuben was crying quietly behind his book.

"If Thou shalt call me to resign
What most I prize—tho' 'twere my mine,"

Was it fancy, or did Garton suddenly look towards the dark corner where Rotha was singing? But when she turned her head again he was standing with his face to the lilies, and his lips pressed tightly together as though in pain.

Rotha heard a sigh behind her, which she knew came from Mary. She was quite aware that Mrs. Ord had come in late and was sitting a little to her left; but, when service was over, she did not once turn her head. She sat in her place steadily, while Mary stood up and fidgeted with her wraps. By and by she had an instinct that her friend was waiting for her in the porch, but she took no heed. Mrs. Ord was not quite easy in her mind as she went down the churchyard again. She remembered Rotha's petulance and soreness of the previous evening, and was a little exercised in her mind in consequence.

Rotha sat still and waited, not very patiently it must be owned. She saw Garton go into the chancel with the wrappers for the altar, and a moment afterwards Reuben followed him. He was giving him her message. She could see him start and turn quickly to the boy. He seemed hesitating, but it was full three minutes before

Reuben was dismissed with an assenting word. Reuben came down and stood beside Rotha for a little while in her dark corner.

"Wasn't it a beautiful hymn?" he whispered. "He was angry with me because I couldn't sing it. He sang every bit, down to the last verse, and then he broke down himself."

"We ought not to think of our own worries in church," said Rotha, dogmatically. She was a little pale and cold sitting in that dark corner. Her conscience misgave her as she thought of the strange merchandise she had brought in that evening. The sellers of doves were nothing to her. She was every bit as bad as Reuben. Reuben answered her very prettily.

"If we don't bring our burdens, how are we to lay them down? That is what the vicar says. How can I help being sorry for him, loving him so dearly as I do, and seeing him so unhappy? Oh, Miss Maturin, he looks so bad, almost as though he were going to be ill."

"There, that will do," said Rotha. She pushed the boy from her with hot, feverish hands, though she was so cold.

Something shining fell on Reuben's sleeve at that moment.

"You must hurry home. Mrs. Summerson does not like you to be late," she said, as she rose hastily. Her gown blew about her feet as she went out into the porch. The sea-fog had cleared off, and one or two stars trembled above the blackness. The wind was blowing the sand up among the graves. The white crosses and tombstones gleamed in the dim haze. Rotha coughed and drew her cloak round her as she drew back into the church, nearly stumbling over some one as she did so.

"I beg your pardon," said Garton, with a nervous laugh; "I thought you heard me, but I suppose the wind was too boisterous."

Rotha scarcely answered as he put open the door for her. The little surprise had agitated her. She went on, leaving Garton to follow. She scarcely took any notice when the young man came up with her, panting and breathless; in reality a new sort of shyness kept her lips closed.

"I had to lock up the church," he said. "Had you forgotten that when you walked so fast? I hardly thought I should have overtaken you before you reached Bryn."

"I forgot about the keys," returned Rotha apologetically; "one cannot help hurrying in such a wind."

"It was not fit for you to have come to church," he replied decidedly. "Mary has told us what a cold you have. You were coughing dreadfully through the service."

"It was nothing," returned Rotha, indifferently. The mention of her cold reminded her of the old soreness. He knew of her indisposition then, and had never cared to inquire after her. When it pleased him he could come three or four times in the course of one day, but now this sad trouble of his was turning even his against her. She held herself aloof as this thought crossed her; her voice went out to him rather tremulously in the darkness.

"I thought you had forgotten me. You have all been too busy these three days to think much of any one but yourselves," exclaimed the girl in a hurt voice. "Mrs. Ordl came to me and was dreadfully myste-

rious. I suppose I was foolish to mind it. Of course I have no right to be considered."

"You have every right, you mean, Miss Maturin. Why should you say such a thing?" Garton spoke vehemently, but his tone was hardly as steady as usual.

"I suppose Mrs. Ordl was told not to confide in me," continued Rotha plaintively.

"When Reuben came in this afternoon he burst out crying and told me everything. I liked Reuben's red eyes better than Mrs. Ordl's misery."

"I told Mary to say nothing about it," continued Gar. "I wished—that is, I thought it better—"

But Rotha broke in upon his stammering. "You thought it better that I should not know. Why did you not give Reuben your orders too? Mary and the vicar tell the little sister everything. Perhaps you would rather not come in to-night, Mr. Garton? Meg is not very well. I suppose you meant to have come and wished me good-bye before you sailed?"

Rotha quickened her steps, with secret exasperation and impatience. Her voice trembled as she delivered herself of this cutting speech. Tears sprang to her eyes in the darkness.

"May I not come in? Why are you so angry with me to night?" asked Garton humbly. The poor fellow knew nothing about women; he could not understand the girl's soreness and hurt feelings. He followed her up the gravel-path with his head drooping; he was utterly dejected and miserable. Rotha gave a little stamp with her foot as she choked back her tears. Her cheeks were burning again.

"He does not care for me; nobody cares for me," she thought.

She went straight into the parlor and laid aside her hat. She refused Garton's help rather impatiently when he wanted to relieve her of her damp cloak. She hated herself for her pettishness all the time, but she could not help it.

As for Garton he had betaken himself to the fireside after his repulse. He held on to the mantelpiece tightly as he looked down into the red gleaming coals, and his head resting on his arm. He did not alter his attitude nor move when Rotha swept past him rather impetuously in her gray dress, though he started slightly on hearing himself addressed.

"Will you not sit down?" she said, still more impatiently, as though goaded on by his dejection. "Three days ago I don't think you needed to be invited to take a seat."

He lifted his head from the mantelpiece at this.

"Why do you say such things to me?" he said, almost fiercely; then, dropping his voice, very sadly, "You must not; I cannot bear it."

Rotha was electrified by the sudden change of manner. Her color rose, and she said more gently:

"I am afraid I was cross. I did not mean to be, but one cannot help being vexed by such seeming unkindness."

"What unkindness? I don't understand you. Do you mean that any of us have treated you badly?" he demanded, so vehemently that Rotha was frightened. "Pshaw! what a fool I am, as though Robert's persecution were not enough to turn you against us."

"I did not mean that," returned Rotha, quite shocked. "Hush! what nonsense. Haven't I forgiven him? Do I not forgive him every day of my life? Mr. Garton, you ought to know me better than that."

"Well, what then?" replied Garton gloomily. "Do we know anyone? Are we sure even of ourselves? If you mean that I have acted unkindly in keeping all this miserable business a few hours from you, and in making Mary hold her tongue about it, you have a very poor idea of my motive in doing so."

"I confess I was hurt. I thought we were such friends," returned Rotha in a voice that was perilously sweet. Had she any idea how she was torturing him? He had drawn his chair to the fire, and was bending over it with his hands propped heavily against his knees; his forehead was puckered up with pain. As he spoke he scarcely raised his eyes above the gray hem of her dress. Was there a glamour before his sight? As she sat there in the radius of the fire-light an ineffable majesty seemed to surround the young girl. Her youth and sweetness abashed him. He had always seen beauties in her which no one else had seen, and now a sickness and impotence of longing seized upon him when he remembered that all this beauty and grace was not for him.

As he sat there with his moody glance bent on the fire he knew every trick of her countenance, every fold of her dress and wave of her hair. In the long dreary years that were to follow, how he would remember this evening, when he listened to her innocent reproaches with the wind sighing among the garden trees, and the dull lapping of the distant waves on shore!

"I thought we were such friends," repeated Rotha softly. "Why did you not come and tell me this yourself? Did you not know how sorry I should be for you?"

"Yes, I knew," returned the poor fellow, with a groan. He could have put out his hands and prayed her to refrain from torturing him so. What good was it to him for her to recall their innocent friendship, who had loved her, and would dare to love her to his latest breath? He looked upon her with sad deprecating eyes.

"Yes, we have been friends; but we shall be so no longer. What happy days Rube and I have had here; and then that time in the Burnley woods! Well, it's all over now—over and gone as the children say. I shall leave Reuben as my legacy to you. I wonder if you will thank me."

"Don't," cried Rotha, stung into sudden pain. "Mr. Garton, I hardly know you tonight, you are so unlike yourself, so sad and stern. I am almost afraid of you."

"Afraid of me?" Garton gave her one of his sudden brilliant smiles for answer, but it soon died away. Another of those frank innocent glances would unman him, he felt. He must guard himself; he must be very careful. In another half-hour it would be time for him to take his leave. He breathed more freely when he remembered this.

"Reuben will fret sadly after me," he continued, with a sigh. "The lad is terribly constant. I believe the foolish fellow will break his heart over it."

"He will be right," returned Rotha. "I mean—coloring up—" you have been such a good friend to him. Mr. Garton,

will you tell me once for all why you are going?"

"Why?" repeated Garton, somewhat embarrassed. He had roused from his apathy now, and was looking at her in some confusion. "I suppose because Robert cannot afford to send me to college, or to maintain me any longer in idleness."

"Yes, I know; but is that your only reason?" added Rotha impatiently.

She was watching the young man with keen wide-open eyes. The evidence of his confusion was clear enough to her. Poor Gar, he was clumsy enough to betray himself at any moment; and then the girl was the cooler of the two. He was more embarrassed than ever as he answered her.

"It was the reason why the New Zealand scheme was first started," he stammered. "I have told you all that over and over again. I knew that it was right that I should go, but I could never make up my mind; and lately Robert has been pressing me."

"Mr. Garton, do you remember that text about the plough and looking back?"

"Yes, I do," he returned, with an emphasis that startled her, "and, God helping, I mean to act upon it."

That was not what Rotha meant.

"I don't know in what way you are contriving to twist my meaning," she said, rather bewildered. "I meant, of course, is it right for you to renounce the desire and fixed purpose of your life to be ordained?"

What made Garton suddenly pass his hand before his eyes?

"I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God." How often he had chanted those words in the daily services, and what fulness of meaning had they not borne to him? Had he not desired with pure hands to serve in the sanctuary? Very slowly and reverently he answered her, "Yes, it is right."

"But why?" persisted Rotha.

"Because it has been plainly shown me that my work and place are elsewhere. I have hoped against hope. I have waited till I am heart-sick. Miss Maturin, do not let us talk any more about this."

"But I must talk about it. How am I to help you and keep silence? Mr. Garton, if this be your only reason you need never go to New Zealand. I will make it all right with the vicar."

"You, Miss Maturin?"

"Yes, I. Do you think that I am not to be allowed to earn my title of friend. You forget I am 'the little sister.' Mary—Mrs. Ord, I mean—calls me her Aladdin's lamp, and her Fortunatus' cap, and all sorts of pleasant titles. We were talking about wishing-wells in Burnley woods the other day, Mr. Garton. I will not promise to conjure up the little cottage with the bow-window, and the telescope, and big dog; but I think I can manage about the college?"

"You! what do you mean?" demanded Garton huskily. A dark flush rose to his face; his hands worked nervously. Was she going to help him? was she—Ah! but it was hard, terribly hard.

"It does not matter what I mean," returned Rotha, with a low musical laugh; but she colored too as she spoke. "The vicar and I will settle it all between us. Do you remember how we managed about Rube? Mr. Robert need not know."

"Do you mean that you propose to pay my college expenses, and that you are going up to the vicarage to tell Austin so?"

"There is no reason to put it in such plain words," faltered Rotha; "and, after all, you are to know nothing about it—the vicar and I will settle it. You are not too proud to take such a little thing from me?" she continued, winningly, as she stretched out her hand to him—the little soft thin hand whose touch he knew so well. The poor boy trembled all over as he took it.

"You will not refuse such a little thing to your friend?" she continued, pleadingly. Then he shook his head.

"I could refuse you nothing, Miss Maturin. Do you think I could be proud with you? It is not that. No; don't stop me, you know I must go away."

"But why?" she persisted, pitiless in her sweetness, and her eyes looked so softly at him.

Garton burst into something like a groan, and then he threw her hand away from him with a violence that hurt her.

"You ask me that—you—you—you—you—you must know how people are talking! Do you think I can stay here," he continued passionately, "and be accused of such things, when perhaps it may end in your believing them?"

"What things? Who is talking?—about you and me, do you mean?" A dim perception of his meaning began to dawn on her. "Look how you have hurt me," she said, piteously, in the childish way that was so irresistible to him; "are you angry with me because people choose to say foolish things of us?"

"But if you come to believe them," he repeated, hoarsely. "Forgive me, Rotha; I am half mad to-night. I would rather die than harm a hair of your head. If I am a beggar," cried poor Gar, "I am a gentleman, and *noblesse oblige*."

"Sit down and tell me what you mean, and why you call me Rotha to-night, Mr. Garton?" She laid her hand on his sleeve with a soft persistence that compelled him to yield to her. Rotha was very pale now, but she was the calmer of the two. To tell the truth, she forgot herself at the sight of his excessive agitation, which puzzled and frightened her at the same time. "What are people saying about us, and why do you so assure me that you are a gentleman?"

"I beg your pardon," said Garton, vehemently; "if I have offended you, it is for the first time. No man can bid good-bye to the woman he loves and measure his words; if I say 'good-bye, and God bless you, Rotha,' you need not be angry with me, you will only be Rotha in my prayers."

The woman he loved—he—Garton—her Garton. Rotha was deadly white now, and then she turned crimson to her finger-ends; but he could not see her face, it was so averted from him; at his next words it drooped lower and lower. Had she dreamed this? Could it indeed be true? What was the meaning of that strange new happiness that set her heart beating so wildly? Not for worlds—not for worlds could she have spoken then.

"Forgive me," said Gar—he had risen again to his feet, and was regarding her mournfully—"you know now why I stayed away. I ought not to have come here to-night, and you have tried me so, beyond my strength even. They thought I was a

fortune-hunter, and that I dared to aspire to an heiress. They little knew me. If we never meet again after to-night—and we never shall with my consent—look up in my face and tell me, Rotha, that you never suspected me of such meanness."

She looked up quickly to the honest face above her, and then drooped her head lower than ever.

"Never—never!" she faltered; "how dare they say so?"

"What does it matter?" he continued, cheered by her manifest sympathy; "what does anything matter so that you think well of me? I can go more happily now."

"Why should you go?" faltered Rotha. How pale her face was!

"Hush, you must not tempt me; how can you, knowing what you know now? Of course I must go away; and how can I bear to live on here, and see you every day, and know," and his voice trembled, "and know you are not for me?" He paused, and then went on, "You must not be sorry now I have told you this. I could not help it. I could not indeed. God bless you, dear, for your noble thought, as I shall bid God bless you in my prayers when I am far away."

The little hand trembled out to him again from the folds of the gray dress; there were tears in the bright, kind eyes; the sweet face was covered with blushes.

"Don't go, Garton; I want you." And then, in a voice of intense feeling, "I was a poor girl, without a friend but Meg in the world, till all these good things came to me; but what are they worth—what is anything worth—unless I may share them with those I love?"

Could he mistake those brave, tender words! The strong man trembled like a child when he heard them.

"Rotha, do you mean me?" he whispered; and Rotha, looking up with a smile and a blush said, "Yes."

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XX.

I have been urging that whatever good thing there is in this bad world comes from God.

But one may say all this is well spoken, and from these very principles I have drawn the inferences which you Churchmen so much deplore. The experience of life confirms that statement in the Acts of the Apostles, that the Holy Ghost has been received by unbaptized men. Is not baptism, then, a superfluity? The Holy Dove is abroad in all the world: can I not hear His voice in the sounds of nature, and see the silver of His wings in material types and emblems, rather than seek Him between the leaves of a book or in a narrow house with its doors and walls? Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from me unto thee, that with God's free spirit all pervading I must accept the restraints of the Ark and the discipline of service and of sacrament? Is not this what so many are saying now-a-days, that the Church hath no monopoly of goodness, and that each heart may erect its own shrine and have the Comforter for its teacher?

Ah, the dove searched and wandered, but

came back to her home. The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark. The raven might rest contentedly upon the carcasses of a lost humanity, or croak forth its requiem from some lifeless bough; but the dove returning from its forlorn errands of mercy, could be content with no other home than the Ark of God.

Why should a man speculate and reason and utter his poor "I think," if God hath spoken clearly and wiped away with the breath of a divine utterance all the foundations of our individual theory?

We may say that all places are alike to God; but David shall reply "He refused the tabernacle of Joseph and chose not the tribe of Ephraim, but chose the tribe of Judah, the Mount Zion which He loved, and He built His sanctuary like high places, like the earth which He hath established forever." "Yea, "the Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." "There the Lord hath promised His blessing, and life for evermore."

None has hymned so grandly as David the omnipresence of God's mighty spirit—about his bed and about his path; beside him whether he soared to heaven or made his bed in hell. And yet what homesickness of the heart was his when he wandered far away from the ark of a covenant presence. His soul is athirst for God; heart and flesh cry out for the living God. In his thought the brooding place of the dove was above the mercy-seat of the ark. Surely this very unrest of the narrative before us was in his thought. "Arise, O, Lord, into thy rest, Thou and the ark of Thy strength;" and in response the Lord chooses Zion, and desires it for His habitation. Himself inscribes the promise above its portal. "This is My rest forever; here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." Surely the psalms sustain our statement that the Church alone is the resting place of God.

And if the Ark of God be the one only resting-place of the Holy Dove, so also should the Church be recognized as the one home of the soul. Alas! there are many wanderers seeking in vain for something good; Churchless people, and because Churchless without God, and without hope in the world. "For as a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place." For how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard; and how shall they enter into rest, when none points them to an open door?

And how many there are who have found the ark, and yet do fail rightly to appreciate it! They seek, in some sort, its benefits, but they have not there their rest. They frequent it as an occasional resort, but it is not to them a home.

For home is the place of rest to which the feet turn by instinct in each interval of toil. Home is the treasury where our most precious things are garnered. Home is the place where we guard the heir-looms of our sires and the cradles of our little ones. Other abodes we are pleased to visit in the way of excursion, but home, after all, is the place to live, and home is the place to die.

We have glimpses of all this at times. In the clash and jangle of unregulated passions, and the strife that thus arises, in the bitterness of grief that comes from a

child's misconduct, or in some dire misfortune, the thoughts turn homeward, and we must, like Hezekiah, go up to the house of the Lord and spread the sad tidings before His mercy-seat. Or else, in some moment of imminent danger, in some hour when to one dearly beloved time is fading rapidly into eternity, we bethink us that the Dove, the one only Messenger of Peace, still abideth in His chosen rest, and so we hasten to lay our sorrow down at the altar of God, and stretch out imploring hands for the ministrations of His love.

But oftentimes we are too unmindful of that glorious Presence which fills the Church of the living God, and imparts a virtue to its ordinances not inherent in them. We revere, but we do not love, the habitation of God's house, and the place where His honor dwelleth. The angels listen in vain for the sigh of satisfaction with which men often, anxious and burdened, exclaim: "All the day long have I been in the world as a sparrow upon the house-top; but now the sparrow hath found her a house and the swallow a nest, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.

Christ loved the Church; and we know the measure of that love: He gave Himself for it. Shall we not love it too, with the love of a genuine enthusiasm, and at the least give ourselves to it. Be it ours to prefer Jerusalem above our chief joy. Be it ours to cry, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!"

Keble says: "The Holy Ghost is like a Dove, because the Dove goes on in such wistful, plaintive tones, sometimes far into the night, very often in the early morning. Those who lie awake, or are about betimes, know the sound very well; and one can hardly listen to it without feeling as if it told us what a restless thing this world is, and how we have need to set our hearts on an infinitely better treasure. And it goes on, like a person earnest in prayer, still repeating the same note, as if it could never be tired nor stop, until it has found the rest which its soul loveth.

"Such is the voice of the Holy Ghost in prayer, inwardly uttered in a Christian's heart; and because it is like the unwearied, melancholy tones of the Dove may be one reason why the Blessed Comforter came down on our Lord in bodily shape like a Dove."—Keble, *Whitunday Sermon*.

A PRAYER BY THE SEA.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

I saw the ships on a windy sea
In the light of the morning's gold;
And the shout of the sailors came to me
Like songs from the days of old.

Wild waves leaped up on the crags and beat
On the edge of the rock-bound shore;
And the thought of a coming time was sweet,
When the sea should be no more.

No more, no more shall mothers and wives
Dream of loves that the blue wastes hide;
No more shall the vigorous hearts and lives
Be flung to the wind and tide!

Oh, Father, follow the gallant ships
Through the light of the morning pale!
Thou hearest the prayer of the loving lips,
Thy mercy never can fail.

And guide us all to some haven blest
Where never a tempest is known;
For life is sad, and the secret of rest
Is hidden with Thee alone.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The Exodus.

Exod. xii. 31—xiii. 17-19.

Verse 31. "He," Pharaoh. "Rise up and get you forth." This was a fulfilment of the Lord's promise to Moses and Aaron—verse 1, chapter xi., also in verse 1, chapter vi. "By night." This shows that it was after midnight at which time the visitation of the Passover took place, and before dawn of the coming day. "From among my people." This implies that Pharaoh recognized it as a final departure. And it is evident from previous passages that He had sought to keep the children as hostages for their return, and then their cattle. Now he is anxious to thrust them out altogether. This verse is not in contradiction to the statement in chapter x. verse 29, that Moses should see the face of Pharaoh no more. The command to Moses and Aaron was doubtless given by messengers of the king. There would be no need of a personal interview.

Verse 32. The permission to take their cattle shows that Pharaoh had abandoned the thought of their return. "Bless me also." This is complete submission to Moses and Aaron. It treats them as their fare-well to leave behind a blessing, at least a revocation of the curses inflicted on Egypt. This proves that Pharaoh yielded to God's power, and recognized Moses and Aaron as God's instruments.

Verse 33. "The Egyptians were urgent upon the people." This fact answers the objection often made that so great a multitude could not have been got in marching order at such short notice. It was a simultaneous movement on the part of the Egyptians, because of their fear. They evidently regarded the death of the first-born as a menace to the lives of all the rest. The people also were prepared to go forth.

Verse 34. "Their dough before it was leavened." This is the origin of the usage of the paschal bread is thus shown. It was a constant memorial of that hasty flight. This was the dough which they had begun to prepare for bread in their three day's journey. They were sent out in such haste that they found no time to leaven or to bake it. "Clothes," rather cloths—the large square cloth, used as an upper garment very much like that still worn by the Arabs. Also it served for a bed or bed covering at night. It was thus easily used to pack up the kneading trough with the bread still in it. This could be baked at night by the bivouac fires. See Kinglake's "Eothen" for a description of the process.

Verse 35. "Borrowed of the Egyptians." The Revised Version properly translates this as "asked or begged." To borrow is in modern usage to obtain under a pledge of return. This was not the case here. The Hebrews did not expect to return, the Egyptians did not wish them to return. Doubtless the fear of the Egyptians had something to do with their willingness to give, but there was no fraud in the case. It may be indeed that this was in consideration of past services, and also the Hebrews must have left behind them possessions, as houses and the like, which could not be removed, for which these gifts were the equivalent.

Verse 36. The word lent is here to be taken as "gave," which, indeed, it means in other places. "Favour in the sight of the

Egyptians." It is an oriental characteristic to feel affection toward one who has done a great and violent wrong. The Egyptians regarded the Hebrews as the authors of the plagues sent upon them, and these were in the nature of propitiatory gifts. "Spoiled the Egyptians." That is, took from them a great booty. This is not in the sense of defrauding, but rather of taking as one might a ransom or an exaction. The motive was no doubt that implied above, viz., desire to have the people go, and anxiety lest more harm should be done on their account. But whatever the reason for it, it was pure giving, and not on any false pretences.

Verse 37. Rameses (or Raemes) was that treasure city which the Hebrews had built for Pharaoh (see ch. i. v. 11). It was the starting point at which in the land of Goshen the people were collected. "Succoth" was the Place of Booths—the spot where they dwelt in huts of boughs, possibly known by that name previously. It was on the route toward the Red Sea. "Six hundred thousand on foot that were men." There are two objections made here, one as to the number of Israel, since this represents a population of about two millions, viz., that this is an unreasonable increase from the seventy souls who went down into Egypt. But on examination this is not found excessive, especially if in those four hundred years there had been no diminution of the people by pestilence or war. Now, there is every reason to believe that this was the case. The Hebrews were under the best conditions of growth, with manual labor and plenty of food. The other difficulty is in the collecting and marching such a company. But here, again, oriental habits must be taken into account, and the tribal and family subdivision. Moses spoke to the elders, the elders to the families—in fact, the army organization and the habit of obedience was almost perfect. "Children." This includes the women.

Verse 38. "A mixed multitude," viz., an alien population, possibly low caste Egyptians or slaves, who preferred to cast in their lot with the Israelites, and these were afterward a snare to them.

Verse 39. The baking of the bread was upon the embers of their fires, as Arabs now in the desert do.

Verse 40. "Four hundred and thirty years." This is the true time, no doubt. The Septuagint here is in error in giving the shorter period, "two hundred and fifteen." St. Paul follows the latter in Galatians iii. 17, where the time is of no moment; but the Hebrew account is clearly the true one.

Verse 41. "Four hundred and thirty years." It is but proper to say that Bishop Wordsworth holds to the shorter period, and makes this to be reckoned from the entrance of Abraham into Canaan. "The self-same day," viz., the 14th of the month Abib.

Chapter xiii., verse 17. "Not by the way of the Philistines." This would be the short caravan route by Gaza. Resistance there encountered would have forced them back across the Isthmus of Suez, whereas they took Canaan, as it were, in flank from the unexpected side.

Verse 18. "Led the people about." By a circuitous route. The wilderness, probably, not the desert that now is, only uncultivated

wild land. "Harnessed." In armor, with weapons of war.

Verse 19. "He had straitly sworn." That is, Joseph, the vizier prince, had laid with a solemn injunction upon his people that they should give him final sepulture in Canaan. (See Genesis i. 25.) This was probably the more easy, as Joseph was doubtless embalmed after the Egyptian manner. "God will visit you." The prophecy had come to pass.

OUR CONDITION AND OUR DUTIES.

BY THE BISHOP OF SPRINGFIELD.

II.

Thus, dear brethren, as we find ourselves assembled here in our annual Synod, or think of ourselves at our homes, in our ecclesiastical relations, we are confronted by three facts, which stand out with startling prominence in our diocesan life and experience: we are a little flock, we can lay claim to no worldly prestige; and we are very poor.

These three facts again suggest, and indeed imperiously enjoin upon us three corresponding lines of duty, upon which we have been enlarging: union, by sinking personal preferences and prejudices in loyalty to the cause, the shepherd and the flock; trust in God, and in Him alone, as working with us when all other resources fail, and obeying, in consequence of our faith, His command to go forward; and the incorporation into our business and administration of our estates and secular affairs the principles of Christian paying and Christian giving, as announced and illustrated by our Sovereign Creator and Ruler in Holy Scripture.

If we face these facts and follow these lines of duty, we will speedily emerge from our Red Sea of danger and perplexity, and if we persevere in our onward march, we will ere long enter our promised land of fertility and plenty and rest.

All that we have thus far said has naturally sprung from your presence; you are the text of our sermon, you are the inspiration of our thoughts. But we cannot leave you thus; you are too interesting a theme and too important a factor in the future of the diocese to be dismissed without fixing your attention upon your responsibility as the connecting link between what has been and what is to be. You and I are handing over the past to the future; it is passing through our hands; shall we leave it as we found it? We cannot; things must either grow better or worse, advance or retrograde. Can we afford—it is a question of profit and loss—can we afford to live and die and never lift our finger or give of our time and money to make them better? Alas! while we cannot take hours and days and dollars and cents with us into and beyond the grave, and yet in their effect upon our souls, our seat of being, whence are the issues of our endless life, we do take them with us, and hence it is a question of profit and loss to us, of infinite moment, of immediate practical personal concern, how we pass our time, how we spend our money. Bear with me while I point out to you plainly what I conceive to be the mind of God in regard to the administration of money, the most perilous trust in its relation to himself which is confided to the hands of man.

In the first place, the primary safeguard is to bear ever in mind that wealth, money,

is a loan lent to us; it is not our own in the sense that we have absolute control of it; we may use it and dispose of it, but we must, after all, give an account of our stewardship of it to God. It is all the while absolutely His, and he allows us to occupy it until He calls us away, and we let go, as our hands chill with death, of our bonds and stocks and silver and gold. To keep this truth steadily before the mind is the path of safety for every one who has riches in possession or who is in pursuit of gain.

Secondly, subordinate to this and helping to keep this fundamental principle in mind, is the consideration that God takes the first fruits in lieu of the whole, and allows us the use and enjoyment of the rest of the good things which He gives us with His benediction of blessing and love, provided we think of Him first, and set apart a certain portion and devote it in solemn offering to Him. The law of the first fruits runs through the entire Jewish economy and entwines itself so completely with the whole system of sacrifice that we are prepared to find it fulfilled in the Only Begotten Son of God and resting as an obligation upon those who would be like their Lord. The first fruits of their time, the first hours of the first day of the week are due to Him; the first fruits of their substance, as did the first believers, who were full of the Holy Ghost, are to be presented to Him in the offertorial gift.

Thirdly, to proceed one step further, and, as men would say in our day, reduce the matter to business principles, so as to make it eminently practical and remove it entirely from the sphere of sentiment, let us ask what amount shall we pay? What proportion shall we offer? We answer the tenth, and we advise the tenth. We are well aware that there are many—and they wise and good men—who dispute the obligation of the law of the tithe upon us, Christians. Well beloved, I will coincide in this opinion only on one condition—that you make the proportion larger, the interest greater. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Dare we stint God? Shall we haggle about the amount which we are to offer to Him, who has given us His Only Begotten Son, and with Him given us all things beside? Read "The Sacra Privata" of holy Bishop Wilson, and see how one who lived near to God came, as life ran on, to feel more and more his debt of gratitude and love, and as he felt the obligation grow, one-eighth, one-fifth, one-half was offered to God. Contrast this with Judas Iscariot, who begrudged our Lord the alabaster box and the precious ointment, and asked "to what purpose is this waste?" The one represents the Christian payer and the Christian giver; the other stands for the hard-hearted, hard-hearted, secular, worldly-wise man of business. Choose ye under whose leadership we will march to the grave and the bar of judgment—under the leadership of Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, who gave half of his goods for the sake of his dear Lord and Master, or of Judas Iscariot, who sold his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver, and inscribed upon his banner, as he went forth in the darkness of the night to consummate his mercenary bargain of betrayal by the horrible prostitution of a kiss, "to what purpose was this waste?" Choose ye under whose leadership and with whose banner floating over you you will march

into the presence of your Saviour and your Judge, who gave up all things for you, and allowed Himself to be stripped of everything, so that He was suspended, literally naked, between heaven and earth, that He might, by His poverty, purchase for you all things. Think of this, and then decide by your present conduct in the management of your business, and the making of your wills, and the disposal of your estates, to whose legions you will belong—Thomas Wilson's or Judas Iscariot's. Ah, brethren, have I won you to recognize God as your Father, your Benefactor, the Great Giver, to whom you owe all that you are, and have, and ever can be, in time and eternity? Then you ask, what will you have me to do? And I answer, and I beg you to take it with you all the days of your life, and not simply as a rhetorical flourish in an address. I would give you the counsel were you dying; I would give you the counsel were I dying; I give you the counsel upon which I have acted ever since I had anything which I could call my own—Pay one-tenth of your income, as your legal, lawful interest which you owe to God for His investment in you, in yourself, and the raw material with which you work, and the instrumentalities of air, and light, and heat, and all the ministries of nature which do you service at His bidding; and when you come to dispose of your effects at last, and make your will, divide your estate, whatever it may be, little or much, divide it into ten parts, and devote the first tenth, at least, to God, in some bequest to His service in Church or eleemosynary institution, and then distribute the remaining nine-tenths as you may deem wisest and best, as in the sight of God, to relatives and friends and whatever objects may claim your charity.

Wills made with such convictions of duty, and with such a recognition of God's personal nearness to us, and with such an acknowledgment of His paramount claims upon our gratitude and love, will not be likely to be the subjects of litigation in law courts. The consciousness of the divine presence supervising our acts, solemnly expressed by the fact that we place Him *first* among our heirs to receive the *first fruits* of our estate, when it is distributed as we direct, after we are dead and gone, is likely to exercise a salutary influence upon the mind and conscience, and restrain those exhibitions of passion and caprices of fancy which largely give occasion for quarrelling and dispute in the manifest injustice which is exhibited toward heirs by those who have not the love of God in their hearts nor the fear of God before their eyes.

Consider, I pray you, by acting upon this principle of devoting *one-tenth* of your substance to God at your death, what you can do for this diocese in the future. You can build it up and put it on a self-sustaining basis, and enable it to take care of itself and do aggressive work, and plant a mission in every town and city throughout the vast domain. By degrees it would put on strength, and when once enabled to stand and walk without external aid it would go forward with rapid strides.

The conditions of the diocese are such that, with the exception of a few, the parishes and missions require a partial endowment in order to be permanently self-supporting. The population is largely devoted to agriculture, and the business and

prosperity of all classes are measured by the character of the crops. Their ability to give varies from year to year, and cannot be counted at a fixed ratio. Emigration draws away our people, and often five or six families, representing a sixth or a fourth of the salary of the clergyman, will remove in a single year from the same mission or parish. It will be seen, then, that the relations of demand and supply between the pastor and his flock cannot be regulated in this jurisdiction by any fixed laws of economic science. But we can fall back upon God's method, and urge you to obey His directions and fall in with His plan. Then, in time, the problem will be happily solved, the difficulty will disappear, our missions and parishes will be supplied with clergy living in comfortable rectories and maintained by incomes adequate for decent support.

Let every Christian, when he comes to make his will, divide whatever he has to devise, whether it is little or much, into ten equal parts or portions, and bequeath the first tenth as an endowment for the mission or parish, the annual interest or rental to go towards the salary of the rector, and let the provision be always added that unless the people of the mission or parish raise a minimum sum, easily within their power, towards the clergyman's support, such annual interest or rental shall be paid into the treasury of the mission fund of the diocese. This condition will secure against the temptation, which besets people when there is an endowment, of doing nothing themselves and leaving the endowment to do all. It will take time for these bequests in most instances to accumulate in quantities sufficient to provide the desired support. This matters not. We are moving in the right direction; we are not leaving things as we found them; we are doing something to make provision for the spiritual needs of those who will dwell in our neighborhood, the sphere of our responsibility for all time to come. The little sum thus left will never be missed by the heirs; and, oh! what an amount of good it will do for us, and for them, and for our fellow-men. Suppose a man has ten thousand dollars to distribute at his death, the one thousand which he bequeaths to God will not mar the inheritance of his children. Far from it, it will bring a blessing upon them, and make them fellow heirs with their Father in Heaven. Suppose he has five hundred acres of land to bestow, the fifty withdrawn for a glebe will be a thousand times more useful than they would as adding a few more acres to farms already large enough, and whose character, in any event, would not be essentially changed by the small fractional addition. It is not a question of *amount*, it is a question of *principle*. However limited a man's possessions may be, let him in every case devise them by will, and give God the first fruits—it may be a single acre of land, one share of stock, one bond, a few dollars. He who followed with his eye the poor widow with her two mites as she cast them in life into the sacred treasury, will mark well his servant who provides that when he is dead a tenth of his effects, be they much or little, shall be given to the Lord. We have been sufficiently practical, but we may not close this discussion without specifying some of the objects which you should have in mind when you make your wills.

Duty begins at home, like charity, and then radiates in all directions. Remember first your own parish or mission, take into account its needs; a church to be built or enlarged, a rectory, an endowment for the clergyman's salary, a fund for the supply of a choir, or the erection of a parish school-house. Then, secondly, think of the diocese and, as your sympathy may draw you, devote an offering to some one or more of its funds, missions, theological education, the aged and infirm clergy, the diocesan library, the support of the episcopate. Thirdly, have in mind our schools, St. Agatha's, in Springfield; St. Maur's, in Mt. Carmel; the Normal Kindergarten, in Danville, and our cathedral schools. Ah! brethren, our instruction and exhortation about wills is based upon the assumption that you recognize and act upon the duty laid upon you by Almighty God of paying and giving to Him in life, on principle, year by year, a certain proportion of your substance and your earnings. This is the education, the training which leads up to and prepares for the settling one's affairs in the fear of God. Without this it is to be apprehended that the passion strong in life will be stronger in death, and the low, mercenary spirit which holds back the man in health and strength from parting with his money will harden his heart and stay his hand from devising liberal things for the benefit of others when he is gone.

We need your help now, steadily, constantly. Failure of crops and prostration of business reduce income and limit resources. Still, we must not close our hands and give nothing, because we cannot give as much as we did once. Beware of the temptation which at such seasons always steals in upon us and suggests, "the times are hard, economy is necessary, cut off all your contributions to God. No matter if the church be closed and the sacraments cease, and the voice of praise and prayer be heard no more, and the clergyman leaves, and the congregation be scattered, and there is a general break up; no matter, these things have no material worth, no market value, they can better be spared than the comforts of your houses and the luxuries of your persons." Beware of this sophistry; it is plausible, but it is ruinous. When yielded to it deprives you of the best things which you have in the present, and it prejudices your prospects of improvement for the future. As you face this temptation and behave under it you can gauge your spiritual condition. If you listen and are convinced, and forthwith cut off the Lord's portion, then you come forth from your hiding-place and proclaim what manner of man you are, of little or no faith, secular, to whom the present world is well-nigh all, the future world is as nothing; on the other hand, if you resist and say to the tempter, "Get thee hence, Satan; I will not listen to thy preachings!" and begin to cut off your superfluities in food and dress and amusements, you will discover that you need not reduce very much your offerings to God, and you will discover what is better still, that your hold upon the things of faith is firmer than you knew, and amid your self-denial for the dear Lord's sake you will feel stronger and happier than you ever felt before. Aye, you will feel richer, because you will understand the meaning of the emphasized passage of Scripture, quoted by our Lord, "Man shall not live by bread

alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

There is no contrast more comforting and suggestive of all good things than the church open, the services kept up, the parochial agencies in vigorous operation, while on the other hand, as men express it, "the times are hard," industries are checked, factories are closed, business is dull, crops are poor, and the outlook for the future is gloomy. Such a sight would startle one, and lead him to ask the question, "What does this mean? That gentleman has reduced his retinue of servants, that lady has dismissed her carriage, that farmer has recalled his son from school, that merchant has abandoned his sea-side trip with his family, those mechanics are doing extra work. What does all this mean? And the answer comes: "Look at that congregation issuing from the house of God; see that infant in the priest's arms as it is received into Christ's flock; watch those children as they recite their Catechism; follow the steps of the minister of God as he carries peace and the light of the other world into that sick man's dwelling; note, mark well these things, and know that the people who live here prize these things highest, put these things first, really, truly love these things better than they do servants, and carriages, and watering-places, and gold and silver." I covet such people. Give me such, and I ask nothing more. Ah! brethren, you have it in your power to present this inspiring, lovely picture in every mission and parish of the diocese. The conditions are all supplied in the stagnation of business, the scanty harvests, the grave apprehensions that the coming season will be less productive than the last; it remains for you to rise to the occasion and affirm by your acts that, whatever else you forego, you cannot and will not give up your Church, and the sacraments, and the blessed Word of God, read and preached.

Our diocese is worthy of our best efforts. Under the hardest conditions in which a diocese could possibly come into existence, Springfield has steadily done well. Her growth has not been unprecedented, but it has been satisfactory. The gains which have been made from year to year have added real strength and solidity to our household. We are homogeneous, we are at unity among ourselves, we believe in our mother the Church, and we know why we believe in her, and hence we can afford to be generous and patient, because we are so strong in our convictions and firm in our faith. After our missionary work our schools deserve our first thought and best care. They are doing a grand service to their pupils, and through them they will do a grand service to the Church five or ten years hence. Let us encourage them to the extent of our ability.—*Synodal Address.*

A GREAT necessity is a great opportunity. Much more is to be done for Truth amid the agitation and turmoil of an age like ours than in the old days of stagnation, when the life of the Church was frost-bound and frost-bitten, when there was little place for and recognition of heroism and self-devotion. Nothing is really lost by a life of sacrifice: everything is lost by failure to obey God's call. The great struggle of good and evil, of truth and error, which was raging when Deborah judged Israel rages still.—*Liddon.*

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY A. BATTE.

The recent meeting of the Congress of Churches in Hartford, Conn., has set many minds to thinking. The evils of a divided Christendom are recognized by a larger number of people than before, and those who had already seen them, feel more intensely. The friends of Christian unity are not discouraged by conflicting views of many of the speakers. It was not expected that there would be anything like a general agreement among them.

But the mere fact that such a meeting has been held, is in itself significant. It shows that people are getting tired of divisions. They want a change, and are seeking the best way to bring it about.

The wisest of them feel that organic union of any kind among Christians is not a thing to be brought about in a short time. Those who are laboring for that end do not expect to see it in their day. Their hopes are upon the rising generation. If these are instructed in fundamental Church principles, if the leading facts in the beginning of Christianity are made prominent, they may succeed in realizing what their fathers hoped and prayed for.

But what are those fundamental principles and facts, which it is believed will help all who are earnestly and honestly seeking to escape the dangers which a divided Christendom threatens. The following are suggested as likely to be useful:

1. The Christian Church was founded by Christ and His Apostles.

2. The first Book of the New Testament was not written until five years, some writers put it later, and the last nearly seventy years after the Church commenced her great work on the day of Pentecost, Acts, ii., 41.

3. It follows then that the Church is older than the New Testament Scriptures, and for about five years, at least, was the sole keeper and teacher of the faith, and the only visible guide of mankind in manners and morals.

4. This relation of the Church to the people was practically maintained up to the invention of printing and the general diffusion of elementary knowledge, when the Scriptures became accessible to all who desired to know the will of God.

5. It is in a measure maintained now. We do not give the Scriptures to our children to determine for themselves what is right in faith and practice, but we teach them these things orally, and when they are old enough send them to the Scriptures to know the certainty of the things wherein they have been instructed. St. Luke i., 4.

6. Without the Church there would have been no Scriptures. The books of the New Testament were written by members of the Church either to national Churches or individual members of it.

7. In the beginning there were many other books claiming to be inspired, and consequently the voice of God to men. The Church, by virtue of being the ground and pillar of the truth (I Tim. iii. 15), decided upon their conflicting claims, collected the books that were indeed inspired by the Holy Ghost into one volume, and has ever since kept and guarded them.

8. Snipped improbabilities of the organized Church having come down unbroken and entire through the centuries, apply with

equal, if not with greater force to the Scriptures. Both had to watch during the long night of the middle ages. And both were exposed to the same influences, and had the same enemies. Besides, there is a special promise of Christ that the Church shall endure; there is none such as to the Scriptures.

9. The Church was fully organized during the lifetime of the apostles, and its purpose was to carry on upon earth the work which the Saviour began for the regeneration and salvation of fallen man. He said to His apostles, "As my Father has sent Me, even so send I you." (St. John xx. 21.)

10. No outward persecution nor inward corruption can totally destroy the Church, since Christ has said of it, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (St. Matt. xvi. 18.)

11. The Church so established was to continue throughout time, for when He gave His last command to His apostles to make Christians of all nations, He promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (St. Matt. xxviii. 20.)

12. These same sayings of the Saviour were spoken during the forty days between His resurrection and ascension, when He instructed His apostles concerning the Kingdom (or Church) of God. (Acts i. 3.)

13. Since the Church as established by Christ and His apostles is to continue to the end of the world, no person, or set of persons, has the right to establish another in its place, and whoever attempts to do so commits a great sin. (Rom. xvi. 17, 18.)

14. If the Church in any part of the world should be in danger, so far as men can judge, of becoming corrupt in faith and loose in morals, even then it would be a sin to desert it and set up a rival one. All good people should remain in her fold, and labor at reformation as our English reformers did, and as the prophets and other holy men did in the darkest days of the Jewish Church. Even idolatry and gross wickedness in the Church could not drive them out, or lessen their love. (Ps. cxxxvii. 5, 6.)

15. The faith was once for all delivered to the saints. (St. Jude, 3d v.) and as such can not be added to or taken from.

16. The first Christians knew that faith, which was very early summed up in a form of sound words (II. Tim. i. 13), and has come down to us (in substance) in what is known as the Apostles' Creed.

17. What is contained in this Creed, only, is matter of faith, all outside is matter of opinion, on which it is lawful for persons within the Church to differ.

18. All people cannot think alike. This is not a discovery of the nineteenth century. Our Saviour was aware of this fact. So was St. Paul. Yet the one prayed that His disciples might all be one (St. John xvii. 21), and the other commanded that there be no division among them. (I. Cor. i. 10.)

19. Sectarianism, in dealing with this fact, says there ought to be a separate Church for the accommodation of the different classes of opinions. The Churchman says no. The Church must be tolerant enough to receive all, provided they also hold the faith as contained in the Apostles' Creed. And the Church founded upon the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone—the Holy Catholic Church—is high and broad enough to do so.

20. Since we must obey the doctrine of

Christ, in order to dwell with God, to be saved (II. St. John 9), it is certain that God has ordained some infallible way of ascertaining that doctrine.

21. That infallible way is to consult, first, the word of God (St. John v. 39); secondly, the teachings of the Church, which have been from the beginning, or, later, through any of her general councils, (Acts xv.) and lastly, to do the will of God as far as one knows it. (St. John vii. 17.)

22. This is the only infallible rule known to the Church. In its use there is no place for the Bishop of Rome and his pretended infallibility.

23. The conditions of perfect health are obedience to the laws of health. The conditions of spiritual health are obedience to spiritual laws. Without these conditions, an infallible personal teacher, even if we had such constantly at our side, could not teach us the doctrine of Christ.

It is not necessary to add that the Church of England and her daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, maintain the above principles, and that for them the teachings of the Church, from the beginning, are to be found in the Book of Common Prayer, not catechetically stated, but embodied, for devotional purposes, in the various offices, prayers, exhortations, collects, epistles and gospels; also in the articles, the creed and in the catechism. The Prayer Book does for the Church what the Law Reports do for the State. They both preserve for public use the decisions of the highest tribunals of each.

THE REB'D. MR. BLACKMAN OB DE
WEST INDIES PREACHES ON DE
EBIL OB CHURCH DEBT.

BY J. D.

My brederin, in dis discourse I will not begin wid a tex', for de tex' dat fit de subject best is found in de book ob Mackbeth ("out dam' spot"). I hab seach de 'cripture from Dan to Beershebar to find de word "church-debt," an' I gib it up for it is not dere. So now I will begin my discourse. If a great general like de Duke ob Willington was to sale dis country from de foreign foe we would want to show him dat we feel grateful, an' we would say, "De duke hab no house, let us build one an' gib it to him." Now, my brederin, when we come to count up how much money it will take to build dat house we find dat de money we hab will only build a house half de size ob de one we tink a great general ought to lib in. So we call in de mortgage man, an' he say, "Ob, yes, I lend you de money. All you hab to pay me back is de interest, an' when you can't pay dat it will be all right, de least say de soonest mend, I will pay de mortgage mysel' an' tek de house." Well, we build de house, a big house, grand inside an' grand outside, an' we all march in a body, wid a big flag, an' a band playin, an' all de oder tings dat a great general should hab, an' we invite de general to come to de house, an' we mek a big 'preech, an' he de general say to we, "My friends, gib me de deed to mek me know dat dis house is mine, so I can 'tak you for it," an' we say, "Oh, general, de mortgage man is keepin' de deed for you; it is all right." An' de duke say,

"Is thy servant a dog dat he should do dis ting?" an' he walk out ob dat house. Now, my brederin dis tek me to anoder ebil ob my discourse, which is dis: Don't you tink it is mockin' dem good saints like St. Paul, an' St. John, an' St. Barnabas, an' de oder holy apostle, to baptize a church wid dem name, an' ax dem to stan' god-farder for it, when de mortgage man hab de deed? Dem holy man, who 'owed no man anyting' but love! I tell you, my brederin, a church can't prosper eben wid St. Paul's name, if de mortgage man hold de deed. Call you church by de right name, "de church wid de chancel mortgage," or "de church wid de church debt." It would sound more honest, my brederin, an' de people who jine would not jine it under a false name, for de name would tell dem dat de mortgage man hold de deed. An' dis bring me to de tird part ob my discourse. When you go to build a church don't gib a mortgage man stan'tin' room, for if you do he will not only draw out him own lawful interest out ob dat church, but him will draw out de interest ob all de people long wid it. Sometimes you can't find out de 'riginal people dat call in dat mortgage man. De want ob interest hab make dem not only leave de church, but leave dere debt for oder people to pay on dat spare room dat was only build for de looks ob de ting. So I say, my brederin, when you go to build a church ax de Lord to be de archeteeck—for 'except de Lord build de house, dey labor in vain who build it." Dey not only labor in vain, but dey labor in vanity. Yes, my brederin, we like de looks ob de big church, an' we don't like to b'long to dose who leaves dere person out in de cold—so we build a big parsonage an' we like to b'long to de parish wid dat beautiful church an' dat beautiful house for our minister. An' we feel proud dat we build it, an' we forget in de vanity of our heart dat de mortgage man hold de deed, an' dat take me to de fourth part ob my discourse. Now my brederin, when de mortgage man hold de deed, gibing for de sake ob de Master is lost sight ob. De ting dat is fust an' last wid us is gibing for de "church debt"—de ting we can't find in de Bible—so we hab to call in de help ob de world, or as de pilgrim hab it in him "Progress," "Vanity Fair." An' dat word "fair," my bredren, hab more den one meannin'. It means sometimes "envy," "hatred," "malice," an' all uncharitable tings, an' it mean poor, tired waden and sick children, an' it mean also dat de mortgage man wont gib up de deed. An' to tink wid it all my brederin, dat dat chnrech stan' dare like a poor, modersless chile, wantin' nourishment, for de hendens are neglected, for de mission work is wantin' 'pon dat debt, de children is loosin' de "early dew," for de Sunday-school is hungry for books, de Dorcas Society is in rags, for dat debt de hospital is wantin' for de "oil an' wine," but my brederin, de mortgage man hold de deed, an' de "cry from Macedonia" come to us in vain. Now my brederin, in conclusion, we will try to find out if dere is not some way to get dat deed from de mortgage man an' gib it to de Lord. Fust I will say, "call a solemn assembly" of all de people ob de church an' show dem dat forbidden tree dat dey call de debt. Show dem how it suck de berry life out ob de church, an' we will den and dere make a vow to cut it down an' not hab it to "cumber" us any more. But

what shall we use to cut it down wid? My bredren I make answer: "Let us tek de ax ob unity, and sharpen it 'pon de grindstone ob self-denial, and if we don't cut it down to de berry root, den may I neber preach anoder discourse. Lastly, my brederin, let us tink ob de joy dat will come to us, dat joy dat kill de fatted calf couldn't hold a candle to it, for dat was joy ober one son, but dis will be joy ober a whole church, an' when we take dat deed from de mortgage man an' gib it to de rightful owner, what a joyful sound to hear de words "for dis my church was lost an' is found again, it was dead an' is alive again." Den we wont hab any 'casion to be 'shamed to ax de Lord himself to be de God-farder, an' instead ob de modersless chile 'tarbin' for de want ob nourishment, we shall hab de bride wid de 'weddin' garment "all ready waitin' for de bridegroom. Amen.

ONE GENERATION AND ANOTHER.

In the course of a sermon preached at the Trinity ordination in Cuddesdon parish church, the Dean of Windsor said: "Did you ever in the face of the cry our 'credless generation' and the 'rotteness of our moral standard,' turn back a century or so, and compare with such details as is possible the then literature, the then popular creed, the then moral standards with our own? Do we realize what the faith and the morals of educated men in England were, say at the beginning of the last century? Look at the sparkling pages of the Spectator or the Tatler, and see how Steele and Addison drag to light a moral turpitude, an intellectual credlessness, fifty times blacker than anything our own day has seen. To appreciate Addison's scathing essay on the supposed visit of an Indian king to St. Paul's Cathedral, or Swift's satirical 'Argument against abolishing Christianity,' it is necessary to realize a prevalence of godlessness among educated men to which the nineteenth century in England offers no parallel at all. Pass on half a century and we find Bishop Butler, the most careful and guarded of men, opening his famous charge to the clergy of Durham with a complaint that 'the influence of religion is now wearing out of the minds of men;' and again, 'It is come, I know not how; to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject for inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious, . . . and nothing remains but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule.'"

The fact is, one generation and another are pretty much alike. The fashionable scepticism of Swift's and Butler's time was only agnosticism in another dress. And the world will always wag along in the same manner. Be the results of science what they may, Christian men will continue to "love not the world, nor the things thereof" and irreligious men will continue to love both. See that ye be wise in your generation.

ALL agree that the lessons of adversity make the most lasting impressions; but, unfortunately, there are but few who can turn them to account, because to do so requires thought and a due appreciation of the difference between right and wrong.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CHARLIE'S REWARD.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

There was a vigorous slam of the front door, the sound of a boy's feet coming upstairs two or three steps at a time, a shout that made his mother involun-

tarily clap her hands over her ears, and Charlie was home from school.

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, bursting into the room where she sat at work, with a face radiant with delight—"oh, mother, we fellows at our school are going to have the grandest time to-morrow! We are all invited to an archery party, and we can take part in the shooting if we want to. We are going to meet at Willie Ellison's after school, and his father is going to drive us out to the place where the match is to take place. Won't it be fun, mother? I can hardly wait for to-morrow to come!" and he turned a double somersault on the floor by way of expressing his delight.

"I am sure you will have a delightful time," answered his mother, smiling at his enthusiasm. "Where is this party to be?"

"Out in the country, about ten miles from here," answered Charlie. "Will Ellison's uncle is going to give it, and I suppose that's how our school came to

be invited. I am so glad I have been practising so much lately. There are to be two prizes given, one for the older boys, and one for us younger ones. Wouldn't you be proud of me if I should get one, mother? I'm going out to practice a little now," and he was darting out of the room, when his mother's voice recalled him.

my books," he answered. "Now I am going to see how much chance I have of winning that silver cup," and he was out in the garden in a moment more, putting up his target and preparing for practice in his favorite amusement.

He was really very skilful for a boy of his age, and he had good reason for the hope that he might be the successful

competitor. He was quite sure that none of his school-mates were in better practice than himself, but perhaps some of the other invited guests might far surpass him.

He was so absorbed in his amusement that he did not hear his mother's voice, and she had to repeat her call before he answered.

"Charlie, it is time for you to come in and study your lessons," she reminded him.

"Oh, mother, just let them go this once," he pleaded. "I'll get up early and study them before school. To-morrow is the last day of school, so it won't matter much if I am not quite perfect."

"You won't enjoy pleasure as much if you neglect duty for it," answered his mother. "No my dear boy, I can't let you neglect your lessons even if this is the last of the term. Come in now and study hard for an hour putting everything else out of your mind, and then you will have plenty of time afterward for practice."

Charlie obeyed reluctantly. His lessons



HE PAUSED TO ADJUST ITS BRIDLE AND GIVE IT A KINDLY PAT BEFORE HE PASSED ON.

"Wait a moment, Charlie. Some young man of my acquaintance has left his school-books right in the centre of my work-table, and they are very much in my way."

Charlie laughed merrily as he gathered the books up and put them in order on the shelf.

"I was so excited about the shooting-match that I never once thought about

would be very hard to conquer while his thoughts were so completely occupied by his prospective pleasure.

He seated himself at his books, and for a few moments really succeeded in giving his mind to them, but presently he broke the silence by exclaiming,

"Mamma, I do wish I knew whether any of the other boys who are going to be there are better shooters than the boys in our school. If they are not, I really think I have a pretty good chance of getting the prize. I do want it so, and wouldn't you like to have me get it?"

"There is something else I would like better, just now," answered his mother. "I would like to see my boy put all thoughts of the prize out of his head until he has learned his lessons. It won't take you very long to learn them if you apply yourself to them, and then you can think and talk about the party all you wish. Now don't think of anything but your grammar just now, and I will hear you when you are ready to recite."

"All right, mother, I'll try," answered Charlie, and he did try, although now and then visions of a silver cup would jumble themselves up in the oddest way with the nine parts of speech.

In somewhat less than an hour, however, all his lessons for the morrow had been perfectly recited to his mother, and he hastened out in the garden to utilize the daylight to the last moment.

He did not put away his bow and arrows until the purple twilight had made it too dim for him to clearly distinguish the target; then he reluctantly went into the house, wondering if the long hours would ever pass away until the afternoon of the next day.

He was glad when bed-time came, that he might go to sleep, to dream of the pleasures of the morrow.

He was up and dressed with the earliest dawn, and found time for an additional hour of practice before it was time for him to start to school.

"Charlie, will you leave a note at Mrs. Briggs's for me, on your way to Will Ellison's?" asked his mother. "It will only take you a little out of your way, and I think you will have time enough."

"It won't take me a minute to leave it," answered Charlie, putting the note in his pocket. "Now good-by, mother dear. You musn't be surprised if you see me come home with the silver cup, for if I shoot as well as I did this morning, I think I shall have a pretty fair chance."

"I hope you will be successful," answered his mother, returning his good-by kiss. "But don't let it spoil your pleasure if you don't win the prize. Good-by."

It was very hard for all the boys to

keep still that day in school, and more than one wished that they could give the slow hands of the old clock a good push that would send them faster on their way toward the hour of closing.

The longest days pass at last, and the master, knowing that the boys were excited over their coming pleasure, made due allowance for their restlessness, and closed school earlier than usual, that they might give full vent to their delight.

Charlie started off at once to execute his mother's commission, fearful that he might forget it if he delayed until all the boys set out to Will Ellison's. He whistled cheerily as he went along, and he wondered how people that he passed on the street could look so contented when they had no archery party in prospect.

A poor old horse, who was tossing his head impatiently in its efforts to get its nose into the bag which held its dinner, attracted Charlie's attention, and he paused to adjust its bag and give it a kindly pat before he passed on.

He climbed the dark rickety stairs that led up to the room where Mrs. Briggs lived, and knocked at the door more than once before the sound was heard.

Mrs. Briggs was washing, and Charlie had to repeat his knock before she heard him, and called out "Come in." "I brought you a note from mother," said Charlie, handing it to her, and turning to leave the room.

"Wait a minute till I read it, and see if she wants any message sent back," answered Mrs. Briggs, and Charlie, rather against his will, waited in the small, close room that was full of steam from the tubs, and as hot as the bright rays of a June sun pouring down the tin roof just overhead could make it.

Suddenly there was a childish cry of pain and terror, and Mrs. Briggs echoed it as she dropped the note and sprang forward.

Her little girl, a child of two or three years old, had been wandering around the room unnoticed, and had pulled a pan of starch that stood on the edge of the table all over herself.

Mrs. Briggs had taken it from the stove a few minutes before, so its contents were hot enough to burn the child severely.

The mother was nearly frantic with distress. She began hastily to remove the child's garments, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Master Charlie, do run for your mother, quick! She will know just what to do, and stop for the doctor as you come back. Do make haste."

Charlie dropped his books and darted off, glad that he could be of some use to the suffering child. It was quite a long distance to his home, and he was quite out of breath when he rushed into the

house and begged his mother to hasten to the child's relief.

Hastily collecting a few articles that she thought would be required for immediate use, she started at once, accompanied by Charlie.

"I must get the doctor now," he said, as he regained his breath. "Who shall I go for, mother? Our doctor lives so far away."

"You had better go for the one who generally attends her," answered his mother. "Perhaps a doctor may not be necessary. You can come back to Mrs. Briggs's with me, and then go for one from there if it is necessary."

Mrs. Briggs had applied some simple remedies to relieve the suffering of the child, but Charlie's mother saw at once that a doctor's services would be required, as the little girl was severely burned, and, obtaining the address of the physician, she dispatched Charlie at once to summon him.

As Charlie turned to leave the room the clock on the wall struck the hour of three, and for the first time since the accident had occurred he remembered the archery party.

This was the hour at which the boys were to meet at Willie Ellison's, and if he was to go with them he must start at once and go as speedily as possible, or he would be left.

But who would go for the doctor? "Mother, could any one else go?" he whispered.

Mrs. Briggs overheard him.

"There isn't a child in the house I could get to go," she answered. "They are all small, and they wouldn't know how to find the way. Won't you go, Master Charlie?"

It was a bitter disappointment to Charlie to give up the archery party upon which he had built such hopes, but he never once thought of preferring his own pleasure after he learned that there was no one else to go for the doctor.

"I'll go," he answered briefly, "and then I'll come back again and go for anything that you may want."

Tears came to his eyes as he caught his mother's look of sympathy for his disappointment and approval of his unselfishness, but he dashed them away as he hastened down stairs.

"I couldn't possibly have gone with the boys and left Mrs. Briggs without any one to send for the doctor," he thought to himself as he hurried along, "but it's awful hard to give up the archery party, for I feel most certain sure that I could have got the prize."

It did not make it any easier for him to catch a glimpse of the merry party starting off, as he passed the street.

He would have been one of the happiest among them if he could have been there as he had expected to be.

Even now there was time to join

them, but that was not to be thought of. He could not have gone with any pleasure, knowing that he had purchased his happiness at the expense of duty.

He was just in time to meet the doctor starting out on his afternoon round of calls, and was glad to climb up by his side and ride back to Mrs. Briggs's, for he was beginning to be thoroughly tired with his exertions as well as his disappointment.

When Charlie and his mother went home together an hour later, after all had been done that was possible for the suffering child, he did something that I am afraid some of the boys of my acquaintance will think was very babyish.

He hid his face in his mother's lap, where no one could see the tell-tale tears, and gave vent to his disappointment in a hearty cry.

He was only ten years old, and I think many an older boy than Charlie would have found it very hard to bear up bravely under such a disappointment.

"I did want to go so, you know, mother," he said, as he raised his flushed face at last, feeling rather ashamed of his outburst of feeling.

"I know you did, Charlie dear," answered his mother, as she stroked the curly head, caressingly, "but I am prouder of you for giving up your own pleasure to do a kind act, than if you had won the archery prize, and I know you are happier, even though the disappointment is very hard to bear."

Charlie's eyes rested on the illuminated text that had been his last birthday gift, "In honor preferring one another," and he had the glad consciousness that he had indeed followed its teachings that afternoon.

It is not always that we are rewarded for an act of self-denial or a kind deed, but although Charlie did not know it, a far greater pleasure was in store for him than the one he had voluntarily surrendered. He went out in the garden to amuse himself as best he could, when he heard the door-bell ring, and presently his mother called,

"Charlie!"

He went into the house and entered the parlor, wondering who the visitor was; he gave a cry of delight when he found his sailor uncle waiting for him.

"Now I haven't but a few minutes to stay," said the captain, presently, "and I will tell you what I have come for. I think it would do this little fellow good to take a trip with me. I will take the best of care of him, and bring him back all safe and sound, and as brown as a berry. What do you say, my boy? Do you like the idea?"

"Oh, mamma, may I go?" cried Charlie, eagerly, for it had always been his chief ambition to take a trip with

his uncle, and he could scarcely realize that he was really to have this happiness.

His mother willingly gave her consent, for she knew that she could safely trust him to his uncle's care.

All thought of his disappointment about the archery party was forgotten in his delight at this greater pleasure, and it would have been hard to find a happier boy anywhere than he was when his mother had hastily packed a small valise with the things that he would need, and he was ready to set out with his uncle.

He felt every inch a sailor in his blue sailor suit and broad hat, and his uncle assured him that in a few days he would be a regular little Jack Tar, as brown as he was himself.

There was only one thing to mar Charlie's happiness, and that was leaving his mother for so long a time, but her promise of frequent letters comforted him, and he started off with a bright face and light heart. I will not tell you all about his pleasant trip, and the many sights he saw and the nice times he had. I will leave you to imagine it all for yourselves, but I know he never had any reason to regret his self-sacrifice, although it seemed very hard at the time.

If he had followed the dictates of selfishness, and gone with his companions, he would have missed the greater pleasure of taking a trip with his uncle, for the ship was in port only for a few hours, and was on her way again long before the time that Charlie would have returned from the archery party.

It does not always follow that we will be rewarded as Charlie was for his kind deed, but we will always be far happier than if we consult only our own wishes, for we will have the happy consciousness that we are following the example of our Saviour, whose life was one continual denial of self for the sake of others.

PARAGRAPHIC.

THE first English Bible printed in this country owed its existence to the enterprise and capital of Robert Aitken. Bishop White read the proof, and Congress passed a formal resolution in approval of it.

THE parish at Jamaica, L. I., in the fall of 1704 received a challenge from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, inscribed with the society's name in Latin. This cup, with one belonging to the church in Hempstead, which was five years later in date, was used at the late consecration service at Garden City.

THE Rev. Benjamin F. Matrau, of St. John's church, Saginaw, Michigan, is endeavoring to interest, with the approval of Bishop Spaulding, the Church in the mission work in Wyoming, and especially among the Indians of that far off territory. He has personally visited the field and made himself familiar with its wants.

MEN are provoked to jealousy and good works. Ezra Cornell's \$1,000,000 to the university that bears his name was soon followed

by Henry W. Sage's \$300,000, Hiram Sibley's \$85,000, and Mrs. McGraw-Fiske's \$1,000,000. Many of our own institutions would be the better for such provocation from our men of wealth.

AT the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel the Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, who may be called the Patriarch of the English clergy, occupied a seat on the platform. He is ninety-seven years of age, was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1811, and has held the same cure for seventy-two years, Ashill near Watton, Norfolk.

A REPORTER at the late Missouri convention gave an account, for a daily paper, of one of the sermons which was wholly fictitious, and had in it no shred of fact. He excused himself by saying that "he had to leave just before the text was given out, and so felt compelled to make up such a sermon as he thought would be likely to be preached." It need not be said that he had very original ideas of what a convention sermon should be.

IN a census of the morning congregations at some of our popular places of worship on a recent Sunday morning St. George's church was the third in rank, its worshippers numbering 1,232. The aggregate number attending divine service must be large, though often the congregations have a thin look. Sound, strong preachers attract hearers, and if the sheep are sometimes few, may it not be because there is so little fodder in the rack adapted to their spiritual wants? It is ill-feding upon wind.

IT is said that 50,000 Swedes annually leave their native country, and the majority of them find a home in the United States, where they make excellent citizens. At home they are familiar with the idea of episcopacy, the Established Church of Sweden being Episcopal. It might well be inquired if the Church here is doing its part to draw these incoming Swedes to her fold. Bishop Whitehouse officiated with the Archbishop of Upsala, but there is not as free intercourse between the authorities of the two Churches as could be desired.

INSTRUCTION.

Too late for Classification.

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INSTRUCTION.

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The next year will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 18th, 1885. The requirements for admission, which have been recently changed by the Revised Statutes, and other particulars, can be obtained by applying to the Dean. SPECIAL FELLOWSHIP who desire to pursue special studies will be admitted. There is also a POST GRADUATE COURSE for graduates of Theological Seminaries. Clergymen will be received as Special Students or as Post Graduates. E. A. HOFFMAN, Dean, 428 West 21st Street, New York.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

THE abject submission of Cardinal Pitra to the pope, as recited by our correspondent in Rome, is another illustration of the extraordinary process that is now going on in the Vatican. The present pope seems to believe it his duty to put the doctrine of papal infallibility into tangible, or at least visible, shape. With this end in view, he spares no opportunity to exalt himself, compelling even the highest of his ecclesiastics to remain on their knees, in interviewing him, though the interview may last for a half hour or more.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the philosopher, seems to have had very correct ideas of the relative place of worship and the sermon. In a letter to his daughter he says: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principal business there, and, if properly attended to, will do more toward amending the heart than sermons. . . . I do not mean you should despise sermons even of the preacher you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth." George Herbert, long before Franklin, seems to have had the same idea when he said that with the worst of preachers he "could learn the text and patience."

It is a curious proof of the wrong-headedness of things that the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently held its sixty-first annual meeting, while the first annual meeting of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was held in the same week. In other words, animals were so much more than children objects of solicitude, that their Society antedates the children's by sixty years. It is curious to note that the last-named Society reported having found in the first year of its existence a woman, an orange-seller, who, to keep her boy from the School Board, habitually put him into an empty orange-box, corded it, and placed it under the bed, to remain there until her return at evening. The boy had become nearly demented when found.

In this city the Saturday half-holiday is a very large success, and the number of toilers released at one o'clock P.M. is now more than a hundred thousand. It is an unmixed boon, and there are no complaints on the subject except from the beer-shops and saloons. Saturday afternoon and evening were their har-

vest time, and the toilers now, instead of deadly poisons, are learning to drink in long draughts of pure air. The pleaders for the half-holiday have "buiided wiser than they knew," and have become efficient workers in the cause of temperance. Men will have stimulants of some kind, not to say must have, and Christian philanthropy has made a great gain when it substitutes ozone for the cup that corrupts the body and seethes the brain.

GENERAL GRANT.

OUR country mourns the loss of her most illustrious citizen, the greatest of her generals, and who stands among the greatest in the world's history. She mourns all together. It is not a sectional grief, for there is no longer sectional feeling.

From the days of Forts Henry and Donaldson, Gen. Grant has been a prominent figure in this country, not to say in the world. Twenty-seven battles crowned him with the laurel of victory, and Appomattox gave him a still dearer trophy, in the olive branch of peace; it was to conquer peace that he wielded the sword. He was brave in battle, he was moderate in victory, he was magnanimous to the vanquished, and his rank is forever secure among the great captains of the world—with Washington, Wellington and Bonaparte, he has taken his place in the Pantheon of fame.

He was twice President of the United States. In his progress around the world emperors, kings, courts and the people vied to do him honor; he was restored to his place as General in the army, which he had vacated at what he deemed the call of duty; he was assured of the grateful love of fifty millions of people. His cup was overflowing full with honors.

But it remained for him to achieve a greater honor still—he was to win victory over disease and death. We may say, with admiring reverence, that

"Nothing in his life

Beamed him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle."

In the midst of vigorous life and health he was stricken down with a dread disease; at the very first there was no element of hope, "Even Saladin must die." It was proclaimed in his own and in the ears of the world. Day by day, month by month, for three quarters of a year, with suffering the most poignant, he watched its slow progress, the waning strength, the inevitable hour. The spectacle had in it something of the sublime, and the world

looked on with bated breath. He had no murmur, no complaint, no thought of his sufferings and untimely end, but only for the anguished hearts around him. "I want no one to be distressed on my account," he said. It was such an example of patience, resignation to the will of God and hope, as is rarely witnessed. He was, in the full possession of his senses, dying, almost dead, and he had but one pang of regret, the separation from the wife he loved and from his children. It shows what even an imperfect religious system and education can do even in the last mortal hour, and the last struggle of Gen. Grant, facing death without fear, and going to the grave with hope, will win for him more enduring love than all his victories in battle and his civic honors. It was the supreme triumph of his life.

A WISE PLAN.

The subject of the Destitute Poor was recently taken up in Parliament, many leading members joining in the discussion. The member for Liverpool brought forward some very startling facts which have a pertinent bearing on the condition of things in large American cities. Sixty thousand families in London, he said, lodged each in a single room, while 600,000 people belonged to the semi-pauper classes. In the present century the population of London had increased three or four times as much as in the seven hundred years preceding. If it went on increasing at the same rate, by the end of the next century London and its suburbs would have a population of 30,000,000. Taking account of how such an enormous population was to live, he contended that the best way to solve this great and ever-increasing problem was to require the attendance of the destitute poor children at industrial schools to be held in the evening. In these schools the children should be taught tailoring, shoe-making, printing, as also the rudiments of other trades. This proposition was variously discussed, and though a motion to the above effect was lost, it was agreed on all sides to try to improve the technical education of children. It was for the want of this that they could neither get a living at home, nor would they be fit material to send as emigrants to America or to the British colonies. Indeed, it seemed to be generally agreed upon that improvement in technical education should be specially aimed at, that some fit proportion of these children might be qualified to migrate to other shores where there would be a demand for their skill

and training, and where they could hope, at least, for a decent livelihood.

One trade, agriculture, as one of the speakers contended, was not overdone, while there were five brass foundries when only one was wanted, and so of other trades. Agriculture had the power of absorbing the population and of turning their knowledge to account. In Birmingham, he said, they sent children eight and ten miles that they might be taught in the details of agricultural industry. Another speaker thought that children should be taught in such special industries as cheese and butter-making, the idea being to keep them upon the land.

What was said by one of the speakers referred to in the matter of agriculture most certainly holds good in this country. Persons at all skilled in tilling the ground and in the raising of crops can always find employment. Farming, in fact, is the one occupation which will never be overdone. Therefore we wish to call attention to a scheme set forward by certain Church clergy who are intimately acquainted with the conditions of the very poor in this city, and who have satisfied themselves that their children, and especially the boys, can hope for a decent support only by being weaned away from the city and trained to agricultural pursuits. Consequently they have rented a farm to which from time to time they send instalments of boys from their mission in this city, and also intend to establish a training school in the matters of farming, stock raising, etc., the school to be a permanent establishment throughout the year. In due time they hope to form a colony of well-trained boys who have no further cravings after the society and surroundings of the city, and who from time to time may be drafted out West and put to useful and profitable labor. They have gone over the plan time and again, and see nothing in it visionary or impracticable. They believe the scheme calculated to bring usefulness, comfort, and independence to those who may have the advantage of it, while their staying in the city means helpless poverty, want, and wretchedness. A scheme of this sort is certainly to be looked into, and if it appears to combine the elements of reason and practical good sense, ample means should be forthcoming with which it may be carried out.

Men often confound charity with the giving of money for religious uses. One builds a church, he pays his minister's salary, he upholsters his own pew, and prays out of velvet-and-gold, and the sum total of the contributions may rise to a creditable amount. His praise may be in the gates, and deservedly so. But gifts like these have no relation at all to charity; they do but minister to

one's own comfort and wants. The church and the minister, the upholstered pew and the velvet-and-gold prayer book are for himself and his family; they give repute in the community, they help supply his own wants, spiritual and temporal; but the money expended upon them is no more money given in charity than is the money spent upon food and apparel. It is money given for religious uses; it is a just and necessary expense; but it is not charity. Men give in charity when they give for others' uses, and not their own; when they do not expect personal benefit in return, as the Lord says: "Not hoping to receive as much again."

We believe in multiplying dioceses and bishops, and we are not uneasy about the provision to be made for their support. The dignity of the episcopate does not necessarily depend upon an unwieldy diocese or the extent of a stipend. Rhode Island was never in better condition than when its governor received just four hundred dollars annually, and its public men have never risen to greater eminence. Some fifty years ago or more a bishop of the Church was seen in the early morning blacking the boots of a brother bishop who was his guest, because he could not afford to keep a servant. The guest was shocked at the sight, but we doubt if the House of Bishops ever had in its ranks the superior of the one who that day wielded the brush. There are all over the Church priests the peers in learning and every kind of work of any bishop who ever wore lawn, and who live with their families upon salaries of less than one thousand dollars per year. We are not concerned, then, about the multiplication of bishops. They are ordained of God, and we believe in the motto of the pioneer bishop of the West, Jehovah Jireh.

THE REV. PHILO SHELTON, M.A.

The founder of the New England branch of the Shelton family in America was, a native of England, who emigrated Daniel to this country toward the close of the seventeenth century. He settled in Stratford, Conn., and married on April 4th, 1692, Elizabeth Welles of Wethersfield, and had nine children—two daughters and seven sons. He was an earnest and resolute Churchman, and suffered many indignities and hardships peculiar to the times in support of his religious faith.

The subject of this sketch was a grandson of Daniel Shelton—one of a family of fourteen children—and was born in Ripton (now Hamington) on May 7th, 1754. He received a classical education, and was the first alumnus of Yale College who bore the name of Shelton. He graduated in 1775, just after the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, and soon became a candidate for Holy Orders, and acted as a lay-reader in several places until his ordination. When a

British expedition under the command of General Tryon was fitted out at New York in 1779, to harass the shore towns of Connecticut, Fairfield was one of the places invaded, the torch was applied to the dwellings of the rich and the poor, and the Episcopal church there, the parsonage, and other property belonging to the parish were consumed in the general conflagration. This destruction impoverished and depressed the people as a whole, and many of them fled; but the few Churchmen who remained rallied from all discouragement, rebuilt their houses, and met in them on Sundays to worship God according to the forms of the old liturgy, Philo Shelton, having been secured for a lay-reader. He acted at the same time in this capacity for the Episcopalians at Stratfield, where a wooden church was built as early as 1748, and also for those in Weston, where the flock had not been broken up by the disasters of the Revolution.

While waiting for ordination, he settled in life and married in 1781 Lbcy, daughter of Philip Nichols, Esq., of Stratfield, (now Bridgeport,) a strong Churchman, and the first lay-delegate chosen to represent the Diocese of Connecticut in the General Convention. In February, 1785, a formal arrangement was made that his services in each of the three places should be proportioned to the number of Churchmen residing in them respectively, and until he should be in Orders it was stipulated to pay him twenty-eight shillings lawful money for each day that he officiated. He was one of the four admitted to the diaconate by Bishop Seabury at his first ordination, held in Middletown on the 3d of August, 1785. Ashbel Baldwin, another of the four, who afterwards became his nearest neighbor and intimate friend and associate in efforts to build up the Church, used to say that the hands of the bishop were first laid upon the head of Mr. Shelton, so that his name really begins the long list of clergy who have had ordination in this county by bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

After his admission to Holy Orders, according to his own statement, he took full "pastoral charge of the cure of Fairfield, including Stratfield and Weston, dividing his time equally between the three churches, with a salary of one hundred pounds per annum from the congregations and the use of what lands belonged to the cure." It was a small living for a clergyman who already had a wife and two children, but the Revolutionary War had so reduced the people and their resources that it could not well be made larger. Five years passed away before the enterprise of building a new church in Fairfield was entered upon, and then it was erected about a mile west of the site where the old one stood, being only inclosed and made fit for occupancy at the time, and not finished and consecrated till 1798.

The population was drifting from Stratfield toward the borough of Bridgeport, and in 1801 it was deemed advisable to demolish the old church and build a new one in a more central situation. Mr. Shelton saw the wisdom of this movement and encouraged it, though it was attended very naturally with some painful considerations, and took away a pleasing picture from the landscape which filled the vision of Dr. Dwight when he wrote his poem entitled "Greenfield Hill."

"Here, sky-encircled, Stratford's churches beam,
And Stratfield's towers greet the roving eye."

The new church in the borough was so far completed as to be used for public worship in the beginning of Advent 1801, and two years later "the ground floor was sold at public vendue for the purpose of building the pews and seats thereon and finishing the church, and the money raised in the sale amounted to between six and seven hundred dollars." The cost of the building, about thirty-five hundred dollars, was over and above this, and was met by the voluntary contributions of the people. Mr. Shelton, in speaking of the completion of the whole work, said: "It has been conducted in harmony, with good prudence, strict economy, and a degree of elegance and taste which does honor to the committee and adds respectability to the place."

For forty years the scene of his ministerial labors was undisturbed, and he dwelt among his people in quietness and confidence, and had the satisfaction of seeing them attain to a high degree of worldly prosperity, and St. John's church, in Bridgeport, especially, to be one of the strongest and most flourishing in the diocese. The silent influence of a good life carried him along smoothly, and left its gentle impress wherever he was known. "A faithful pastor, a guileless and godly man," is a part of the inscription upon the marble monument erected over his ashes in the new cemetery at Bridgeport, a few years since, by his son William, and these words sum up very appropriately his ministerial and Christian character. While he confined himself closely to the duties of his cure, he shrank not from work put upon him by the diocese, and was for twenty-four years a member of its Standing Committee, and a firm supporter of ecclesiastical authority in times of trial and trouble.

There were things that gave him great pain towards the end of his days, and "put his confidence in the providence of God to a sure test." He and Mr. Baldwin, so long earnest and friendly workers in adjoining fields of labor, appear to have reached the same determination at the same time, and probably conferred together before resigning their respective rectorships, which they both did in 1834. Bishop Brownell, referring to this action in his address to the annual convention of that year said: "These clergymen were admitted to their ministry at the first episcopal ordination ever held in America, and have served their respective parishes for more than thirty years. They have labored faithfully in the Church in this diocese during its darkest periods of depression, and through the progressive stages of its advancement they have taken an important part in its councils. They have 'borne the heat and burden of the day,' and are entitled to the gratitude of all those who enjoy the fruits of their counsels and labors."

Mr. Shelton confined his services after this wholly to the church in Fairfield, but he did not long survive the change. He died on the 27th of February, 1835, and was buried under the chancel of the old church in Mill Plain, Fairfield, where he had ministered for more than forty years, and a marble tablet was provided by the congregation to mark his resting place, on which, among other things, were inscribed the date of his birth, graduation, admission to Holy

Orders, and the words, "being the first clergyman episcopally ordained in the United States."

In 1843 the parishioners of Trinity church, Fairfield, voted to remove all the public services to the chapel, which had been built seven years before in the borough of Southport, about a mile and a half distant from Mill Plain, and to transfer the site, title and rights of the parish to that edifice. The old building was some time afterwards designedly or accidentally burnt, and the memorial tablet destroyed. Then the remains of Mr. Shelton were removed, and now have a final resting place with his wife and children in the cemetery before mentioned. A monumental tablet in the wall of St. John's church, Bridgeport, "bears an affectionate testimony to his Christian worth and ministerial fidelity."

His widow survived him thirteen years, and the clergy in convocation adopted a resolution of sympathy, and requested Bishop Brownell and their secretary to communicate to her; in doing which they said: "We beg you will accept it as a token of our affectionate respect and consideration, though we trust you needed no such formal expression of our sentiments. Forty years of faithful labor in the vineyard of his Divine Master, a manifest devotion to the best interests of the Church, and a character distinguished for Christian simplicity had secured for your deceased husband a united and affectionate attachment of his clerical brethren, which few of his survivors can hope to surpass. It must be some consolation to you that his memory is duly cherished, but it is a still higher consolation to reflect that all those amiable qualities and Christian virtues which endeared him to his earthly friends served to constitute his preparation for that better world, where they will find their appropriate sphere, and where they will be perfected for a still more exalted service of his God and his Redeemer."

Two of his sons entered the ministry of the Church. The younger of them, George Augustus Shelton, a graduate of Yale College, died in 1863, rector of St. James's church, Newton, L. I. The other, the late William Shelton, D.D., succeeded his father for a time in Fairfield, and then went to Buffalo, where for more than half a century he was the distinguished rector of St. Paul's church, the oldest parish in that city. Both died childless, and the name of Shelton disappears from the list of our clergy.

E. E. BEARDSLEY.

REVIVAL AND THE ADVENT MISSION.

Every good thing is attended by dangers, has within it the possibilities of evil, in its exercise may be perverted to harm.

Sensible men are not so influenced by the perversion of a principle that they are willing to condemn the principle, or refuse to exercise it.

Human nature is the one thing in all the ages remaining the same.

Every holy teaching has been made the occasion of unholy strife, every dogma has rallied about itself wicked discussion, not any sacred thing has ever been above being dragged into the arena of evil uses. Yet holy teachings abide, dogmas remain steadfast, sacred things are inviolable. He is

foolish who, resisting perversion of good uses, goes so far in his opposition as to relinquish the uses.

Religious revivals are nothing new. The first chief one mentioned in Scriptures is that for which Joel commands, "Sanctify a fast; call the solemn assembly." Another prophet expresses the need of the thing when, from the depths of a troubled heart, he cries, "Revive Thy work, O God!"

The first sermon preached by the mighty power of the Holy Ghost created such a stir that we might well say its effects were other than quiet and moderate. Because some thought the disciples were drunken, no Christian disparaged Peter's sermon or found fault with apostles' methods.

Very early in the history of the Christian Church a special rank, if not an order, of the ministry was created, and "evangelists, to preach the Gospel only," worked with bishops, priests, and deacons, to gather together the elect. Very early, too, the perversion of the principle of revival appeared in the sects of Montanists and Kathari, who, adopting methods more grotesque than serious, had to be disciplined by council and rebuked. Still the idea of revival remained, and very soon—so soon that antiquarians confess their inability to fix the date of its beginning—the season of Lent became a settled ordinance in the Church, and once a year it became understood that extraordinary acts of penitence and devotion was the rule. But not then did revivals, as such, cease. The history of the Church in any age reveals the need, at times, of special awakening, and the revivals instituted to meet the need. He who thinks the revival in religion originated with the Wesleys is very much on a par with him who imagines the Christian Church began its history with Martin Luther. We acknowledge that our experience with a certain sort of religious revival conducted by ignorant enthusiasts of a sect has not pleased us; yet we would be slow in saying that even from such doings good had not resulted.

When the conservative Christian queen and the notable premier contribute to the support of a movement whose methods are faulty, we feel reluctant in altogether condemning the movement. Facts are stubborn, and here is one fact awfully stubborn for an English Churchman to confront. A class of people reached by none other has in large measure been appealed to and quickened into spiritual life by the Salvation Army, all of whose principles and none of whose tactics, for the life of us, we can approve. For us, rather would we leave such agencies alone, and say, "If they be not of God, they will come to naught."

But though we may leave faulty methods alone, we cannot do the same with a righteous principle. We cannot, if we would, leave the principle of revival alone. Conscience will not let us. The same thing which moves others without proper means to effect their object moves us, or ought to move us. Something is wrong if it does not.

It is all well enough for us to go to church Sunday after Sunday, and say, "Soul, take thy ease, all is well with thee," but meanwhile souls are perishing all around us. Within the sound of our church-bells whole families are godless, intemperance and vice stalk before us with familiar mien, injustice cries for mercy, wives and children are suffering agonies they cannot tell—and all

these things near us, very near us, some of us ministers know how near. One man converted would make a whole family happy. One woman brought to feel the need of her Saviour might turn a home now worldly into a peaceful sanctuary. One child made to think seriously might introduce an angel into abodes now peopled only by fiends.

Year after year we go on like an exclusive set of "holier than thou" saints, satisfied to attend church once a week, wait upon sacrament once a month, and increase our numbers only by the natural increment of our own children maturing.

A church satisfied with such a work is nearly dead, if not quite gone. Christians contented with such a work certainly need a revival, several of them.

We hail the coming mission services in Advent. It is a revival, genuine revival. Let us not fear the name. It is a better name really than mission, and more scriptural. If by this means we can arouse the careless, deepen the spiritual life of the zealous, awaken the sinner, and bring all sorts and conditions of men to a real saving knowledge of Jesus, then thank God for the privilege.

We believe that such a concerted movement as shall be made in the several large cities next Advent will create such an impression upon the community and leave such a blessing behind it, that for months we shall feel that God was with us directing in all our doings. Our brethren may feel that a revival is not a new thing, nor an untried thing, nor an unapproved thing. The Holy Spirit has thus engaged before this. A righteous motive impels this movement. All of its methods are to be strictly Churchly, and in harmony with liturgical rites and usages. The results, we believe, will be such that all occasion for questioning the methods will be taken away. Regular Morning and Evening Prayer services are forms approved for the use of those already Christians. To expect to arouse the conscience of a man not yet interested in holy things by our morning and evening office, is equal to expecting to awaken in the soul of a deaf man the appreciation for music by thundering in his ears some of the fugue movements of Bach.

It can't be done this way.

Churchmen, of all others, can afford to be liberal in methods. Our stiff conservatism will keep us out of trouble, even if some of our methods do vary from the ordinary, and occasional services be run in a different mould.

If for a season shorter services be had, new and simpler hymns be sung, sacraments be ministered at other times than early dawn or mid-day, opportunity be given for those desiring after service a few moments of meditation and prayer, a word be said in private to the soul yearning for a kind assurance from some one higher in grace than himself, if more earnest practical sermons be preached to awaken an interest in such serious themes as life, probation, death, salvation, let us not stop at methods, but down upon our knees, let us pray God to bless any means whereby souls may be brought out of darkness and into His marvellous light.

There need be no fear on the part of over-scrupulous Churchmen that mission methods are to bring discredit upon our Zion. What

with rubrics and canons and bishops, fortified by the tremendous power of conservatism among the laity, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to go very far wrong.

The aim of the coming revival is holy. Its methods will be holy. Its results will be vast, if all do their duty. Pray for its success, brethren, pray often, pray fervently. It would be a sad state of things if we were so conservative and so self-satisfied that, surrounded by the necessities for a religious awakening, we could not find it in our hearts to lift up a prayer for a revival in Zion. God help us if we have come to this!

Rather from our hearts the prayer of Habakkuk, according to the variable songs "upon Shigionath."

"O, Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

GEO. R. VAN DE WATER.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND.

One of the greatest of the joys and privileges of a visit to England is the opportunity it affords to American Churchmen to hear the topics of religious and ecclesiastical interest handled by the most cultured minds of the age. The faith is the same, and the lessons taught are not dissimilar to those we have heard at home, but there is often a depth of treatment for which the leisure of ample endowments gives opportunity, and there is a culture of style and diction based upon the most finished scholarship of the old universities which make old truths shine with a force and a brightness which hold us wrapt in admiration, and create impressions never to be effaced.

I was travelling through Oxfordshire, and found that the Archdeacon of Oxford was to deliver his charge on that day, and I contrived to stay over for the service. The archdeacon was Dr. Edwin Palmer, younger brother of the Earl of Selborne, the Lord Chancellor. He was a distinguished Oxford scholar, and for some time Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford, before he became archdeacon, and never was I more impressed with the grace and exquisite culture of diction which the old classical curriculum of the universities affords. This utilitarian age has begun to substitute what are regarded as more practical subjects of study; but I am as far as ever from being convinced that for accuracy of expression and beauty of style we can find any course so efficient as the study of the ancient Latin and Greek authors.

The subject was disestablishment, which is now much talked of as being possibly a consequence of the extension of the franchise to the agricultural laborers. It may interest your readers to know what view earnest-minded Churchmen take of this question.

The archdeacon said that the popular notion was that at some time or other in the past the State had selected the Church of England as one out of several religious bodies, and had bestowed upon it certain exclusive advantages. He said it was amazing that a view so utterly devoid of any historical basis whatever should for a moment be put forward by men who professed to be educated. Churches were built in the early days of English history, just as

they are now, by pious persons, and were endowed then, as now, with land or money to support the services. If kings gave, sometimes liberally, it was not out of taxes or national funds, but out of those means which they bestowed freely upon friends and courtiers for their private use; they did not give as kings, but as individuals well-disposed to the Church. Then it must be remembered, too, that there was but one Church in those early days to which all the people belonged, and so there was no preference.

Then what did establishment mean? It did not mean that at any certain date the State began to favor the Church, for the Church was here before there was any State of England. But establishment meant support; it meant that whereas the bishop and the earl held their courts at the same time, the State began to help to enforce the judgments of the ecclesiastical courts, to protect the clergy in the use of their property, and what now we should not approve of, to punish or persecute those who resisted the authority of the Church. But the advantage was not all on the side of the Church. The State, in return, claimed to nominate the bishops, and to exercise the right of judgment upon appeal, and in other ways, to control the clergy, and very ugly statutes of *præmunire* and provisors were passed to restrain the clergy in obedience to the State, and the convocations of the Church can pass no canons without the royal consent.

The class of persons who desire to disestablish the Church call themselves the Society for the Liberation of the Church from State Control. By this we should suppose, if language were used in its natural sense, that they desired to give the Church greater liberty of action, as *e. g.* in the choice of its bishops, by removing the threat of *præmunire* which a prime minister in this age was found on one occasion to remind a cathedral chapter was still on the statute books, or to give our convocations liberty to regulate the affairs of the Church. But strange to say we do not find the friends of the Church in this society, but its bitter opponents, the truth being that under the specious name of liberation they mean not only the withdrawal of the recognition of the Church by the State, which we call establishment, but also disendowment, which is a far different thing.

The power of the State over property has been exercised in all ages. The dissolution of the monasteries and the distribution of their lands for other purposes is an instance; and so, too, in our own days, there has been the disendowment of the Irish Church. But some strong reason is supposed to exist to justify such procedure. In the present case it would be well to ask the question and have it fairly answered, "Whom will disendowment benefit?"

It would not destroy the Church of England. That Church, founded by our Lord and filled with His Spirit at Pentecost, will go on endowed with a power which no human hand can destroy, whether established or not. Disestablishment would not hurt her; nay, on the contrary, there are many of her best sons who feel that the full power to choose her bishops and regulate her own affairs would be worth a heavy purchase. But disendowment would cripple missionary work at home and abroad, and

destroy for the next fifty years much of that overflow of charity into numberless channels of blessing from the very necessity which would at once arise of concentrating all our contributions on the sustentation of the clergy, and whilst in the towns where wealth abound the change would not be much felt, in many of our small country parishes the light of religious privileges would be sadly dimmed.

But who would be benefited by this? Surely not those religious dissenters who, we think, love the name and the cause of the Saviour as ardently as ourselves. Would it gratify them to see God's work in the world diminished and impaired? The answer to this is that there are tens of thousands in our cities entirely unbenefited by religion as well as in foreign lands, and so there is more than room for every Church and religious denomination to work. There is indeed, said the archdeacon, a definition of jealousy given in one of the old writers of antiquity in which he speaks of envy or jealousy as the desire to take something from another, not because we thereby derive any benefit to ourselves, but only to injure the other. But never can I believe, he added with a noble burst of feeling, that such a motive can seriously be attributed to sincere Christian men of whatever name. He scorned the imputation. The truth is it is a purely sentimental grievance, and to abstract this amount of money from the support of religion to which it is now devoted, would be a benefit only to the enemies of all religion. Some had thought that the Church of Rome would in the end profit by a blow thus inflicted upon the Church of England. He did not believe this. The only party which would be served thereby was that of those who are opposed to religion of every kind. It would be a distinct concession to them to take out of the way all those religious influences which for centuries had gathered around the established Church, but to no Christian body could such a sacrifice be any gain.

He hoped that this practical question, *Whom would disendowment benefit?* would be well considered by all thoughtful men before they proceeded to entertain their ideas, and it should be regarded as a practical and not a sentimental question.

The clergy of England are now suffering very much from the depressed prices. In many places the glebes cannot be let at all, and they have tried to farm them themselves, with the result of getting deeper into the mire; for if professed farmers cannot make the land pay, it is useless to expect that the clergy can farm to advantage. Endowments have a darker as well as a lighter side. G.

LETTER FROM ROME.

The final decision of His Holiness Leo XIII. to nominate Dr. Walsh to the Archbishopric of Dublin has excited a good deal of astonishment here. Strange to say it is attributed to the influence of English Roman Catholic dignitaries, especially Cardinal Manning. His Eminence has never favorably viewed the negotiations between the Gladstone Government and the Holy See, and in fact when last at Rome, told the pope quite plainly that the grand old man was humbugging him; no official envoy would be appointed in return for the cardinal's hat given to the late Archbishop McCabe. Dr. Walsh being the reputed author

of the "No rent" manifesto, it cannot be supposed there was not sufficient reason for loyal Irish Catholics to oppose his nomination, and his intentional discourtesy to the Prince and Princess of Wales must make him unacceptable to any British government. The Queen having signified her approval of Mr. Errington's efforts in the cause of law and order, by conferring a baronetcy upon him, will probably have an effect at the Vatican, where the tone of the raving Bishops Croke and Nulty had latterly prevailed in his disfavor.

The cardinal's hat for Dr. Moran is to be a bonbon to make up for any disappointment he may feel as to the Dublin archbishopric. In fact the pope is interesting himself in having all his robes and laces as Prince of the Church prepared for him. Both Dr. Moran and Dr. Walsh are expected here for the public consistory on the 23d.

Leo XIII. has indeed lately given fresh proofs of a just and conciliatory disposition toward Italy, although the expectations founded upon them of speedy accord on the "Roman question" are quite exaggerated. His Holiness probably in return for the concessions of the Italian government as to the Propaganda property; for exemption of missionaries from military service; for increasing the apportionment of country curates, has nominated three Italian cardinals of pronounced liberal politics. One is Monsignor Schiaffino, who is most zealous for peace between State and Church, and for the political unity of Italy. Then Monsignor Battaglini, Archbishop of Bologna, a prelate acceptable to King Humbert—a friend of Minghetti, and the actors. Lastly Monsignor Capecepatro, the learned Archbishop of Capua, confessor to Queen Margherita and known as having by his pious counsels contributed to the quieting of her majesty's conscience during the first years of the present reign, as to the lawfulness of the Italian occupation of Rome, the City of the Pope.

Leo XIII. has likewise silenced the violent Ultramontane Journal de Rome, which as champion of the Temporal Power and Legitimism, went such lengths in exciting revolt against the present order of things that its editor, M. des Honz, was several times fined and imprisoned and the paper seized about once a week. The motive which decided the pope to suppress the paper was the republication in it of a most reactionary letter from Cardinal Pitra, Bishop of Porto, to the editor of another inflammatory ultramontane paper of Amsterdam. This epistle is wholly laudatory of the fanatics who would rule the whole world by the Inquisition, with a pope at their head who should not dare to think for himself, and abusive of the moderate Catholics and their journals. Regretful reference is made to the later policy of Pius IX. and the present pontificate is utterly ignored, as if the Church was tossing about without any guidance whatever. This production called forth a stern rebuke from Leo XIII. himself in an autograph letter addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. Then came the order from the Vatican suppressing the Journal de Rome, and Cardinal Pitra was summoned to give an account of himself to the pope. A noble guard on duty at the Vatican that day told me the interview between the pope and Cardinal Pitra lasted an hour, and that the cardinal came forth from the pontifical presence exceedingly crestfallen—looking in fact as if he had just got what the Romans call a *lavata di capo*, which means a good scolding under the figure of your head having been under the pump.

Next the repentant cardinal published a letter in the *Osservatore Romano* to His Holiness, beginning thus: "Most Holy Father, prostrate at your feet I bow beneath your

hand, before the reproof of Christ's Vicar, whose displeasure is so great a chastisement that I can only protest before God from the bottom of my heart that I can only find there the most entire submission to the reproaches, advice and to every word of your letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. I deplore that which your holiness deplores, I desire what you desire and condemn what you condemn."

Cardinal Pitra's submission was not followed by his associates in the curia and the press, who are more papal than the pope himself. Reports were spread from clerical sources that Leo XIII. was going to accept the Law of Guarantees and the Dotation, but these are only explosions of ultramontane temper and have been officially contradicted.

A curiously interesting discovery has just been made on the bank of the Tiber close to Monte Testaccio and the colossal ruins of the great Emporium of Ancient Rome. Here were situated the wharves and warehouses where the galleys from all parts of the known world, and from Africa and Asia especially, discharged their cargoes. At this spot some eight hundred blocks of marble of various kinds and of the rarest descriptions were found twenty years back just as they had been landed from the quarries of Greece, the Grecian islands and Asia Minor fifteen centuries ago, with the quarry numbers and the indications corresponding it is supposed with the entries on the "hills of lading" cut on each and fresh as the day they were carved. And now in the process of the building operations for the spread of the city in that direction, two warehouses (buried out of sight from the days when Gothic hoards wrought destruction in Rome) have been discovered, the one filled with splendid elephant tusks and the other with lentils; very different objects of importation, though, as regards the lentils they may perhaps have been stored there for export, for we know they were often shipped as ballast.

ENGLAND.

CONVOCACTION OF CANTERBURY.—The Convocation of Canterbury reassembled at Westminster on Tuesday, July 7th.

In the Upper House a motion expressive of the sense of the bishops of the loss sustained in the death of the late Bishop of Salisbury, and of their sympathy with his family in their bereavement, was unanimously adopted.

After an earnest speech by the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee), a resolution expressing the gratification of the house that the Criminal Law Amendments Bill, though but a partial remedy for the terrible evils which it is intended to cure, has received the assent of the House of Lords, and the bishops' deep conviction that there should be no delay in regard to the steps necessary to be taken in order that the bill may become law, was unanimously adopted.

[NOTE.—This action was taken prior to the publication of the Pall Mall Gazette exposures. Convocation has been urging this bill for some time.]

On Wednesday the Upper House considered and agreed with the resolution relating to the proposed House of Laymen as finally amended by the Lower House.

An important report on the subject of Sisterhoods and Deaconesses was brought up and read. The substance of this report is as follows: Speaking of vows, it says,

"A vow, in the proper sense of the word, is a promise unreservedly made to God, which, therefore, if rightly and lawfully made, cannot be set aside—cannot be annulled by any authority but that of God himself. But, inasmuch as cases have occurred, and do from

time to time (however rarely) occur, in which the life-long engagement must be, or ought to be, set aside; a vow, as already defined, ought not to be taken. No engagement, therefore, should be made without the reservation of release to the bishop. For the greater solemnity of the promise, and for the better understanding of his power of release and its limits, the profession of a sister should be made to the bishop himself." Having dealt with the authority of bishops over sisterhoods, which, it was stated, must depend greatly on their statutes, the relation of sisterhoods to the parochial clergy was alluded to. The report then stated that "it is of the utmost importance that no suspicion should attach to the dealings of a sisterhood with the property belonging to its members." The committee thus concluded its report:

"It is true, however, that in order to obtain well qualified deaconesses there must be a home or institution in which they can be trained as deaconesses, and probably not only trained there, but maintain a relation to it throughout their deaconess life. Women require more support than men; it is a constant resource and strength to them to have a home to which they are attached, and to which they can return from time to time, either for refreshment during their labors, or for retirement when they cease to be employed in any particular parish. Experience in the last twenty years proves that deaconess so set apart and so engaged are able to do a work the value of which cannot be over-estimated. In case of the young, the ignorant, the poor, the sick, the tempted, and the sinful, they have shown an efficiency which is beyond all praise. It seems desirable—

(1.) That a deaconess should be admitted in solemn form by the bishop with laying on of hands.

(2.) That there should be an adequate probation.

(3.) That a deaconess so admitted should never cease to be a deaconess, unless either deposed or released by the bishop.

(4.) That, however, there should be no promise of celibacy, at all events for more than a limited period.

(5.) That a license should be given to each deaconess employed in any parish by the bishop of the diocese.

(6.) That the dress should be simple, but distinctive.

(7.) That a deaconess should not pass from one diocese to another without letters commendatory from the bishop of the original diocese.

(8.) That special care should be taken to provide for every deaconess sufficient time and opportunity for the development of her own spiritual life."

An interesting discussion ensued.

The Bishop of London thought that the House should be allowed time for a more careful consideration of the important report before adopting it. He felt that it was drawn up with a certain idea of a sisterhood, and excluded from consideration sisterhoods of a different character. He could conceive of a sisterhood with not only no vow and no life-long engagement, but in which the engagement should be of a distinctly temporary character. He should regret that the report should go forth as an expression of the favorable opinion of the House.

The Bishop of St. David's said that the report seemed to place the deaconess in a position analogous to that of the deacon, but he thought it was more analogous to that of a lay reader. Deaconesses were not yet an order in the Church of England as at present constituted, and they had no power to create such an order.

The Bishop of Winchester entirely agreed

with the Bishop of London as to vows, but the committee took the question of sisterhoods as they found them. The committee felt the force of that which was urged by some sisterhoods, viz., that they had been allowed to grow up in the dark, and had done a great and good work for the sick and suffering without having received much countenance from their lordships. They even urged that if they could only receive the confidence and a few kind words of support, and be taken, as it were under the protection of the Church, they would be far more obedient children than hitherto. Caring as they did for the countenance and guidance of bishops, the committee were not neglectful of that wish in their report. It would be a most excellent thing if they could dispense with life-long vows. There was a great deal of evidence that in the primitive Church, deaconesses was one of the orders of the Church.

The Bishop of St. Asaph pointed out that the possibility of sisters being allowed to endow the Church might prove very injurious to the members of their families.

The Bishop of Winchester stated that the committee had to deal with facts as they found them. He agreed that it was not desirable that such a power of endowment should belong to the sisters, and the committee had in the report shown their desire to restrain it.

The Bishop of Chichester stated that many of the sisters took vows believing that no earthly power could release them, and that they were for their lives devoted to God's service. They fully believed they were under a life-long obligation when they took the three vows of celibacy, poverty and obedience. They believed that they were as much devoted to God's service as the nuns of the Roman Catholic convents. That he believed to be the case with the majority of the sisters in the sisterhoods in England.

The Bishop of Lincoln was of opinion that even in Roman Catholic countries there was a power of dispensation from vows.

On the motion of the president the report was accepted with gratitude for the labors of the committee, who were requested to frame resolutions based upon the report.

In the Lower House, on Tuesday, the Rev. Dr. Edwin Harwood, of New Haven, Conn., and the Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale, of Baltimore, Md.; was introduced and welcomed by the prolocutor as visitors from the sister Church in the United States.

The amendment of the Upper House to the scheme of the House of Laymen was considered. The provision, struck out by the Upper House, limiting the subjects for consideration, was reinserted, and the proviso added by the Upper House agreed to, "that nothing in this scheme shall be held to prejudice the duties, rights and privileges of this sacred synod, according to the laws and usages of this Church and nation."

On Wednesday nothing of general interest occurred in the Lower House.

PROPOSED UNION OF TWO SCHEMES.—The "Free Church of England" held its annual convocation in London on June 30th and July 1st. The "Right Rev. Bishop Price, Primate," presided. Among other things, a long discussion took place as to the advisability of union with the "Reformed Episcopal Church," and the convocation unanimously accepted a draft scheme to form the basis of such union, and ordered it to be laid before the Synod of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

MR. CHARLES POWELL'S RETURN.—Mr. Charles Powell arrived in England from America on Monday, July 6th. As a practical result of his visit the organization of guilds and the development of existing societies has begun in the United States, while Churches

in Canada have already started branches of the Church of England Workingmen's Society. He reports that the bishops have been most cordial in their expressions of approval. Mr. Powell has received several offers to return to America. The organizers of the New York Mission in Advent next gave him a very cordial reception, and his farewell address was given under their auspices at the Church of the Holy Communion.

PETITION AGAINST THE NEW TESTAMENT REVISION.—The following petition was presented and received by the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury from a number of the clergy of the Diocese of Hereford:

"Whereas in the Provincial Synod of Canterbury a committee was appointed to revise the Authorized Version of the New Testament, and the said committee co-opted other persons as assistants in the work;

"And whereas the revisers so constituted have, without any discrimination whatsoever, translated the following five severely distinct Greek words (see notes), viz., (1) *ναός*, (2) *τιβύρις*, (3) *καθημέριος*, (4) *ερασιγνώμων*, and (5) *ἀποστρέφω* into the one single English word 'appoint';

"And whereas the aforesaid English word 'appoint' is the word in modern times recognized among a large section of Nonconformists (6) as signifying nomination and designation to the place and office of a preacher, but is a word at no time recognized by any one as signifying admission to Holy Orders in the Church;

"And whereas the revisers in translating several other passages, and notably Acts xiv. 23, have, against the authority of Wiclif's, Tyndale's, Cramers, the Geneva, and Rheims Version, substituted the above-mentioned word 'appoint' for the word 'ordain' (7), as now appearing in the Authorized Version;

"And whereas the revisers in translating Acts xv. 23 against the authority of scholars both ancient and modern (8), and also against the recorded dissent of the American Company (9), have 'excluded' (10) 'presbyters' from the superscription of the Encyclical Letter of the Council of Jerusalem, and have substituted 'elder brethren' in their place—this new translation ill according with Acts xv. 2 and 6 and Acts xvi. 4, and being diametrically contradictory to the revisers' own rendering of Acts xi. 18 and 23;

"And whereas the revisers by newly placing in the margin at Acts xx. 17 'presbyters' for 'elders,' and then by newly introducing into the Text at Acts xx. 28 'bishops' for 'overseers,' have tended to confuse two distinct orders of the Christian ministry;

"And whereas the revisers in reviewing I. Tim. iii. have newly and needlessly introduced into the margin the word 'overseer' as an alternative for the word 'bishop';

"Now seeing—

"1. That presbyters are thus divested of apostolical ordination;

"2. That 'presbyters' are thus excluded from one of their proper functions, and that 'elder brethren'—i. e., lay elders—are substituted in their place;

"3. That two orders of the Christian ministry are thus confused; and

"4. That 'overseer' is thus newly and needlessly introduced as an alternative for 'bishop';

"We, the undersigned, pray your right reverend House never to concede your sanction to the above-mentioned translations of Acts xiv. 23, and of Acts xv. 23, nor to the method of dealing with Acts xv. 17 and 28, nor to the marginal addition to I. Timothy iii. 1."

IRELAND.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATES AND EDUCATION.—The Roman Catholic prelates have unanimously adopted a series of resolutions

directed against the Queen's colleges, and demanding further endowments for the educational institutions which they themselves control, or desire to control.

FRANCE.

PERE HYACINTHE AND THE PANTHEON.—On Thursday, July 26, Pere Hyacinthe delivered an address on the secularization of the Pantheon at the Winter Circus, Paris. He was heard with respectful attention as long as he confined himself to describing the Pantheon as a patriotic temple, but he excited a storm when he protested against the antagonism which it was sought to create between the spirit of revolution and the spirit of religion, and it grew into a tempest when he denounced as unwise, unpatriotic, and unphilosophical the proposal to tear down the cross from the building which sheltered the remains of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, and of Victor Hugo. He protested against the notion that the great national uprising of 1789 was irreligious. This caused considerable uproar, which increased tenfold when, continuing his address, he asked, "Must the cross be retained on the summit of the Pantheon?" For full ten minutes there was a scene of wild confusion and cries of "Out" and "No." After the audience had shouted themselves hoarse, he was able to continue:

"Even if the cross had ceased to have a religious signification, if even it were but the emblem of a thing that was utterly past and gone, it would be needful to proceed to long and exhaustive deliberation before doing away with it. The early Christians showed greater toleration than modern Republicans. In the foundations of Notre Dame an altar of the days of Tiberias had been discovered. The altar of Christ had not destroyed the altar of Paganism, but had been raised above it, and the maxim of the early Christians was '*Dis ne insulies!*' Do not, therefore, suppress the past; only barbarians such as Attila—"

Here there arose a tremendous tumult. Amid the din Father Hyacinthe was heard to say, "You cannot place another emblem above the cross." (A Voice—"Why not a weathercock?") Father Hyacinthe—"You see you have no other emblem." (Another Voice—"And the national flag.") M. Loyson continued:

"Yes, I love and reverence the national flag, but it is only the emblem of our country, whereas the cross is the sacred symbol of the common Fatherland of all mankind. Do what you will, however, you cannot prevent the Pantheon being beautified with the cross. You may tear it down from the roof, but it is embodied in its very structure, which is in the form of a Greek cross."

After fresh uproar, mingled with applause, he proceeded, amid constant interruption:

"Revolutionary fanaticism is but Ultramontanism reversed. Even before the clergy had raised its voice to protest, they shouted to the priests, 'Away with the cross, or we shall tear it down.' (Shouts of 'Yes! yes! down with the cross!') I know that too often the cross has sheltered intolerance and superstition. It had been lighted up by the lurid glare of *autos da fe*—(cry of 'And the St. Bartholomew!'). Yes, I know all that, but precisely because the cross has been profaned let us uphold it in our more faithful hands, and not surrender it to those who profaned it. (Cheers.) Do not forget the tears it has dried, the devotion it has inspired. (Ironical laughter.) If you do not believe me, hear your great poet, Victor Hugo. To touch the cross would be the act of criminals and madmen. (Fresh uproar.) But it will survive and defy all attempts to overthrow it. (Shouts, 'We shall see!')

The close of the address was greeted with applause mingled with hooting. M. Loyson once more rushed into the tribune, and exclaimed, "La croix, je vous le dis, c'est la liberte."

MASSACHUSETTS.

PARRISH MISSIONARY MEETINGS.—Gladly recognizing the awakened interest in the missionary work everywhere manifest in the diocese, and unwilling, as we enter upon this new century of life, to content itself with doing only what it has in the past, the board took action at its annual meeting looking to the still further arousal of the zeal and interest of the people. To this end, and at the suggestion of the bishop, it voted the appointment of a committee of five, to be called a Committee on Missionary Meetings. Upon a plan similar to one already successfully tried within the limits of the Southern Convention, the purpose is to hold missionary meetings throughout the length and breadth of the diocese, visiting not only the large centres, but the smaller and more feeble parishes and missions. It is believed that wider knowledge of the work and aims of the board is what is chiefly needed to stimulate the interest and earnest cooperation of the people, and that by this means such knowledge can be most effectively given. Meetings will be arranged and speakers provided. The committee will not only gladly welcome, but earnestly solicit the cooperation of the convocations in their several districts, and of the rectors and missionaries, in this effort to more faithfully discharge the great and increasing responsibilities of the board.—*The Diocesan.*

GREAT BARRINGTON.—St. James's Church.—Great improvements have been made recently in this beautiful church, (the Rev. H. A. Adams, rector,) including a complete rearrangement of the chancel, which has been very much enlarged and raised two steps higher. Among the things presented may be mentioned a handsome altar and credence, together with a cross, altar-desk, and prayer-desk of brass; an altar-rail, eagle lectern, and alms-basin, also of brass; a litany-desk and prayer-book of walnut, and two hymn tablets and service books. The entire church has been carpeted anew, and presents an exceedingly churchly appearance. On the morning of St. James's Day the new furniture was solemnly blessed, and immediately afterwards the Holy Eucharist was celebrated, the Rev. Chas. Morrill being celebrant, assisted by the Rev. J. S. Ellis. There is now no debt resting upon the parish, and the congregations have increased to an unprecedented size.

RHODE ISLAND.

CROMPTON.—St. Philip's Church.—The vestry of this parish have issued the following circular:

"To the Friends of St. Philip's church:
"It is somewhat less than two years ago that the Rev. George S. Pine came to the people of this parish and cast his lot with ours, to share with us in our sorrows, and in the hour of sickness and death to offer such spiritual comfort and consolation as is most meet and becomes the office of pastor of this parish, which position he has so acceptably, ably, and so honorably filled during his short sojourn with us. Through his untiring energy and zealous devotion to the promotion of the best interests of the charge entrusted to his care, the parish debt, with which we were burdened at the commencement of his pastorate, amounting to \$871, has been reduced to \$171 at its close. Ever found ready in his ministrations to the sick, kind and courteous toward all, he has made hosts of friends, and won the respect of all. In these few short

months he has been called to mourn at the bedside of a most dear and honored mother, as she passed "through the valley of the shadow of death" to the bright world beyond. How our hearts' deepest sympathies went out to him in those sad and lonely hours, or how the strong chords of our best love have entwined our inmost souls with his, our feeble words would fail to express. That mother now sleeps beside the little church she loved so well. As duty calls him to labor in other fields than this, it is with painful regrets that we are forced to accept the resignation which is to sever the official relations of the pleasant past; yet we indulge in the hope that in whatever part of the vineyard he may be called to work, although absent from us, we may not be forgotten, and that the God of our fathers may ever be with him, to guide and prosper him to his life's end."

CONNECTICUT.

MIDDLETOWN.—Commemorative Service.—In accordance with the request of the late diocesan convention, a service, commemorative of the first ordination administered by Bishop Seabury, will be held in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, on Monday, August 3d, at 11 A. M. It is hoped that there will be a good attendance of clergy, and that all will bring their surplices.

ALBANY.

TICONDEROGA.—Convocation.—The Convocation of Troy held its midsummer meeting in the Church of the Cross, Ticonderoga (the Rev. J. E. Bold, rector,) on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 14th and 15th. A spirited missionary service was held on Tuesday evening, when addresses were made by the Rev. C. Pelletreau on "Faith in Church Work," the Rev. F. H. T. Horsfield on "How shall we best promote Church Life?" and the Rev. Dr. W. T. Gibson on "The Law of Growth in Missionary Enterprise."

On Wednesday Morning Prayer was said at 9 A. M. by the Rev. Messrs R. G. Hamilton and C. T. Whittemore. At a later hour there was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, Archdeacon of the Convocation, being celebrant, and the sermon being preached by the Rev. C. T. Whittemore.

The business meeting was held at 2:30 P. M., fifteen clergy being present. The Rev. Dr. W. T. Gibson and the Rev. Messrs. Olin Hallock and I. McElroy, visitors, were invited to seats.

The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$45.00. Missionary reports were made by the Rev. C. P. Wilson, in charge of Luzerne and Conklingville, and by the Rev. W. H. Cook, in charge of East Line and Jonesville. An interesting paper on "Iona and St. Columba" was read by the Rev. James Caird, and the Rev. H. Macbeth read a paper on the recent publication, "Reassuring Hints." The publication of both papers was requested by the Convocation.

A second missionary meeting was held in the evening, when addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. G. L. Neide, R. Shreve and Olin Hallock.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—St. Philip's Church.—The funeral of the Rev. John Peterson, an assistant-minister in this church, in Mulberry street, took place on Sunday, July 19th, a very large congregation attending. The assistant-bishop, the Missionary Bishop of Cape Palmas and the Rev. Peter Morgan took part in the services, the former making an address. The celebration of the Holy Communion followed.

Mr. Peterson was eighty-one years of age, and for more than forty years, he had been con-

nected with St. Philip's as teacher in the Sunday-school, assistant-minister, etc.

NEW YORK—Grace Church.—A fare well service for the departure of Bishop Ferguson for Cape Palmas, and of Professor and Mrs. J. McD. Gardiner for Japan, was held in the sanctuary of this church (the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, rector) on Thursday, July 23d, a large congregation attending. Of the clergy robed and sitting in the chancel, there were the Rev. Messrs. Joshua Kimber, L. M. Dorman and Peter A. Morgan. Mr. Kimber began the service, reading some special prayers, and Mr. Morgan reading the lesson.

In making a short and appropriate address, Mr. Kimber alluded to the fact that the bishop might well be called a native of Africa, having well-nigh spent his entire life in that country, laboring among his people. He spoke of the excellent work he had done for nearly fifty years as teacher, and in the capacity of deacon, priest, etc. Last of all, at a meeting held in Grace church he had been elected to the office of bishop, as most worthy to superintend the work at Cape Palmas, and a fit successor to the three bishops who had preceded him. When Bishop Auer died, he who exclaimed "alas! for Africa," was destined in the Providence of God to take up the work and carry it forward under a native ministry. He would depart for his field of labor, having our earnest prayers, our sympathies, and as far as possible our support.

Referring to Professor and Mrs. Gardiner and their departure for Asia, he spoke of the excellent work they had done at Tokio, Japan, in building up St. Paul's and St. Margaret's schools. The former had become well-nigh self-supporting. He also spoke of Mr. Gardiner's most commendable work as an architect. He had himself planned the buildings in which the above schools were held, St. Paul's school building combining also Trinity Divinity school. These buildings would do credit to the streets of New York, and the speaker might have added, to the best among its streets. It had been said on high authority that if Mr. Gardiner had done nothing more than plan these buildings, his going to Japan would have been abundantly worth while. The speaker concluded by saying that Professor Gardiner, as also his wife, would be followed by the prayers and sympathies of our people.

Bishop Ferguson sailed the same day in the *Adriatic*, expecting to reach Cape Palmas on the 27th of August. He would stay a week in London, till the vessel taking him to his field of labor sailed for Africa. In taking up his work he was specially anxious to extend it further back from the coast. Though his jurisdiction had a reach of four or five hundred miles along the coast, it extended little more than five miles inland. He proposed to start new stations, having the money in hand, and hoped to push back seventy-five miles or so in the interior. Some of those stations were to be planted along the Cavalla River.

In the absence of the assistant-bishop it was hoped the Rev. Dr. John C. Eccleston, rector of St. John's, Clifton, Staten Island, would make the address. Bishop Ferguson had preached in St. John's, and shortly after Dr. Eccleston wrote a letter saying, "there was only one feeling, viz., that the preacher was a thoroughly earnest, godly man, peculiarly fitted for the difficult work to which he had been called. The novelty of his manner, joined with his effective style and natural eloquence, quite won the hearts of all who heard him." Dr. Eccleston considered it a pity that Bishop Ferguson could not remain six months after his consecration to canvass the churches, and answered for it that there would be large results.

LONG ISLAND.

GREENPOINT—Church of the Ascension.—In addition to the statements given in last week's issue, the following facts concerning the building now being erected by this church may be due to the rector and congregation who have entered upon such a praiseworthy undertaking. The height of the building to the roof will be 60 feet, while that of the square tower on the northwest corner will be 80 feet.

On the first floor the hall, with ample stage and gallery, will have a seating capacity of 500. Dimensions, 70x37; height of ceiling, 26 feet. On the second floor is a guild room, 32x16, and 14 feet in height, the room leading on to the gallery, and fronting on Java street. On the third floor is a gymnasium, 50x25, as also a large and a small ante-room. The finishing will be simple, and will cost from \$3,000 to \$4,000. The outside work will cost \$8,500. This money is nearly all in hand, and is the hard earnings of the congregation, mechanics and such like, of the church.

FARMINGDALE—St. Anna's Cottage.—This cottage was opened four years ago by the Sisters of St. John Baptist to provide a country holiday for the German mothers and little children connected with the Mission of the Holy Cross. Only those who know something of the tenement house districts can appreciate the suffering which the heat of summer brings to the crowded population in the vicinity of the mission. In some degree, however, one may realize it by passing through Avenue C and the adjoining streets on any day in July and August. He will see all the inhabitants in the street, apparently, even to the youngest baby—men, women and children looking faint and exhausted, and the very boys languid with the stifling air. The benefit and pleasure which the brief holiday of a week afforded, proved even more than was expected. Consequently the work has been so extended as now to provide rest and fresh air not only for the mothers and little children, but for the older girls whose life is passed in the close confinement of factories and tailor's shops. The cottage is managed in a very simple way, and as almost all who come are personally known to those in charge, there is a homelike atmosphere which adds to the enjoyment of the visitors, who feel the brightening effect of friendly interest in their duties and care. It would be hard to say which get more pleasure out of their visit. The women, girls and little ones each in their own way enjoy the fresh air and country life.

Sometimes it is the first time a woman has been out of town for many years—perhaps never since she left Germany. In such cases tender memories are awakened by the sight of trees and fields, and their pleasure is expressed with simple eloquence. In many the sight of nature awakens thoughts of better things. "God seems so much nearer in the country," one woman remarked; "everything makes one think of Him, and in the city we seem forgotten." The children's ignorance of the commonest country sights is sometimes very amusing. Animals, of course, are a never ending delight, and a fine pig was an object of contemplation from which one little girl could hardly tear herself.

Their pleasure in flowers is very great. Great bunches of dried flowers always accompany the girls back to town with which to decorate the house. The Sunday evening is usually spent in gathering bouquets of the many wild flowers to be found on Long Island. The Sunday evenings are perhaps a little penance, since except in cases of illness or some special circumstance they are the limit of the visit, though the visitors console themselves sometimes with the unselfish thought that "some one else will enjoy the next week."

A report of the work at St. Anna's pictures the routine of the week, which does not seem to grow wearisome, although there is necessarily little variety in it. Each party arrives on Monday evening, returning to town the following Monday morning. During the day the cottage is carefully cleaned and got ready for its forty new occupants, who are brought from the depot in a large wagon. The arrival is an amusing sight, the children's excitement being most demonstrative as each strange country sight meets their eyes, or as when in case they have been before they greet any remembered spot with exclamations of delight.

As soon as tea is over, the newcomers are settled into their dormitories. The next morning the routine begins. The meals are ordered with scrupulous punctuality, and there is a regular order as to hours, a thing necessary for comfort where there is a large household. As much freedom as possible, however, is allowed, and no household work of any kind is required. These comers from the city are visitors, and the object of the Sisters is to provide as much rest and amusement as is possible for them all. In the morning the women sit about on the piazza or in the shady sitting-room, while the little ones play outside. The girls amuse themselves with the swing or croquet, or roam about the scrub oaks which form the "shrubbery" of the grounds. In the afternoons long walks to gather wild flowers or berries are delighted in by the more active, while others stay at home or pay visits to some of the neighboring farm houses where acquaintances have sprung up. On certain days of the week long drives are taken, which are the crowning delight to all, from the oldest woman to the youngest out of babyhood. Now and then a dip in the sea is combined with the drive, to the children's great enjoyment. In the evening after tea friendly chats and singing fill up the time before the short evening prayers, which conclude the day.

On Sundays there are always services in St. Helena's chapel, the chapel of the Sisters' cottage, the walk to which is only a few moments. The clergy of the Holy Cross Mission usually minister in the chapel, and the boys from St. Andrew's Cottage, which provides weekly parties of boys from the mission with a holiday, and trains some older ones in farming, also form part of the congregation, which is farther reinforced by some of the neighbors, so that the services are very bright and hearty ones.

This year before the season when it was possible for the women to leave the city, the cottage was opened for a few weeks, and between thirty and forty young girls came down for a longer stay than is possible later in the season, and received a little training in household work under the Sisters. It was a time apparently of unshared delight to them, the cooking, etc., seeming to be as entertaining as the walks and drives. Many were the wishes of these little city children that they could always stay in the country. It is not only their physical health that is benefited by the country life, but it is found that leading an orderly life away from the wretched surroundings of their ordinary life tells much on the moral tone of the children. The women also return to their home duties with spirits as well as bodies refreshed by even this short cessation from the daily toil and fret of life.

Each year proves more plainly the need of such country homes for every section of those who are "tollers of the city," and one feels that it only requires the knowledge of the need to make those whom God has blessed with wealth ready to give to all such work a helping hand.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE REGISTRATION CANON.—The bishop has received inquiries as to the operation of this canon, which some have conceived to be something like that of suspension, in the case of parties failing to make their Easter Communion without reasonable cause or hindrance.

This is not the nature of the canon, the object of which is not to suspend, but the reverse; it is to keep communicants from self-suspension.

But, in form, it is merely a canon of registration. The minister is bound to report his communicants; not those who may be communicated, but who actually are so, at least once during the year. And he is called upon not to report any as communicants who do not value their privileges enough to come to the holy table, nor even to give a reasonable excuse for their neglect.

If any communicant wishes to be registered, he has only to appear at the altar and it is done.

This canon has already been productive of great benefit. It has awakened many consciences, and it has led to the reform of parish registers which for a long time have exhibited a practical falsehood, and so have led to the most untrustworthy returns. In the aggregate the statistics of the church and diocese are very unfaithfully represented.—*Kalendar.*

NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH—St. John's Church.—On the evening of Tuesday, July 21st, the vestry of this church received the resignation of the rector, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, to take effect September 1st. Dr. Langford resigns to accept the office of General Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, to which he was unanimously elected by the Board of Managers. No official action on the resignation was taken for the present.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—St. John's Church.—On Thursday, July 23d, the rector of this church (the Rev. Dr. W. A. Leonard) publicly accepted at the daily Evening Prayer a beautifully-wrought brass font-ewer. It is the gift of the Rev. and Mrs. F. B. Reazor, in memory of their child, Theodore Lowber, who was baptized one year ago at this font, and whose pure spirit is now in the Land of Eternal Light. The ewer is one of Giesler's designs, and is graceful and massive.

Last week the vestry purchased a valuable lot of land south of St. Mary's church and hall for \$3,250. Of this sum \$2,000 was the gift of a faithful parishioner and his wife. The Rev. C. J. Curtis is the assistant in charge, and a fine work among the colored people is being pushed forward by him and his earnest helpers. An industrial day, and Sunday-schools are crowded with eager pupils, while the mothers' meetings are in flourishing and active operation. A new church and other buildings are in contemplation.

The orphanage of the parish has received a legacy of \$900. The children, fifty-four in number, are now enjoying a country home on the hills overlooking the city, which has been rented for them by the generous gift of Mrs. Capt. G. V. Fox.

Through the energy of the Rev. F. B. Reazor money has been secured to finish a substantial brick tower to St. John's chapel, and the work is now going on. A year ago he raised nearly \$1,000, and placed a fine pipe organ in this chapel, whose people are under his faithful pastoral care. Great credit is due him for his successful labors in this portion of this venerable parish.

CLERICAL CHANGES.—During the convention year last past, thirteen clergy were transferred by letters dimissory to other dioceses, and five were received. During the convention year there were seven ordained. Seven Maryland clergymen have died.

THE BISHOP'S PENNY.—This the bishop asks from each child in each Sunday-school, once a month, toward the missionary work of the diocese, to be sent punctually in March, June, September and December, to the Treasurer of the Diocesan Committee of Missions, in order that Maryland be no longer humiliated by asking and receiving aid from the Board of Missions. The Rev. Dr. Griswold reports, "Bishop's Penny regularly brought on Bishop's Sunday."

PRINCE GEORGE'S PARISH—Christ Church, Rockville.—This parish (the Rev. R. T. Brown, rector.) has expended \$6,900 in rebuilding the church at Rockville, its total offerings for the year being \$7,148, nearly all of which was expended for parish needs. It has a chapel of the value of \$1,500, parsonage and glebe, \$2,000, and rejoices in two endowments, \$1,000, 93 communicants, some 50 families, and sittings for 350 persons.

This parish is situate in Montgomery county, and still bears the name of the older county of which it was originally the parish.

FLORIDA.

GAINESVILLE—Holy Trinity Church.—The rectory is rising rapidly, will probably be under roof by the time these words are in print. The Rev. Gouverneur Cruzer, of New York, officiated on the Fourth Sunday in Trinity. On the same day the rector held first Sunday services in Arredonda, or rather at Z. T. Taylor's, two miles beyond. Services had been held here on week-day evenings with fair success, but the Sunday afternoon service gathered a large and interested congregation, among them twelve communicants. Steps will be taken to secure ground for a church here, in the hope that with a little outside aid it may be erected during the coming winter. With a church building and a fair prospect of regular services, say once a month, a congregation of from forty to sixty adults, with fifteen to twenty communicants, would at once be gathered.—*Church and Home.*

MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG—Convocation.—The fourth regular meeting of the Natchez Convocation was held in Holy Trinity church, Vicksburg, (the Right Rev. W. F. Adams, rector.) on Tuesday, July 7th, and the two following days. There were present the assistant-bishop, and Bishop Adams, the Rev. Dr. H. Sansom, and the Rev. Messrs. Alex. Marks, E. C. Langhlin, Nelson Ayres, N. Logan, and W. W. De Hart, and Judge Farrar of Vicksburg.

The session opened with the Litany and the celebration of the Holy Communion by the assistant-bishop, who also preached. Immediately after service the convocation met for the transaction of business in the vestry room of the church. The Dean (the Rev. A. Marks) reported that the committee appointed at the last meeting had agreed upon a programme for the present meeting, but he had thought best upon the advice of the assistant-bishop to somewhat modify the plan, and that the order of services would be announced from day to day. It was also agreed that services should be held in St. Mary's chapel by the clerical members of the convocation and the other clergymen present. Woodville was selected as the place for holding the next (the fall) meeting of the convocation, the precise time being left to the dean to deter-

mine. On motion it was resolved that a series of essays be prepared for the next meeting, and the dean, Bishop Adams, and the Rev. Nelson Ayres were named as essayists. After a lengthy and earnest discussion regarding the work of the convocation, the meeting adjourned until next day, after Morning Service. At 6 p. m. the bishop delivered his first concio ad clerum. The convocation assembled for Evening Prayer at Holy Trinity church at 8 p. m., when a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Ayres.

The second day's session was opened with Morning Prayer, and a sermon by the Rev. W. W. De Hart. At the business meeting following it was resolved that the dean correspond with the Rev. J. W. Turner, with reference to the next convocation, with authority to change the next place of meeting should it become necessary to do so. "It was also resolved that the treasurer be authorized to pay the expenses incurred by the Rev. Mr. De Hart in attending this meeting. Nothing further being proposed, the business sessions were declared adjourned to the next meeting in course. At 6 p. m. the bishop again met the clergy for council. Evening Prayer was said in Holy Trinity church, and a sermon preached by the Rev. W. W. De Hart on Judges xvi. 30.

The convocation assembled for divine service in Holy Trinity church at 10:30 a. m., when an address was delivered by the Rev. Newell Logan on "Woman's Work in the Church."

At Evening Prayer the final sermon of the series was delivered by the Rev. E. C. Langhlin, on the "Layman's Example." And after an address by the dean upon the object and scope of the convocational system, the convocation adjourned.

TERRY—Convocation.—The first annual meeting of the Jackson Convocation was held in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Terry, (the Rev. U. B. Bowden, rector.) on Wednesday, June 24th. There were present the assistant-bishop and the rector, the Rev. Dr. G. C. Harris, and the Rev. Messrs. J. E. Martin, W. Short, and W. W. De Hart. The assistant-bishop celebrated the Holy Communion and preached.

Grace church, Canton, was selected as the place of meeting on the Tuesday after the second Sunday in October.

The Rev. William Short read an essay on "The Ministry of Reconciliation," which was followed by a general discussion.

In the evening there was an Evening Service, at which the Rev. Dr. G. C. Harris preached from Judges xvi. 15-20.

On Thursday morning, at 9 a. m., an essay on "Preaching" was read by the Rev. J. E. Martin.

COLORADO WORK IN THE DIOCESE.—The air is full of work and progress. One of the best parishes in the diocese has thrown its doors open, with unanimous agreement, to a special service each Sunday for the colored people.

St. Mary's, Vicksburg, is every way successful, but furniture, etc., is still wanted, and at least \$300 to carry the missionary through.

KENTUCKY.

VERMILION—St. John's Church.—This church was consecrated to the service of Almighty God on Thursday, May 29, at 11 a. m. There were present the Rt. Rev. T. U. Dudley, the Rev. Messrs. Perkins, Venable, Penick, Sneed, Grubb, and the rector. The bishop preached a fine discourse appropriate to the occasion. The church building is 36x73 feet. The nave is 36x60 feet and the recess chancel is 12x18 feet. The organ chamber is to the right of the chancel and the vestry to the left. The building is of brick, and has a seating capacity of 300. The ceiling is of

yellow pine, arched with heavy timbers. The cost of the church complete was between \$7,500 and \$8,000. The rector of this parish baptized a young man by immersion on Wednesday, May 27. The Rev. E. A. Penick preached two effective sermons May 29 and 27 at night.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle*.

ARLAND—*Mission Service*.—The Rev. Messrs. Penick and McCready visited this place on Trinity Sunday. Services were held in the Northern Methodist Church, which had been kindly loaned. Services were held twice on Sunday, and Monday and Tuesday nights. The attendance at all of the services was fine. A volunteer choir, a portion of which were Church people, rendered the chants very well indeed. At least 35 persons, most of whom are communicants, were found here; and there are seven persons now to be confirmed. The dean baptized one adult and one infant.

The writer has never seen so much intelligent interest manifested in Church work as here. The town claims 5,000 inhabitants. It is on the Ohio river, near the West Virginia line and about 225 miles east of Louisville. It has four railroads, two large iron furnaces and one large furniture factory.

Eastern Kentucky is as yet almost unknown and undeveloped. The Church has opportunities here that she has in no other portion of the State. If Churchmen are grateful for their manifold blessings, they will show forth their gratitude by their good works.

The town was laid out about twenty-five years ago by a party of capitalists. There is a regularity and beauty about the streets and an air of refinement and elegance about the people and their residences. The town is the liveliest in Kentucky for its size. Indeed, one has no conception of the activity of the people and the importance of the place without a visit there. Arrangements were made for monthly services, and \$400 was raised toward the erection of a church building. The Churchmen of this diocese will be solicited for aid toward the erection of this church. It will be a good investment. There is a distance of ninety miles between this point and Mt. Sterling, where no services of our Church are held. Let us be alive to our duty and privileges and consecrate a portion of our means to this portion of our Master's work.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle*.

MISSOURI.

ST. LOUIS.—*Prayer Book Revision*.—The committee appointed at the recent convention to report on the proposed revision of the Prayer Book has put forth a circular to all the clergy of the diocese, in which they are requested to make a careful study of the subject and communicate their views to the chairman or to certain others of the committee. They request each clergyman to send to New York for a copy of "The Book Annexed" and the "Notification to the Dioceses," that he will associate with himself any qualified layman in his cure, and that he make his recommendations under the four heads: (1) to be accepted, (2) to be rejected, (3) to be modified, and (4) to remain as in the present standard, stating his reasons as tersely as possible. The committee, however, does not surrender the right of determining, finally, the character of their report.

LOUISIANA.

NEW ORLEANS.—*Christ Church*.—The original church building for this parish (the Rev. A. I. Drysdale, rector,) was erected on the corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, and was a frame octagonal building. It was the first non-Roman place of worship erected in New Orleans, and was completed April 7th, 1816, at a cost of about \$8,000. In 1835 this building was torn down, and a much more imposing one erected on the same site, costing \$40,000.

The congregation moved in 1847, and the church building was sold, and now forms part of Toussaint synagogue, the property having been purchased by Mr. Judah Toussaint. In 1847 a new church was built, costing \$50,000, and the congregation have worshipped there until recently, when it was found necessary, owing to the removal of the resident portion of the city, again to change the location of the church.

A spacious site has consequently been purchased on the corner of St. Charles avenue and Sixth street, and it is proposed to erect a church there which will be one of the handsomest in the southern part of the country. Designs were called for from this city, and also from elsewhere, and after careful and critical examination, a design presented by Mr. Lawrence B. Valk was adopted.

The style of architecture of the design is pure English gothic, with transepts, cloisters, etc. It will be abundantly supplied with large mullioned stained glass windows, broad arched entrances, heavy buttressed walls, and English bell-towers.

The front on St. Charles avenue occupies nearly the entire ground, with handsome entrances through porches and tower, the latter forming the corner of the building, and reaching a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. This will be square from base to turret, and it is to be handsomely decorated with large windows of different patterns. The bell will be hung in the upper division of the tower.

The front on Sixth street will present an elongation of architectural lines, gracefully broken by a broad transept. Another broad and imposing entrance here will lead to the sacristy. Adjoining this is the entrance to the church, and, separated by an alley, the rectory will be in the rear.

The church will be built of rough "ashlar" or quarry-faced limestone. There will be no fence, but a low coping of granite and a border of green grass will separate the church from the sidewalk.

The interior is to be finished in oiled light woods. The ceiling will be open gothic, timbered. The chancel will be spacious, and will be easily seen from nearly every seat. There will be no galleries. To the left of the chancel will be the sacristy, which will be amply provided with all furniture, etc. On the right of the chancel, and extending about one-third the length of the church, is to be a chapel and Sunday-school building, approached by a handsome cloister from St. Charles avenue.

The body of the church will be so arranged as to suit all classes of pew-holders. Some of the pews will be arranged for families, some will contain seats for two persons, while there will be several single-seated pews. The seating capacity will be about one thousand. The church will be illuminated by gas jets, so placed as to be invisible, but at the same time to give abundance of light.

Work will be begun as soon as building specifications are received from the architect and the contract signed. It is thought that it will be a year before the church is ready for occupancy. In the meantime the congregation will worship in Calvary church.

The rector has, at the request of the congregation, taken a summer vacation for the recovery of his health.

PARAGRAPHIC.

COCOAINE, which has been used so freely in the case of General Grant as an anæsthetic, is a fluid not unlike glycerine.

It is estimated that the California gold mines have added \$1,200,000,000 to the gold supply of the world, and there is not yet enough to go round.

The expenditures of Christ Church Hospital, Jersey City, last year were \$5,010.42, and there were 8,877 patients treated. It is doing good work for humanity and the Church.

The number of visitors at the late exhibition in New Orleans was 1,158,840, as against 9,910,966 at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, which was open but little longer.

FRENCH grocers have been convicted and fined for using coloring matter with tomatoes to make them a deeper red. We have the Statue of Liberty, and a little French justice would not come amiss.

EPISCOPAL service was held in Boston as early as 1686, Governor Andrews making use for that purpose the now meeting-house when not otherwise occupied. This gave offence, and a church was soon built.

ONE of the singular changes by the Old Testament revisors is of the words in Solomon's song, "desire shall fail," into "the caperberry shall fail." Learning may require the change, but it none the less turns poetry into prose.

THE Rev. Frank L. Norton, D.D., Dean of the Albany Cathedral, inherits, with the exception of a few legacies, the estate of Mrs. Sarah R. Farmer, a parishioner recently deceased. It will doubtless be devoted to pious uses.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Pittsburgh, Pa., set forth its mercantile, manufacturing, and mining interests in a volume of 160 pages, full of important facts, and it has come to a second edition. It is well worthy of study and preservation.

Few schools make a better showing than does the Pennsylvania Military Academy, whose announcement for the ensuing year we have before us. It gives views of the institution and of some of its interiors, and with its course of study must commend itself to parents. It is located at Chester, Delaware Co.

TRAMPS applying to the Wayfarer's Lodge in Boston are treated to a bath and shampoo, their clothes are thoroughly fumigated and they are required to do a turn of work. The effect has been happy in reducing the number of applications very much. The genuine tramp hates both water and work.

FROM the Year Book of St. Paul's church, New Haven, the Rev. E. S. Lines, rector, we learn that the baptisms of the year were 68, the confirmations 31, communicants 600, Sunday-school scholars 440, and the offerings \$13,018.94. The book gives an account of the various parochial organizations, which show a vigorous life.

IT appears by the sixty-fourth annual report of the Mercantile Library Association that its income last year was \$27,805.61; there are in library 207,123 volumes, and the circulation was 138,509, showing an increase of more than 7,000 over the preceding year. It makes just complaints of the vandalism that mutilates and defaces the books of the library.

A RELIGIOUS society at Ionia, Michigan, has disbanded, and its assets will be divided among other societies still remaining. It saw there was no need or place for it, that without it there were more societies than there was a call for or than could be supported. It was a good example, and might be followed up to advantage in many other towns both east and west.

THERE are \$485,000,000 lying in the Chancery Exchequer of England, waiting for claimants, and it increases by \$5,000,000 every year. Many duped Americans, through agents who are knaves, make applications for portions of it year by year, as they do for the estate of Anneke Jans, in this country, but they would find it far more profitable to maul rails.

THE Free and Open Church Association, in its tenth annual report, states that of 3,035 churches in the different dioceses, 2,106 are free. There has been a gain in six years of more than fifty per cent. The work would seem to be prospering much in the same way in England, and especially in the dioceses of Chester and Liverpool, where a monthly paper, devoted to the subject, is published.

COLLEGIATE AND ACADEMIC.

HOLDENESS SCHOOL FOR BOYS, PLYMOUTH, N. H.—The sixth year of the Holdeness School for Boys closed on Wednesday, June 24th. Examinations were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, and prize speaking and the giving of prizes for the year's work took place on the evening of Wednesday. Prizes were awarded: For the highest average score in all studies to Walter C. Flanders, White River Junction, Vt.; for the second average standing to William T. Ladd, Lancaster, N. H.; for the best speaking on the evening of closing day, Charles I. Merrill, Roxbury, Mass.; for a special examination in algebra to Charles W. Alkins, Jr., of New York; for a special examination in Latin paradigms to W. C. Flanders. The school has passed through a highly prosperous year. The courses have been enlarged and improved, and very noteworthy improvement has been made in the chapel music under the charge of the choir-master, Mr. J. C. Flanders. There have been fifty-two resident scholars during the year, of whom forty are to be absent in September. Especial attention is to be given in future to fitting boys for schools of technology, to the study of English, and to a knowledge of French. The next school year begins September 30th.

THE De LANCY SCHOOL, GENEVA, N. Y.—The closing exercises of this admirable school may be said to have opened on Sunday last at the college chapel, where, by invitation, the school was assembled, and, after the services, addressed by the Rev. Dr. Moore, President of Hart. The course of instruction it is known, has always been endorsed by the President and Faculty of Hart College, but we think the first occasion on which even a semi-official endorsement has been made, and it must be beneficial in giving more extended knowledge from high authority of the educational experience of the lady principals and assistants as recognized by its patrons.

The academic exercises were held at the school rooms on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and consisted, as usual, of recitations and readings by the young ladies, all reflecting credit on the school as well as the individuals concerned. It is not infrequently to mention those of Misses Dox and Bronson, who graduated; the others will be remembered in the future time and we deem it eminently proper to congratulate the teacher of French on the great success of the performance, and on the grace and purity of pronunciation, which was only excelled by modest self-possession.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Western New York, Doctor Cox, arrived in Geneva in the caboose of a special train just in time to attend the exercises. Never happier than when in the midst of the young, his remarks seemed to reflect the thoughts of those heard and to centre on the "Turning Point," the subject of the essay of one of the graduates. Graduates of the school, patrons and other invited guests most heartily join with the venerable bishop in his congratulations to the Misses Bridge and the young ladies of the De Lancy School. As we write these hurried lines "youth and beauty have met to chase the fleeting hours" under the same happy, hospitable roof.—Geneva Gazette.

PERSONALS.

- The Bishop of Springfield's address until September 10th is care of James Pott & Co., 14 Astor Place, New York.
- The Rev. N. G. Allen's address is Auburndale, Mass.
- The Rev. W. G. Andrews has received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Marietta College, Ohio, of which he is a student.
- The Rev. Edward S. Cross has accepted the rectorship of Trinity church, Athens, Pa., and declined rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Milford, Pa.
- The Rev. William Allan Pelt's address is Grand Bassa, Liberia.
- The Rev. Frederic Gardiner has become assistant-minister in Calvary Cathedral, Sioux City, Dakota. Address accordingly.
- The Rev. Nathaniel Pettit, rector of Christ church, Bordenstown, N. J., died very suddenly at his residence on Monday, July 27th.
- The Rev. E. B. Rich has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh, N. C. Address for the present Betselertown, Md.
- The Rev. William Short's address during August and September is Sewanee, Tenn.
- The Rev. Dr. M. Van Rensselaer's address is changed from All East Third street to 20 St. Nicholas Place, One Hundred and Fifty-first street, New York.

NOTICES.

DIED.

Entered into Paradise, JEANNE EMMA DE BEAUMONT, aged 9 months, daughter of Ernest and Emma De Beaumont, of the 10th of July, 1885, at New York, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

In Paradise, MARY WHITTIER, infant daughter of John H. and Dwight W. Cutler, on Sunday, July 18th, 1885, at Austin, Ill.

In Brooklyn, on Sunday, July 19th, 1885, FRANCIS BLEESCKER KILLSON, son of Francis H. and Emma De Beaumont, of the 10th of July, 1885, at New York, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

Entered into rest May 30, 1885, EDWARD KELLS, M.D., of Beaverville, Pa., in the 84th year of his age. The funeral services were held at Christ church, May 31st.

At Gettysburg, Pa., on the 13th of July, MATILDA GATZ, wife of William McClellan. Among her last words were: "Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly."

At her residence, Hyde Park, Long Island, July 22d, 1885, in her 82d year, CHARLOTTE and HIGGINS, widow of George H. Kealey, and daughter of the late General Nathaniel Colea, of Doerrio, Long Island.

Entered into rest, in Hagerstown, Md., July 16th, FRANK KENNEDY, son of Mrs. Frances H. and the late Dr. Howard Kennedy, and grandson of Rev. B. H. Boutwell, of Philadelphia.

Entered into rest, in Washington, D. C., June 19th, 1885, SAMUEL A. H. MARKS, aged 66 years. "At eventide it will be light."

On Saturday, July 18th, at Cheshire, Ct., LOUISE BERRY, aged 1 month, daughter of John H. and Nellie Marshall. A child of uncommon loveliness.

At his residence, Garrison's-on-Hudson, on Wednesday, July 18th, in the 96th year of his age, WALTER T. MOORE, rector for many years of Trinity church, this city, and more recently senior warden of St. Philip's church, in the Highlands.

In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 25th, MARGA WINTERBO, wife of John T. Moore, and daughter of the late Thomas S. Newbury, in the 26th year of her age. Prayers were said at her late residence, 15 Liberty street, July 26th, by the Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss, rector of Christ church. The burial service and interment at Setauket, Long Island, Friday, July 26th, the Rev. Robert T. Pearson, rector of Caroline church.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 27th, Mrs. SARAH S. MOORE, aged 92 years.

On Saturday, July 18th, 1885, JOHN FREDERICK OTIS, only child of the late John D. and Virginia Q. Otis, and grandson of the late W. S. Sanford, in the 11th year of his age.

In Bordenstown, N. J., Monday, July 27th, 1885, of heart disease, the Rev. NATHANIEL PETTIT, rector of Christ church, Bordenstown.

MR. WILLIAM MOORE. At a meeting of the vestry of St. Philip's church in the Highlands, held at the rectory on July 25th, 1885, the following resolution was ordered to be made in the minutes of the vestry, viz: The vestry of St. Philip's church in the Highlands do hereby resolve that the loss of their dear and beloved associate, MR. WILLIAM MOORE, who passed through death unto life on the 15th day of July, 1885, is mourned and sorely felt.

Sweet and lovely in his nature, and in his intercourse, but stern and inflexible in principle, Mr. Moore's was a life which a Christian may wish to have lived, and to which a Christian may point for an example. Firm in his religious convictions, free in the dissemination of his charities, of his affections, but free still in the breadth of his love, and of his philanthropy, he walked among us, a model of Christian life, and a true and devoted friend and benefactor. For many years a member, a vestryman, and a warden of this parish, his presence was counted for and his zealous devotion at the services of the Church inspired zeal and devotion in others.

Long retired from the active duties of the world, following his later years to his duties to his family, to his neighbors, and to his God. A life of eighty-seven years, well spent, is closed without a spot or blemish on its long career. Love and sorrow follow him in death, as they attended him in life.

The vestry place on his grave this testimony of their sincere and affectionate admiration of his character, and of their deep lament of their loss in his departure.

Resolved, That a copy of this entry unanimously ordered, be communicated by the rector and the vestry to the families of the deceased, and to his friends, and that it be also published in "The Churchman."

WALTER THOMPSON, Rector of St. Philip's church in the Highlands. H. W. BELCHER, Clerk of the Vestry.

APPEALS.

IN REBUTAL MERRISON. It has not pleased the Lord to send Nathaniel. The great and good work entrusted to her, as required, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

1st. Because Nathaniel is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated.

4th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing for the ministry. Address, Rev. A. D. COLE, D.D., Nashotah, Waukegan County, Wisconsin.

GENERAL CLEBOT RELIEF. (Shorter title of "The Trustees of the Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm, and Disabled Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.") This charity is not local or diocesan. It seeks to relieve the destitute in fifty dioceses and missionary districts. The Treasurer is WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH, 40 Wall street, New York.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY adds young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATTLE, 12th Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELSHIA WHITTLESEY, Correspondence secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Secretary having resigned, all pamphlets, notices, and letters for the Diocese of North Carolina should be addressed to Rev. GILBERT HIGGS, Sec. pro tem., Warrenton, N. C. July 26th, 1885.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In view of the recent appearance of the revised version of the Old Testament, we feel that a special interest will arise with reference to the history of the Bible. We have therefore secured Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.'s edition of Dr. Mombert's "Hand-Book of the English Versions of the Bible," published at \$2.50, and offer it, with THE CHURCHMAN, at \$5.00, or to subscribers now fully in advance at \$1.50.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"The book can be recommended to readers and students alike."—Literary World. "A clearer and more comprehensive collection of the copious materials on the history of the English Bible does not exist."—Good Literature.

This book will give new and deeper impressions of the value of the English Bible, for it will show how great a cost of time, labor, and learning the world owes to it."—The Churchman.

"A characteristic of this work is its mingling of the internal with the external history of the descent of our English versions—themes which Westcott, for example, keeps separate. The book, therefore, already crowded with the condensed facts of narration, is further crowded with examples illustrating the ancestry and relations of the several versions. . . . All this gives variety, and makes the whole more readable and more interesting as a continuity than if the two portions were separated—to leave a dead body and a departed spirit. Crowded as the volume is, it is readable throughout, and, in some of its sections, intensely interesting."—Sunday-school Times.

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A Dictionary of Church Doctrines, History, Organization, and Ritual; and containing Original Articles on Special Topics, written expressly for this Work by Bishops, Presbyters, and Laymen. Designed especially for the use of the Laity of the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We will send THE CHURCH CYCLOPAEDIA, with a subscription to THE CHURCHMAN, in advance, for six dollars, postpaid. To any subscriber who has already paid in advance we will send THE CHURCH CYCLOPAEDIA, postpaid, on receipt of two dollars and fifty cents.

M. H. MALLORY & CO.,

47 LAPAFORTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

REVISED PRAYER BOOK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

It is no reflection upon the very able and laborious committee who reported the Book Annexed, or upon the General Convention which adopted it, to suggest that it may have faults as well of omission as commission. In some respects they may have done too much, in other respects they may not have done enough. May I be permitted to offer one suggestion, which I have not seen anywhere presented, although I am told that it was before the committee. It concerns not the text, but the arrangement of the Prayer Book services. Those services include, on the one hand, the Daily Office of Morning and Evening Prayer, together with the Occasional Offices of Baptism, Confirmation, etc., and, on the other hand, the Liturgy proper, or Communion Office. The distinction between these was marked in the early Church, by having separate books for each, called, respectively, the Antiphony, the Lectionary, the Sacramentary—a distinction which was preserved in later and Roman times by the Breviary and Missal. In our Book of Common Prayer we have all these several and distinct offices bound together, and not only so, but we have them needlessly intermingled, the Daily Offices coming first, then the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, followed by the Communion Office, then the Occasional Offices, then the Psalter for the Daily Office, finally the Ordinal.

This arrangement is unfortunate in these two respects: first, that it fails to present either the Daily Office or the Liturgy properly by itself, as a connected and completed whole; and secondly, that it causes to those who are not yet familiar with the Prayer Book needless and serious trouble and confusion in finding the places, and following in the order of the services. Thus, if a minister reads the Psalter for the day, one must turn from the beginning almost to the end of the book, and back again for the rest of the Daily Office; and in the Communion Office one must go back often a long way to find the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the day.

If, therefore, the commission to "enrich" may be understood to give authority also to simplify the Prayer Book, the following arrangement might be adopted, without the change of a single word either of text or rubric: Place the Psalter, preceded by the Proper Antiphons and the Table of Proper Psalms, directly after the Occasional Prayers and Thanksgivings; then place the Communion Office directly after the "Short Office of Prayer," if that be adopted, followed in their proper place by the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, and the Occasional Offices last. This arrangement would present, first, the Daily Office, with Psalter, Litany, and Occasional Prayers, complete; next, the Liturgy proper, with Collects, etc. in their order; finally, the Occasional Offices by themselves; and would seem to be a decided gain of both instruction and convenience. SAMUEL COX.

Necton, L. I.

THE POINTING OF THE PSALTER.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

The recent letters of Mr. Matthias and Mr. Durham on the above subject reveal a strange oversight of two things: first, that the pointing of the Psalter must ever remain largely a matter of taste; second, that the much-advanced beginning of a chant, improperly called an accented note, is an integral part of the chant form, and cannot, at will, be made one syllable or twenty syllables long. In the differences in pointing found by a slight comparison of various psalters and hymnals, good arguments can be brought forward often on both sides; the case is a chant, matter of taste, and we are forced back to the *de gustibus, &c.* The remarks about the first notes of the chant show strange ignorance of the chant form. The improperly so-called accented note

or syllable is that on which the real time of the chant begins, the recitation proper lying wholly outside this. The chant does not begin here, but the *cadence*. The very name of the portion occupied by this first note is significant. It is the first measure of the chant, and on it some portion of the words must be held and measured. The quoted criticism of the Rev. C. L. Hutchins that it produces a "drawing effect," is no argument whatever against its use, for the truth of the matter lies simply here, that if a choir draw out the first note, it is most assuredly the fault of the choir-master and not of the chant. One of the reasons for such drawing, if it exist, is that few choirs are given distinctly to understand what this peculiar note really is, and therefore fail to obtain the true feeling of time indispensable to success. One thing is certain, that without the observance of this "rallying point" it is next to impossible to preserve the same degree of time in the articulation of the recitation and of the cadence. Much of the "draw" comes from the too rapid recitation and the too slow cadence. The criticism that the "accents" make a "lame, halting, indecisive rendering," is a singular one, especially when it is at the same time conceded that it is a point which all the voices may reach simultaneously. The canticle sung is not the canticle read, and never will be, and it is a forced and unnatural rule laid down for anyone, set to music that requires it to conform in an any way whatever to the ordinary rules of reading.

Hartford, Conn.

W. C. RICHARDSON.

READING THE PSALTER WITH THE GLORIA.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In the last number of the CHURCHMAN a correspondent from Florence, Alabama, asks a question concerning the reading of the Psalter when the *Gloria Patri* is used (as is very proper) after each Psalm. I would suggest in answer a usage which is I believe quite general. It is that in every instance the minister should read the first portion of the *Gloria*, the people responding with the second. This would naturally happen when a Psalm consists of an even number of verses. When the Psalm is of an uneven number the minister reads the last verse, and without pause continues "*Gloria be to the Father*," etc. That makes the rule that in every case the minister begins each Psalm and each *Gloria*.

WALTER MITCHELL.

HOW TO USE THE REVISION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

I beg to be allowed to express hearty concurrence in the suggestion of your editorial as to the "Revisions." It is entirely practical. It lays on one side all vexed questions. It gives every one (should it be adopted) the needed opportunity for examining proposed alterations in detail. It enables the student to suggest the marginal readings as a commentary. I hail the suggestion as a most opportune relief. G. T. BEKKLI.

Diocese of Ohio.

NEW BOOKS.

PRIMITIVE CONSECRATION OF THE EUCHARISTIC ELEMENT: with an EXTENSIVE APPENDIX for its Revival. By the Rev. Edmund S. Ffolkes, B. D., Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. [London: T. Fisher, New York: James Pott & Co.] 8vo., pp. 484. Price, \$3.50.

In his article on the Eucharist in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography, etc.," Mr. Ffolkes gave the outline of a part of the argument which he has elaborated in this book. He showed that, with scarce an apparent exception the teaching of the Church of the first eight centuries was that the consecration of the elements in the Eucharist was effected by the operation of the Holy Ghost, Who was invoked by the prayers of the faithful; and he used these weighty words: "As long as the Holy Ghost was invoked, and wherever He is in-

voked still to consecrate, there never was any confusion of terms or extravagance of thought or irrelevant reasoning witnessed in discussing the Eucharist."

The volume before us enlarges the proof of Mr. Ffolkes's teaching in this article with very great learning, showing painstaking and minute study of theology and of history. The style of writing, we regret to say, is somewhat obscure; the thoughts are not always arranged in logical order, and are too often repeated; the reader is perplexed by being told over and over again that some matter, to which allusion is made, will be treated of further on, while no reference is made to the page where it is to be found; and, most inexcusably, there is no index. But the book deserves, and can hardly fail to have, careful attention; though it will probably be long before scholars will be agreed as to the proper answer to be given to the questions which it raises. It may be well to trace out its general line of argument, and then to venture upon a criticism of some of its positions. It should not be forgotten all along, that the author writes with the professed hope that, when attention is called to the primitive teaching, it may be generally received by different branches of the Western Church, and thus may lead towards a restoration of the unity from the lack of which the Church is suffering. Mr. Ffolkes, as many will remember, left the Church of England some thirty years ago, and after fifteen years' experience in the Roman communion, returned to the Church which he had left, the doctrines of which, as he says, he now maintains in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, where he listened to them "from almost inspired lips" as an undergraduate.

I. After calling attention to the work of the Holy Ghost revealed in Scripture as the Person of the Godhead by Whose operation the Eternal Son became incarnate, and as the Person through Whom the Incarnation is applied to men, the author calls attention to the fact that this office and this work of the Holy Spirit were recognized and taught by the early Church, especially in its invocation of Him as the efficient agent in the sacraments. In a long chapter, of nearly one hundred pages, he traces out what he calls "uno ore consensus patrum," the constant testimony of Christian writers from Justin Martyr to Chrysostom, all speaking of the work of the Holy Ghost in the Eucharist, and all testifying directly and indirectly to this as the object and—so to speak—the result of the prayer of the Church, and thus proving most conclusively that the consecration was attributed not to man, but to the Spirit of God. The arguments are very full and elaborate, and though they may not always carry persuasion in every particular (as when, for instance, he claims that by the Word of God Justin Martyr means the Holy Spirit*), yet there can be no doubt that the author proves most conclusively the point which he has set himself to establish.

Passing on, Mr. Ffolkes finds the first evidence, as he thinks, of contrary teaching in certain later writings of St. Chrysostom, in which the consecration of the eucharistic elements is attributed to the priest pronouncing over them the Lord's words, which, he claims, had been used heretofore, as by the Lord Himself, only at the delivery of elements which had been consecrated by prayer for the descent of the Holy Ghost. This new teaching prevailed in later times, especially in the West, until it changed the whole doctrine of eucharistic con-

* In the article, in the Dictionary of Biography, referred to above, it is claimed that in a passage where St. Augustine speaks of the Eucharistic elements as "sanctified by the Word of God," the context shows that he means the Holy Spirit.

secration and controlled the form of the liturgy. To what is it to be attributed? Our author says—and his contention is a most startling one—that it was due to the so-called Clementine liturgy, and that this liturgy was framed, under Arian and Macedonian influences, in such a way as to subordinate and put out of sight the work of the Holy Ghost and even to degrade from the dignity and honor of the Son of God; for in it the words of Institution are placed before the invocation or "Epiklesis," and its long preface uses expressions carefully and craftily framed in the interests of those who called the Son by the titles of God, and who yet desired him to be of the same Godhead as the Father. Mr. Froide has little hesitation in attributing it to Eusebius of Emesa, who was copied by Diodorus, the teacher of St. Chrysostom; and he thinks that this great writer, and St. Basil also, were deceived by the name which was attached to liturgy, and while they would not adopt all the phraseology of its preface, they came to "attribute a power of consecration to words used by our Lord in administering to communicants which had already been consecrated by those words of His in blessing and giving of thanks, not a monogamy of which He permitted other evangelists or apostles to record for use by man." So, through the influence of these great doctors, it is claimed that the practice of the whole Eastern Church was changed, though it retained a formal invocation of the Holy Spirit, and though (as is conceded,) it did not altogether change its doctrine as to consecration.

Coming then to the Western Church, Mr. Ffoulkes claims that both the Roman and Mozarabic liturgy were modified through the influence of Constantine.

St. Gregory of Rome and Leander of Seville having been at the Eastern capital together, and having followed St. Chrysostom in revising their own liturgies by those of the supposed Clement. At the same time he holds that in the Roman liturgy the prayer (or part of a prayer,) beginning with the words "*Supplices te rogamus*" was retained in its ancient place at the beginning of the canon, and that St. Gregory introduced into it the words "*per nos Angeli Tui*," by which he meant the Holy Ghost; so that, though the words of Institution were introduced, there was an express invocation retained that the Holy Ghost might sanctify the oblation; and nearly the same thing is said of the change effected in the Mozarabic liturgy. The ancient doctrines may then have been obscured, but it was not altogether changed or denied in the West.

The change and the denial came, Mr. Ffoulkes holds, from a "Gallicianizing" of the Western Church; and those who recall this author's writings on the "Filioque" and the so-called Athanasian Creed will not be surprised to learn that he lays the blame largely on Charlemagne and his successor, Lewis. He enters upon a long discussion of the False Decretals, which he thinks were adapted to further the policy of the great emperor as against the East, though they turned in later times to the benefit of the pope rather than of the secular power. And, as he holds that the emperor and his associates used the names of St. Jerome and St. Athanasius to introduce into this creed a doctrine as to the Holy Ghost different from that which was revealed in Scripture, so he seeks to show that under the name of St. Ambrose they sought to find authority for a new doctrine of the Eucharist, their purpose in all being to make the West independent of the East. For, from writings falsely attributed to St. Ambrose,* authority was claimed for a doctrine which, ignoring the operation of the

Holy Spirit, attributed the consecration in the Eucharist to the use of the words of Institution, and gave a carnal meaning to that which was, and had been held to be, spiritual. The author of this change Mr. Ffoulkes holds to be Amalarius, who removed the prayer "*Supplices te rogamus*" to a later place in the canon, and made the canon begin with the paragraph "*Quam oblationem tu Deus*," as in the Roman use at present. There is evidence to show that this change took place between the publication of the two editions of the well-known work of Paschasius. At any rate, it is held that the alteration was made and the old office-books destroyed, and that finally the modified canon was accepted at Rome under the influence of French popes, though Rome resisted the introduction of the altered liturgy for awhile, even as she did not at once consent to adopt the interpolated and pseudonymous creeds. "It took two full centuries to reconcile Rome to the interpolated creed;" "the Gregorian revision of this liturgy was not displaced at Rome by the Gallican version of it before the days of the French Pope, Leo IX., when Berengaritis of Tours was condemned there by him for tenets as yet only considered heretical in France."

Mr. Ffoulkes, in his last chapter, urges upon the English Church and the Roman Church to reject the work of "court divines," who have defended themselves by forgeries, as in matters of canon law and of statements of Catholic faith, so in regard to the form of eucharistic consecration. He calls upon the former to allow (at least) the use of the liturgy in the First Book of King Edward VI., and upon the latter to displace in the canon of the Mass, the paragraph, "*Quam oblationem*," by the older prayer, "*Supplices te rogamus*." Then, he holds, as the Greek Church has never failed to believe that the consecration in the Eucharist is effected upon the invocation of the Holy Ghost, all the Church will teach the ancient and Catholic faith in regard to this sacrament, reparation will be made for "a flagrant offence against the Holy Ghost," and that inter-communion will become possible, without which the Church cannot hope to do her work in converting the world.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT. A Study of Politics. By Albert Stickney. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] pp. 106.

On the one hand Mr. Stickney has fully grasped and admirably stated the evils of the present political system. On the other hand he proposes a very sweeping remedy. His plan is clearly thought out and distinctly set forth. It is to make the unit of the elective system a small district in which every adult male citizen shall have a vote on all local affairs, much as in the old-fashioned town-meeting of New England. This district shall elect one representative to a body which shall consider its county interests. This body in turn elects its representative, and so on till a supreme council is reached of manageable size. This last takes the place of the present Congress. It appoints the Executive, who has the sole authority over all administrative appointments. The Legislature is to be of one chamber only. There is to be no fixed tenure of office, but each electoral body can remove its representative at pleasure, and the chief council can change the Executive. The theory is that each will get the best man that can be had, and that death or superannuation will be the only causes of vacancy.

We can only say that this presupposes a great deal, and in one respect at least is impracticable. The army, the navy and the judiciary can rest on no such tenure. It is a principle as old as the English Revolution of 1688—that an honest bench of judges can only be where it is independent of the appointing power. As for the army and navy, no man

will enter either of these professions unless with the purpose of following it for life and with reasonable hopes of promotion. In other branches of administrative service there is perhaps less of objection to Mr. Stickney's plan. But taken as a whole it seems to us both impracticable in the carrying out and dangerous in the provisions. It is more akin to the Venetian Constitution than to any other known plan of government. It seems to us that the safeguards of personal liberty and the provision for sectional protection are clearly wanting. Its theory is of a government by the wisest and best through a gradual series of eliminations. The question is, can that be attained by this method? In case of an ambitious and corrupt Executive and a corrupt central legislature in combination, an irresistible power would be concentrated in practically irresponsible hands.

The freest and best government the world has ever known is, we hold, the British, and it is also the most anomalous. It has grown, and not been constituted. Its provisions are, to the ideas of a French constitution builder, as illogical as possible. It is with difficulty that an outsider can comprehend them at all. But on the whole measuring alike results obtained and perils shunned, we think no other can compare with it. The present American system, as Mr. Stickney well shows, is drifting into great abuses. It is a government by a political machine, and there seems no way out of it, because under present conditions only men who make politics their business can expect to control matters. We think the situation is a grave one, and we beg our readers to consider very carefully this part of Mr. Stickney's work because it cannot be gained. To use a medical illustration—we fully accept his diagnosis of the disease, but we are not equally satisfied that he has found the remedy. But it is a hopeful sign, that men of ability and principle are discussing these topics, and this book is an evidence of the fact.

TROUBLED WATER. A Problem of Today. By Beverley Ellison Warner. [Philadelphia: J. H. Lippincott & Co.] pp. 327. Price \$1.25.

The author's name sounds to us suspiciously like a fancy appellation, and just such a one as the author of such a book would be likely to select. It is a work of admirable intentions. It pictures social evils with a certain vigor and spirit, if not over carefully. It proposes two remedies which, in our judgment, are the right remedies. One is the power of the Church applied in antiring and effective ministrations. The other is the plan of operatives owning shares in the factories and other enterprises they labor for. All this is perfectly true, and very desirable to be inculcated. We only wish it were better done in this instance. We think this novel is a first effort, and we are pretty sure the author (or authoress) has the capacity for better work. But it is only just and necessary to say that this present writing is crude, wanting in finish and delicacy of tone. There are a great many people in this day who write admirably without having anything especial to write about, and therefore when an author like Beverley Warner, who has something to say, does not come up to the standard, it is a pity. If, by telling this frankly, it may be the means that the next work shall be better done, we shall be very glad. But in this day inferior fiction cannot be put up with, and especially novels "written with a purpose." This style of writing can hope to succeed only by producing the strong illusions of a scene of real life. Coarse drawing, harsh coloring, unreal characters, and a general chromo-lithographic effect will assuredly fail of the end in view, which is to draw attention to social evils and their remedies. Take it all in all, our verdict here is: "A well-intentioned book inadequately written."

*They are held to be really the writings of the same Eusebius of Emesa who was mentioned above.

POOR WRITING OF NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. Selected by Henry A. Beers. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] Pp. 260. Price \$1.00.

In the days gone by, when Mr. Willis was the favorite American writer of short stories, when young gentlemen in the sophomore class and young ladies in the final year of "boarding school" supremely admired him, the selected among his tales were almost as many as the tales themselves. It is curious to look back as from a new world, upon those once admired and mildly-worshipped pages. For most of the points in which they then were dear to young Yale and young Harvard, they have ceased to please, but the senators and judges and doctors in divinity that now are, take up the pages which once stirred their young enthusiasm, and find unsuspected merit of another kind. Mr. Willis wrote a pure and polished English, and illustrated his points by more than one exquisite bit of prose poetry. He had a fair sense of humor, and there are a number of college stories which he evidently never cared to reprint, which were clever enough to be worth preserving. The above selection is not a bad one, but we should like to add one or two quite the equals of those here given. In fact "Peddlar Carl" is, perhaps, the best thing he ever did in the way of a short story, and as good as anything the magazines can now show. In this volume "The Female Ward" and the "Lunatic Skate" are two representative and capital papers. But it is hard to judge these with the eyes of the present day. For those who in the times of their youth read and admired Willis, there is a charm about those pages which is not wholly due to the writer's skill. They call back memories of a social and literary life as utterly vanished from this telephonic and electrical-lighted world as the days of Addison and Johnson. And to some few who still live, there are memorials of a man who, more than almost any American writer, was generous and kindly to every young aspirant to literary fame.

ZOROASTER. By F. Marion Crawford, Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," etc.

This has been called in some criticisms Mr. Crawford's best work. We can hardly agree with this. A novel founded on ancient history can only be written by a man profoundly interested in the time described. For one "Hypatia" there are twenty failures. "Zoroaster" is not a failure, but it does not impress us as the result of any special interest in the time or personages described. What, we think, moved Mr. Crawford to write this book was his knowledge of modern Parsee mysticism. The real gist of the book is found in that portion which describes Zoroaster's experiences as the founder of the new cult. The rest is mere background painting. The jealousies and strifes of the two rival heroines are well drawn, but they might serve for any other time. We judge that Mr. Crawford has a passion for the occult and preternatural, and that he chose the era of the Persian sage in order to have full play for his taste. This is a mistake. One is never so much impressed with this element as where it is skillfully combined with the most modern and realistic incidents. Like the footprint Robinson Crusoe sees on the beach, it affects us powerfully till we know how it got there. But when the supernatural is thrust back into almost prehistoric ages it is, like every other peculiarity of the past, a matter of course. "Zoroaster" is fairly successful, but hardly a masterpiece, and the delicate touches of "Dr. Isaacs" and the "Roman Singer" are wanting, at least in our estimation. However, as we have said, some others think differently, and consider this Mr. Crawford's best work. He has done enough to be able to afford inferior, at least unequal, work. Every novel writer has made

experiments, and has not always been up to his own mark, and the strongest proof of merit is to be able to fail now and then.

LITERATURE.

"The Future of the Indian Territory" is discussed in the August number of the Century by Henry King.

"TREASON in Utah," by K. D. Ferguson, is the title of a thin pamphlet from the press of F. E. Housh, Brattleboro, Vt.

"The Anglican Type of Sanctity;" the Rev. Cameron Mann's sermon before the Convention of the Diocese of Missouri, is handsomely printed.

The first editions of many American authors are coming to be in demand and at good prices. A catalogue has been published and will be of interest to collectors.

Mr. WHITTAKER will have ready for the fall "THE PRINCE OF PEACE," a text-book like the "Bible Forget-Me Not," but printed in five instead of two colors.

DR. ERASTUS W. SPALDING'S essay on the Church in her Relations to Sectarianism, read before the Milwaukee Convocation, is published by the Young Churchman Company.

"The Calendar of Trinity School," Port Hope, Diocese of Toronto, contains lists of officers, students, course of instruction and all necessary information in regard to a prosperous school.

"LAWN Tennis as a Game of Skill," by Lieutenant S. C. F. Peile, edited by R. D. Sears, and "A Canterbury Pilgrimage," ridden, written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth R. Pennell, are two seasonable books announced by Scribners, who also publish "The 'America's' Cup; How it was Won by the Yacht 'America,' and How it has Since been Defended." The author is Captain Roland F. Coffin.

The Magazine of American History for August continues "The Beginnings of the Civil War in America," by Gen. Jordan, C. S. A., and has two other war papers, besides a sketch of Gen. John A. Dix with a fine portrait. These articles are to be continued, the time having come to comply with the injunction, *and alteram partem*. Two of these articles are illustrated. The magazine has much other interesting matter in its various departments.

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CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

2. Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
7. Friday—Fast.
9. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
14. Friday—Fast.
16. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
21. Friday—Fast.
23. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
24. St. Bartholomew.
28. Friday—Fast.
30. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

HYMN OF RECONCILIATION.

BY EDWARD HENRY ECKEL.

Dedicated, by permission, to the Presiding Bishop.

"O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger, neither chasten me in Thy hot displeasure."—Psalm vi. 1.

Father, I come to Thee,
Thy humble, sinful child,
Confessing bitterly
A life by sin defiled.
Extend to me Thy hand of grace,
Nor turn away, in wrath, Thy face.
The rains of penitence
Are pouring from mine eyes,
And at Thy feet each sense
In prostrate silence lies.
Before Thy throne of mercy bent,
I wait Thy word of pardon sent.

I weep for broken vows
Made with my hand in Thine—
I an unfaithful spouse,
Thou still a Friend Divine.
Forgive, and draw me to Thy heart,
And treasures new of love impart.

Man looks at outward show,
Is pleased, and goes his way.
But Thou alone canst know
The cankering soul's decay.
Surgeon of souls, probe deep within,
And bare the loathsome sores of sin.

Deep in thy darkness may seat
Where never man sees,
My darling sin retreats
To work its ill in me.
Resolved am I with shield and lance
Of Thine, to meet the foe's advance.

Tear from its throne of power
This demon-child of hell,
And make my heart a bower
Wherein all virtues dwell;
And fragrant flowers shall greet His eye
When my Beloved passeth by.

Wilmington, Delaware.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Love Idyll.

"Moon of the summer night,
Far down you western steep
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

"Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch while in slumbers light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps!
Sleeps!" —Longfellow.

And after that neither of them knew exactly what had happened. The prince had come to Rotha—the prince in the shabby coat; but this time it was the princess who held out her little hand to him.

"Don't go, Garton; I want you."
"Do you know what you have said, Rotha?" asked Garton. "Do you understand what your words imply?"

"Oh, hush! yes, I know," returned Rotha hurriedly.

She sat in her place a little shy and frightened. She cast odd, wistful glances at Garton, who was standing beside her with a face transfigured with joy. The poor fellow would have liked to have knelt down and kissed the hem of her garment for very reverence and gratitude; he would have burst into some fond, worshipping phrase if he had known how; but Rotha understood him. She thought his silence very eloquent. The chiming of a church-bell jarred on them like a discord, startling Rotha by the lateness of the hour.

"How late is it! You must go now," said the girl softly.

She took away her hand with a little decision. She looked up at him with bright impatient eyes, as though bidding him to leave her.

"If I go now I may come again to-morrow, may I not?" said Garton, lingering. "I shall wake up and think it is only a dream, I know. Are you sure that you really meant it?" persisted the foolish fellow. "What am I to tell my brothers, Rotha? Of course Robert must know if I am not to go away."

"Tell them what you will," replied Rotha, blushing. "I suppose they will understand that I was unhappy, and that I would not let you go." She grew rather hot over her lover's incredulity. "Of course I meant it when I said I wanted you," she said a little tremulously; she was dazed, and his impatience bewildered her.

"Come, Garton, you must go now." She put out a soft hand again, and half led, half drew the excited young man to the door. She let him out herself into the wind and storm. It might have rained showers of roses on them both. A shy good-night followed him through the darkness. Garton, turning round in the garden-path, saw her still standing, with flowing dress and hair, on the doorstep, with the silver lamp in her hand. The radiant figure haunted him all night long.

Rotha went up to Meg when she had let out Garton. Meg was not asleep when she entered. The elder woman knew at once by the girl's kisses and silence that something had happened. She drew her into her arms without a word, and let her cry softly to herself. Rotha shed a few tears of wonder, and happiness, and excitement on Meg's shoulder. The strain and flurry of the last few hours had worn her out. This natural outlet of her pent-up feelings soothed and relieved her. By and by she sat up and told her friend all.

Meg was not much surprised. She lay and listened with a throbbing head to the shy recital. How strange and yet how familiar it all sounded! A hot quiver of pain darted through Meg's temples as she thought how she had known it all. Meg lost herself once in the midst of the girl's eager talk; the pine logs fell asunder, sending out a shower of sparkling fragments. A cricket came out and chirped upon the hearth; the room was full of a clear ruddy light. Meg is back again in the shabby parlor of Chatham Place. There she is, a tall, ungainly figure, with faded pinks in her belt. She is playing on the cracked old piano; the cool evening air comes through the wire blinds; the room is filled with warm, spicy

smells; there is a bowl of dull red carnations. "Encore! encore!" cries somebody from a distance. "Play that again, Maggie," says a sweet old voice. A wrinkled hand beats time softly. "Ay, do, Madge, it is my favorite." A tall figure blocks up the light. Handsome Jack Carruthers is standing behind her; a dark intent face leans down to hers. Are those her tears splashing on the ivory keys? "Ay, Jack, for better, for worse; nay, for worse, worse only." Meg wakes up with a start and shiver, and a dull shadow seems creeping over the room.

"Do you love him? Are you sure you are happy? He is very good, but not good enough for my darling," says Meg, when Rotha had finished.

"Good! I wish I were half as good as he is," thought Rotha, when she went up to her room. She was a little disappointed at Mrs. Carruthers's reception of her news. Meg had said very little, but she had kissed Rotha and wept over her.

"It is too late to ask my advice now," Meg had said very solemnly, "and perhaps, after all, I should not have cared to give it. You have accepted Garton Ord's love, and I pray that he may be worthy of my darling's choice, but I would have her be very sure of herself and of him too."

Rotha had gone upstairs with these words ringing in her ears. In spite of her happiness they had a little sobered her. It was clear that Meg had been thinking of her own unhappy choice. To her such a subject must always be more or less invested with gloom. Nevertheless the words had been said, and Rotha had felt herself somewhat sobered by them.

"Do you love him? Are you sure you are happy?" Meg had asked her anxiously, and then she had avowed it as her conviction that he was hardly worthy of her friend's love. Doubtless it was rather chilling to the girl's enthusiasm; she sat down a little troubled as she pondered over Meg's words.

"Was she sure?" Of course she was. Rotha repelled the doubt indignantly. Was he not the best, the noblest, the dearest? Her breast heaved, her eyes filled with tears, as a hundred recollections of the young man's goodness crossed her mind. Rotha was right when she felt that she loved him dearly. Nevertheless Meg was right too. Mrs. Carruthers had grasped the truth instinctively when she told herself that Rotha's affection for Garton Ord was more a sentiment than a passion, and that the imagination had as much to do with as the heart.

Propinquity has much to do with such cases. One remembers the quaint old name that Shakespeare has given to the pansy—"and maidens call it Love in Idleness." How many a girl and boy fancy has grown out of summer's wanderings and the *dolce far niente* of holiday-time—youth, spring-time, and love joining hand in hand! In after years things are different. Damon is not forever piping to his Chloe; a little honey may refresh the eyes, but too much sweetness may cloy a man's palate for all that. Adam, as he delves in the sweat of his brow, is not always thinking of his future Eve. One who has lately gone from us, and who gave his all of earthly love to one woman, as child and girl and wedded wife, once said, "Love is the business, but not the sole business of a man's life."

Rotha had always had a pleasant liking

for Garton; his society had become a sort of necessity to her. Those three days of his absence had seemed a break in her life; he had fallen out of her daily existence, and Rotha had been restless. Garton was away from her, unhappy and miserable, and all the sweetness had gone out of everything in consequence.

And after that it had all come so suddenly on her, "and maidens called it Love in Idleness, or, as Meg would have said, love in pity or out of pity. When Rotha questioned her heart in the presence of Garton its answer appeared conclusive. She put out her hand to him with a great throbb of pity and love, with genuine blushes, with a little burst of honest frankness. She would make him happy; it must all come right, she thought. Poor Gar's passionate protestations awoke responsive thrills.

Rotha was in a great measure blind to Garton's failings. The faults that provoked others were to her but the errors of circumstance. In some degree he was glorified in her eyes. The stern or ascetic side of Garton's nature, which Mrs. Carruthers found so grievous, was simply admirable to the young girl, who would have gone through fire and water for those she loved. She looked at Garton through the glamour of her own imagination. She invested him with a hundred imaginary attributes. Garton, with all his clumsy honesty and his tender heart, would have fallen far short of this standard, for no one knew his own faults better than Gar.

As she thought about it now, Meg's doubts ceased to harass her. "He will owe everything to me. I shall make up to him for all his disappointments and his wasted life," she said to herself. "I need not fear that he does not love me for myself now. How noble of him to go away without asking for anything, and now he will have it all—have it all."

When Burnley Woods are green with summer sap, when the red leaves of autumn flame deep in windy hollows, or when the winter snows lie crisp and untrodden in the bosky dells, how will Rotha remember that she has promised to be Garton Ord's wife?

CHAPTER XXIX.

Beluicid and Belween.

"An avant—en avant! not doubting, nor fearing. Though clouds gather round thee, obscuring the sun. Yet turn not away from the duties before thee. Give each thy whole strength as they come" one by one.

"Steadfast and strong, though the path should be lonely— Never look back though thy heart seem to yearn To linger awhile with the beautiful day-dreams That come with their brightness to tempt us to turn.

"Sweet the reward when the labor is ended. To feel that each day thou hast faithfully striven: It may be that soon the great Master will call thee To render account for the life He has given."
—Helen Marion Burnside.

As for Garton, he went home through the wind and rain as though he were treading on air. He came back once and put his lips to the stone where the silver lamp had been gleaming. He murmured a thousand blessings as he looked up at the curtained window, where the firelight was still playing on the blind. He imagined her still sitting there in her gay dress, with downcast eyes, thinking of him. He would have lingered there, Heaven knows how long, in the rain and darkness, keeping watch and ward over that hallowed threshold, but for

Rotha's little Skye terrier Fidgets, who flew barking at him round a corner. He quitted the dim garden walks with reluctance. Rotha would have wondered if she had seen him pacing up and down underneath the soaking evergreens. Garton would have paced on there quite happily for hours, entirely oblivious of his outer man, but for Fidgets' annoying attentions. The dog positively refused to recognize his friend. He growled at Garton's wet overcoat, till Garton gave up the contest and retired.

He performed a few more acts of worship, however, in the front of the house, leaning on the gate which Rotha and he had so often entered. Was Rotha or he the happier now? "Oh, God, bless her for all her dear love and goodness to me!" cried Gar, lifting his hat in his youthful chivalry. How many more delirious things he would have said and done are doubtful, but Fidgets found him out again and came grumbling through an aperture in the wall. Jock and Jasper from the vicarage joined in the duet inside, and all the village dogs took up the chorus, while Garton, baffled by the canine music, took himself and his raptures to the sea-wall, till he felt sober enough to go back to Rotha.

The study looked very cozy when Garton entered. The fire was blazing, the lamp freshly trimmed, and the vicar sat in the arm-chair which Garton usually occupied opposite to Robert, with Cinders comfortably curled up on his knee. Garton could hear their voices as he climbed up the dark staircase. The cheerful light almost dazzled him coming in from the gloom outside.

Robert broke off directly at Garton's entrance. His face looked flushed and excited, his eyes sparkling, his whole appearance and manner changed. The vicar also looked beaming. The two confronted him with some curiosity. Garton, with his radiant face, his wet coat and muddy boots, presented a strange appearance to his two brothers. Austin put his hand on his wet shoulder rather anxiously, and Robert exclaimed in surprise:

"Why, where have you been, Gar? It is nearly eleven o'clock; and, my dear fellow, just look at your boots."

"Yes, I know," returned Garton, not looking at them, however, and shaking himself like a water-spaniel. "I have been with a friend a part of the evening, and since then I have been taking a walk by myself on the sea-wall."

He did not add that his friend had been Rotha, and if Robert had any suspicion as to the cause of his radiant looks he did not say so.

Austin was the next to speak. "Making the most of your liberty, eh? Now I'll be bound your friend was Rube Armstrong, and that you were both making a night of it up at Bryn. Here have Robert and I been wearing out our patience waiting for you. Mary has sent in once to know when I was coming, but I would not go till Robert had told you the news."

"What news? It ought to be pleasant to judge by Bob's face," replied Gar dreamily. He wondered with a sort of pride if they could guess how little their news could affect him. It was something to see Robert look happy however. "Is Belle better?" he asked, with a consciousness that this news must be about her.

"Better. No, I cannot say that she is,"

replied the vicar, becoming a little grave at the question. "Mary will have it that she gets gradually worse."

"Oh, Mary is always croaking," interrupted Robert hastily.

"It is natural that she should be anxious about her only sister," returned the vicar, mildly. "I cannot bear to see her worry herself so; it is making her quite thin. You know you were getting anxious yourself, Robert."

"Yes, but this will make all the difference; it will put a stop to the unsettled state of things; and then the change of climate, you know."

"You think, then, of arranging it before May?" inquired the vicar significantly.

Robert nodded and then looked at Garton. "We have not told him your news yet. Look here, Gar; we are talking in hieroglyphics, old fellow. What should you say if you had not to go to New Zealand after all?"

Gar stared at him stupidly. Not to go? Of course he was not going now; but how did they know? Robert took up his brother's parable rather impatiently.

"That is not the way to begin, Austin. Gar will never understand us like that. Listen to me, Gar. You recollect Aunt Charlotte's oldest friend, Mr. Ramsay of Stretton?"

"Remember him? Of course I do. Emma Ramsay was a pretty girl, too," he added mischievously for his brother's benefit, and, for a wonder, Robert did not resent the joke.

"Well, she is Emma Tregarthen now—Lady Tregarthen, I should say; and is prettier than she ever was, only rather stout. Well, what should you say, Garton, at Mr. Ramsay sending for me early this morning in quite a friendly way and telling me that he had accidentally heard that I was managing clerk at Broughton & Clayton's, and not getting on so well as I ought in the world, and then making me the most brilliant offer you ever imagined?"

"I should say he was a jolly old fellow, and no end of a brick," cried Garton rapturously. "Is he going to take you into the works at Stretton? Bravo, Bob! The star of the Ords is rising now," and boyish as ever he clapped his brother gaily on the shoulder.

"No nonsense, Gar; you have not heard me out. He can't take me in at Stretton, though I see he wants me, because Carter refuses to be superannuated, and very sensible, too, of Carter. By the by, he told me, Austin, that he had always hoped to see me at the head of that concern, in poor Bob Ramsay's place, but of course the fates would not have it," moralized Robert, looking very handsome and sentimental, as behoves a man who had had to choose between two beautiful girls.

"That was when he hoped you would be his son-in-law," returned the vicar, smiling. "It is getting late, my dear fellow, and you are leaving Garton a long time in the dark."

"Not in the dark now," answered Gar, with a happy laugh, but of course his brother misunderstood him.

"What do you guess?" asked Robert in surprise. "I was utterly taken aback when Mr. Ramsay told me that, knowing how my abilities were thrown away, he had taken the liberty to recommend me to the house

of Fullgrave & Barton, old correspondents of his, who had applied to him for a well-qualified English manager."

"An American house?" exclaimed Garton, opening his eyes.

"Yes, I should have preferred England, if only for Bella's sake. Of course I know she will be willing to accompany me," he continued, with a smile; "still it is hard parting her and Mary. It is all arranged; Mr. Ramsay has the power to arm me with full credentials. I have given Broughton & Clayton three months' notice. My salary is to be six or seven hundred a year, and I trust, before two months are out, Belle will be well enough to marry me. Mr. Ramsay says there can be no objection to my taking a wife out, as we are to have a house rent free on the premises. So Belle will be quite a rich woman," finished Robert; but his voice was a little husky as he thought how late, how very late, all these good things had come to them. More than once the fear had crossed his mind that evening that Belle was hardly fit for the new duties she was to take on herself.

"Have you told her," asked Gar excitedly. "My dear Bob, I heartily congratulate you." He was a little absent now and then; he wondered when a break in his brother's talk would allow him to bring out his news. It was glorious to think that Belle and Robert were at last to be married, and there could be but one opinion at Robert's good fortune; but he must be forgiven a little natural egotism if he wished that Robert would not be quite so prolific.

"No, I have not told Belle yet; Mary begged me to say nothing to-night. Garton, you don't look half surprised enough, and you don't ask me why you are not to go to New Zealand."

"No," returned Garton, trying to suppress his impatience; "I forgot all about that part of it, Robert."

"Well, I am coming to it now. Mr. Ramsay did not send for me this morning only to tell me this news, but because he thought I should be a likely person to assist him in a sudden difficulty; he has no sons, as you know, and his staff, though efficient, is somewhat small, and he wants a trustworthy person with a fair amount of brains to discharge rather a delicate commission for him."

"Well!" ejaculated Garton. Robert was decidedly proud in his happiness; these particulars were not at all interesting to Garton; he began to think of Rotha standing out in the dark with a silver lamp in her hand; he could hear the sweet good-night echoing among the trees; he shifted his place and moved restlessly, somewhat to Austin's amusement, as Robert went on with his explanations.

"You see he is rather in a fix just now, as the Yankees say. He has just heard from very reliable sources that the Yera Cruz mines in South America are not yielding profits to the shareholders—that, in fact, there are rumors of immense losses. Mr. Ramsay is not one of the directors, but he has dabbled very largely in shares; and the person he has appointed to watch his interests over there has not quite come up to the mark. Some of the most influential shareholders have been selling out, a panic has been the result, and the directors want to hush it up; in fact, Mr. Ramsay cannot satisfy himself whether there be serious

cause for alarm or not. Do you follow me?"

"Of course I do," returned Garton, impatiently. He could not understand what Robert was driving at, or why these lengthy particulars should be interesting to him. The vicar, who was watching him, exchanged a droll smile with Robert.

"It does not strike you as particularly interesting, does it? Well, it will soon; don't be in a hurry, Gar; it is coming presently. Well, Mr. Ramsay would go over himself, but he is not as young as he was, and he dreads the voyage; but he asked me if I knew of any one tolerably trusty who would go over there, and who would watch the whole thing for him and keep his eyes and ears open. The process, as Mr. Ramsay explained it, is very simple. His principal business would be to seek out a certain retired Spanish merchant, of whom Mr. Ramsay has lost sight for many years; this Don Gomez would give you—I mean the person in question—every reliable information that was to be had. You see it is very simple. The only thing is, there's not a moment to be lost. Mr. Ramsay wants immediate action."

It was evident Garton was getting very restive; he understood now at what Robert was aiming; he would have to bring out his news in a very different way than he intended; this long business talk was intolerable.

"Well, Gar," continued Robert, good-humoredly, "I suppose you know what I am after now? Mr. Ramsay offered very handsome terms, and I owed him a good turn for what he had done for me. Of course I told him that my brother would be the person. Aren't you glad it is South America and not New Zealand, Gar?"

"You told him I would go!" burst out Gar. "How dare you?—I beg your pardon—what right had you to say such a thing without my leave, Robert?"

"Tut! lad, don't lose your temper. Austin, just look at him. Do you think I would have answered for you if I had not been sure of your consent? Have you not been breaking your heart days enough over the New Zealand scheme? and didn't you tell me that you would go anywhere—to Timbuctoo if I liked?"

"Circumstances alter cases," returned Garton. His muscles were quivering, his whole frame seemed strung up to the contest. He looked every inch an Ord. "I hope you have not given your word, Robert; for I do not mean to go to New Zealand or South America either."

"Hear him," returned Robert in calm exasperation. Did you ever see any one so provoking in your life, Austin?"

"I thought you would have been overjoyed, Gar," said the vicar reprovingly. "Robert thought he was doing the best for you. He knew how you hated the thought of leaving England. The whole thing would not occupy you more than five or six months; it would simply be a pleasant change, and Mr. Ramsay held out the hope to Robert that if you pleased him in the way you discharged your commission he would take you into his works at Stretton."

"And," put in Robert, with an uneasy glance at Garton, "I would not have given my word to Mr. Ramsay if I had had a doubt of your approval; but there was not a moment to be lost—not a moment, Gar-

ton. He wants you to start by the Phoenix next Wednesday."

"And what did you say, Robert?" asked Garton, trying to keep himself still.

"I told him you would go," returned Robert steadily. "Why, Gar, what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, good heavens! give me patience," cried poor Gar. "Robert, you were wrong, very wrong, to pledge your word to Mr. Ramsay. How am I to go now? Indeed I cannot. Miss Maturin and I are engaged!"

A dead silence followed Garton's hasty words. If a thunderbolt had fallen between the three they could scarcely have appeared more astonished. The vicar especially could hardly believe his ears.

"Engaged! You and Rotha!" he gasped out; but Robert interrupted him.

"Do you intend to tell us that you have had the meanness to propose to her?" he almost thundered. But perhaps it is not well to repeat the words of a man when he is angry; forbearance and a tolerant estimate of other men's motives were not among Robert Ord's virtues. The vicar too was at first scarcely less displeased. Neither could rid himself of the impression that Garton had taken an ungenerous advantage of the young heiress.

"Go on," said Garton with a little scorn; "I shall not defend myself."

He folded his arms and listened with pale face and fiery eyes to Robert's brief cutting speeches. The vicar looked disturbed, as well he might, at the high words that raged between the brothers. Oh, the Ord temper! Garton had his share of it, without doubt.

"Hush! that will do, Robert," said Austin in an authoritative manner.

His great calm voice seemed to have an instantaneous effect on the excited young men. He put his hand on Robert's shoulder as he spoke.

"I don't think we ought to be so hard on him, Bobus," using unconsciously the name that belonged to their boyhood. "Let us rather hear what the lad has to say for himself."

"He ought to have gone away like a man without saying anything," returned Robert bitterly; "he told me he would."

"I never said that I would go away without bidding her good bye," replied the other vehemently. "Would you have me sink off like a thief or a coward? Was it my fault that I loved her," burst out Gar, "when every one in my place must have done the same?"

"No, no," broke in the compassionate vicar. He began to estimate the force of Garton's temptation. He held out his hand to the poor boy kindly.

"We've been too hard on you, Gar. Tell us how it all happened, lad."

That touch of real sympathy beat down all Garton's stubbornness in a moment. His eyes glistened. The sullen look passed out of his face.

"I will tell you, Austin," he said eagerly; "but I will have nothing to do with any of his questions. If Robert chooses to insult me, he may take the consequences. I never went near Bryn at all till she sent for me." "Sent for you!" echoed the vicar in surprise.

Robert looked up then with gloomy eyes, but said nothing.

"Yes; she sent me a message by Rube. She had heard all about my going away.

and wanted to prevent it; you, who know so much about her generosity, Austin, can guess what she offered me. She was pressing it on me as innocently as though she were my sister, and I got up and flung her hand away. I don't think I quite knew what I was about, Austin, and then it all came out."

"Hush! don't say any more. Yes, I understand." He turned his back on Garton, and began to walk up and down the room as though some what agitated; understand—of course he did—he could see it all clearly. The frank offer of assistance and the abrupt refusal, the girl's innocent reproaches and the poor fellow's sudden burst of anguish; he could fancy the sternness with which Garton flung away the little hand and rose to depart. Perhaps she saw his look of despair, and—

"Yes, yes, I see how it was," muttered the vicar. He turned back and put his hands on Garton's shoulders, and looked up in the young man's face with kind wistful eyes:

"Do you think you are worthy of her, Gar? Oh, Gar, you are both so young for your age; are you sure that you know your own minds?"

Garton was silent a moment, and an expression almost of sadness crossed his face. "I shall try my best, Austin, and you may depend on that; but how can I ever hope to come up to her?"

The vicar smiled a little sadly; he seemed about to speak and then checked himself.

"You were going to say something Austin?"

"Yes, but I was afraid I might hurt you; the fact is the world will judge you somewhat harshly in this, Garton; it will say, and justly too I think, that a man has no right to owe everything to his wife."

"That is what I say," muttered Robert. Garton looked from one to the other rather doubtfully.

"Perhaps it might not do in some cases," he said at last very slowly. "Of course I should prefer it otherwise—any man would; but I shall not be such a fool as to let my pride stand in the way. I think it would be cowardly after what she said," and the dark face worked and softened as he remembered Rutha's words—"I was but a poor girl, Garton, without a friend but Meg in the world, till all these good things came to me; but what are they worth—what is anything worth—unless I may share them with those I love?" She had said this to him in her sweet humility; would he ever forget those words? He knew what she meant; with womanly generosity she was stripping herself of all adventitious distinctions; her wealth was to be apart from herself, a mere adjunct of circumstances. In these few words she would have him know that in her sight they were more than equals.

Rutha's unworldly nature was likely to be a great comfort to Garton; it gave him strength now to repel his brother's forcible argument; it was not well in some cases, perhaps, but to be daunted by such a bugbear as this would be unmanly, he told himself; but Austin's words were, nevertheless, very grievous to him.

He stood with a clouded face while Austin looked at his watch and exclaimed abruptly at the lateness of the hour.

"If you are going in next door I shall come with you," he said, with some decision,

when the vicar seemed preparing for departure. Austin sighed wearily, but offered no objection to the lad's impatience; the conversation would keep, he thought, till to-morrow, but Garton was evidently not of his opinion. Robert watched them out with gloomy eyes; he sighed bitterly once or twice when he was left alone.

"Who would have thought the boy would have had such good taste?" he said, half aloud, as he dragged his chair nearer to the fire and stirred the decaying embers together. "Pshaw! if she be what they make out, how could such a woman care for him?" he continued, disdainfully. He struck the logs heavily with his boots—a shower of bright sparks flew hither and thither. "Gar has no pride," he muttered, leaning his elbows on his knees and staring at the flame. "If I had loved her ever so, I would have gone away without saying one word to her, if she looked at me forever with her soft, pitiful eyes; eyes—I never saw any woman's like them, they talk to you almost like a dumb animal's;" he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked steadily into the lurid cavern before him. What face was that that seemed to start up suddenly before him? Not Belle's, certainly; there is no halo of pale golden hair, no gray eyes brimful of unspoken fondness. This is a sweet, tired face, with brown hair blowing softly over the temples, the lips quiver sadly, the eyes are full of passionate brown fire. "I would rather walk till I dropped—till I died—before I touched your arm!" he wonders with a groan when these bitter words will cease to haunt him. Well, Garton has a strong arm, and she will lean on that—on that—a strange smile wreathes his pale lips as he follows out this thought—"Oh, Robert, Robert Ord, the time will soon come when you will wish that you had never been born than that you should see such a sight as that."

One can imagine what sort of kind, brotherly counsel the vicar gave when the study door had closed on him and Garton, and how he forgot his weariness, and patiently listened to the young man's eager outpourings. Garton got more than a glimpse of the great loving heart then; he listened with tender reverence when Austin touched gently on his failings and pointed out the path of duty that lay before him.

"You must go away, that you may be worthy of her," he said, not heeding how Garton winced at his words. "You must work bravely for her and yourself too before you can enjoy your reward. When you come back you will be in a far different position, Garton, from what you now occupy. Then you will have earned something toward your college expenses; your career will be open to you, and the good things will not come into empty hands as they do now."

"Enough, I will go," said the young man; he held out his hand to his brother, and the vicar was almost startled at his paleness. "I hope you will not have reason to repent of your advice, Austin," he added with a wistful smile, touching in his sadness; "but it shall never be said that I shirked my duty."

He went back into the next house and walked up straight to Robert, who was still sitting, brooding over the embers, with his elbows on his knees.

"Well," said Robert, not looking up at

him, however, "you and Austin have found plenty to talk about."

"You are right," returned Garton, sadly. All the brightness had gone out of his face; he looked weary and dull. "Robert, you meant it for the best, and I will not say any longer that you were wrong. I will go by the 'Phoenix' on Wednesday." Robert looked up quickly, and then in a moment all his silliness melted, and his whole heart yearned over his brother.

"God bless you, lad, you have lifted a weight off my mind. I did give my word; and, Gar, I really thought I was doing it for your good."

"Don't let's say another word about it, Bob. I've got to do it, and that's all."

"Yes; but I must say something. Look here, dear boy, I did not mean half of all those hard things I have been saying."

"Did you not, Robert?"

"No, of course not; but I felt for the moment as though you had disgraced us all."

"I shall never do anything to disgrace you," returned Garton, quietly. "How can I when she cares for me? I am glad you have told me this, Bobus. It makes it easier for me to go away. If I never come back"—his voice faltered—"you will try to think the best of me, will you not, dear old Bobus?" And before his brother could answer he dashed his hand across his eyes and hurriedly left the room.

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXI.

Our Lord, in describing the fate of the wasted seed, tells us, "That which fell among thorns are they which, when they have heard, go forth and are choked with care and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection." We are here taught that anxious care, no less than avarice and frivolity, mars the work of grace and stifles the religious life.

Let us think first, however, how wretched, as well as wasteful and sinful, is Anxious Care.

Our present happiness depends very largely upon tranquillity of spirit. For every day that dawns upon us brings its blessings, and before it passes away will afford opportunity for many quiet enjoyments. If the heart be not wrung with remorse, or agitated by disquiet, we can scarce help being happy. To-day, for instance, the gentle breath of morning comes to meet us, as we awake to consciousness. All day long we have the freedom of God's beautiful world; we have work to do adapted to our capacity, and in which it is not hard to be interested; as we have gone forth to our daily duties, we see leaves and flowers which bear witness that our Maker will feed the great multitude who depend upon Him; in the midst of labor we see some kind faces, and interchange some kindly words, and when we turn from it, few but have some to look for their coming, and to listen with interest to what they tell. And underneath all this may lie the ever-throbbing consciousness of the Christian heart. I am yet but in the ante-chamber of the universe, standing here with things inferior; presently the heavens

shall open for me, and I shall see that full-orbed glory whose dim reflections make the earth so gay.

"What right," I ask, "has any man to be unhappy."

But listen to that sigh; mark that sad face, index of a heavy soul. See how indifferently this creature goes to his daily toil, and how joylessly he uses present mercies. What shall I eat? What shall I drink? Wherewith shall I be clothed? Things are well enough to-day, but that uncertain to-morrow, how shall it be provided for?

Such thoughts as these incapacitate men for any present happiness. Imagination, in its power of creating misfortunes, transcends even the ordinary course of nature. In the effort to wring from the reluctant future the secrets which it will not tell, to force into shape and being, events and accidents which as yet exist only in the mind of God; the soul is tossed about like a leaf in the wind, the sport of fears and doubts and of all absurd imaginings.

The world itself must admit, that he who could teach it to concern itself with its proper business and to leave the rest to God, who would deliver it from all the burden of sorrow which is merely in prospect and imagination, would almost half restore to us the paradise we have lost.

It is, then, in kind consideration for our happiness that the Master warns us against Anxious Care. For be it noted, that the "thought" forbidden in the Sermon on the Mount, is identical with the "cares" which choke the Word. The Greek word is the same.

There is a deep pathos in our Saviour's word, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The inevitable trials of life are numerous enough without any exaggerations of fancy and unbelief. God knows well our need of humiliation, and to that end ordains the daily sorrow, and He knows also, the capacity we have to endure the chastening necessary to make us humble and stay His hand in time. In the natural order of things we must be vexed and wounded and disappointed. We endure pain and losses and bereavement and sickness. We must sometimes bow before the storm of trouble sent by Providence, and sometimes be stung with man's ingratitude and unkindness. Why should we then embitter life by troubling ourselves with that which doth not concern us, when we have real adversaries in the present, why wrestle with the phantoms of the future, shadowy and yet terrible?

There is, indeed, a certain prophetic skill taught by experience, and exercised by the thoughtful; a prudent forecast which serves to blunt the edge of misfortune. These we are bound to use. But when we have considered the course that things are likely to take, when we have made reasonable provision for the morrow, we have done all we know how to do. As for knowing certainly what is to be, as for controlling results, as for grasping in our minds the infinite combinations of events, the effort is preposterous.

For instance, men may engage in business with reasonable prospects of success, or invest their means upon reasonable security, or adopt such measures and habits as by experience are found to promote health and preserve life; but a business without dan-

ger, an investment without risk, absolute impunity from disease and death—these we may not find. Time and chance, as the wise man saith, happen unto all men, and we have nothing to reproach ourselves with if it often prove that we are not infallible.

All these fears of imagined evil, all this corroding, anxious, vexing care about the evil which to-morrow may bring or the good which to-morrow may defeat, is so much self-punishment, so much additional weight heaped on our shoulders and bowing us into the dust. We make ourselves miserable about contingencies which never happen, and are stricken down by a blow never suspected.

I have read of a good woman whose friends were amazed to see her perfectly cheerful and happy, though her physician had declared to her that she had an incurable cancer. Only a year or two before she had nursed a sister who had suffered excruciating agonies for many months from the same fearful disease. She died from fever or some acute disease before the cancer had ever given her a moment's pain. How much suffering had she been saved by not giving way to Anxious Care!

Men have been disturbed in considering how they should find means to educate their children. God has taken the little ones away, and then they saw that they had disquieted themselves for naught.

Alas! that we are so slow to learn the simple lesson that duties are ours, results are God's.

Touching our duty, we cannot be too thoughtful, but as for the result, the weal or woe of the morrow, we cannot leave that too confidently in the hands of God.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

"Troubled on Every Side."

Exodus xiii. 30-32; xiv. 1-15.

Verse 20. It is supposed that Raampses or Rameses was the starting point of the march, that at Succoth the gathering of the whole people took place, and Etham was where they entered on the wilderness and left Egypt. Etham is supposed to be at the southern end of the Bitter Lakes, Succoth on the western shore.

Verse 21. "Pillar of cloud by day, pillar of fire by night." These two signs were clearly supernatural, and at the same time those best fitted to furnish a clear and simple guide. It is undoubtedly that the same was dark by day and luminous by night, and this also shows that the march was by night, probably with a long halt and resting in the middle of the day. Also different parts of the same army would be on the march, some later and some earlier. Hence, if the van reached a halting place at sunset, the rear would have some time before coming up with it, even with the compactness of an Oriental march.

Verse 22. This sign continued during the whole of the forty years of the exodus.

Chap. xiv., verse 1. This is the first command given to the people on their journey.

Verse 2. "Turn." That is instead of going northward to the Isthmus of Suez, to go southward parallel to the Red Sea coast. "Encamp before Pi-hahiroth." This name is probably preserved in the Ajrud, now only a fort. Baal-zephon and Migdol are not to be identified. There is a plain ten

miles long and about as many broad, which extends from Ajrud to the sea, and was probably the place of encampment for Israel. To reach this point from Etham would require a bend in their course. One difficulty in topography is that the Red Sea has receded.

Verse 3. This encampment was to give Pharaoh time to repent of his yielding, and to overtake the Hebrews. "Entangled." Their halt would imply that they were in a sort of *cul de sac*, unable to go on, caught between the sea and the mountains, in a plain too incapable of long supporting them.

Verse 4. This is for the purpose of bringing upon Pharaoh deserved punishment. "Harden Pharaoh's heart." Suffer it to grow hard. It was fear, not compassion or justice, which made him let the people go. Therefore to harden his heart would be to waken anew his resolution and obstinacy. The short-lived impression of the Paschal Night needed to be deepened. There was no doubt a religious apostasy going on at the same time with the change of policy toward Israel.

Verse 5. It was the flight of Israel, and not their position in the desert which led to the purpose to pursue. This was strengthened of course by the easy opportunity presented of reducing them again to slavery. The regret was for the loss of a profitable bond-people. And it was shared by the king's servants, probably by all the higher caste portion of the Egyptians.

Verse 6. "His chariot." His own especial war equipage. "Took his people." His own especial body-guard, the royal guard, who were to fight immediately under his eye.

Verse 7. "Six hundred chosen chariots." These were the *élite* of his forces. The strength of Egypt lay in these, which corresponded to modern artillery. Their purpose was to break the ranks of the foe, and also to form a sort of movable fortress, from which spears and arrows could be shot. "All the chariots of Egypt." That is, what others he could muster from the general force. The "six hundred" were a sort of "household troops," the picked brigade or division of the king. "Captains over every one of them." There seems to be a good deal of doubt over the meaning of this phrase, but if each chariot was a sort of nucleus of its own fighting force this would be clear enough. It would make the proportion between the two armies more nearly, as it probably was.

Verse 8. "Hardened the heart." Not necessarily made him more cruel and vindictive, but gave new resolution to pursue the flying. "Went out with an high hand." Rather, "the children of Israel were going out with an high hand." That is, the Lord's hand, which Pharaoh would not see to be on their side.

Verse 9. There is intimated here a three-fold force. The chariots and horses, the cavalry, and the infantry overlook them—that is, came in sight of them in their encampment. "Before Baal-zephon." This last is evidently a place consecrated to some heathen god (literally Place of Typhon). It was probably a mountain peak or range, and Migdol was on another height of the Atâkah. The particularity with which these names are given implies well-known localities.

Verse 10. The approach of Pharaoh was so imminent that the pursued were able to

recognize the pursuers. This might be, while the space of some miles was between the armies. "They were sore afraid." They had not the least spirit of resistance, even if they had the means. Bishop Wordsworth doubts their possession of weapons.

Verse 11. Moses experiences the first of their many rebellions. "No graves in Egypt." It has been thought that the sight of the burial places in the sides of the mountains may have suggested this murmur, which is meant as a bitter sarcasm.

Verse 12. This refers to the complaints which they sent up when the exactions of Pharaoh were increased upon them. They laid the blame of their affliction upon Moses. They show the thoroughly slavish temper, which proves that this bondage was no thing of yesterday.

Verse 13. Moses tries to rally the people from their fears. "Stand still." That is, wait. "Make no effort for yourselves." The marginal reading of the next clause is, "for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to-day, ye shall see them again no more forever." The purpose is to cheer them with hope.

Verse 14. "Hold your peace." That is, remain passive, the Lord should fight for them.

Verse 15. "Wherefore criest thou unto me?" It looks as if Moses, though confident before the people, had his own secret misgivings toward the Lord. "That they go forward." Order the people to resume their march.

MR. RUSKIN ON SAINTS.

The ordinary needs and labors of life, the ordinary laws of its continuance, (says Mr. Ruskin) require many states of temper and phases of character inconsistent with the perfectest types of Christianity. Pride, the desire of bodily pleasure, anger, ambition—at least, so far as the word implies a natural pleasure in governing—pugnacity, obstinacy, and the selfish family and personal affections, have all their necessary offices—for the most part wide and constant—in the economy of the world. The saintly virtues—humility, resignation, patience, obedience, meaning the love of obeying rather than of commanding, fortitude against all temptations of bodily pleasure and the full-flowing charity forbids a selfish love, are all conditions of mind possible to few, and manifestly meant to furnish forth those who are to be seen as fixed lights in the world; and by no means to be the native inheritance of fireflies. Wherever these virtues truly and naturally exist, the persons endowed with them become, without any doubt or difficulty, eminent in blessing to, and in rule over, the people around them, and are thankfully beloved and remembered as princes of God for evermore. Cuthbert of Melrose, Martin of Tours, Benedict of Monte Casinò, Hugo of Lincoln, Genevieve of Paris, Hilda of Whithy, Clara of Assisi, Joan of Orleans, have been beyond any denial, and without one diminishing or disgraceful fault or flaw, powers for good to all the healthy races, and in all the goodly spirits of the Christendom which honors them; and the candor of final history will show that their unknown, or known but to be slandered, servants and disciples, have been the ministers of vital energy in every beautiful art and holy state of its national life.

SELWYN HALL EVENING HYMN.

BY THE REV. GEO. H. NORTON.

O Saviour from Thy throne above,
Thy peace on us bestow!
That we encircled by Thy love
No fear or shame may know;
But as we raise our hymn of praise
In this our evening prayer,
With radiant light, may angels bright
Thy gracious blessing bear.

The gathering shades of eventide
Fall round us as we pray,
O Lord, be ever at our side,
Till darkness ends with day!
Be Thou a bright and glorious light
In darksome hours of pain;
With beams divine, O Saviour shine,
In hours when joy shall reign.
O Saviour, ere our steps depart
From this Thy service best,
May grace be poured in every heart,
That peaceful be our rest;
May thought and word by angel heard
Be stainless, pure and true,
That by thoud's hours and manhood's powers
Be crowned with courage new.

THE ALMIGHTINESS OF THE ALMIGHTY.

BY R. W. LOWRIE.

There can not be an act of creation without a creating Cause. Call it what you may, it is the Creator. We call this Creator, this first Cause, this Cause of causes, God, tho' had we said Dieu, or Deus, or Theos, it were all the same. God thus is; he exists essentially; nor could He have been the creator of this creation had he not been omnipotent. He has formed all out of nothing. He must have existed before what he formed, or he could not have created it; He thus had about Him nothing out of which to create; hence, He created all out of nought. Only Omnipotence could do this.

Admit the existence of a Creator, and that which thus follows from it—the almightiness of the Almighty—and you have admitted all, everything that the reasonable Christian can claim.

If the Almighty be almighty, there is no limit to Him. He is infinite. He has unlimited power, and therefore may do what He will; unlimited wisdom, and hence can make no mistake. He never blunders and then patches things up. He had no need: at all power, all time and all wisdom were (and are) at His august disposal.

When, then, we complain of evil, reflect that evil had to be, or it had never been. God would have done without it, had it been possible to an Almighty Being to have made the world otherwise than He has. Evil is only absence of good, as darkness is nothing positive, but only absence of light. An Almighty Being could make the world only in one way—the best way. He has made it; hence all is for the best. And so, with other matters about which many are troubled. We cannot see them as they are. Many things are largely as they appear to us. We see through a glass, darkly. We do not yet see face to face. The best that you and I can get of very many things is a view, often only a "birdseye view"; at the best generally a stereoscopic view. Hence, "views" are dangerous; hence, the Church has none. She is afraid of bits and patches; and is not willing to let these go as the

whole canvas, or panorama. How little of a battle can any one private soldier see, and how little we trusted these eloquent Ciceros who gave us our first accounts of Bull Run and Manassas—at least how little we trusted them after we learned and realized that a battlefield was larger than a retinae. Well, so in these other matters. As there is nothing so unlike a battle as a review, so often is there nothing so unlike the full truth as our poor, ignorant views and opinions of it. With religious truths all this is the more so, since they are the most difficult to comprehend and apprehend.

But once admit, my dear friends, the simple fact of a Creator, and that which follows from it—that He is necessarily almighty—and you admit all. From this simple confession may be derived all the comfort you require, and on it may be built that dogmatic system which, laying aside all technical difficulties, your soul longs for, in common with the souls of many of your naturally religious temperament.

You say—only this—nothing more? I reply, Reason out in your own mind the comforting inferences which run in the train of the one fact, that our God is almighty. If He is (and He must be, in order to be) then He is love. Every attribute which He possesses is without limit. He cannot love unjustly. He cannot be unlovingly just. He can (and does) hate sin, yet endure the sinner. He cannot, for His truth is an element of His almightiness. Like the king in English law fiction, He can do no wrong; yet He is monarch of monarchs, and does right after an almighty fashion, on a plane of infinitude, and with all eternity as His work-day. We do not see all this, for we catch in the camera of thought only, at best, a stereoscopic view of the mighty and ever-moving scene.

Were it possible to confer them on any person, that person, having time enough and means enough, could move the Rockies into the Pacific. So I would define "omnipotence" to be simply means and time, each unlimited. These God possesses. Can such a Being, then—one so clothed with the essential conditions, or rather, as the Germans like to call Him, "the unconditioned"—can He err, cause evil unnecessarily, allow injustice to prosper for a time and merit to suffer till He shall say thus far and no farther? Death is necessary, or things had been arranged without it. Pain must be, or He would not have allowed it. Even sin had to be, or it had never been in this best plan—a plan which could not have been otherwise, or an Almighty Power would have had it so.

Excuse rambling, and possibly repetition. Excuse a public use, too, which I intend to make of a part of this letter to you. And if the editor will allow, perhaps you may see copies of other letters to you all, now and then, in print. Others may be comforted with the comfort wherewith you say you are comforted by some of these my hasty lines.

Grant, my friend, *Deus est*, and to this add *omnipotens*, and you grant all I want you to. Can perfection work imperfectly? Can an almighty person ever fall below His best? Is anything but His best possible to Him? Ask yourself these questions. And write me, as usual, when you please.

NUMBERS iv: 24-27.

BY F. V.

Through the hushed chambers of our listening hearts

Steals from afar a voice we know so well—
A loving Saviour's voice sweet peace imparts;
And like the melody of some cathedral bell,
In benediction falls.

The Lord bless thee with His love;

The Lord keep thee by His grace;

And grant thee, in the darkest hour,
Light from the shining of His face.

When the storms of life shall lower,

May His sweet presence give thee strength;

Then when at rest on His almighty power
You learn to trust Him perfectly at length,
God grant His peace.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BY E. M. B.

All the world has heard of the great scientist—of his untiring investigations, his wonderful discoveries; how his whole life was devoted to science, and how glorious that life was from its beginning to its close. How few have heard of his great devotion to his God and his Church. In daily contact with the most eminent philosophers of his day, many of whom were materialists and many more unbelievers, still his faith, like the "house upon the rock," remained firm and unshaken. The son of a poor blacksmith, and obliged at thirteen years of age to earn his own living, yet through all the changes of an ever-expanding mental growth and an ever-widening fame, the influence of the teachings of that humble home in which he was taught the fear of God never left him. Brought up a Sandemanian, a sect both exclusive and seclusive, obliged to conform to restrictions, which to a man of his broad culture must have been at times irksome, he remained loyal to the Church of his fathers. He was never aggressive. We have no information that he ever tried to infuse a more liberal spirit into the Church, of which he was a devout member, elder, and teacher. It has been said of him that his reverence for God's Word was so great that he never wrote or allowed a quotation to pass his lips unless convinced of the sympathy of the person with whom he was holding intercourse.

His great kindness of disposition manifested itself in a variety of ways. In his great consideration for others, his cheerful willingness to assist the most humble inquirer, and in his great love for children, for whom he prepared a series of short lectures on chemistry, and was as happy and enthusiastic while delivering them as the children for whom they were intended. It is also told that a little boy of his acquaintance used to give lectures, and Faraday liked to join the family audience, and would listen attentively and applaud heartily. He retained this love for and interest in children to the very last. His great love of truth was the foundation upon which his magnificent character was built. A character so grand yet so simple; so noble yet so gentle; so profound yet so childlike in its faith; making the most searching investigations into nature, yet bowing with meekness and humility before nature's God, always trusting, never doubting, and at the last waiting patiently and fearlessly for the great change.

At the close of his life this very great man said: "I can not think that death has to the Christian anything in it that should make it other than a constant thought; out of the view of death comes the view of life beyond the grave; as out of the view of sin comes the glorious hope. My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy is it for all of us that the true good lies not in them." His release came quietly, almost imperceptibly; and, as his biographer says, "There was a philosopher less on earth, and a saint more in heaven."

WIKKEY—A SCRAP.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Ruskin has it that we are all kings and queens, possessing realms and treasures. However this may be, it is certain that there are souls born to reign over the hearts of their fellows, kings walking about the world in broad-cloth and fustian, shooting-jackets, ulsters, and what not—awaying hearts at will, though it may be all unconscious of their power; and only the existence of some such psychological fact as this will account for the incident which I am about to relate.

Lawrence Granby was, beyond all doubt, one of these royal ones, his kingdom being co-extensive with the circle of his acquaintance—not that he was in the least aware of the power he exercised over all who came in contact with him, as he usually attributed the fact that he "got on" with people "like a house on fire" to the good qualities possessed by "other fellows." Even the comforts by which he was surrounded in his lodging by his landlady and former nurse, Mrs. Evans, he considered as the result of the dame's innate geniality, though the opinion entertained of her by her underlings and by those who met her in the way of business was scarcely as favorable. He was a handsome fellow too, this Lawrence, six feet three, with a curly brown head and the frankest blue eyes that ever looked pityingly, almost wonderingly, on the small and weak things of the earth. And the boy, Wikkey Whiston, was a crossing-sweeper. I am sorry for this, for I fancy people are becoming a little tired of the race, in story-books at least, but as he was a crossing-sweeper it cannot be helped. It would not mend matters much to invest him with some other profession, especially as it was while sitting, broom in hand, under the lamp-post at one end of his crossing that he first saw Lawrence Granby, and if he had never seen Lawrence Granby I should not be writing about him at all.

It was a winter's morning in 1860, bright as it is possible for such a morning to be in London, but piercingly cold, and Wikkey had brushed and re-brushed the pathway—which scarcely needed it, the east wind having already done half the work—just to put some feeling of warmth into his thin frame before seating himself in his usual place beneath the lamp-post. There were a good many passers-by for it was the time of day at which clerks and business men are on the way to their early occupation, and the boy scanned each face in the fashion that had become habitual to him in his life-long look out for coppers. Presently he saw approaching a peculiarly tall figure, and looked at it curiously, tracing its height upward from his own stunted point of view till he en-

countered the cheery glance of Lawrence Granby. Wikkey was strangely fascinated by the blue eyes looking down so far above him, and scarcely knowing what he did, he rose and went shambling on alongside of the young man, his eyes riveted on his face, Lawrence, however, being almost unconscious of the boy's presence till his attention was drawn to him by the friend with whom he was walking, who said, laughing and pointing to Wikkey, "Friend of yours, eh? Seems to know you." Then he looked down again and met the curious, intent stare fixed upon him.

"Well, small boy! I hope you'll know me again," he said.

To which Wikkey promptly returned, in the shrill, aggressively aggrieved voice of the London Arab: "I reckon it don't do you no harm, granver; a cat may look at a king."

Lawrence laughed, and threw him a copper, saying, "You are a cheeky little fellow," and went on his way.

Wikkey stood looking after him, and then picked up the penny, holding it between his cold hands, as though it possessed some warming properties, and muttering, "It seems fur to warm a chap to look at him," and then he sat down once more, still pondering over the apparition that had so fascinated him. Oddly enough, the imputation of cheekiness rankled in his mind in a most unusual fashion—not that Wikkey entertained the faintest objection to "cheek" in the abstract, and there were occasions on which any backwardness in its use would betray a certain meanness of spirit; for instance, to the natural enemy of the race—the Bobby—it was only right to exhibit as much of the article as was compatible with safety. Indeed, the inventor of a fresh sarcasm, biting in its nature, yet artfully shrouded in language which might be safely addressed to an arm of the law was considered by his fellows in the light of a public benefactor. The errand-boy also, who, because he carried a parcel or basket and happened to wear shoes, felt himself at liberty to cast obloquy on those whose profession was of a more desultory nature, and whose clothing was scantier—he must be held in check and his pride lowered by sarcasms yet more biting and far less veiled. These things were right and proper, but Wikkey felt uncomfortable under an imputation of "cheekiness" from the "big chap" who had so taken his fancy, and wondered at his own feeling. That evening, as Lawrence walked briskly homeward, after his day's work, he became aware of the pale, wizen face again looking up into his through the dusk, and of a shrill voice at his side.

"I say granver, you hadn't no call fur to call me cheeky; I didn't mean no cheek, only I likes the look of yer; it seems fur to warm a chap."

Lawrence stopped this time, and looked curiously at the boy, at the old, keen eyes gazing at him so hungrily.

"You are a strange lad if you are not a cheeky one," he said. "Why do you like the look of me?"

"I dunno," said Wikkey, and then he repeated his formula, "It seems to warm a chap."

"You must be preelous cold if that will do it, poor little lad. What's your name?"

"Wikkey."

"Wikkey? Is that all?"

"No, I've another name about me somewhere, but I can't just mind of it. They allus calls me Wikkey."

"Poor lad!" Lawrence said again, looking at the thin skeleton frame, sadly visible through the tattered clothing. "Poor little chap! it's sharp weather for such a mite as you. There! get something to warm you." And feeling in his pocket he drew out half-a-crown, which he slipped into Wikkey's hand, and then turned and walked away. Wikkey stood looking after him with two big tears rolling down his dirty face; it was so long since any one had called him a poor little chap, and he repeated the words over and over as he threaded his way in the darkness to the dreary lodging usually called "Skimmedges," and kept by a grim woman of that name.

"It seems fur to warm a chap," he said again, as he crept under the wretched blanket which Mrs. Skimmedge designated and charged for as a bed.

From that day forward Wikkey was possessed by one idea—that of watching for the approach of the "big chap," following his steps along the crossing, and then, if possible, getting a word or look on which to live until the next blissful moment should arrive. Nor was he often disappointed, for Lawrence having recently obtained employment in a certain government office, and Wikkey's crossing happening to lie on the shortest way from his own abode to the scene of his daily labor, he seldom varied his route, and truth to say, the strange little figure, always watching so eagerly for his appearance, began to have an attraction for him. He wondered what the boy meant by it, and at first, naturally connected the idea of coppers with Wikkey's devotion; but he soon came to see that it went deeper than that, for with a curious instinct of delicacy which the lad would probably have been quite unable to explain to himself, he would sometimes hang back as Lawrence reached the pavement, and nod his funny "Good night, guvner," from midway on his crossing, in a way that precluded any suspicion of mercenary motives.

But at last there came a season of desolation very nearly verging on despair. Day after day for a week—ten days—a fortnight—did Wikkey watch in vain for his hero. Poor lad, he could not know that Lawrence had been suddenly summoned to the country and had arranged for a substitute to take his duty for a fortnight; and the terrible thought haunted the child that the big chap had changed his route, perhaps even out of dislike to his—Wikkey's—attentions, and he should never see his face again. The idea was horrible—so horrible that as it became strengthened by each day's disappointment, and at last took possession of the boy's whole soul, it sapped away what little vitality there was in the small, fragile frame, leaving it an easy prey to the biting wind which caught his breath away as he crept shivering around the street corners, and to the frost which clutched the thinly-clad body. The cough, which Wikkey scarcely remembered ever being without, increased to such violence as to shake him from head to foot, and his breathing became hard and painful; yet still he clung to his crossing with the pertinacity of despair, scanning each figure that approached with eager, hungry eyes. He had laid out part of Lawrence's half-crown on a woollen muffler,

which at first had seemed a marvel of comfort, but the keen north-easter soon found its way even through that, and the hot pies on which he expended the rest did not warm him for very long; there came a day, too, when he could only hold his pie between his frozen hands, dreamily wondering why he felt no wish to eat it, why the sight of it made him feel so sick. A dreadful day that was. Mechanically, Wikkey from time to time, swept his way slowly over the crossing, but the greater part of the time he spent sitting at the foot of the lamp-post at either end, coughing and shivering, and now and then dozing and starting up in terror lest the "big chap" should have passed by during his brief unconsciousness. Dusk came on and then lamp-light, and still Wikkey sat there. A policeman passing on his beat saw the haggard face and heard the choking cough. "You'd best be off home my lad," he said, pausing a moment; "you don't look fit to be out on a night like this;" and Wikkey taking the remark to be only another form of the oft-heard injunction to "move on," seized his broom and began sweeping as in an evil dream—then sank down exhausted on the other side. It was getting late, later than he usually stayed, but something seemed to warn him that this might be his last chance, and he remained crouching there, almost too-far gone to be conscious of the cold, till on a sudden there came, piercing through the dull mist of returning consciousness, a voice saying:

"Hullo, Wikkey! you are late to-night."

And starting upward with wild startled eyes the boy saw Lawrence Granby. He staggered to his feet and gasped out:

"You've come, have you? I've been a watching and a waiting of you, and I thought as you'd never come again."

Then the cough seized him, shaking him till he could only cling to the lamp-post for support till it was over, and then slip down in a helpless heap on the pavement.

"Wikkey, poor little chap, how bad you are," said Lawrence, looking sadly down on the huddled-up figure; you oughtn't to be out. You—'you haven't been watching for me like this!"

"I've been a watching and a watching," Wikkey answered, in faint, hoarse tones, "and I thought you'd taken to another crossing and I'd never see you again."

"Poor little chap! poor little lad!" was all the young man could find to say, while there rose up in his heart an impulse which his common sense tried hard to suppress, but in vain. "Wikkey" he said at last, "you must come home with me;" and he took one of the claw-like hands in his warmly-gloved one, and walked on slowly out of compassion for the child's feeble limbs; even then, however, they soon gave way, and Wikkey once more slid down crying on the pavement, there was nothing for it but for Lawrence to gather up the child in his strong arms, and stride on, wondering whether after all it were not too late to revive the frozen-out life. For one blissful moment Wikkey felt himself held close and warm, and his head nestled against the woolly ulster, and then all was blank.

To say that Lawrence enjoyed his position would be going too far. Whatever might be Wikkey's mental peculiarities, his exterior differed in no way from that of the ordinary street Arab, and such close contact could not fail to be trying to a young man

more than usually sensitive in matters of cleanliness; but Lawrence strode manfully on with his strange burden, choosing out the least frequented streets and earnestly hoping he might meet none of his acquaintances, till at last he reached his lodgings and admitted himself into a small well-lighted hall, where, after calling "Mrs. Evans," he stood under the lamp awaiting her arrival, not without considerable trepidation, and becoming each moment more painfully conscious how extraordinary his behavior must appear in her eyes.

"Mrs. Evans," he began, as the good lady emerged from her own domain on the ground floor. "Mrs. Evans, I have brought this boy"—then he paused, not knowing how to enter upon the needful explanation under the chilling influence of Mrs. Evans's severe and respectful silence.

"I dare say you are surprised," he went on at last in desperation; "but the poor child is terribly ill, dying, I think, and if you could do anything."

"Of course, Mr. Lawrence, you do as you think proper," Mrs. Evans returned, preserving her severest manner, though she eyed Wikkey with some curiosity; "only if you had mentioned when you engaged my rooms that you intended turning them into a refuge for vagabonds, it would have been more satisfactory to all parties."

"I know all that. I know it very inconsiderate of me, and I am very sorry; but you see the little fellow is so bad—he looks just like little Robin, nurse."

Mrs. Evans sniffed at the comparison, but the allusion to the child she had so fondly tended, as he sank into an early grave, was all its effect; together with the seldom revived appellation of "nurse," and her mollified manner encouraged Lawrence to continue.

"If you wouldn't mind getting a hot bath ready in the kitchen, I will manage without troubling you."

"I hope, Mr. Lawrence, that I know my place better than that," was the reply, and forthwith Mrs. Evans, who, beneath a somewhat stern exterior, possessed a really good heart, took Wikkey under her wing, administered warmth and restoratives, washed the grimy little form, crooned and scrubbed the matted locks, and so on the boy, dreamily conscious and wondrously happy, was lying before a blazing fire, clean and fair to look on, enveloped in one of Mrs. Evans's own night-dresses. Then the question arose, where was Wikkey to pass the night, followed by a whispered dialogue and emphatic "Nothing will be safe" from the lady of the house. All of which the boy perfectly understood, he remarked:

"I ain't a prig; I'll not take nothin'."

There was a touch of injured innocence in the tone; it was simply the statement of a fact which might easily have been otherwise, and the entire matter-of-factness of the assertion inspired Lawrence with a good deal of confidence, together with the cough which returned on the slightest movement, and would effectually prevent a noiseless evasion on the part of poor Wikkey. So once more he was lifted up in the strong arms and carried to a sofa in Lawrence's own room, where snugly tucked up in blankets, he soon fell asleep. His benefactor, after prolonged meditation in his arm-chair, likewise betook himself to rest, having decided that a doctor must be the first consideration on the following morning, and that

the next step would be to consult Reg—Reg would be able to advise him; it was his business to understand about such matters.

A terrible fit of coughing proceeding from the sofa awoke Lawrence next morning, startling him into sudden recollection of the evening's adventure; and when the shutters were opened Wikkey looked so fearfully and exhausted in the pale gray light, that he made all speed to summon Mrs. Evans, and to go himself for the doctor. The examination of the patient did not last long, and at its conclusion the doctor muttered something about the "workhouse—as of course, Mr. Granby, you are not prepared!" The look of imploring agony which flashed from the large, wide-open eyes made Lawrence sign to the doctor to follow him into another room, but before leaving Wikkey he gave him an encouraging nod, saying:

"All right, Wikkey. I'll come back. Well," he said, as they entered the sitting-room, "what do you think of him?"

"Think? There's not much thinking in the matter; the boy is dying, Mr. Granby, and if you wish to remove him you had better do so at once."

"How long will it be?"

"A week or so I should say, or it might be sooner, though these cases sometimes linger longer than one expects. The mischief is of long standing, and this is the end."

Lawrence remained for some time lost in thought.

"Poor little chap!" he said at last, sadly. "Well, thank you, doctor. Good-morning."

"Do you wish any steps taken with regard to the workhouse, Mr. Granby?" asked the doctor, preparing to depart.

Wikkey's beseeching eyes rose up before Lawrence, and he stammered out hastily:

"No—no thank you; not just at present. I'll think about it," and the doctor took his leave, wondering whether it could be possible that Mr. Granby intended to keep the boy; he was not much used to such Quixotic proceedings.

Lawrence stood debating with himself. "Should he send Wikkey to the workhouse? What should he do with a boy dying in the house? How should he decide?" Certainly not by going back to meet those wistful eyes.

The decision must be made before seeing the boy again, or, as the soft-hearted fellow well knew, it would be all up with his common sense. Calling Mrs. Evans, therefore, he bade her tell Wikkey that he would come back presently; and then he said, timidly:

"Should you mind it very much, nurse, if I were to keep the boy here? The doctor says he is dying, so that it would not be for long, and I would take all the trouble I could off your hands. I have not made up my mind about it yet, but of course I could not decide upon anything without first consulting you."

The answer, though a little stiff, was more encouraging than might have been expected from the icy severity of Mrs. Evans's manner. (Was she also making her protest on the side of common sense against a lurking desire to keep Wikkey?)

"If it's your wish, Mr. Lawrence, I'm not the one to turn out a homeless boy. It's not quite what I'm accustomed to, but he seems a quiet lad enough—poor child!" the words

came out in a softer tone; "and as you say, sir, it can't be for long."

Much relieved Lawrence sped away; it was still early, and there would be time to get this matter settled before he went down to the office if he looked sharp; and so sharp did he look that in little more than ten minutes he had cleared the mile which lay between his lodgings and that of his cousin Reginald Trevor, senior curate of St. Bridget's East, and had burst in just as the latter was sitting down to his breakfast after morning service. And then Lawrence told his story, his voice shaking a little as he spoke of Wikkey's strange devotion to himself, and of the weary watch which had no doubt helped on the disease which was killing him, and he wound up with—

"And now, Reg, what is a fellow to do? I suppose I'm a fool, but I can't send the little chap away!"

The curate's voice was a little husky too. "If that is folly, commend me to a fool," he said; and then, after some moments of silent thought—"I don't see why you should not keep the boy, Lawrence; you have no one to think of except yourself, unless, indeed, Mrs. Evans—"

"Oh, she's all right!" broke in his cousin; "I believe she has taken a fancy to Wikkey."

"Then I do not see why you should not take your own way in the matter, provided always that the boy's belongings do not stand in the way. You must consider that, Lawrence; you may be bringing a swarm about you, and Wikkey's relations may not prove as disinterested as myself."

"But that is just the beauty of it, he hasn't any belongings, for I asked him; beyond paying a shilling for a bed to some hag he calls Skimmidge, he seems to have no tie to any living creature."

"That being so," said Reginald, slowly; "and if you do not feel alarmed about your spouse, I don't see why you should not make the little soul happy, and"—he added with a smile—"get a blessing too, old fellow, though I doubt you will bring a sad time on yourself, Lawrence."

Lawrence gave a sort of self-pitying little shrug, but did not look daunted, and his cousin went on—

"Meanwhile, I think the hag ought to be made aware of your intentions; she will be looking out for her rent."

"Rather! I forgot all about that," exclaimed Lawrence, "and I haven't a minute to spare; I must race back to set the boy's mind at rest, and its close upon nine now. What's to be done?"

"Look here, I'll come back with you now, and if you can get me Mrs. Skimmidge's address I'll go and settle matters with her and glean any information I can about the boy; she may possibly be more communicative to me than to you. I know the sort, you see."

As Lawrence encountered Wikkey's penetrating gaze he felt glad that his mind was made up, and when the question came in a low, gasping voice, "I say, gunner, are you going to send me away?" he sat down on the end of the sofa and answered,

"No, Wikkey, you are going to stay with me."

"Always?"

Lawrence hesitated, not knowing quite what to say.

"Always is a long time off; we needn't

think about that; you are going to stay with me now," and then, feeling some compensation necessary for the weakness of his conduct, he added very gravely, "that is, Wikkey, if you promise to be a good boy and to mind what I and Mrs. Evans say to you, and always to speak the truth."

"I'll be as good as ever I know how," said Wikkey, meekly; "and I reckon I shan't have much call to tell lies. Yes, I'll be good, gunner, if you let me stop, and again the black eyes were raised to his in dog-like appeal, and fixed on his face with such intensity that Lawrence felt almost embarrassed, and glad to escape after eliciting the "hag's" address and promising to return in the evening.

"I will look in this evening and tell you what I have done," Reginald said, as they went out together; "and also to get a peep at Wikkey, about whom I am not a little curious."

"Yes, do, Reg; I shall want some help, you know, for I suppose I've got a young heathen to deal with, and if he's going to die and all that, one must teach him something, and I'm sure I can't do it."

"He has got the first element of religion in him at any rate. He has learned to look up."

Lawrence reddened and gave a short laugh, saying—

"I'm not so sure of that;" and the two men went on their respective ways.

The "hag" began by taking up the offensive line, uttering dark threats as to "police" and "rascals as made off without paying what they owed." Then she assumed the defensive, "lone widows as has to get their living and must look sharp after their honest earnings;" and finally became pathetic over the "motherless boy" on whom she had apparently lavished an almost parental affection, but she could give no account of Wikkey's antecedents beyond the fact that his mother had died there some years since, the only trace remaining of her being an old Bible, which Mrs. Skimmidge made a great merit of not having sold when she had been forced to take what "bits of things" were left by the dead woman in payment of back rent, omitting to mention that no one had been anxious to purchase it. Yes, she would part with it to his reverence for the sum of two shillings, and Mr. Trevor, after settling with Mrs. Skimmidge, pocketed the Book, on the fly-leaf of which was the inscription—

"SARAH WILKINS,

From her Sunday-school Teacher.
Cranbury, 18—.

Wilkins! might that not account for Wikkey's odd name? Wilkins, Wilky, Wikkey; it did not seem unlikely.

That evening, Reginald, entering his cousin's sitting-room, found Lawrence leaning back in his arm-chair on one side of the fire, and on the other his strange little guest lying propped up on the sofa, which had been drawn up within reach of the glow.

"Well," he said, "so this is Wikkey; how are you getting on Wikkey?"

The black eyes scanned his face narrowly for a moment, and then a high weak voice said in a tone of great disapprobation—

"It wouldn't warm a chap much fur to look at him; he ain't much to look at anyhow," and Wikkey turned away his head

and studied the cretonne pattern on his sofa as if there were nothing more to be said on the subject.

Evidently, the fair, almost fragile face which possessed such attraction for Lawrence in his strength had none for the weakly boy; possibly he had seen too many pale, delicate faces to care much about them. But Lawrence, unreasonably nettled, broke out body—

"Wikkey, you mustn't talk like that!" while the curate laughed and said—

"All right, Wikkey, stick to Mr. Granby; but I hope you and I will be good friends yet;" then drawing another chair up to the fire he began to talk to his cousin.

Presently the high voice spoke again—

"Why mustn't I, gunner?"

"Why mustn't you what?"

"Talk like that of him?" pointing to Reginald.

"Because it's not civil. Mr. Trevor is my friend, and I am very fond of him."

"Must I like everything as you like?"

"Yes, of course," said Lawrence, rather amused.

"Then I will, gunner—but it's a rum start."

He lay still after that, while the two men talked, but Reginald noted how the boy's eyes were scarcely ever moved from Lawrence's face. As he took leave of his cousin in the hall he said—

"You will do more for him just now than I could, Lawrence; you will have to take him in hand."

"But I haven't the faintest notion what to do, Reg. I shall have to come to you and get my lesson up. What am I to begin with?"

"Time will show; let it come naturally. Of course I will give you any help I can, but you will tackle him far better than I could. You have plenty to work upon, for if ever a boy loved with his whole heart and soul, that boy loves you."

"Loves one—yes; but that won't do, you know."

"It will do a great deal; a soul that loves something better than itself is not far off loving the Best. Good-night, old fellow."

Lawrence went back to Wikkey and leant his back against the mantelpiece, looking thoughtfully down at the boy.

"What did the other chap call you?" inquired Wikkey.

"Granby, do you mean?" Wikkey nodded.

"Lawrence Granby, that is my name. But, Wikkey, you must not call him 'chap'; you must call him Mr. Trevor."

"Oh, my eye! he's a swell, is he? I never call you nothink only gunner; I shall call you Lawrence; it's a big name like you, and a deal nicer nor gunner."

Lawrence gave a little laugh. Was it his duty to inculcate a proper respect for his betters into this boy? If he were going to live it might be, but when he thought how soon all earthly distinctions would be over for Wikkey, it seemed hardly worth while.

"Very well," he said. "By the by, Wikkey, have you recollected your own other name?"

"Yes, I've minded on it. It's Whiston."

"Do you remember your father and mother?"

"I don't remember no father. Mother, she died after I took to the crossing."

"Do you know what her name was before she married?"

Wikkey shook his head. "Don't know nothink," he said. Lawrence showed him the old Bible, but it awoke no recollections in the boy's mind; he only repeated, "I don't know nothink."

"Wikkey," said Lawrence again, after a silence, "what made you take a fancy to me?"

"I dunno. I liked the looks of yer the very first time as ever you came over, and after that I thought a deal of yer. I thought that if you was King of England, I'd have listed and gone for a soldier. I don't think much of queens myself, but I'd have fought for you, and welcome. And I thought as I wouldn't have had you see me cheat Jim of his coppers. I dunno why;" and a look of real perplexity came into Wikkey's face as the problem presented itself to his mind.

"Did you often cheat Jim?"

"Scores 'o times," answered the boy composedly. "We'd play pitch-and-toss, and then I'd palm a ha'penny, and Jim he'd never twig." A quick turn of the boy's wrist showed how dexterously the trick had been done, and Wikkey went off into a shrill cackle at the recollection of his triumphs. "He's the biggest flat as ever I came across. Why, I've seen him look up and down the gutter for them browns till I thought I'd have killed myself with trying not to laugh out."

The puckers in the thin face were so irresistibly comical that Lawrence found it hard to preserve his own gravity; however, he contrived to compose his features, and to say, with a touch of severity—

"I can tell why you wouldn't have liked me to see you; it was because you knew you were doing wrong." Wikkey's face expressed no comprehension. "It was wicked to cheat Jim, and you were a bad boy when you did it."

"My stars! why, he could have got 'em from me in a juffy; it was twice my size. I only boned 'em cos he was such a soft."

The explanation appeared perfectly satisfactory to Wikkey, but Lawrence, feeling that this was an opportunity that should not be lost, made a desperate effort, and began again—

"It was wicked all the same; and though I did not see you do it, there was Someone Who did—Someone Who sees everything you do. Have you ever heard of God, Wikkey?"

"Yes, I've heard on Him. I've heard the Natun times about. ('How used?' wondered Lawrence.) Where is he?"

"He is everywhere, though you cannot see Him, and He sees everything you do."

"Is he good?"

"Very good."

"As good as you?"

"A great deal better." Poor Lawrence felt very uncomfortable, not quite knowing how to place his instructions on a less familiar footing.

"I don't want no one better nor you; you're good enough for me," said Wikkey, very decidedly; and then Lawrence gave it up in despair, and mentally resolving that Reg must help him, he carried Wikkey off to bed.

(Concluded next week.)

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

OF NO USE.

BY MRS. E. B. SANFORD.

"Make use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot;
Let not Thy child be cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not!"

Little Jenny Briggs sang these words, perched up in the kitchen window, near her mother's ironing table. It was almost dusk, and Jenny was darning away very busily, hoping to have the last pair of stockings in the basket finished before daylight was quite gone.

The basket had been heaped with stockings of all sizes, from the father's big blue socks down to little Watty's holey red ones, as Jenny called them. Jenny liked to begin upon it when it was filled up so, for she had learned to darn very nicely, and was rather proud of her accomplishment. Besides, it was so nice to show mother each pair as she finished it, and hear her say:

"Well done, girlie!" or "You're a real help, Jenny; that you are!"

Jenny was singing on:

"Thou usest all Thy works;
The weakest things that be
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee!"

"There now," interrupted the mother, "you must come down from the window and set the table, little woman! The clock has struck six, and father and Ben will be here directly."

"Never mind about that last pair now. See what it is to be so useful that you're wanted for two things at once!"

Jenny laughed as she stuck her needle into the cushion and sprang down from her seat. At the same moment a boy who had been sitting near raised himself on a pair of crutches, and came up to his mother's side.

"Can't I help, mother?"

Perhaps the mother was too busy to notice the plaintive tone of the question, for she answered rather hastily:

"Not now, Hugh; I've nothing for you to do. And stand aside, my dear; I'm in a great hurry to finish these things."

"We haven't any beef to shave to-night, Hugh," said Jenny, merrily, "and of course I can fly around and get tea better than you could!" And the child hustled about like a busy bee.

Hugh turned and hopped away on his crutches to the farthest window, and a few bitter tears coursed down his cheeks.

"It's all well enough for Jenny to sing that hymn!" he said to himself; "but there's never anything that I can do!"

"Here we are! Bless your dear hearts! How've you all got on to-day!"

At the sound of his father's step outside, Hugh had slipped into a back

room. The rest all turned eagerly to greet him, as he entered, followed by Ben, a stout lad of fourteen.

Just as her husband came in Mrs. Briggs hung up her last piece, and set aside the irons to cool, saying, "There, it's done!"

"It's too much for you, though, I'm afraid, mother," said the father, with a half sigh;

"you have hard work enough to do for all of us, without taking in any."

"Never mind," was the cheery answer; "we must all help pull over this tight place. And besides, you don't know how much Mary and Jenny help me, now that they are out of school."

"Mother won't have to do it long, will she, father? Not if I get that place, at least," said Ben, "for then I can pay my own way. Harrah!"

"Ah, there comes my Mary! Been doing mother's errands, my girl? But where is Hugh?" asked the father, looking about.

"Hughie in 'e sink-room, wiping he eyes!" said little Watty.

"Wiping his eyes? What's the matter?"

"Not much, I guess," said the mother in a low voice, "or nothing new, I mean. He gets fretty and moping some days, and no wonder, I suppose, poor boy!"

Ben directly made an errand into the sink-room.

"Hallo, Hugh, here you are!" said he, cheerily. Hold on a minute till I wash my hands, and then let's have

a look at those grape-vines, and see if they are going to live!"

"Now, then, I'll be one crutch, you know!" said he; and, passing his strong young arm around his brother, he helped him down into the yard.

"They're going to do first-rate!" Ben went on, examining the vines. "But I say, Hughie, what's up? Is the pain

say that. Who gets on faster than you do in school, I want to know! And, didn't teacher tell you what lots of things you'd be able to do one of these days, if you got on well with your learning!

"And then you do help at home, I'm sure! Don't you amuse Watty, and keep him out of mischief? And clean

the knives, and black the shoes, and what not? Of no use, indeed!

"Come, now, cheer up, like a brave chap! There's mother calling. Come in to supper, and by and by I want to tell you something!"

The Briggs family were in a tight place this Spring, in truth. They had had a good deal of sickness through the winter, and then the father had only half work for some weeks. But the children learned from their parents' example to look on the bright side, and work on cheerfully and hopefully, and they were a happy household still, in spite of their poverty. Even poor Hugh was generally patient and contented.

After supper Ben beckoned his brother aside.

"I say, Hughie, do you think you could ride in the wheelbarrow, out beyond the factory, to-morrow morning, and get back by yourself?"

"If you could, I'd take you when I go to work. We might start early, you know. And I've a famous plan for you! I was out wandering around at noon—it was so warm and pleasant, to-



"THOSE ARE GENEROUS BUNCHES FOR THAT PRICE."

bad to-day?" Hugh shook his head.

"It isn't that," said he.

"What then? You'll tell me, I'm sure, old fellow!"

"Oh, Ben, it's only that all the rest of you can work, and help on; and I'm just good for nothing! I'm of no use, and I never can be!"

"Now, Hughie Briggs, you mustn't

day—and I discovered such a prime lot of trailing arbutus. I don't believe anybody knows of it! *Noic, Hugh!*"

"Oh, Ben, do you mean for me to pick it and sell it—the way the Ryan girls did? Oh, Ben, do you think I could?"

"Of course you can, old fellow! I'll fix you up! There's that big shallow basket; it wants a strap to go over your shoulders, and there's your tray. And if I wheel you out there, maybe you won't get too tired; but we must ask mother—if you'll like to try, that is."

"Yes, yes, I want to!" assented Hugh, though he trembled with excitement at the idea of undertaking the sale.

His mother demurred a good deal. She feared Hugh was too feeble to attempt it, but the father whispered, "Let him try, mother; if he succeeds it'll do him good."

So bright and early the next morning the boys set forth.

Hugh enjoyed his wheelbarrow ride, and went into ecstasies over the arbutus, which was very large and sweet. Ben helped him pick until the clanging bell called him to his work, and then left him, saying heartily:

"Now see what a fine salesman you can make, and keep up a stout heart, dear old fellow."

Hugh picked all the arbutus within his reach which was opened and tied it up in large bunches, then hanging his basket around his neck he made his way slowly into the town.

As his home was in the outskirts, Hugh had but seldom gone through the busier streets, where now he meant to offer his flowers, and his heart beat fast as he took his stand on a sunny corner.

He held out a bunch timidly to one and another of the busy people who pressed by, but though some looked at him curiously, and others pityingly, no one seemed disposed to buy.

Hugh was growing disheartened. "Nobody wants 'em, they're like me," he said to himself; but remembering Ben's cheery counsel, he resolved to cross into the next street and try again.

As he was hopping along a young girl came tripping by, but stopped at the sight of Hugh's basket.

"Oh, how lovely! Are you selling this?" she asked. "How much a bunch?"

"Ten cents, miss," said Hugh, very shyly.

"Ten cents? Those are generous bunches for that price. I'll take one gladly."

Then noticing Hugh more closely, she asked kindly:

"Have you ever sold any before? Where did you find this?"

Hugh told her how his brother had taken him out in a wheelbarrow to get

it, and the girl seemed greatly interested.

"But you have made your bunches too large," she said. "You might make three or four out of each of these. See here, Mr. Dillon will let you sit down in his shop, if I ask him. I'll show you how to make them up, and then I know where you can sell them. Come in here."

The shopkeeper smilingly gave the desired permission, and Miss Loulie tied up a few tasteful little bunches of the usual size to show Hugh how.

"There," said she, "I must run, or I shall be out too long. Do you know where the young ladies' school is—up on the hill? Well, when you have made up your bunches, just bring them up there and ring the bell, will you?"

Loulie bought a paper of candies at the counter, poured half of them into Hugh's basket and away she ran. And the boy, greatly cheered and comforted, finished his pretty work, and then followed her as she had hidden him.

Poor fellow! He almost wished he had not ventured as he hobbled up the broad walk, and timidly pulled the bell at the door of that imposing building.

"She told me to," thought he; "but what will they say to me?"

But Loulie was not a girl to do things by halves. She had sought out the principal, and coaxingly told him of her *protege*, and when Hugh's ring was heard the door was quickly opened, and Loulie herself smilingly bade him enter.

It was Saturday morning, and therefore the young ladies were not a little astonished to hear the triangle sounded long before dinner.

"What's the matter?" said one and another, as they gathered from their rooms to obey the summons.

"Miss Royee is calling the classes in an absent-minded fit, I suspect," said one merry girl.

But down they all flocked, and when they saw the pale-faced cripple standing in the hall with his basket, they took it all in at once.

"Oh, what beauties!"

"I must have a bunch!"

"And I!"

"Oh, dear! I've spent my last dime! You'll lend me one till Monday, won't you, Helen? that's a dear!"

And so, in a very few minutes, the bunches were all sold. Hugh's eyes shone with grateful happiness as he glanced shyly up at Miss Loulie.

"I'm much obliged to you all," he said, simply.

"And we are much obliged to you for bringing us the arbutus," said one gentle little girl, very kindly.

"Yes indeed!" exclaimed several. "We haven't had any so sweet as this."

Hugh was too happy to feel tired as his crutches tap tapped along the sidewalk on the way home.

"Mother, Jenny, oh, see!" he cried. "I've sold my flowers, and here's all this money—a dollar and a half! Oh, mother!"

"Mother" understood fully now, from the tone in which this was uttered, what had so troubled her boy.

She stroked his hair very lovingly, as she said:

"You're done bravely, sonny, and the money will be a great help. But Hugh, dear, if you shouldn't have another such chance for a long time you mustn't fret about it again, do you hear? Give up your lame feet and your willing hands, and a loving heart with them, to serve the Lord just as He wants you to, and He can 'make use of you.' Hughie, as Jenny's hymn says; and He will.

"Yes, and He will make you a help and a comfort to father and mother too. You are that now, dear, most days!"

"Only when I fret, mother," said Hugh, smiling through tears. "I'll try not to feel bad that way again," he added.

Not long after Jenny was heard singing again:

"Thou useth tree and flower,
The river, vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall!"

"Yes, and even poor good-for-nothing me," whispered Hugh to himself.

ART.

At Manves, near Tournon, a triptych by Vandjke has been discovered.

Stora's "Cleopatra" as a work of sculpture is highly praised. The figure is represented as reclining on a couch, the head resting on the right hand, the left hand holding the drapery on the lower portion of the body. The face is said to be marvellous in expression, the brow arched and the hair is in curly matted plaits. The couch is covered with a tiger's skin, the head appearing on the front.

Raphael's "Ardside Madonna" was probably sketched while he was still under his master Perugino, but when painted he had visited Florence. It is on a thick panel of white poplar, nine and a half feet high by five thick. The Virgin sits on a high narrow throne, holding the Child nude upon her knee. On the right is St. John Baptist, and on the left St. Nicholas of Bari in mitre and green cope. On the Virgin's left knee rests a book, kept open by two fingers of her left hand.

In these days everybody admires, and rightly, the Gainsborough portraits. In 1750 they were criticised as follows: "There is a fellow down here just now who has painted a considerable number of portraits. His heads look more like signboards than anything else, for he has no idea whatever of painting, though he has a certain knack of catching likenesses. His name is Gainsborough." One might suppose the writer was some amiable brother of the easel.

An alleged Raphael, valued at \$50,000 and kept in a vault, is owned by a Mr. Kieffer in the West. It is ascribed to 1503, when Raphael was nineteen years old. It is called "The Virgin

of the Brook," and is supposed to have been "conveyed" from the Vatican in 1850, but not by the present owner. Many certificates attest its origin; but certificates can be manufactured with as much facility as old masters. A good many Raphaels are found in these days, and there will soon be as many as there are pieces of the true Cross.

The dispersion of extensive art collections goes on, seemingly gaining in importance from season to season. The enthusiasm of the collector has grown into a mania. It is no longer the beautifying of a home by a lavish illustration of individual taste and culture. It is rather the transformation of a house into a lazar choked with an inconvenient plethora of all conceivable costly odds and ends of art, past and present. It is a frenzy of unreasoning accumulation. Commonly it is well shut in from the studios and interested, until some day an auctioneer's red flag lets out the secret, and lets in the public.

It is not hazardous to assume that in the number, magnitude, and costliness of collections made by individuals, destined to dispersion at the contingency of broken fortunes or decay, our country stands unique, far ahead of all precedent.

Only the other day the death of Mrs. Mary J. Morgan was announced, and shortly afterward it came to light that this estimable and accomplished lady had managed to invest nearly \$2,000,000 in pictures, bric-a-brac, and costly orchids, which she gathered in a modest residence in East Twenty-sixth street. The particulars of this astonishing collection read like the dazzling prophecies of a fairy or orientalist. First, there was a conservatory, fringing on Madison avenue, stocked with perhaps the costliest private collection of orchids in existence; probably more than \$300,000 are invested in this one family. Rarest plants of other species crowded other divisions of this extensive plant house. An accomplished connoisseur, familiar with the great collections here and elsewhere, said in substance, "I have never thoroughly examined Mrs. Morgan's collection, but I know that the treasures are amazing." The pictures are about 225 in number—indeed works of several of the most renowned artists, chiefly modern. Of course these could not be seen to advantage, as the main portion were hung in corridors, on stairways, under insufficient lights, and they are crowded as to be hardly intelligible. Only the fourth floor, which is filled with pictures, is favorable for observation and study. Among them is an exceptionally admirable Promentini.

To one dealer alone in this city Mrs. Morgan has paid more than \$700,000 for pictures, and her purchases have by no means been confined to a single firm. The collection of silver-work and ware is quite unique in cost and extent. There is a pair of solid candlesticks, made by Tiffany, for which \$40,000 were paid. The size, form, elaboration, and number of these objects is actually bewildering. A few years ago this lady submitted to the Tiffany a design—a group of Indians mounted on Mustangs, pursuing with lassos a herd of buffaloes. It is about three feet in height, wrought in solid silver.

There are modern and antique pieces in this collection, although the modern prevail. There is also a fine collection of enamels and ivory carvings of the most precious character.

A large number of articles of Welsh glass were noticed—from six to a dozen, which must have cost at least from \$2,000 to \$5,000 each.

Mrs. Morgan was also a collector of antique ornaments. Among them was a pair of Chinese green-shell lanterns of extraordinary quality, which M. Sichel of Paris once had for sale at \$40,000 francs, and also a very beautiful small

Chinese vase in peach bloom, most exquisite in quality and color, which cost fully \$15,000.

Among the pictures are characteristic and exceptionally excellent examples of Alma Tadema's "Spring," Jules Breton's "Communicants," Theo. Rousseau, Diaz, Meissonier, Millet, Corot, Schreyer, Bouguereau, and Gérôme.

Among other names may be noted are Jules Dupré, Conrad, Detalle, Verboeckhoven, Henner, Van Marcke, Passini, Knaus, De La Croix, Daubigny, Troyon, Decamps, ("Walk to Emmaus,") Escouas, Meyer Von Bremen, Vibert, and scores of others of equal distinction.

The final distribution, by the auctioneer, of this marvelous gathering of aesthetic "goods" will be made in due season at the American Art Galleries, Broadway and Twenty-third street, under Mr. Kirby's direction, and a catalogue is promised of superlative interest to the annalist of modern and contemporary art.

Perhaps this periodical dispersion, disappearance, and reappearance of celebrated art work is not altogether deplorable, but it is a matter of grave concern that no thoroughly appointed public or municipal gallery stands in readiness to select the choicest things from such melancholy disarrangements.

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Reference is made to card and present papers. Address the Rector, the Rev. C. W. LEFFINGWELL, D. D., Knoxville, Tenn.

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885.

THE French Republic not only desires to separate the Church from the State, but it seems to have a malignant hatred against Christianity and its symbols. It is the heir to the bitterness of Voltaire. It recently secularized the Pantheon and made it the burial place of Victor Hugo, and it has now ordered the gilded cross that surmounts it to be taken down and replaced by the tricolor. But it must go further still if it would remove the vestiges of Christianity from an edifice whose very form suggests the cross, and the piety of the fathers thus testifies against the impiety of the sons.

A GOOD many persons would seem really to believe that the Church of England only goes back to the times of the Reformation, and that it was founded by Henry VIII. Doctors of Divinity, Heaven save the mark! sometimes affirm it. One might suppose that a lease belonging to the Church of England, which was given nine hundred years ago, and which has just now fallen in, would stagger such credulity. But no—neither facts nor reasons make any impression upon it, and it still goes on in sublime unconsciousness—with an obtuse ignorance that is stalwart.

THOSE who have lived a generation and more can easily recall the day when New England Congregationalism waked up to find itself Unitarian. There was, and especially around Boston, a stampede in that direction, Harvard College, with its orthodox endowments, leading the way. The trend would seem now to be in the same direction; but the defection is becoming more widespread. Says the Presbyterian Banner: "Andover, Yale, and the Pacific Theological Seminars join hands in departing from the scriptural and historical faith of Congregationalism." The polluted fountain necessarily sends forth a turbid stream, and where can the Congregationalists look for truth if not in their schools of the prophets, and if their teachers no longer "hold fast the form of sound words," where shall those who are taught find the deposit of faith?

It would be a shame if the reform movement in Rome should fail for the want of means to carry it on. Such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Manchester, etc., testify to its great importance. The movement is following the lines of the English Reformation, and only needs to be kept alive to, perhaps, become national. At

a meeting recently held in St. James' Square, Dr. Nevin stated that five Sicilian priests had made application to Savarese to join him with their congregations. The Bishop of Minnesota declares that the one thing that had most touched him while in Rome was the spectacle of these men who had given up all for Christ. It goes without saying that these reformers who have conscientiously broken with the Papal Church, have everything to contend with in hostile influences proceeding from the Vatican. There is the less reason, therefore, why they should contend with poverty and debt, and the thousand pounds which Dr. Nevin said they would require to carry on the work the coming year ought to be easily and speedily forthcoming.

THE VALUE OF GREAT EXAMPLES.

Illustrious examples of greatness, magnanimity, and courage, are to be cherished for what they are in themselves, and still more for what they are by way of incentive and inspiration. The possession of these virtues is vouchsafed to few, and still less the opportunity to make the most of them. The majority of men, if not commonplace in themselves, must be content to do common things and in a very ordinary way. It is only now and then that a great example stands out so marked and conspicuous as to attract the gaze of a whole nation, and in a way to give it a certain character and shaping in noble aims and qualities.

Of such examples no country has had a greater number than England, and no nation has turned them to better account. The greatness of England really dates from the time of King Alfred, "whose virtue, like the virtue of Washington," in the words of Freeman, "consisted in no marvellous displays of superhuman genius, but in the simple straightforward discharge of the duty of the moment." This writer says of him again that he was "a saint without superstition, a warrior all whose wars were fought in defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the hour of triumph." The matter of sainthood excepted, it must be confessed that every sentence in the above truly characterizes that great commander whose body is now being committed to its final resting place. Now, the English nation owes everything to examples like that of Alfred; examples which have often enough been departed from, but which in one form or another have been cherished and honored in

every way of which the English were capable. It has been a handing down of that immortality which some of the skeptics make so much of who have lost faith in futurity, and which has done so much to give greatness and perpetuity to the English nation.

Of those examples to which England, France and our own country owe so much, Freeman speaks especially of Alfred, Saint Louis and Washington. Saint Louis, he says, comes nearest to Alfred in the union of a more than monastic piety with the highest civil, military and domestic virtues. Washington, soldier, statesman and patriot as he was, and so like to Alfred in other respects, has no claim, Freeman thinks, to Alfred's two other characteristics of saint and scholar. There was in Washington, however, no absence of saintship or scholarship which essentially mars his fame or makes him to have been other than one of the noblest characters in history.

It is a priceless heritage that from time to time such great names are being added to. They keep up in some sort the ideal of noble and right living. They teach a nation to be generous and not selfish, magnanimous and not mean. They rebuke under the most trying circumstances cowardice and despair. They teach the great lessons of fortitude, humility and patience. They show by noble and heroic deeds that a nation should not be sacrificed, whoever is sacrificed to save it.

It is probable that Freeman would say of General Grant as of Washington, that though soldier, statesman, and patriot, he has no claim to Alfred's two other characteristics of saint and scholar. This may be true enough, and yet with all his saintship, the great English prince and law-giver did not, and could not better, show to the world how to die well. This of itself has consecrated General Grant's memory and has made his example to be a heritage forever. As for scholarship, it is neither recorded of Alfred or Saint Louis, or any other historic character, that he deliberately set himself to write a book when, as he knew, the shadows of the grave were slowly but surely gathering about him. Caesar—and what reflections are started up at the bare mention of the name of that heartless conqueror—writes his cold-blooded commentaries in the fullness of health. But General Grant, with nothing to be ashamed of as a warrior, and nothing, we may be sure, which the world will be ashamed of either, summons to the task his remaining and ever-failing strength. gives to the world his book—and dies. It is a story so touching and sublime in its simplicity, that

the generations to come will fondly dwell upon it as one of the most remarkable things in history.

THE Testimony of Adversaries is thought to possess unusual cogency. It is a witness borne against natural bias or prejudice, and is, as it were, compelled by the force of truth. The principle was recognized as long ago as Moses, for he says: "Their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges." It is this thought that gives importance to words like these, coming from Mr. Spurgeon, an eminent dissenter. He says: "I am not so unjust as to conceal my belief that I see in the Episcopal Church at this time less of unbelief than among certain dissenters. In fact, nonconformity in certain quarters is eaten through and through with a covert Unitarianism less tolerable than Unitarianism itself." If we may credit some of the denominational papers, we need not cross the sea to find the same state of things.

WHOEVER is interested in the work of gathering up boys and girls and teaching them the various trades and industries whereby to get a living, should look into the way of doing things in the famous Bernardo Homes in England. Dr. Bernardo, who originally purposed being a missionary, has been carrying on this work for twenty years. At a meeting recently held on the occasion of the departure of one hundred and twenty-four boys for Canada, he said that the institution now embraced fourteen hundred children, and was growing rapidly. In the last four months a hundred boys and girls had been admitted each month. In 1886, when the institution would have attained its majority, he expected the homes would contain not less than two thousand boys and girls. Dr. Bernardo's plan is to fit each of the members of his great household for some employment, and to see that they are provided with situations. As he has had the largest experience, and has been the most successful in this kind of work of any man in England, his admirable system deserves the most careful study by any who are moved to a like work of charity.

FATHER HYACINTHE.

One can't read M. Rénan's "Recollections" without reason to feel the mission of Father Hyacinthe is the most important movement of the times (as an experiment and a test) with reference to the perpetuation of Christianity in France. The Bishop of Minnesota has lately said a good word for the "McCall Mission," and doubtless his loving heart has found something genuine about it to admire and to commend. But for one I must adhere to the opinion that, as Catholics, we must give our primary, perhaps our exclusive, sympathies and aid to catholic forms of reformation.

Such is not merely our true policy, it is our "bounden duty," and a most sacred one. If anything is manifest as a lesson of historical philosophy, it is this (as to the possibilities in France), viz.: That "Protestantism" is a thing of the past, and is impotent to awaken the mind of France again or to touch its conscience. Not less is it apparent that the triumph of Vaticanism over the remainder of Gallican catholicity has been not less fatal to the *stinger* than to the *stung*. The thing which Rénan supposes to be "catholicism" and "orthodoxy" is the thing which Gladstone has exposed as hopelessly at war with free constitutions, with learning, with intelligence, with schools, with laws, and, in short, with morals. France will not endure it; but, unfortunately, as France has been taught that this hateful thing is "Christianity" itself, the outcry of 1796 is once more growing frantic and formulating itself as the *vox populi*. "Down with Christianity!" "Crush the wretch!"

M. Loysen, in his late eloquent appeal to his countrymen in behalf of "the cross" which the government has removed from the Pantheon, made himself a spectacle to the Christian world, which, if it fails to inspire interest and to command respect, proves Christians themselves degenerate and deplorably insensible to duty. What a grand figure that isolated witness for truth presents to the reflecting Christian! Without any Christian support, he confronts popular fanaticism in behalf of a symbol of Christianity which is detested because it is popularly associated with a system from which he receives nothing but obloquy and cruel persecution. M. Loysen is an Antipap in Paris, a faithful witness to Christ and to Christianity, the Abdiel of Gallican orthodoxy. There he stands alone—look at him. He bears his testimony that there is an "orthodoxy" and that there is a "catholicity" of which France has not been permitted to hear which alone can save her from anarchy—an "orthodoxy" wholly consistent with humanity and its progress, a "catholicity" which is the inspiration of all that humanity requires for its emancipation from outward superstitions, and for its investiture with that freedom with which "truth makes us free."

I have little sympathy with the cant of those who invoke reactionary favors for French Romanism, because, forsooth, the atheistic republic is equally hostile to its truths and to its fables. Romanism has poisoned the whole loaf of dogma, and it is vain to protest that there is wheat in it as well as venom. Rome owes it all to herself that the faith of the Trinity is dismissed with the figment of "Infallibility," as part and parcel of the same "orthodoxy" which Rénan pronounces a "bar of iron"—one solid block that "shuts the gates of reason on mankind." Oh, is there nobody to expound to such a mind as his what is meant by "orthodoxy" and "catholicity," in all the writings of the Nicene Fathers, and in their apostolic and sub-apostolic forerunners! Yes, there is Dollinger; but France will not listen to a German. There, then, is Loysen—look at him! But Catholic England yields him no support, and "Catholics" in America are not less heartless and unsympathizing. In the name of the Cross, I ask, will nobody stand by him while he maintains that his position is demonstrated by the history of

Anglican catholicity, alike in England and America, yielding as it does a firm and all-sufficient support to institutions the most free, the most enlightened, the most stable, and the most progressive which the world has ever seen? A. CLEVELAND COX.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

Numbers.

The English title of this book is due to the Latin *Numeri*, a translation of the Septuagint *Ἀριθμοί*; in the Hebrew Bible it begins the thirty-fourth section of the Pentateuch, and is known from the first distinctive words as *Bemidbar Sinai*, "in the wilderness of Sinai"; also from its first word as *Vayelaber*, "and he spake." The Greek, Latin, and English names of the book are well chosen both on account of the double census of the people recorded in ch. i. iv., and ch. xxvi., and of the numerical details furnished in its pages. In the Hebrew Bible it consists of ten sections, viz., ch. i. l, iv. 21, viii. 1, xiii. 1, xvi. 1, xix. 1, xxii. 2, xxv. 10, xxx. 2, xxxiii. 1.

The contents of the book are chiefly historical, interspersed with legislative portions, and may be arranged as follows:

- I. Preparations for the march, ch. i. 1-x. 10.
- II. The march from Sinai to Kadesh, ch. x. 11-xiv. 45.
- III. The life in the desert, ch. xv. 1-xix. 22.
- IV. Events from the halt at Kadesh to the arrival in the plains of Moab, ch. xx. 1-xxxv. 13.

The details of these main divisions are as follows:

- I. Preparations for the march.
 1. The first census, showing a fighting force of six hundred and three thousand five hundred and fifty men without the Levites, ch. i.
 2. The orders for camping and marching, ch. ii.
 3. The census of the Levites and their charge, ch. iii. iv.
 4. Supplementary laws: a. On the exclusion of the unclean, ch. v. 1-4; b. On restitution, vv. 5-10; c. On jealousy, vv. 11-31; d. On the Nazarites, ch. vi. 1-21; e. The sacerdotal blessing, vi. 22-27.
 5. Offerings of the princes at the dedication of the tabernacle, ch. vii.
 6. The consecration of the Levites, etc., ch. viii.
 7. The second and supplemental passovers, ch. ix. 1-14.
 8. The cloud on the tabernacle, ch. ix. 15-23.
 9. The silver trumpets, ch. x. 1-10.
- II. The march from Sinai to Kadesh.
 1. The start and order of march, ch. x. 11-28.
 2. Hobab invited, ch. x. 29-32.
 3. The first stage, ch. x. 33-34, and the prayers at the moving and resting of the ark, xv. 35, 36.
 4. The incidents at Taberah and Kibroth-hattaavah, ch. xi. 1-35.
 5. Seditious of Miriam and Aaron, ch. xii. 6. The mission and report of the spies, ch. xiii.
 7. The revolt and rejection of the people, ch. xiv.
- III. The life in the desert.
 1. Supplementary laws: a. On offerings and sacrifices, ch. xv. 1-31; b. The case of

the Sabbath-breaker, vv. 32-36; c. Law on fringes, vv. 37-41.

2. The revolt of Korah, etc., ch. xvii.

3. The budding rod, ch. xviii.

4. Supplementary laws: a. On the charge and emoluments of priests and Levites, ch. xviii; b. On the water of purification, ch. xix.

IV. Events from the halt at Kadesh to the arrival in the plains of Moab.

1. Death of Miriam, ch. xxi.

2. The water of strife, vv. 2-13.

3. Elom refuses passage to Israel, vv. 14-21.

4. Death of Aaron, etc., vv. 22-29.

5. The defeat of the Canaanites, ch. xxii. 1-3.

6. The brazen serpent, vv. 4-9.

7. Defeat of Sihon, King of the Amorites, and of Og, the King of Bashan, ch. xxii. 10-35.

8. The story of Balaam, ch. xxiii.-xxv.

9. Baneful intercourse with Moab and Midian, ch. xxv. 1-18.

10. The second census in the plains of Moab, ch. xxvi.

11. The suit of the daughters of Zelophehad, ch. xxvii. 1-11.

12. Moses, warned of his death, appoints Joshua his successor, vv. 12-23.

13. Further legislation: a. On offerings and sacrifices, ch. xxviii., xxix.; b. On vows, ch. xxx.

14. The conquest of Midian, ch. xxxi.

15. The settlement of the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and of the half tribe of Manasseh, ch. xxxii.

16. Itinerary from Rameses to Jordan, ch. xxxiii. 1-49.

17. Regulations for the conquest and allotment of Canaan: a. The clearance of the land, ch. xxxiii. 50-56; b. Its boundaries, ch. xxxiv. 1-15; c. The allotment, vv. 16-29; d. Reservation of cities for the Levites, cities of refuge, and the law of homicide, ch. xxxv.

18. Further legislation concerning heireesses, arising out of the case mentioned in ch. xxxvii., ch. xxxvi. 1-12.

19. The conclusion, v. 13.

The book embraces the time from, "the first day of the second month of the second year after they were come out of Egypt," ch. i. 1, to the death of Aaron on the first day of the fifth month of the fortieth year, ch. xxviii. 38, that is, a period of thirty-eight years and three months (see Deut. ii. 14). The parting address of Moses was begun on the first day of the eleventh month of the fortieth year, or exactly six months after the death of Aaron. The incidents recorded in ch. xx.-xxxvi. belong, therefore, to those six months; the first month was spent at the foot of Mount Hor (see xx. 29), and, perhaps, in the encounter with the Canaanites, xxi. 1-3; in the second month the Israelites marched from Mount Hor to the brook Zered, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles; the defeat of the hosts of Sihon and Og may be referred to the first half of the third month. Two months more are an ample allowance for the incidents connected with Balaam's appearance in Moab. The remaining events may be easily adjusted to the space of six weeks. The statements in xxxi. 2, 8, agree with this arrangement.

It has been stated in the section on the Pentateuch* that "the genuineness and

authenticity of these five books do not exclude the existence of prior documents which Moses may have found and used, nor its authoritative revision by Ezra, . . . "to whom are due, by general consent, certain parenthetical insertions, as well as the substitution of relatively modern language for more archaic forms." In the case of the Book of Numbers, moreover, it must be remembered that it covers the history of about forty years, and that many, perhaps all, the incidents recorded were penned at the time of their occurrence, and subsequently collected; how far the collection and arrangement of so many various memoranda is due to Moses, a contemporary scribe, or to Ezra, we have no means to determine; but these peculiarities are sufficient to account for the displacement of certain portions of the book, and for the difference in style and expression, which have been noticed in others.

The style and expression of a writer are not only influenced by the subject-matter he has in hand, but modified by time and occupation; his record of the dry details of a census would be different from that of a military operation, and the draught of a law from that of a liturgical composition; the literary character of a work written by him at one period of his life in comparative quiet would probably be very different from another composed in the hurry and bustle of engrossing activity. Applying these remarks to the case of the authorship of this book, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to escape the conclusion that it is the work of Moses.

To illustrate: the parenthetic verse, ch. xii. 1, may have been added by a later hand,* but if Moses wrote it under the direction of the Divine Spirit (ch. xi. 17), as doubtless under the same influence he recorded his faults (ch. xix. 19 sqq.; Ex. iv. 22 sqq.; Deut. i. 37), the matter is sufficiently explained.

The introduction of three poetical citations,† taken apparently from the same source, "The Book of Wars of Jehovah," in ch. xxi. (vv. 14, 17, 27) does not in any way affect the Mosiac authorship of the Book of Numbers, for Moses expressly indicates their origin; had he suppressed it, there might have been room for doubt, but the explicit

* "Videntur hanc partem Moyses ab aliquo alio Scriptorum hagiographicorum, qui hunc eius diaris digessi, esse addita et inserta." Corn. a Lapide.

† They have been rendered thus—

vv. 14, 15:

"Valch in Suphah and the torrent-beds; Arnon and the slope of the torrent-beds Which turneth to where Ar dieth, And which leaseth upon the border of Moab."

vv. 17, 18:

"Spring up, O well! sing ye to it: Well which the princes dug. With the nobles of the people bored With the sceptre-of-office, with their staves."

vv. 27-30:

"Come ye to Heeshbon, Let the city of Sihon be built and established: For fire went out from Heeshbon, A flame out of the stronghold of Sihon Which devoured Ar of Moab. The lords of the high places of Arnon. We to thee, Moab! Thou art undone, O people of Chemosh: He (i. e., Chemosh, thy God) hath given up his sons as fugitives. And his daughters into captivity Unto Mo'abim. Then we cast them down; Heeshbon perished even unto Dibon. And we laid it waste unto Nophah, which (reacheth) unto Mo'abim."

*—Peruse in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," Vol. II., pp. 59, 64.

authentication of these verses as the composition of others, increases the authenticity of his own work. The antiquity of the Song of the Well, and of the Martial Ode is as well established as that of the chapters concerning Balaam, and the fact that he was judiciously executed* by the victorious Israelites, explains the circumstantial fulness of the incident.

It is not improbable, on the other hand, that ch. xiii., xiv., xv. contain supplementary matter introduced by a contemporary of Joshua, and that the subject-matter in ch. xxxii. is either displaced or redundant (compare vv. 9-13 with xiv. 6-10, v. 30, and xxxii. 25-27 with vv. 31, 32). The exceptions taken against ch. xvi. have no weight, for the most that can be said is that the account is obscure.

An unbiased reader of this book can hardly fail to be impressed that he is perusing the work of Moses, the legislator, leader, and historian of the people during their long wanderings in the wilderness. Ch. xxxiii. 3 he reads: "And Moses wrote their goings out according to their journeys by the commandment of the Lord: and these are their journeys according to their goings out." The list is very accurate, and the brief notes added to certain localities show the annalist's design of connecting them with memorable historical events (see vv. 9, 14, 37 sqq.). The hand of Moses may be discerned in such a topographical statement as that "Arnon is the border of Moab, between Moab and the Amorites," ch. xxi. 13, in the designated territory of the two and a half tribes, ch. xxxii. 34, compared with Josh. xiii. 13, and in the account of the boundaries of the promised land, ch. xxxiv., for a later writer would have accommodated the details to the changes which subsequently took place. The statement that "Hebron was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt," ch. xiii. 22, clearly shows that the author was familiar with the history of Egypt. That familiarity is also manifest from the adoption of Egyptian customs, such as the rites of the purification of the Levites, ch. viii. 6 sqq., the trial of jealousy, ch. v. 11 sqq.; the ordinance of the red heifer, ch. xix. 3 sqq.

The legislative enactments interspersed with the narrative portions of this book are generally connected with the incidents to which they are due; they were recorded at the time of their occurrence. A subsequent chronicler would have adopted a more methodical and artificial arrangement. The law of the second Passover, ch. ix., for instance, was occasioned by the inquiry of Miahel and Elizaphan, who had contracted defilement by the burial of their cousins (Lev. x. 4); the law, "when a man dieth in a tent," ch. xiv. 14, must have been enacted while the people were in the desert; and the law, that heireesses must marry in their own tribe, ch. xxxv., was clearly occasioned by

* The Septuagintal rendering of ch. xxi. 8, states this very clearly: *Kai tou Basileos Moabos Anthonos tou rhy tpanostatos stroy . . . en ty Balaam vly Being Anthonos ty joshaba.* "And they executed the kings of Midian in addition to those who fell in battle . . . and they executed Balaam, the son of Beor, with the sword."

† In "The Romance of Setnan," translated by Brugsch, which belongs to the time of Ramses the Great, "Pishneferka takes a leaf of papyrus, and on it copies out every word of a certain magical formula. He then dissolves the writing in water, drinks the decoction, and knows, in consequence, all that it contained." Smith, "Pentat.," I., 397, 298, cited in the "Speaker's Commentary," ad loc.

*—See THE CHURCHMAN, February 26, 1884, p. 117, column 2.

the enactment made on the suit of the daughters of Zelophehad, ch. xviii. 6 seq. Take such a passage as ch. xi. 5, 6, when the mixed multitude (or as Tyndale renders, "the rascal people")* clamored, "Who shall give us flesh meat? We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; and the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic. But now our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all, beside this manna, before our eyes." Can any one of common sense believe that these words were put into the mouth of the people by a writer in Palestine, when the people were settled there, and had all these dainties in abundance? They are a genuine product of the wilderness and afford a lively picture of the temper of the people, and of the trials of Moses. The same applies to the religious solemnity with which Moses superintended the removal and resting of the Ark, ch. x. 35, 36, and to the minute regulations for the transport of the Tabernacle, ch. iii. iv.

The formulas of legal enactments, ch. iv.-vi., xv., xviii., xix., etc., carry the impress of genuine documents; and the remarkable intercessory prayer of Moses, ch. xiv., bears on its face indubitable evidence of being a true record of the very words of Moses, just as those words in their impassioned earnestness are a faithful transcript of the mingled emotions which agitated his soul.

The result of the foregoing considerations, drawn from only a small number of passages, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, is unmistakable; it demonstrates that the bulk of the Book of Numbers was written in the wilderness at different intervals, the last chapters near the close of the fortieth year after the departure, and that Moses wrote it.

The instances named have been chosen to answer objections which skeptical writers are in the habit of advancing; they have been put in the form of exposition and positive statement, because they require neither apology nor special pleading. The burden of proof belongs to the objector.

The objections, however, are for the most part too whimsical and ridiculous to be seriously considered.† I may mention one as a specimen. The word "prophet" (Heb. *nabhi*) occurs several times in this book: in I. Sam. ix. 9 it is said: "He that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer"; I. Samuel being of later date than that claimed for the Book of Numbers, it is argued that the latter must have been composed at a time when the term "prophet" had displaced the word "seer."

The passage in Samuel is generally considered a marginal gloss inserted by a later writer in explanation of the word "seer" used in vv. 11, 18, 19 of that chapter. Now if that later writer meant to say that the word "prophet" was of recent origin, then he, like many of his successors, down to some of the very latest writers, labored under the delusion that assertion is fact, for the word "prophet" (*nabhi*) is much older than "seer" (*roah*), see Gen. xx. 7, Ex. vii. 1; it is, however, very probable that he did not mean to make such an assertion, but to say that the official designa-

tion of his contemporary, the seer, was formerly, that is, in the days anterior to Samuel, the prophet. Nor is this all; the Seventy translate the passage: "'The people called beforetime the prophet' 'the seer.'"* and must have read *hagan* (people) for *hayim* (this day, to-day, now). In other words, the prophetic office had ceased since the days of Deborah, that is, about a hundred and fifty years before the composition of I. Samuel, but was restored with Samuel, and perpetuated through the schools of the prophets. So old a writer as Clericus gives the facts concerning the word prophet in a nutshell: "This word was current in the days of Moses, obsolete under the Judges, and then again revived."† Half an hour's use of a Concordance and a Hebrew Bible disposes of this objection, which certainly does not exalt our opinion of the learning, sense, and penetration of those who make it. J. I. MOMBERT.

ENGLAND.

CONVOCACTION OF CANTERBURY.—In the Upper House on Friday, July 10th, an interesting report of the Committee on Divorce was presented and read by the Bishop of London. The substance of the report is as follows:

1. That "divorce and separation *a thoro et mensa*" is allowed by the Church of England (Canon 107) on the condition that the parties applying for such separation shall engage to live chastely and continently, and shall not, during each other's life, contract matrimony with any other person.

2. That sentence of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* has never been pronounced by the courts of the Church of England, and that her canons are silent on the subject.

3. That, in regard of divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* in the case of adultery, the judgments of the early councils which have enacted canons on this subject have not been unanimous, some permitting the remarriage of the innocent party, though advising against it, and some prohibiting it.

4. That the judgment of the early Catholic Fathers has varied on this subject, some allowing the remarriage of the innocent party, and some prohibiting it.

5. That the judgment of learned members of the Church of England has not always been the same; in the *Reformatio Legum* it was recommended that divorce *a thoro et mensa* should be abolished, and that remarriage of the innocent party should be permitted in the case of adultery.

6. That the Council of Trent, whilst distinctly prohibiting the remarriage of the innocent party, yet pronounces its anathema not directly against those who permit such remarriage but against those who affirm that the Church of Rome errs in declaring it to be unlawful.

7. That the Greek Church recognizes divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, and allows, but discourages, the remarriage of the innocent party.

8. That the testimony of Holy Scripture has been adduced on both sides, but it appears that the majority of expositors have held that our Lord's words (St. Matthew v. 32, xix. 9) are to be understood as permitting divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* in the one case of adultery. In regard of the question of remarriage, the teaching of Holy Scripture cannot be pronounced to be perfectly clear. It would however appear certain, that in the case of putting away for any cause other than

adultery, neither party may marry again during the lifetime of the other; and at least highly probable that, in the case of adultery and divorce consequent thereon, the remarriage of the innocent party is not absolutely prohibited.

Having due regard to these considerations, we advise this House to make the following declaration:

1. That, in the case where the sin of adultery shall have been fully proved before a competent court, and a decree of divorce shall have been obtained, the innocent party, so set free ought to be advised not to remarry during the lifetime of the guilty party.

2. That if, however, the innocent party shall remarry, the charity of the Church requires that the ministrations of the Church should not be withheld from the person so remarried, or from the person with whom the marriage shall have been contracted.

3. That in the case of the remarriage of the guilty person, the ministrations of the Church ought not to be granted; saving, however, to the bishop the power after personal investigation to give such directions in any case of penitence as he shall consider most consonant with the teaching of Holy Scripture and the mind and practice of the primitive Church.

In the Lower House a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a committee to consider and report on the work of the Church in Wales, and on the spiritual needs of the Welsh-speaking people in England.

Convocation stands prorogued until August 6th.

THE ROMAN REFORM MOVEMENT.—A meet was held at the house of the Marquis of Bristol in London, on Thursday, July 9th, for the purpose of making known the position of the reform movement in Rome, and of obtaining aid for the work now being carried on by Monsignor Savarese and Count Henri di Campello. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, and there was a large attendance.

Addresses were made by the archbishop, the Bishops of Carlisle and Winchester, the Rev. Dr. J. W. Nevin of the American church in Rome, the Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale of Baltimore, Mr. Boreford Hope and others. Dr. Nevin's address was particularly interesting. He said that the principles of the Old Catholics were the same as those of the Anglican Church. It was a mistake to regard Pope Leo as a liberal pope. His violence against Protestants had been greater, and his support of such fables as Loretto had been warmer than Pius IX.'s. His present strife with some of the higher ecclesiastics only meant that he was asserting his position as lord of the Church in accordance with the Vatican decree. Turning to the little band of reformers, he said that they consisted of Savarese, Campello, Cichetti, and a fourth, who subsisted on the pittance of £2 a month. There had been another, Paolo Panzani, who, if any man did, had died the death of a martyr. These clergy had revised their liturgy, and were about to bring out a revised version of the *Yesper service*; till that was done they used the Anglican Evensong in Italian. It was asked why had not the movement extended wider? One chief reason of this was the want of funds. Quite lately five Sicilian priests had made application to Savarese to join him with their congregations. The deputy of the place to which they belonged had vouched for the seriousness of their application; but they could not starve, and £3 or £4 per month for their support was not forthcoming. A similar application had been made by a priest and professor in the north of Italy. Another reason was that the whole force of the papacy was exerted against those few men, and not only of the papacy, but of unbelievers also. In Old Catholicism was the only hope of keep-

* See the author's edition of Tyndale's "Pentateuch." New York, 1865.

† See the author's papers on "The Higher Criticism," recently published in THE CHURCHMAN, for illustrations.

* *οἱ προφητοὶ λέξαντες ἅμα ἐν τῷ παρόντι, ὁ βῆσεν.*

† *Hanc vox temporibus Mosis usitata est, Judicum temporibus deinde iterum reuata est.* See "Speaker's Commentary," I., p. 653.

ing alive Christianity in Italy, for Italians had rejected and could not be made to accept again the corrupt faith of Rome. The question was, could these men hold out for a little while? If they could, there was a great future before them. The Bishop of Minnesota, before he left Rome, said that one thing that had touched him most in Italy was the spectacle of these men who had given up all for Christ.

MR. SPURGEON AND THE MODERN NON CONFORMIST PULPIT.—Mr. Spurgeon, in the course of a recent sermon which attracted great attention, spoke very strongly with regard to modern thought and the modern pulpit. "The modern pulpit," he said, "has taught men to be infidels." In the course of his remarks he said, "Think not that I am aiming at the Church of England. With all my objection to a State Church, I am not so unjust as to conceal my belief that I see in the Episcopal Church at this time less of unbelief than among certain dissenters; in fact, Non-conformity in certain quarters is eaten through and through with a covert Unitarianism, less tolerable than Unitarianism itself. So frequently are the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel assailed that it becomes needless before you cross the threshold of many a chapel to ask the question, 'Shall I hear the Gospel here to-day, or shall I come out hardly knowing whether the Bible is inspired or not? Shall I not be made to doubt the atonement, the work of the Holy Ghost, the immortality of the soul, the punishment of the wicked, or the deity of Christ?'"

The Rev. William Lefroy, Canon of Liverpool, in preaching to his congregation subsequently, alluded to this avowal of Mr. Spurgeon. He said it was lamentable, coming as it did from Mr. Spurgeon, and perhaps the most lamentable part of it was its truth. They would all deplore it, but they might rest assured that the reason of this disastrous moral declension was political strife, exhausted energies, which in bygone years were concentrated upon religion. Mr. Spurgeon's deplorable avowal furnished another reason for the maintenance of the Church of England, with her articles and her homilies. With these she was God's organic institution in this land to resist Romanism on the one hand and unbelief upon the other.

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. MOSSMAN.—The Rev. Thomas Wymerly Mossman, rector of East Torrington and vicar of West Torrington, whose perversion to Rome was announced a few weeks ago, died on Sunday, June 28th. Mr. Mossman some years ago became prominent as an original member, if not the founder, of the Society for Corporate Reunion, and procuring consecration, it is said, on the high seas, from a bishop of one of the Oriental communions, he assumed the title of Bishop of Selby. He undertook to ordain a young man named Army Green to the priesthood, and for this was called to account by his bishop, the late Bishop Wordsworth. Mr. Mossman promised not to offend again, and the matter was passed over with, we believe, a private reprimand. Mr. Mossman made himself conspicuous last year by some letters addressed to the pope. He recently resigned the livings he had held since 1839, in order to enter the Church of Rome, but, as the legal formalities in connection with the relinquishment of his trust required several weeks for their completion, he really died a benefited clergyman of the establishment.

A NEW CONGREGATION FOR MR. GREEN.—On Saturday, July 11th, there was a gathering of the late communicants of St. John's church, Miles Platting. There were about two hundred and fifty present. It is stated that the late communicants are forming themselves into a St. John's Church Society, and that the

Rev. Sidney F. Green has accepted the episcopacy. There are already about three hundred members.

IRELAND.

THE ROMISH BISHOPS AND THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.—The Dublin Evening Mail says: "The Roman Catholic bishops in this country, it seems, have suddenly discovered a new grievance and a standing insult. It would appear from the London correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, to whom we are indebted for the intelligence, that the prelates were at Rome when this sad state of affairs burst upon them. The remarkable part of the thing is, that while this intolerable wrong has been going on for eleven years, not a single protest was ever before made about it, a fact which, considering how eagerly even the ghosts of grievances have been hunted up, does not display much activity on the part of the hierarchy. To come to the point, however, this shocking insult to "the vast majority of the Irish nation" is nothing less than the assumption by the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country of the title bestowed upon it at the disestablishment—namely, Church of Ireland. This weighty matter has now been assigned by the bishops to the championship of Mr. Parnell, who will probably not be slow to bring it before Parliament. "We, the Bishops of Ireland" (says the resolution, which was forwarded from Rome by Dr. Carr, Bishop of Galway), "having learned that the question of the future official designation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland is now under the consideration of her Majesty's government, beg leave to represent to the Government that the assumption of the title 'The Church of Ireland' by the disestablished Church has hitherto given deep offence to our Catholic people, and that its official recognition would be justly regarded as a standing insult to the vast majority of the Irish nation." We should be glad to be informed where or when, upon any single occasion since the Act of Disestablishment was passed, have the Roman Catholic people of this country given the slightest indication of considering this title an insult to them, or that it offended them in the least. Surely, if such deep offence existed, opportunity would have been found for giving voice to it before now. It is certainly somewhat late in the day to take exception, and we think the bishops might have been much better employed than in hunting up an excuse for reviving sectarian strife."

The Evening Mail might have added that as the Church of Ireland, with a native episcopate, has borne her name since the days of St. Patrick, it is rather late for bishops of entirely foreign ordination to complain about it.

JAPAN.

DEATH OF THE ENGLISH BISHOP.—The Right Rev. Arthur William Poole, D.D., English Bishop of Japan, died at Shrewsbury, England, on Tuesday July 14th. Bishop Poole was ordained in 1876, and in 1877 was appointed missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Masulipatam, South India. His health failing him, he returned to England in 1880. In 1883 the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury having been attracted by a speech Mr. Poole made at the annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, he was nominated to the new bishopric to be established in Japan. He accepted with much misgiving as to his health, and was consecrated on St. Luke's Day, 1883. He immediately sailed for his place of work, and was cordially welcomed by both the American and English missionaries. After a few months his health again gave way, and he was obliged to spend the winter of 1884-5 in California. He returned to England a few weeks before his death.

MAINE.

BAR HARBOR.—St. Saviour's Church.—At St. Saviour's church, Bar Harbor, the number of worshippers obliges the rector to appoint services for the hours of 7:30 A.M. (early communion), 9:30 A.M. (Morning Prayer), 11 A.M. (full morning service), 5 P.M. (Evening Prayer), and 8 P.M. (full evening service), the result being, with the Sunday-school service, a series of six services a day, which are quite sufficient for one rector. The additions to this church, which will be made under the supervision of Messrs. Botch & Tilden, the Boston architects, will be begun in the coming fall, it is hoped. Dr. Robert Amory of Brookline, Mass., the treasurer of the Building Fund, reports finances as being in a condition to warrant speedy commencement of work.

SACO.—Trinity Church.—Quite extensive repairs are being made, in Trinity church, Saco. A new belfry is being erected, the church is to be shingled and painted, and the ceiling of the interior is to be newly plastered.

St. John's by the Sea, at Old Orchard, has been advancing toward completion. Owing to the efforts of visitors last year, money has been provided for finishing the chancel, robing-room, and organ-love, and for the purchase of a new altar made of ash. The chancel arch and sides are sheathed with ash, shelled, and oiled. The robing-room and organ-chamber are plastered and finished in ash. The chancel furniture is all made of ash. Only the finishing of nave and the procuring seats and carpets remain to make this chapel one of the prettiest churches on our sea-coast. The chapel was opened for the season on Sunday, July 12th. The Rev. William Hatch, from St. Joseph, Mo., officiated in the morning, and the Rev. Canon Norman of Montreal in the evening. About a hundred persons were in the congregation.—*Northeast.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

BROOKLINE.—St. Paul's Church.—This parish (the Rev. L. K. Storr, rector), is to rejoice in the possession of a new rectory. For the proposed edifice the lot has been purchased, plans procured and estimates made. It is to be built near the church, and is the gift of a generous friend of the parish. This parish numbers 300 communicants, and has enjoyed the wise and prudent oversight of the present rector for now some eight years.

RHODE ISLAND.

WICKFORD.—St. Paul's Church.—This church (the Rev. W. W. Ayres, rector) was reopened on Wednesday, July 29th, after having been repaired and put in as thorough order as its advanced age would permit. There were present, besides the bishop of the diocese and the rector of the parish, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Henshaw, and the Rev. Messrs. G. J. Magill, P. Durjee, and Daniel Goodwin, while the Rev. Dr. G. H. Greer, and the Rev. Messrs. H. Bassett and W. F. Tucker were in the congregation. The service was read by the bishop and clergy, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin, from Exodus xii. 26. After the sermon a brief address was made by the bishop, who said that he hoped that the suggestion that the church should in the future be preserved in as favorable a condition as possible be rightly taken by the congregation, and that their contributions to the fund to be set apart for the care of the building would be correspondingly large. The last time it was his pleasure to sit in the old church it was necessary, before the services could be held, to drive out the birds that had made it their habitation. At that time the old church cloths, or what remained of them, were hanging in dust-covered tatters, and certainly he

never expected to see the building in its present chaste condition. The edifice certainly should be preserved, for it was the oldest church in the country, north of Virginia, used exclusively by the Episcopal denomination. There were older church buildings in Pennsylvania, but these had formerly been used by the Swedish Church.

After the services the clergy and laity were entertained at the chapel of the new church. St. Paul's stands on a short street or lane a few hundred feet from the main thoroughfare of the place, and is reached by a winding pathway. For years the church has been the subject of a tradition, told so many times in print, and by the family friends, that it has come to be set down as a part of the indisputable history of the town. Years ago, in 1800, the narrators of this legend have it, the old church was removed surreptitiously by some of the residents of Wickford, who, on a quiet night, by means of ox-teams, drew it from McSparran Hill to Wickford and located it there, to the utter discomfort of the people in the southern part of the town. For years this tradition was repeated and believed, but now the historian has stepped in and by the church records disproves the truth of the legend. It does not need the word of the historian to convince the intelligent that the tradition was made up of whole cloth. The size and form of the structure would forbid its removal in the manner as alleged.

Externally the church is in a very fair state of preservation. Unlike the religious edifices of the present day, the entrance is in the centre of the side, facing the lane. The building is painted a deep brown shade, and the scars caused by the blowing down of the steeple in 1805 have been obliterated by modern clapboards. Over the entrance is a small, black tablet, with the inscription in letters of gilt: "Built A.D. 1707. Removed A.D. 1800." Entering the double doorway, through which so many generations, long since crumbled to dust, have passed; through which the smiling, tear-bedimmed eyed bride, happy as a lark, has passed to begin the real duties of life; through which sorrowing hearts, heavily laden with grief and mourning for dear ones, have passed; through which solemn-voiced squires and prim matrons have passed—all gone, never to return—one finds himself in a square audience room, on three sides of which is a low gallery. Time has dealt gently with the interior of the building, far more so than mischievous boys and the reckless youth. Some of the old brass trimmings are gone, having been removed by the boys; but, as the door to the lower floor has been kept closed as much as possible, there is a singular and a pleasing absence of the usual jack-knife carvings with which the destructively-inclined are wont to leave evidences of their visits.

The pews were formerly all of the high-backed, box pattern, but those in the centre were removed several years ago, and sixteen slips built in their places. There now remain of the old box pews just fifteen, and these, with the slips, are painted in a pearl tint. Originally, too, the chancel was on the east side, and a small round pulpit, quite high and reached by a single flight of stairs, stood where the present one does. The chancel was removed early in the present century, and gave way to several box pews. The present pulpit is far from modern, yet there are a few of the oldest inhabitants who can remember when it was built. It is high, square, without a graceful line, as stern and stiff as the old Narragansett fathers who sat within its shadow. The wood is of pine, but an artist of long ago grained it in an impossible imitation of chestnut. The solid framework of the old pile is discerned every where, perfect in every way, seeming to defy the ravages of time.

The gallery, which is supported by six pillars, is reached by a stairway on the western exterior of the building. The floor is pitched, and gives one a feeling that without constant care one would be precipitated to the floor below. The old, unpainted benches still remain, and in the centre, facing the pulpit, is the space set apart for the singers. The building was formerly heated by two large stoves, burning wood, one of which was placed in the western gallery and the other in the centre of the lower floor. The place is lighted by two arched windows in the rear of the pulpit, one round window in the east gable, and by nineteen other windows.

ALBANY.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE—Consecration of the Church of the Transfiguration.—On Sunday, July 19th, the bishop of the diocese consecrated this church (the Rev. S. N. Griswold in charge). There was an early celebration, preceded by the benediction of the new altar. At 10:30 the Consecration Service was held, the bishop being assisted by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey and the minister in charge. The church was filled with a large congregation from the various hotels, and during the service the bishop baptised the infant daughter of the proprietor of the Blue Mountain Lake House. The consecration sermon was preached by the bishop from Psalm cxxxii, 6.

The church is built of logs and lined with spruce boards; it will accommodate one hundred and fifty people. The builder was Mr. Wallace, of Luzerne, and the architect, Mr. M. N. Cutter, of New York. The church was erected mainly through the liberality of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gurney, of Germantown, Pa. Its cost was \$1,500. The situation was chosen with a view to its being equally accessible to the three hotels.

In the afternoon the bishop proceeded to the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raquette Lake, where he held service and preached.

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Bethesda Church.—On Sunday, July 26th, this church (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey, rector.) was handsomely draped in mourning for General Grant. The congregation filled all the available space in the church, and great solemnity pervaded the assembly. It was noticed that nearly all the people were dressed in black.

The rector was assisted in the service by the Rev. Dr. G. H. McKnight and the Rev. Messrs. S. S. Searing and J. K. Mendenhall, and preached an appropriate sermon on the character of General Grant, taking as his text St. Matthew xx., 26-29.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Acceptance of the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford.—The following are the letters addressed to the Presiding Bishop and the special committee, in which the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford accepts the office of General Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society:

BY REV. ALFRED LEE, D.D., LL.D., R. REV. SIR, MY DEAR BISHOP: I have the honor to inform you as President of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society that I have to-day communicated to the Board of Managers my acceptance of the position of General Secretary, to which they elected me on the 16th of June last.

In conveying this information to you I take the opportunity to crave from you and from your right reverend brethren in the episcopate the sanction of your and their fullest confidence and support in the earnest endeavors of the board to extend the interest in the missions of our Church. The Church cannot fulfil her duty or prove her power till all her members feel the force of the great commission and contribute systematically for missions both at

home and abroad. It will fill the measure of my desire to bear a humble part in promoting that great end for the glory of God and the extension of His Church.

I remain, right reverend sir, with very great respect, your servant in the Church.

WM. S. LANGFORD.
Elizabeth, N. J., July 27th, 1885.

ELIZABETH, N. J., July 27th, 1885.
MY DEAR BRETHREN: I have carefully considered the subject of my election to be General Secretary of the Board of Managers, and have decided to accept the office. The Church has a right to claim the services of her clergy for positions where she judges they may be most useful, and personal considerations must yield to the call of duty. Nothing less than the imperative nature of the call could induce me to leave the most agreeable of parochial relations to enter upon this wider sphere of service and, I sincerely hope, of usefulness. The deep and strong interest which, as I am witness, is evinced by the members of the board in the progress of our missionary work is gratifying assurance of the hearty support which I may expect from them, and I trust it is the promise of an earnest purpose on the part of our brethren, the clergy and laity throughout the Church, to sustain and advance by every means in their power the great and good work of the Board of Managers.

In communicating my acceptance to the Board of Managers be kind enough to express my high sense of the honor they have done me in choosing me for an office of so great responsibility.

I remain, dear brethren, with grateful appreciation of your courtesy, faithfully yours,
W. S. LANGFORD.

REV. W. R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., } Special
LEWEL COFFIN, Esq. } Committee.

NEW YORK—St. Thomas's Church.—This parish, (the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, rector,) according to its old custom, but seldom violated, maintains its fall services through the summer, except that in August the Evening Prayer on Sunday is omitted. The summer congregations would fill a church of moderate size, showing that, in the absence of parishioners from the city, strangers appreciate the privileges offered them.

St. Thomas's House, on East Fifty-ninth street, near Second Avenue, is the scene of much beneficial work among the sick and poor during the summer. Among other activities, it is the rendezvous of large parties of children and infants with their mothers, who, to the number of many hundreds, are sent off to the mountains and the sea for periods extending from a week to a fortnight. One large party of boys, under the charge of the German assistant-minister, has just returned from the Catskills. These children are collected by careful house-to-house visitation by the parish visitor. Both the church and the mission buildings are open every day to the public, except when undergoing repairs.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. John's Church.—On Sunday, July 26th, services were held by the rector (the Rev. T. S. Pycott) for the last time, previous to the beginning of alterations and extensive enlargement of the house of worship. Ground has since been broken for this improvement. The plans propose an entire change in the building. It is now a simple chapel, extending from south to north. This will form the transept of the new church, and a nave, forty-three feet in width by fifty-five feet in length, will extend from east to west, and on the western extremity of the edifice, next to the rectory, a fine chancel will be constructed. The church will have an entrance at the southeast angle in addition to the present entrance. The windows will be set with stained glass, and cut stone similar to that of which the present walls are formed will be used in the new portion. The chancel, choir, and

robing-rooms will be a large addition on the western end.

These improvements will about double the capacity of the building, and the effect will be to convert it into a substantial, large, and beautiful church. St. John's is the second church in the age of its organization in the city and county. This enlargement has been greatly needed to give it scope and chance for growth and activity. The present rector has been seven years in charge of the parish. The location is in the midst of a section of the city growing more rapidly than any other, and attracting a very desirable population by its proximity to Prospect Park and its otherwise attractive location.

BROOKLYN—Christ Church.—This parish, (the Rev. Dr. L. W. Bancroft, rector,) which celebrated its half-centenary last spring, is having its church building refitted. The interior is in process of redecoration, at a cost of \$12,000. The rector is now in Europe, but is expected to return soon, when he will bring with him a stained glass window, that has been especially made for the church by Holiday of London. It cost \$2,500.

BROOKLYN—Death of the Rev. Dr. Cornell.—The Rev. Dr. T. F. Cornell, rector of St. Stephen's church, died at his residence on Friday, July 31st. Dr. Cornell came to Brooklyn in 1859, when he was connected with St. Mark's church. In 1869 he became rector of the Church of the Mediator, and in 1873 became rector of St. Stephen's church. Dr. Cornell was born in 1830, was graduated at the New York University, and the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and subsequently from the General Theological Seminary.

ASTORIA—Church of the Redeemer.—A beautiful window has been placed in the nave of this church (the Rev. Dr. E. D. Cooper, rector,) by the present and former officers of the church, as a memorial to the late Edward W. Hewitt, for sometime warden of the parish and member of the vestry, and treasurer of the church from its organization to the day of his death.

It is a worthy tribute to their late associate, beautiful in design and exquisite in its workmanship. It was made in Munich, under the direction of Messrs. Spence & Son's of Montreal.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

BUFFALO—Death of the Rev. J. M. Henderson.—The Rev. J. M. Henderson, for twenty-five years rector of the Church of the Ascension, died on Saturday, August 1st, on his fifty-first birthday. Mr. Henderson was born in Springfield, N. J., in 1834. He was ordained in New Jersey, and served for a brief space as assistant in Christ church, Elizabeth, N. J., from which post he was chosen to the rectorship of the Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, in 1861. He was at his death, and had been for some years, president of the Standing Committee of the diocese.

NEW JERSEY.

BORDENTOWN—Death of the Rev. Mr. Pettit.—The Rev. N. Pettit, the rector of Christ church, who was also senior presbyter of the diocese and president of the Standing Committee, died on Monday, July 27th, in the rectory of Christ church, which had been his home for more than sixteen years.

The funeral took place in the church at noon on the following Thursday, and his body was laid at rest in the adjoining churchyard, the bishop, thirty presbyters, a vested choir, and a great congregation of sorrowful parishioners participating in the services. Mr. Pettit enjoyed in an unusual degree the deep respect and tender affection of his clerical brethren, and

many of them gave touching expressions of love and sorrow when assembled after the funeral. A brief minute was adopted for publication, and a memorial service appointed for a day in the Octave of All Saints', when, at the united request of the vestry and the clergy, the Rev. Dr. G. M. Hills, dean of the convocation, will deliver an appropriate discourse.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

BLOOMFIELD—Christ Church.—On the Eighth Sunday after Trinity, July 26th, in this church, (the Rev. W. G. Farrington, D. D., rector,) the bishop of the diocese admitted Mr. Henry Kiersted Bicker to the restricted diaconate. Mr. Bicker will serve in the parish as assistant to the rector.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—Points in the New Convocational System.—At a late meeting of the North-West Convocation the president, the Rev. D. S. Miller, D. D., called attention to two points in the working of the new convocational system.

First, That all missionary gifts for the work in this diocese from the members of parishes for the present year would be included in the apportionment.

Second, That the clergy and lay-delegates to this body from each parish would form a standing committee having in hand the raising of the sum expected from each parish.

And also presented the following schedule of the amounts hoped for as the result of careful inquiry and investigation:

St. James', \$300; Epiphany and chapel, \$250; St. Matthias', \$200; St. Clement's, \$300; St. James the Less, \$150; Atonement, \$100; Covenant, \$100; St. Matthew's, \$100; Redemption, \$75; Beloved Disciple, \$50; St. George's, \$50; St. Chrysostom's, \$25; extra parochial, \$10.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Timothy's Church, Roxborough.—On Tuesday, July 14th, ground was broken for very considerable improvements to this church, (the Rev. R. E. Dennison, rector.) This church, with its 340 communicants and but 310 sittings, has long been too small for its congregation. It is open from sunrise to sunset, when any one may enter and pass through all the buildings, without ever meeting one on the watch.

The improvements will be both of church and parish building. It is intended to remove the western wall of the church, and extend the nave 41 feet; the aisles will be also extended 30 feet. A low tower or stone lantern, 23 feet square, raised on four granite columns, carrying heavy iron beams, will be built to break the lines of the building, which, without the chancel, will be 109 feet long. Instead of the window at the western end of the church there will be six windows in the lantern, by which more light and better ventilation will be secured. By this 212 more sittings will be gained. An addition 61 feet long and 28 feet wide will be made to the present parish building, which, though very complete, is much too small for the needs of the parish work. In the addition there will be clergy and choir-rooms, Bible class and infant school-rooms, as well as cloak, toilet rooms, etc. Connecting this with the church there will be a covered passage way. Nearly all the money needed for these improvements has already been given or subscribed by the congregation. The church is dependent entirely upon the offerings of the worshippers for its support. All expenses are promptly met, and liberal offerings are given to missionary and other purposes.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Evangelists.—The old structure of this church, (the Rev. H.

R. Percival, rector,) except the tower, has been taken down; this will form a campanile for the new church which is to be built in the form of an old Basilicon of the Lombardy or Romanesque style of architecture. It will consist of a nave 30 feet wide, and two aisles, each 10 feet wide. The entire length will be 110 feet, of which 85 feet will form the choir and chancel. The walls will be of rough hard brick with open joints. The roof will be a plain open truss, with a plastered clerestory resting on arches of English red and Caen stone upon brick columns. Supporting a stone porch, which forms the entrance, are polished granite columns, the bases of which are coaching lions. It is intended at some future time to erect immediately west of the church a parish building, and also three neat dwellings in the rear of the lot.

PHILADELPHIA—St. James's Church, Kingsesing.—At this church (the Rev. Dr. Charles A. Mason, rector,) a workmen's club has just been started in this parish for the benefit of the many young men who had no places of social enjoyment save the street corner or the saloon. At the opening of the rooms, which are supplied with newspapers, periodicals and games, addresses were made by the rector, Mr. Francis Wells and others. The rooms, which are in one of the school buildings, are open every evening until 10 o'clock, except Sundays, Good Friday and Easter Even. The rector of the parish is ex-officio president, and the management of the club is in the hands of Churchmen, by a provision of the constitution. Its privileges are open to all who wish to avail themselves thereof.

PHILADELPHIA—Christ Church, Franklinville.—At this parish (the Rev. Thomas Z. Taylor, rector,) there has lately been organized a guild for the older boys and young men. A library and reading room are included in the plan, where they may spend their evenings free from the evil influences into which they are liable to be drawn. It is intended by the rector soon to establish a similar guild for the girls and women of the parish.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Ascension.—Contracts have been signed whereby work will be begun at once on the new church and parish buildings for this parish (the Rev. G. Woolsley Hodge, rector.) The church will be one hundred feet by sixty, will be built of stone lined with brick, having nave and aisles. The clerestory, resting on stone columns, will support an open-timbered roof. The chancel will be twenty-four by twenty-seven feet. The parish building, which is evidently intended to be a hive for earnest work, will have lower and upper stories. On the first there will be a hall, with stairway leading to the second floor, guild, choir, and vestry rooms, with the rector's office and a large work-room, with closets, etc. The entire upper room will be used as a Sunday-school room or chapel, as occasion may demand. The erection of these will hasten the improvement of this wide avenue at a part which has not grown as rapidly as it will in the next few years.

ARDMORE—A New Parish.—Between one and two acres of ground, centrally located, have been purchased here for Church purposes. It is expected that a parish will be organized at this point.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

SAYRE—The Robert Packer Hospital.—The warden of this institution (the Rev. W. E. Morrow) in a letter dated July 27th says:

"In the account of the opening of the Robert Packer Hospital, situated at Sayre, Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, which appeared in your last week's issue, one mistake—a very natural

one—occurs, which should be corrected, viz.: That the hospital property 'is the gift of the late Robert A. Packer.' Most people who know this open-handed and kindly gentleman personally, or by the quiet deeds of his generous life, would be apt to infer that it came to us by his own bequest. As a fact, however, this is not the case. And yet I do not feel at liberty to name publicly the person from whom the noble gift did proceed. Mr. Robert Ass Packer died without issue; hence it may not be amiss to say this much, that the people of this territory are indebted for the new institution to a surviving member of the family in which he was the eldest son."

HAILETON—Ordination.—The Rev. Louis C. Washburn, minister in charge of St. Peter's church, was advanced to the priesthood on Thursday, July 3d, by the assistant-bishop of the diocese. The sermon was preached by the assistant-bishop, and the candidate was presented by the Rev. M. A. Tolman. The Rev. Messrs. C. K. Nelson, J. B. Buxton and B. F. Thompson also joined in the imposition of hands.

A beautiful recess chancel has just been added to this church, and other notable changes made.

PITTSBURGH.

UNIONTOWN—St. Peter's Church.—This parish (the Rev. R. S. Smith, rector), has almost completed, and expects to occupy in the early fall, a handsome buff freestone church and parish building. The church is capable of seating about 300 persons. It consists of a nave 50x40 feet, and a chancel 20x18 feet, which is flanked on the right by a battlemented tower, the lower portion of which will serve as an organ-chamber. The room on the left of the chancel will be fitted up for the use of the rector. The chancel is apsidal. The roof is lofty and open-timbered. The walls are finished in rough plaster. In the upper part of the tower, which is a prominent landmark in this country, where there are large coking interests, and where not a few of the old-time log cabins may be seen, will be placed a chime of bells. The style of architecture is early English. All the windows are memorial, the scheme of which is events in the life of St. Peter. The furniture is of oak. The floors of the tower, chancel, and church have been laid in tiles, the gift of a Philadelphian. Abutting the church, and forming part of the structure, is a two-story school building, 15x45 feet, appropriately divided for parish work. The opening of this church and school building will be an event in Uniontown.

DELAWARE.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—From the Journal of the Ninety-fifth Annual Convention we take the following statistics: Clergy, including the bishop, 30; parishes, 27; churches and chapels, 37; ordinations, 3; baptisms, 267; confirmations, 104; communicants, 2,206; Sunday-school scholars, 2,220; marriages, 59; burials, 182; contributions, \$38,574.94. The address of the bishop dwells mainly upon topics of diocesan interest.

WILMINGTON—St. John's Church.—A group of parish buildings is about to be erected for this parish, (the Rev. Dr. T. Gardiner Littell, rector.) It will consist of three divisions. The first will contain rooms for clergy, choir, Bible-classes, a public reading-room and halls; the second will be a Sunday-school building, with porch; the third, a rectory. Ground has been broken for the first. They will be built of blue granite like the church. Covered ways will connect them. The plans have been furnished by Mr. Emlen T. Littell of New York, and are very complete in all the details.

The vested choir of thirty-five men and boys, trained by Mr. William J. Fisher, has been a complete success.

Three guilds are doing excellent work. The organ will soon be enlarged. Extensive improvements have recently been made to the church building. The congregation has been steadily increasing for several years.

MARYLAND.

GAITHERSBURG—Ascension Church.—This church (the Rev. R. T. Brown, rector,) was consecrated on Friday, July 17th, by the bishop of the diocese. The bishop preached, and confirmed three persons.

This church, in Prince George's parish, was begun in 1881, and completed in 1883, and cost about \$2,000. It is a frame building, of gothic style. The Rev. R. T. Brown ministers here and at the parish church to some five hundred souls.

PRINCE FREDERICK—St. Paul's Church.—This parish (the Rev. Dr. L. De Lew, rector,) has received a legacy by the will of the late Mr. Parran, who was for many years rector, and the vestry are now building a bell-tower, to be paid for out of the same, and other parishioners are to provide the bell, as a memorial to this friend of the parish. The church accommodates some two hundred persons, while there are about thirty-three communicants in the parish. The parsonage, including a glebe of eighty acres, is valued at \$2,000, the church at \$3,000, while a handsome endowment of \$6,000 is possessed by this parish.

PETERSVILLE—St. Mark's Church.—It is to be noted of this parish (the Rev. E. Wall, rector,) that, although it supports two missions, it receives no aid for either of them from the Missions' Committee. The parish has raised over \$600 toward necessary expenses, and has a church (seating 450) and two chapels of the joint value of \$6,000, and a parsonage and land of that of \$3,000, with a list of communicants numbering 127—individuals in the cure, 250.

PORT TOBACCO PARISH—Christ Church, Port Tobacco.—Nearly by its own efforts this parish (the Rev. G. F. Williams, rector,) has built one of the most churchly and beautiful churches in this portion of the diocese. The church seats 700, and is valued at \$14,000, the chapel appertaining included; parsonage and twenty-four acres, \$3,000. Both church and rectory are insured. The parish here consists of 450 individuals, of whom some 340 are communicants, and only a few persons beyond the limits of the parish were appealed to for aid in the construction of the new and handsome church.

PORT TOBACCO PARISH—Christ Church, Port Tobacco.—On Wednesday and Thursday, July 1st and 2d, the bishop of the diocese made his first visitation of this parish (the Rev. G. F. Williams, rector). He officiated in both the church and the chapel. Thirty-one persons were confirmed. The bishop commended the splendid condition of the two consecrated buildings, and pronounced the services "grand and most hearty, and the attendance larger than he had seen in any parish he had visited outside of the cities of the diocese."

EASTON.

SPRING HILL PARISH—Convocation.—The southern convocation of the diocese met in St. Paul's church, Spring Hill parish (the Rev. F. B. Adkins, rector,) on Tuesday, July 21st. Evening Prayer having been said, there was a discussion on the Parable of the Leaven. The Rev. A. Batte discussed "The Spirit Given to

the Apostles and the First Believers, and through them Permeating the World—the Church, the Leaven of the World." The Rev. J. R. Joyner discussed "The Personal Leaven—the Spirit touching the mind, the heart, or the conscience in some one point, and thence permeating the whole nature—the origin and growth of Christian character."

On Wednesday the Holy Eucharist was celebrated by the dean, the Rev. F. W. Hilliard, assisted by the Rev. A. Batte and the rector of the parish. The dean preached the sermon.

In the afternoon an instructive address on missions was delivered by the Rev. A. Batte.

On Thursday, after Morning Prayer, the Rev. A. Batte preached on "The Debt which all Christians owe to their God and the Church."

In the afternoon a stirring address was made by the dean on St. James, the first apostolic martyr.

St. Paul's, Spring Hill parish, is a country church, and, with the exception of a very few years, was presided over by Bishop Stone, of Maryland, from his early ministry until his death. It was built in 1765 as a chapel of ease to "Old Green Hill Church," in Stepeny parish, on the Wicomico River, which was built in 1733 and is now being restored.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS—St. Mark's Church.—On Saturday, July 25th, St. James's Day, the annual reunion of the Sunday-schools and members of this parish, (the Rev. E. S. Burford, rector,) was held at Reed's Lake, three and a half miles from the city. The children and their teachers or guardians assembled at St. Mark's chapel at 9 o'clock A. M., when a short service was held by the rector, who then made a few brief remarks as to the proper observance of the order of the day. The distribution of tickets, &c., then took place, when all formed in line, marched to the cars in waiting, and were soon borne to the scene of the day's festivities. A bountiful collation was served at half past twelve by a committee of ladies, after which all gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the various amusements the scene afforded. Late in the afternoon the remainder of the feast was distributed to the hungry, and at five o'clock a happy festival ended with the homeward trip.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE—St. John's Home.—In the seventeenth report of this institution, the trustees reiterate the satisfaction previously expressed. The Home continues to find new friends who are kindly disposed to aid in its support, and the past year has been one of prosperity.

The present Board of Managers number twenty-eight. Three have been added and five have resigned; number of inmates, including matron and two servants, is twenty-five. Two have died and two have been admitted. The faithful chaplain, the Rev. Mr. St. George, still conducts the religious services at the Home. The matron (Mrs. Bordoe) performs her duties faithfully and well, and through her unwearied exertion and devotion the inmates have been made unusually happy and comfortable.

Through the thoughtful generosity of friends a number of books have been given to the Home, which have added greatly to the profit and pleasure of the inmates. Like donations from others would be gladly welcomed.

The Home has lost a valued friend and liberal donor in the death of Mrs. Dr. Wright, of Waukesha, who while living was ever active in showing her interest in the welfare and sup-

port of the Home. Her loss will be greatly deplored.

It is with feelings of regret that they record the resignation of their most worthy treasurer, Mrs. James Smith, who has served us so faithfully and acceptably, and who in leaving will carry with her the best wishes and esteem of all.

RACINE.—St. Luke's Hospital.—In their annual report the trustees of this institution give the following statistics: patients admitted, 18; patients readmitted, 1; infants born in the hospital, 22; died, 3 (2 adults and 1 infant). The nationality of the inmates was Irish, 4; German, 4; Danish, 3; Norwegian, 1; Swede, 1; English, 1; Canadian, 1; American, 3. The religious connection of the inmates was, Lutheran, 6; Roman Catholic, 5; Episcopal, 3; Methodist, 1; Universalist, 1; not ascertained, 2. Balance on hand at beginning of year, \$7,50; cash received, \$857.06; total, \$944.56; expenditures, \$860.76; leaving balance in hand, \$83.80. The property is in good order, and there is no indebtedness.

CRITTEWA FALLS.—St. Luke's Hospital.—The annual report of this institution shows patients treated, 93 (men, 21; women, 7; children, 4). Receipts, \$740.50; disbursements, \$917.30; estimated debts, \$900; the estimated value of the property is \$1,900; of the building, \$5,500.

During the year the hospital has been supplied by the various societies in the diocese which form part of the Woman's Auxiliary, with many needed articles. From outside the diocese a similar line of articles has been contributed, besides contributions of money. A complete set of amputating and trephining instruments were presented through Mrs. M. C. Durand, by Mrs. Bryson of New York.

ARKANSAS.

MORRILLTON.—St. Agnes's Church.—On Thursday, July 16th, the Rev. W. A. Tarnes, dean of Trinity cathedral, Little Rock, visited the few Churchmen of this rising and enterprising place, and on the following evening began a very successful mission, in which he is trusted great and abiding good was done. The mission resulted in the organization of St. Agnes's church, the formation of a ladies' guild, the offer of a good lot for church and rectory buildings, and the return of several who had wandered elsewhere. Dr. W. N. Scarborough was appointed senior warden, and Mr. H. Coblenz junior warden. A vestry, secretary, and treasurer were also chosen.

On Sunday, July 19th, the dean baptized four adults, and in the afternoon he baptized ten children.

The bishop arrived on Wednesday and conferred nine persons.

The services and visitation closed on Thursday evening, July 23d, after a sermon from the bishop, who has made arrangements for a supply of clerical ministrations by the cathedral clergy.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

AMONG THE INDIANS.—Extracts from a Letter of the Missionary Bishop.—The following, from a letter of Bishop Hare, has been furnished us for publication:

Tuesday, May 12th.—Last evening Mr. Swift and I pitched our tents near the Chapel of the Advent, a rude structure of which I wrote in the following words when I made my first visit to it last fall. We slept in the bushes that night. Next morning we travelled on, and after several hours described a figure on a hilltop some distance off. One of the Indians made for him. He turned out to be the native catechist from White Wolf's camp

who was out seeking lost horses. He guided us to camp, where a sight met our gaze which was a full reward for our night's discomfiture—in a vast wilderness a new essay at a farming settlement, and at a central point a dozen Indians busy erecting a log chapel! I had sent them money with which to buy flooring, doors and window sash. They had themselves cut and hauled and hewn the logs, had put them in place and were doing all the work. The sight provoked the exclamation, "In the wilderness shall the waters break out and streams in the desert." The people's joy that I had come to see them, and my joy at seeing them were alike unbounded.

These people are just coming in from wildness and heathenism. They had been notified of our intended visit, and gathered from all directions, some in wagons, some on pony back, and some on foot. They had learned a few of the hymns and some of the responses by heart, and their first essays at a responsive service were very interesting. I write these notes while sitting underneath our wagon, seeking there shelter from the glare, and while three Indians are computing the value of a lot of beadwork, scabbards, moccasins, etc., which the Indian women have made in order to raise money to buy a bell for their chapel. The whole sum proves to be \$17.70.

MONTANA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

ACQUET.

9. A. M., Twin Bridge, P. M., Sheridan.
16, Madison Valley.
20, Roseman.
29, Fort Custer.

SEPTEMBER.

6, Glendive.
12, Dillon.
27, White Sulphur Springs.

OCTOBER.

4, Martinsdale.
9, Umet.
11, A. M., Cottonwood, P. M., Lewistown.
18, A. M., Fort Magenta, P. M., Maldeu.

FORT KEOGH.—Divine service is held at this post on all Sundays except the first Sunday of each month. The choir, under the charge of Lient. Partillo, the organist, is composed of children, whom he has trained to sing in quite a Churchly manner. The Sunday-school, Lient. Chatfield, superintendent, has an average attendance of thirty-five, an increase of 50 per cent. during the past year. The Church people and their friends at this station have furnished the chance of the post chapel with lectern, prayer desk, desk books, frontals for the altar, etc.; and besides contributing liberally to the support of the services, have rendered substantial aid in paying off the debt against the Mission property at Miles City.—*Diocesan Paper.*

MILES CITY.—The Estey organ purchased for the Ladies' Guild by Mr. Joseph Leighton has been received and placed in the chapel, and gives great satisfaction. The organist, Mr. Ross, an expert in such matters, thinks it the best instrument in the city.

The Ladies' Guild has elected as officers for the present year Mrs. M. R. Maples, president; Mrs. Horsfall, vice-president; Mrs. W. H. Middleton, secretary; Mrs. S. Gordon, treasurer. This guild was organized December, 1882, and has continued up to this time under the presidency of Mrs. Maples. Regular meetings are held in the parish school-room on the first and third Wednesdays in each month, when, among the business transacted, the matter of collecting the rector's salary (checking off the subscription list and appointing lady collectors for the month) forms an important part. The guild during the past two years and a half has raised, exclusive of salary, over \$1,500 for Church purposes.

Services are held in the chapel on all Sun-

days at half-past 9 A. M. and 8 P. M., and on all holy days at 11 A. M.; also, during the session of the parish school, on all week days (except Saturdays) at half-past 9 A. M. and half-past 3 P. M.

The parish school ended its Easter term on Friday, June 12th, with the full number of pupils, all in regular attendance except one. The closing exercises concluded with a lawn festival in the evening at the rectory, the grounds being illuminated with Chinese lanterns suspended from the trees. The interesting part of the entertainment was the presentation of the school medals by the rector, the awards having been previously made by Washington Berry, Esq., U. S. Land Office. Ada Davis received the gold medal for the best record, and Florence McFarlane the silver medal for the greatest general improvement. In the rector's address honorable mention was made of the names of Marion Gordon, Rena Vaughan, and Sally Jacobs, as standing next in order of merit. The Advent term of the school begins on the first Monday in September.—*Diocesan Paper.*

IDAHO.

THE BISHOP'S ANNUAL VISIT.—The missionary bishop is now making his annual round of visits in this Territory. Leaving home immediately after the close of the Church schools in Salt Lake City, he arrived in Boise City, Idaho, on the 19th of June. On Sunday, the 21st, he preached both morning and evening to large congregations in St. Michael's church, being assisted in the services by the rector and the Rev. Messrs. C. G. Davis, of Ogden, and F. W. Crook, of Boise City.

Leaving Boise City, he visited the various mission stations in Ada and Boise counties under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Crook, and again, on July 5th, officiated in St. Michael's church, preaching both morning and evening, and confirming an interesting class at the morning service. The interest of the Sunday-school service in the afternoon was heightened by the baptism of four children. After the Sunday-school the bishop administered the rite of confirmation in private.

During his visit the bishop, as is his custom, called from house to house throughout the parish, speaking a word of comfort to the sick and suffering, of encouragement to the unfortunate and destitute, and of counsel to the inquiring. We venture nothing in affirming that in all Idaho there is not a man who knows personally so many of the men, women and children of the Territory, and so much of their heart history, as does this man whose home is five hundred miles away. The miner, the stage-driver, the merchant, the baker, the workman in the home and the child on the street, all have a warm welcome for him.

Leaving Boise City on July 10th, accompanied by the Rev. G. H. Davis, the bishop went to Silver City. On Sunday morning he preached, baptized one infant, confirmed four adults and celebrated the Holy Communion. The evening congregation, when the bishop again preached, was not so large as usual, many being drawn away by a circus performance.

Monday was occupied with visiting the people in their homes, the bishop calling on almost every white family in the camp, and baptizing two children.

Tuesday morning found him again bumping over a rough stage-road, and your readers may picture him, from this time until the 1st of November, travelling by stage and on horseback over mountains and through valleys and gulches, visiting villages and mining camps, literally seeking the sheep lost in the wilderness.

CONNECTICUT.

MIDDLETOWN—Commemoration of the First Ordination in the United States.—August 3d was the centenary of the first ordination held in this country by Bishop Seabury. The clergy of Connecticut met the bishop at Middletown on the 2d day of August, 1785; and on the following day, after a formal recognition and acknowledgment of their bishop on the part of the clergy, he held an ordination of three candidates from Connecticut (Messrs. Philo Shelton, Ashbel Baldwin and Henry Van Dyck), and one from Maryland, Mr. Colin Ferguson. A special service was held on the hundredth anniversary of this ordination, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown. The bishop and clergy entered the church in procession at 11 o'clock, preceded by the choir. Bishop Williams began the Communion service, the epistle (from Ephesians iv., 7), being read by the Rev. Dr. Hat of Trinity College, and the Gospel (from St. Matthew xi., 35), by the Rev. S. Clarke of Bridgeport. After the creed, Bishop Williams delivered an address.

The bishop said that the third day of August, 1785, was a memorable day for the diocese and for the whole Church in this country, as being the day of the first ordination held by an American bishop and in the United States. It was well, he said, to commemorate it in the place in which it occurred, thus fittingly ending the series of centenary observances which was begun in Woodbury in the springtime of 1783. The place was the small wooden building known as Christ church, which stood on the south green in Middletown. Foremost among those who came together was the newly-consecrated bishop, in the full maturity of his manhood, as we see him in the picture with which we are all familiar, painted while he was in London. The presbyters present included Jeremiah Leaming, who had for his advanced age and his infirmities what he had stood in Seabury's place, and who preached the "well-adapted" sermon at the first ordination; Abraham Jarvis, the rector of Middletown and secretary of the convention, the writer of most, if not all, of the excellent papers and letters which were written about that time on behalf of the Connecticut clergy; nine others of the clergy of the State; the Rev. Benjamin Moore, of New York, and the Rev. Samuel Parker, of Massachusetts. The bishop passed on to speak of the admirable address of the clergy to Bishop Seabury and of his reply, of the ordination service and of the convocation of the clergy which followed. He said that we can scarcely now imagine the mingled joy and doubt, hope and fear, that filled the minds and agitated the hearts of those who came together in Middletown a hundred years ago. No man could answer then the questions which then arose to their minds; God has answered them since. He closed with a quotation from Bishop Coxe's lines on the mitre of Bishop Seabury, which is preserved in the library of Trinity College.

After the bishop's address the Rev. Dr. Beardsley, of New Haven, read an extended biographical sketch of the life and clerical work of each of the persons ordained on August 3d, 1785. Bishop Williams then proceeded with the services of the Holy Communion, being assisted in the administration by the Rev. Dr. Beardsley, and the Rev. Messrs. Seymour and Goodwin of Hartford. After the service, the clergy and other visitors were entertained at the Berkeley Divinity school.

The service was the last of three special centenary commemoration services of the Diocese of Connecticut. The hundredth anniversary of the election of Bishop Seabury was commemorated at St. Paul's church, Woodbury,

March 27th, 1883 (two days after the actual anniversary); the hundredth anniversary of Bishop Seabury's consecration at Aberdeen, in Scotland, was commemorated at Christ church, Hartford, November 14th, 1884; and yesterday's service at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Middletown, marked the hundredth anniversary of the first ordination held in this country. The three events have also been marked by historical discourses delivered by Bishop Williams before the diocesan convocations of 1883, 1884, and 1885. These discourses will probably be published in a volume with accounts of the several centenary services in the diocese.—*Hartford Courant*.

SPRINGFIELD.

EPISCOPAL LETTER.—The bishop of the diocese has issued the following pastoral, under date of July 29th:

Dear Brethren of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Springfield:—The death of General Grant justifies me in addressing you.

The events which brought him to the front, and ultimately placed him first in the field, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, are not likely to occur again. He proved himself equal to the occasion, and suggested by his capability and heroism in the discharge of his inferior duties the prominence, which was soon universally accorded him, as "the man for the times."

As Washington is the central and loftiest figure of our Revolutionary struggle, so Grant is of our civil war.

As the first conflict gave us our birth as a nation, so the last has given us our manhood in growth and matured strength.

Honors great, multiplied, and varied have, since peace was restored, waited upon General Grant at home and abroad. His protracted and painful illness, under the relentless grasp of a disease which can afford to bide its time, because its prey cannot escape, and the fatal result, however long delayed, is, humanly speaking, inevitable, drew to him in his last days the eyes and thoughts of all our people, and hence his death comes home to us with a touch of nearness which is seldom the case beyond the limits of the sick room and the domestic circle.

In view of these facts, dear brethren, it is our duty to unite with our fellow-citizens in paying honor to the memory of the illustrious deceased, and to ponder the lessons which his death so obviously and impressively teaches.

I would therefore recommend that, as far as practicable, in all our parishes and missions commemorative services be held, as nearly as possible, coincident with the time of actual interment, on Saturday, the eighth day of August next, and I would further suggest the following order of service, as suitable to be observed on the occasion:

1. Introductory sentences from the Burial Office. 2. Psalms from the same office. 8. Lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 20. 4. Anthem or Hymn. 5. Sermon or Address, if there be any. 6. Hymn. 7. The Discretionary Portion of the Litany and appropriate Collects. 8. Benediction.

Commending you to God's grace, and praying that He would sanctify this national affliction to our welfare, I remain, dear brethren, faithfully and affectionately yours,

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR, Bishop of Springfield.

ART.

The symbolism of grief has a legitimate relation with aestheticism, deriving a pathos or significance, or even eloquence, as occasion affords. The roughest funeral weed of the hovel or tenement mourner pleads with irresistible tenderness for even a passing recognition, in the busiest thoroughfares or the most sordid throng.

It is verily that one touch of nature that binds us all more or less nearly in the world-wide kinship of sorrow. It is easy enough, perhaps, to pick flaws in the presumable selfishness and ostentation that now and then crops up in demonstrations of private bereavement, for in the hour of supremest joy or grief the heart, in its singular loneliness, challenges cheer or sympathy.

But all such chilly considerations pass out of thought when a national grief sweeps silently and swiftly as a solar eclipse across the wide land, from ocean to ocean. A patient, long-wearied hero, in the unbragging seclusion of a modest cottage on Mt. McGregor, breaths that one last sigh, which all the world has awaited in tender solicitude, and the click of the telegraph, quick as thought, echoes and distributes that sigh throughout the ends of the earth and in the far off islands of the sea.

Now comes the expressive symbolism of loss and lament. The miner in the Sierras, the ranchman on the plains, the plodder in the fields, the craftsmen in the humming factory, the toiler above ground, below ground, on the sea, on the railroad, in commerce, on 'change, here, everywhere, puts out some signal of gloom and distress. It develops all at once, quietly, gently, as if an atmosphere of common grief had suddenly shut down upon us.

There is something touching and that gives us pause in this spontaneous expression of human heartedness. It dignifies, and, for the hour ennobles, the meanest home and the meanest industry where hang the tokens of the gravest grief. It is noticed, indeed, that the people's resorts, the shop, the public hall, the market, the wayside booth of the huckster and news-stand are quickest to hang up the necrotic strip of black, or the grim-visaged portrait of the hero, with its sable border. Simple natures and unconventional lives take no time for consideration at such a time. There is a short cut from the sorrow to the expression of it. Quick as thought the same hand seemed to have dropped every flag on land and sea to half-mast. Then the interminable streets of the great city unroll their costly and elaborate garniture of mourning. And the decorous, well-ordered work moves on, hushing the din of business, touching every countenance with a kindlier, soberer cast, until the whole people, of all tongues, and races, and conditions, seem within reach of one another.

The Government edifices put on stately and eloquent decorations, in which even the artist and upholsterer are kept well in the background. The national colors, heavily draped, hang from the halliards. The great buildings of the leading journals vie with the Government in the significance and abundance of outlay.

The palace-hotels, the houses of amusement, the splendid marts of trade, everywhere show the black, white, and purple trappings of mourning. Designs of rare refinement, here and there, catch and hold the eye; designs well worth the photographer as mementoes of the nation's funeral.

It is noticeable, as an illustration of the sensitive relations of art to popular recreation, that the great orchestras at the seaside resorts are tempering their programmes, in deference to the prevailing disposition, with an intelligent selection of religious and elegiac music.

Much will be wanting along the route through which the august cortege will move on its way to the Riverside tomb. For the Fifth avenue palace-dwellers are long since scattered beyond reach of this demonstration, so that where, at another time, art might have made ready a funeral demonstration meet for the darkest day, now will be found only empty houses and naked walls of brownstone.

PARAGRAPHC.

MR. HENRY F. WATERS, a graduate of Harvard, has been making researches into the history of John Harvard, the founder of the college, which has been most obscure. He has found the record of his baptism in 1607, graduation at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1631, and of his marriage to the daughter of an English clergyman. Harvard was much elated at the discoveries, and has conferred upon Mr. Waters the degree of Master in Arts as a just reward.

NEAR Astoria, Oregon, may be seen a deposit of clam shells, which covers an area of four acres, and in places they are piled ten feet deep. A thousand loads taken away seemed to make no impression on the heap. A clam opener made of the tooth of a whale was recently found among them. Over these shells there are sixteen inches of soil, in which fir trees 400 years old are growing. Rhode Island can show nothing like this, and in the matter of clams must yield the palm.

ASHFORD Hill Retreat, in full view of the Palisades on the Hudson, is an institution belonging to the Church of the Holy Communion in this city, intended as a summer's retreat for its poor. During four years it has furnished an outing for 1,665 women and children. Besides these of its own flock, the Retreat receives beneficiaries from other parishes and from individuals, at a charge of \$2.50 per week for children and \$3 for adults. We are glad to see such practical and practicable charities springing up around us. Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the best of these.

THE thirty-ninth annual report of the American Bible Society shows that its receipts for the last year, applicable to its disbursements, were \$567,914.84, the legacies being \$138,591.10, and in both items there was a falling off from the preceding year. The disbursements were \$619,892.58, a discrepancy between receipts and expenditures that causes the managers anxiety. The total issues of Bibles and Testaments for the year were 1,348,175 copies. During the existence of the society its issues have been 45,440,306. The report is full of interesting facts in regard to the circulation of the Scriptures.

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Springfield, in dress, until September 10th, will be care of James Pitt & Co., 14 Astor place, New York.

The Rev. Charles D. Barbour has become rector of St. Luke's church, Otisland, and missionary in charge of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Mattituck, Florida.

The Rev. M. M. Benton's address is The Church Home, Lexington avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

The Rev. K. Boyer has become rector of St. John's church, Pequesa, Penn. Address, Compasville, Chester county, Penn.

The Rev. J. S. Cotton has resigned the charge of St. James's church, Pittsburg, Pa., retaining that of St. James's church, Griggville, Illinois. Address, Griggville, Illinois.

The Rev. Asa Dalton has received the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity from Delaware College.

The Rev. G. P. Degen's address, until further notice, is South Orange, N. J.

The Rev. S. D. Hooker's address is Dillon, Montana.

The Rev. T. Gardner Littell has received the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity from Delaware College.

The Rev. A. DeRossett Meares's address is Meyersdale, Somerset county, Penn.

The Rev. Filyr B. Morgan, who joined the so-called Reformed Episcopal movement some years ago, and was deposed from the ministry, has been restored to the ministry by the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, acting as the Ecclesiastical Authority.

The Rev. Thomas Pitt's address is Trinity Hall, Washington, Penn.

The Rev. W. D. Powers has accepted the rectorship of Peter's church, Rome, Georgia. Address accordingly.

The Rev. C. W. Ward will, during his vacation, officiate in Grace church, New York. His address during that time will be care of Thomas Whitaker, Bible House, New York.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, funeral, Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appointments, and other similar matter, Thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

MARRIED.

At Kittinganng, Pa. Tuesday, July 28th, 1885, by the Rev. Wm. White Wilson, the Hon. JAMES B. NEALE, President Judge of Armstrong County, to Miss E. K. TAYLOR, daughter of Simon Truly, Esq. of Kittinganng.

DIED.

Entered into rest at Barrington, R. L. Sunday morning, July 19th, 1885, JOHN C. BRADSTREET, aged 64 years. At peace.

On July 31st, Rev. Dr. THOMAS F. CORNBELL, Rector of St. Stephen's church, Brooklyn, in the 53th year of his age.

Entered into the rest of Paradise from her home, in Detroit, Mich., on Saturday morning, July 27th, ANNIE A. wife of Charles H. Anderson, and daughter of Hiram G. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, N. Y. Aged 45 years.

At West Island, on Wednesday, July 29th, Mrs. ELIZA D. FOX, aged 60 years.

The Rev. JOHN M. HENDERSON, for twenty-five years rector of the Church of the Ascension, and grandson of Mrs. V. Y., died in that city August 1st, his fifty-first birthday.

Entered into rest, in Hagerstown, Md., July 16th, 1885, Mrs. Frances H. and the late Dr. Howard Kennedy, and grandson of Benj. B. Howell, of Philadelphia.

Very suddenly, on Wednesday, July 23d, entered into the arms of our Heavenly Father, Mrs. SARAH A. MOORE, of Pittsburgh (South Side), Pa., laid into the rest that remaineth, aged 16 years, 2 months and 13 days, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty"; they shall behold the land that is very far off.

In Oswego, N. Y., June 24th, 1885, Wm. B. NORTHROP, aged 31 years. "Blissed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Taken away from his earthly home, in Washington, D. C., July 2nd, 1885, ROYAL ANSLY, born to his wife, Charlotte N. Parkman, May 23d, 1841. Wm. "shall go to him."

At Bottom, Lake George, Saturday, August 1, 1885, GEORGE STEVEN SCHEMMEKORN, in the 79th year of his age.

At Des Moines, Iowa, July 30th, McRE, infant son of Dr. Lawrence Chew and Mabel B. Swift, and grandson of McKee Swift of New Brunswick, N. J. In Boston, on Monday, July 27th, 1885, EMERY BISHOP, wife of Hales W. Butler, and daughter of the late George A. Bingham.

On the 27th instant, near Blacksburg, Md., SALLIE BRIDGEMAN, wife of Henry C. Thomas.

THE HOPE, JOHN C. SUBRISTON.

The clerk of St. John's parish, Barrington, N. I., here publishes by order of the vestry this minute of their meeting, July 29, 1885.

The rector having announced to the vestry the death of the Hon. JOHN C. BEHNSWORTH, the senior warden of the parish, the vestry put on record these words of respect and affection.

IN MEMORIAM.

Through all the years he has been among us, the vestry have recognized the constant devotion with which he has been ready to spend and to spend for the parish.

We record his faithfulness as senior warden for twenty years, in the watchful care he has had over our church and parochial property, as secretary and treasurer, his untiring effort in behalf of the parishes; as brother pastorator, his hearty and foremost aid in all endeavors to further the property and advancement of the parish.

We record his personal example as an affectionate and generous man, of a refined and unassuming nature, as well as devout and earnest Christian and a warm and faithful Churchman.

And so while we know that our parish has met in his loss a bereavement irreparable, we still thank Him who has so ordered His own way, for the life of the past and for the hope that His spirit is our ever abiding possession.

"Think upon him, O my God, for good according to all that he has done for this people."

MR. CALER T. SMITH.

The rector, warden, and vestrymen of St. James's church, Smithtown, L. I., desire to place on record this tribute to the memory of their fellow-vestryman and friend, the late CALER T. SMITH.

He was a man of spotless character, a generous citizen, a devout and humble Christian. We mourn his loss with deep sympathy and with all the wisdom and judgment and wise counsel, but in our profound sorrow that we shall see his face no more on earth, we have departed this life in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable religious and holy hope, in favor with God, and in the love and companionship and of His sons.

We offer to the widow and relations of our departed friend and brother our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

JOHN Q. ARCHDEACON, Rector.

J. LAWRENCE SMITH, Committee.

APPEALS.

NASHBOTAN MINISTOR.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashbotan. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited: 1st. Because the church is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 3d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 8d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary. 9th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination. Address: Rev. A. D. COLE, D. D., Nashotan, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

A few poor people in the vicinity of Dagger's White Sulphur Springs, Va., who have no convenient house of worship, have been struggling for the past eight years to build a church at or near this place. They have nearly accomplished their purpose, but need \$500 to complete the church for occupancy the coming winter. Contributions in aid of this work will be received and acknowledged in THE CHURCHMAN, by the treasurer: MISS MAIE PETTINGER, Sheets, Botocourt Co., Va.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large number of workers for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATTLECK, 1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELIZA HITTLETON, Corresponding secretary, 27 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THE REV. WM. COOK'S WORKS.

I acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions to Rev. Mr. Cook's work during the month of July, 1885.

- Ms. D. M. Society, J. L. Williams, \$27.50; Christ church, Baltimore, through Rev. Dr. Williams, \$20; from "E. Hartford, Conn., \$25; Ladies of Christ church, Hartford, Rev. Mr. Nichols \$10; Miss Con-ton, through Rev. G. W. Hodge, Phil., \$1.04; Grace chapel, Parkville, Conn., \$10; St. John's, Waterbury, Conn., Rev. Dr. Rowland, \$20; Grace, Baltimore, Mrs. Frances D. Perry, \$11; Calvary S. C., Concho-locks, Penn., Rev. Dr. Atkins, \$11; Ascension S. S., Phil., Rev. G. H. H. \$20; St. Peter's S. S., through Woman's Auxiliary, \$25; St. Peter's S. S., Phil., Rev. Dr. Davison, \$5.50; Peter German-town, through Woman's Auxiliary, \$10; St. James' kerton, Penn., \$20. Total, \$372.04. Also, one bib. clothing for St. James' parish, Potomacack, Conn., through Mrs. Mary A. Zimmerman.

WM. L. ZIMMER, Treasurer, Petersburg, Va., Aug. 1st, 1885.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following amounts for the Rectory at Law-renceville, Va.

- Mrs. Wm. O. Cunningham, \$1; "C. E. B.," \$10; Rev. A. S. Lloyd, \$5; Rev. E. Y. Buchanan, p. n., \$1; Grace church, Berryville, \$2; St. X. "1," "Church-man," Milford, Conn., \$2; "E. R. T.," \$1; Rev. R. A. Goodwin, \$1; Rev. J. B. Fustner, \$1; Church of the Messiah, 201 W. Willow street S. B., Brooklyn, \$4; Mrs. J. G. Hyde, \$5.

We are yet in need of \$215 to complete the Rectory, who in the name of the Lord will help try? J. R. RUSSELL, Minister of St. Paul's Church, Lawrenceville, Va., Aug. 1st, 1885.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: For St. Mary's Free Hospital, from Grace, Rochester, N. Y., \$2; from St. Paul's, New York, \$1; "Church-man," N. Y., \$5; for Mrs. Buford, from E. B. C. Ryer, N. Y., \$5.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Secretary having resigned, all pamphlets, notices, and letters for the Diocese of North Carolina should be addressed to: GILBERT HIGGS, Sec. pro tem., Warrenton, N. C.

July 29th, 1885.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In view of the recent appearance of the revised version of the Old Testament, we feel that a special interest will arise with reference to the history of the Bible. We have therefore secured Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.'s edition of Dr. Mombert's "Hand-Book of the English Versions of the Bible," published at \$2.50, and offer it, with THE CHURCHMAN, at \$5.00, or to subscribers now fully in advance at \$1.50.

M. H. MALLORY & CO., 47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE ADVENT MISSION IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

It is with great anxiety and the profound interest that the members of the Church in America have read of the proposed "new departure" from the historic routine of Church work in New York. It is a novel, new, and as I can learn and am able to judge, an anxiety that has any element of alarm in it, or that would discourage it. In the hands and under the control of the type of Churchmanship we know it to be, we can see nothing to occasion any fear that there will be any sacrifice of the principle of conservatism, or any concession of the clamorous emotionalism and fanaticism which so often characterize the "popular revivals" of the times.

The means and methods to be adopted will, I am sure, be eagerly looked for and closely studied, not with the view of criticizing them, but to ascertain to what extent they may be appropriate in other localities; because the "twenty reasons" given why this mission should be attempted in New York find a large and painful application elsewhere—everywhere. Men and women are sinning, suffering, and dying all around us, within our sight, and almost within our touch, but the ordinary methods do not actually reach them, and accordingly cannot save them. And if there should come to us any suggestion of practical and efficient methods of reaching these souls from the effort in New York, many a heart will thank God that it was undertaken. And as to the results of the Advent Mission work, they will be looked for with most hopeful and prayerful solicitude.

It seems to me that nothing less than the direct and gracious moving of the Holy Ghost on the hearts of the Church, the throbbings of which are felt so distinctly in its arteries in New York, can account for this extraordinary venture of faith and trust, and coming, as it does near the centenary of the American Church, it suggests a serious retrospection, and makes us at least think what "might have been," and what now might be, had not a frightened or offended formalism or a traditional and *efete* ecclesiasticism laid its dead hand on a living movement, which drove it away, and out of all directions leading to the Church's altar. John Wesley's motives and methods of a century ago stand to-day more than vindicated, both in England and America, while, as I think, the Church has largely atoned for her mistake, and is now striving to retrieve her lost advantage.

And, what is at least a pleasing coincidence, the mission movement, in its plans, seems to have reached its culmination about Whitsuntide, when the Church herself was "Born of the Spirit," and when the "Power from on high" supplemented the authority and commission of the apostles, and prepared them for their work.

With "authority" in their hands, they might have been very stately, methodical, and dignified in all they did; but it would still have left means and methods to their own poor wits; and these poor wits would never have suggested to Peter to take his stand on the temple steps, or near them, and preach that sermon to the heterogeneous mass of staring, astonished, and incredulous people. Fresh that sermon! His own wits could never have framed it as it was framed, and under the circumstances. It came from the "Power from on high," filtering its mighty and magnificent thoughts, its convicting and converting energy, through his brain and heart, and issuing in that strange way, that even he must have been astonished at its effects and its results. The Holy Ghost, helping the infirmities of his natural wits, made him quick to see, and prompt to act, on the means and methods which had been prearranged by the ascended Master.

I cannot expel the thought from the Church he tried, and relied on, her "authority" to convert men to God quite long enough. It is a good thing, a blessed—I was going to say—an essential thing to have. But is it? But,

be it what it may, it is not the only thing needed.

While we as a Church have been working with authority to do God's work, what has been done by others to whom no such authority is conceded? The fact is patent that they have succeeded most wonderfully. What have they that we have not? It reminds us of two incidents of Scripture history. A man of Jesus did not authorize nor send out could not cast out devils in His name; but not one of the twelve whom He did authorize could cast out the devil from a demonized child brought to them for that purpose. Why? What had he that they had not? They had the authority, without the power. He had the power, without the authority! Further than this I do not attempt a solution. I simply throw it out as a suggestion, which others can handle better than I can. But it does seem as if tolerated work (for this man's work was tolerated by Christ, under certain conditions, may be more successful in certain directions than that which is not simply tolerated, but positively authorized. Of this we have many modern illustrations.

The fact seems to be that the Church has been afraid to employ unusual and, seemingly, "unchurchly" methods to reach those whom her "Churchly" routine has certainly thus far failed to reach and save. We have seemed to rest under the impression that fanaticism, such as is invariably associated with popular revivals, is a radical element which cannot be eliminated. To cling to such an impression is itself of the very essence of fanaticism. The stirring, and, as I believe, the God-moved, appeal of the Assistant-Bishop of New York is (a) the concession of the Church's failure in her established methods to reach certain classes and cases of souls dying in sin, and (b) that efforts on a line of popular revivals may be made effective in saving these souls, and free from the emotionalism which makes them so misleading and dangerous.

Therefore is it that we bid this "mission" God speed. And it seems to me that the Church in this contented to pulsate with sympathetic throbs, and every throbb a prayer, in behalf of its success, that through it branch "missions" may be established in many other places, through which the spiritual life of the Church may be quickened everywhere, and thousands of hitherto unreached sinning and suffering men may be brought to share practically in the saving mercy of God in Christ.

J. C. DAVIS.

Athens, Ga.

RESTORATION BY A STANDING COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The action of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of So. Ohio in restoring a deposed presbyter, has been questioned by three bishops of the Church, so far as heard from. A succinct statement of the case seems at once called for.

The ecclesiastical authority never doubted its competency. No doubt was suggested by the bishop of the diocese, nor almost, nor by any one of the five bishops who have given their approval.

Title III, Can. 2, § iii, says: "When there is no Bishop, the Standing Committee is the Ecclesiastical Authority for all purposes declared in these Canons." Title I, Can. 15, § xiii, after stating how a bishop may "under his hand and seal" constitute the Standing Committee the Ecclesiastical Authority during his absence, says: "The . . . Standing Committee, so authorized, shall thereupon become the Ecclesiastical Authority . . . to all intents and purposes," etc. Now what is there a bishop can do which his Standing Committee thus hand authorized, may not do? Can it ordain? Certainly not. The Constitution and Canons of the Church do not give such power. They recognize the power and limit its exercise. Can it depose? No. Article VI of the Constitution says: "none but a Bishop shall pronounce such sentence;" and Title II, Can. 2, § i, directs, in the case of such a case, that the Standing Committee is the Ecclesiastical Authority, that a Bishop "requested by the Standing Committee" and consenting to act, shall "depose such person." May this

Ecclesiastical Authority remit and terminate a sentence? Yes; for, constituted under the Canon, it is "the Ecclesiastical Authority for all purposes declared in these Canons."—Title III, Can. 2, § iii—unless the Canons limit the exercise of authority in this direction. It is not pretended that they do not. Perhaps they ought, but they do not.

The Standing Committee of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, in the case here, has no claim that the remitting and terminating a sentence was within its competency when the bishop constituted it the Ecclesiastical Authority "to all intents and purposes."

This is the first case probably, of a restoration by such an Ecclesiastical Authority. Whether it be right and proper, or whether the Canon should be amended, are questions for the General Convention to determine.

But for the information of the Church, the facts in this case may as well be stated:—Some months ago, application for restoration was made, and referred by the bishop to the Standing Committee. It was not favorably received, and action was delayed till after the bishop left. The application gained in force, and when the matter was taken from the table, it failed of "unanimous advice and consent" on the ground that regard for the views and the feelings of the bishop who deposed the applicant required that so important a matter should be considered in the presence of the assembly. In the meantime the application seemed to gain more force, and in the minds of several members of the committee justified an intrusion of the subject upon the bishop. The bishop in reply stated, that if the Standing Committee gave unanimous "advice and consent," he should be pleased, and he requested the Ecclesiastical Authority in such case to take steps for his restoration.

When the committee next met, "unanimous advice and consent was given,"—Title II, Can. 11, § iii [1]; next the reasons were submitted to the judgment of the five bishops, and their unanimous approval was received, and on July 19, 1885, the case was reported already been more than satisfied. The Standing Committee then proceeded to remit and terminate the sentence and pronounce the restoration complete.

This statement of the facts of the case may forestall any further adverse criticism of the action of the Ecclesiastical Authority of Southern Ohio, and hence are given. But even without them, we maintain that such act of restoration was not only not beyond the Standing Committee's powers, but strictly within its canonical duty.

SAMUEL BENEDICT.

Cincinnati, July 31, 1885.

TRANSLATION OF THE CHINESE PRAYER BOOK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

IN THE CHURCHMAN of June 27th, in the obituary notice of the Rev. Augustus C. Hoehling, signed T., it is stated that "the Chinese Prayer Book now in use was of his (Mr. Hoehling's) translation."

To the Editor, I have to my certain knowledge and never published any translation of the Prayer Book or of portions of the Prayer Book. If the writer of the obituary notice refers to the Chinese Prayer Book now in use in our mission in China, that was translated by myself in the years 1879 and 1880, in the modern easy literary style, as I felt that the Prayer Book—in the style which would be acceptable to the educated classes, and could be used all over China, even in those parts where the people speak dialects of their own. If the writer refers to the small service book published by the Episcopal Committee in promoting Christian work among the Chinese in Philadelphia—a copy of which has only recently come into my hands—this has been compiled from the translation of the Prayer Book above spoken of. The only change that has been made in the term for God, that used by myself being changed for another, and one which I regard as being objectionable in every way. It is hardly necessary to say that this change was made without my knowledge.

When Mr. Hoehling labored in Hankow as a missionary, the Prayer Book used by him and

other missionaries at that station and by our missionaries at Wuchang (a city on the other side of the Yangtsi river, opposite Hankow) was a compilation from a translation of the Prayer Book, made in Peking some seventeen (17) years ago, by the present Bishop of Victoria, Hong Kong (Dr. Burdon), and myself. This version of the Prayer Book was made in the Mandarin or *Queen's War*, the language spoken by the officials and all educated people in China, and is the vernacular, with more or less modification, of Northern and Western China. The writer of this obituary notice of Mr. Hoehing also mentions that "he has left Esop's Fables ready for publication." These Fables were ably translated and published about forty (40) years ago, by a Mr. Thom, at that time one of the English consuls in China.

As regards Mr. Hoehing's Chinese scholarship, he was but two years in China (see *Spirit of Missions* for July), and while he had made good progress for the length of time that he had been there, it would not have been possible either for him or any other missionary to attain the proficiency in that most difficult language accorded him by the writer of the obituary.

S. I. J. SCHERESCHWYK.

Geneva, Switzerland, July 13, 1885.

NEW BOOKS.

PRIMITIVE CONSECRATION OF THE EUCHARISTIC OBLATION: with an Earnest Appeal for its Revival. By the Rev. Edmund S. Foulkes, B. D., Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford. [London: J. T. Hayes, New York: James Pott & Co., 8vo., pp. 64. Price, \$5.50.]

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It was impossible to do justice to Mr. Foulkes's important and (as we said) startling arguments without giving a somewhat full outline of them. It would require much time and great learning to enter into a full examination of what he has written. The few suggestions which will be offered can have no pretensions to be exhaustive in either their scope or their treatment.

There can be no doubt as to the force of the great truth upon which the author dwells in the former part of the volume. The Church of the early centuries did not forget or ignore the work and office of the Spirit of God, and it did not believe that the Christian life could be maintained without His aid, or that the sacraments had any validity except as they were the channels of His operation. There can be no doubt that the early Christians considered that it was by invocation of the Holy Ghost in solemn prayer that the oblations offered to God the Father in the Eucharist were made, in sacramental sense, the Body and the Blood of Christ. If they recited the words of the Lord and copied His actions—Mr. Foulkes (in the "Dictionary") will say no more than that "just possibly" they did—it was not with the idea that man could do that which it was the prerogative of the Spirit of God to do. The invocation was certainly considered an essential—perhaps the only essential—part of the service for the "consecration of the Eucharistic Oblation."

But in using this phrase, which is in fact taken from the title of the volume before us, we can hardly fail to see that it suggests a most important oversight in the argument of the learned author. He treats of the consecration of an oblation; but throughout the work he fails to tell us how and when the Oblation is to be made.* In regard to the Eastern liturgies, his arguments present no difficulty; for in them an express Oblation is followed by an ex-

press Invocation of the Holy Ghost, so express that they bear "splendid witness" to the ancient truth, though the introduction of the words of Institution before them instead of, as a form of administration, after them, may be due to pseudo-Clementine influence. But, granting that the prayer in the Roman service, "We humbly beseech Thee, Almighty God, command that these [holy gifts] may be carried by the hands of Thy holy angel to Thy altar on high, in the sight of Thy Divine Majesty, in order that all we who, from the participation of this altar receive the holy Body and Blood of Thy Son, may be filled with all heavenly benediction and grace," granting that this is an Invocation of the Holy Spirit, and that its proper place is earlier in the service, where the paragraph "*Quam oblationem*" now stands, we should have no consecration of the Eucharistic Oblation; for that Oblation is most certainly not made till after the recital of the words of Institution and in the clause beginning "*Unde et memores*." The same thing may be said, only more strongly, of the office in the first book of the reign of King Edward VI., for there too the Invocation precedes the words of Institution, and the Oblation follows them. Certainly Mr. Foulkes would not, we think, call the "*oblatio primitiva*," such as that in our "Prayer for the Whole State of Christ's Church," "the Eucharistic Oblation." What is needed in the service of 1549 is a re-arrangement of its parts, as in our American Prayer Book, and the Roman service needs an express Invocation in the place of "*Supplices te rogamus*," and then it will certainly appear, as the Eastern liturgies show, that the true doctrine is not obscured, and it may be acknowledged to be matter of indifference, as Archbishop Freeman suggested, whether the words of Institution precede the Oblation or follow the Invocation, so long as the Holy Ghost is invoked to consecrate that which is offered to the Father.

The testimony of the Mozarabic Liturgy certainly seems to be different from that which Mr. Foulkes draws from it. As it stands the canon begins with a prayer to Christ that He will be present and sanctify the oblation "that we may receive the things sanctified in it by the hands of Thy holy angel." Then follows the recital of the words of institution in the third person—not the second, as would be expected; and then comes the prayer, "*Past Prædicte*," a variable prayer, which in some cases has express words of both Oblation and Invocation. Now it is almost certain that Dr. Neale was right in rejecting the opening words addressed to Christ as an interpolation by Cardinal Ximenes (they seem to be taken from the Roman use), especially as the variable prayer which precedes always ends with the words "the Lord and eternal Redeemer," leading naturally, and without a break in the sentence, to the recital of the Institution.

Dr. Neale, besides, was decidedly of the opinion that the "*Past Prædicte*" prayer originally always contained the Oblation and Invocation, and it is to this prayer and not to the invariable words beginning "*Adesto, adesto*," that St. Isidore refers when, enumerating the seven variable prayers of the Mozarabic Office, he says of the sixth that it is the "conformatio [or confirmatio] sacramenti," "that the oblation which is presented to God, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost, may be conformed to the Body and Blood of Christ." In fact the teaching of the uncorrupted Mozarabic Liturgy seems to be exactly the same as that of the liturgies of the East.

But it is worth while to go back in the argument and ask if it is necessary to consider the so-called Clementine Liturgy, an Arian and Macedonian production, as, in Mr. Foulkes's words, containing "blasphemy" and "a flagrant insult to the Holy Ghost,"

having "no claim whatever to be considered a Christian composition," and being "a studied insult to the Redeemer and the Sanctifier of mankind throughout." These tremendously strong words do not seem to be justified by the liturgy or by our author's comments upon it. Of course, it is necessary to remember the subtlety of the Arians and their use of all manner of logical quibbles; but the long preface of the Clementine Liturgy does not read like an artificially framed and carefully guarded composition. It has rather the appearance of something written in early times before theological language had become stereotyped, and before it was necessary to guard every expression and every word against misunderstanding. Certainly the paragraph at the end of the great Intercession is sufficiently explicit, one would think, to show what the writer believed as to the Son and the Holy Ghost. It calls Christ "the God of everything in nature perceived by the senses or the reason," and ends thus: "For to Thee, the Father, and the Son and the Holy Ghost, is all glory, majesty and thanksgiving, honor and worship, both now and ever and unto the un-failing and unending ages of the ages."

Mr. Foulkes finds many minor blemishes in the liturgy, as that its *anaphora* "commences with 'the grace,' not of our Lord Jesus Christ, but of the Almighty God," which looks like Scripture deliberately misquoted to derogate from the Son as not being a true fountain of grace. But it is not quite fair to omit to add that the clause which follows is "and the love of our Lord Jesus Christ," when that is attributed to the Son which the Scripture attributes to the Father.

We cannot imagine why Mr. Foulkes should completely ignore every liturgy in the English language in which the Holy Ghost is invoked, except that of 1549 and the one drawn up by Bishop Jeremy Taylor when it was forbidden to use the forms of the Prayer Book. He ought to know that probably ever since the year 1700 some such liturgy has been in use; that the Non-jurors adopted one in 1718, the Scottish Church in 1755, and the American Church in 1789, with forms based upon those of the Primitive and the Eastern Church, and all teaching that the "consecration of the Eucharistic Oblation" is by the operation of the Holy Ghost, and in answer to the prayer of invocation which is offered by the Church. And these offices—two of them belonging to National Churches—have avoided the error of order which the office of 1549 inherited from Rome, and which perhaps led to some dissatisfaction with it. They have maintained the ancient doctrine of the Scriptures and the Church, and they have done not a little we may confidently believe to advance the great end of the unity of Christendom.

While many of us in the United States would be glad to have certain things from the book of 1549 incorporated into our office, we must maintain that the order of the parts of the Prayer of Consecration, which we received from Scotland and for which Scotland was indebted to the East, is that which truly represents the Catholic doctrine and enables us to offer acceptable worship to God.

Mr. Foulkes has done much to disentangle the knots of history, and his book, spiteful of its defects of form and arrangement, will be of use to scholars. And it is most sincerely to be hoped that it may do much to promote that reunion of the Church which the author has so much at heart. But it leaves some questions unanswered, it advances some very doubtful theories of interpretation and of fact, and it has not fully explained the complicated history of the eucharistic office of the Roman Church, so as to account for its present state of confusion or to show how that confusion can be readily corrected.

*It almost seems to be assumed (on p. 20) that the Oblation consists in the recital of the words of Institution. In this passage Mr. Foulkes objects to an invocation following the Oblation; yet, considering what he says of the Eastern liturgies, he cannot but see that it is a fundamentally serious objection; and it is difficult to see how an oblation can be consecrated before it is made an oblation.

TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES. Recently discovered and Published by Philothéos Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia. Edited with a Translation, Introduction and Notes by Rowell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown, Professors in Union Theological Seminary, New York. A new edition, revised and greatly enlarged. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. cv., 85.

In 1873 Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia discovered a manuscript at Constantinople in the library of the Monastery of the Most Holy Sepulchre, and he called it the Jerusalem Codex. It contained one hundred and twenty leaves of vellum in small octavo, was evidently written by one hand, and bears the date of 1056 A. D. The codex contained copies of a number of documents, such as epistles of S. S. Barnabas, Clement and Ignatius, and among them the teaching of the Apostles, which was last year published, and whose genuineness, authenticity and value has been freely and largely discussed in our columns, in which we published a translation of it. There is, therefore, the less reason to go into the subject anew, and to decide between the doctors, as to whether the teaching was written by a Jewish Christian and no Ebionite, and between 120-160 A. D., or whether it was a forgery of a later date and of but little value. Already a very considerable literature has gathered round it, of which in this volume Dr. Schaff gives a catalogue, and our readers in the multitude of opinions can take their choice. Immediately upon the publication of the Teaching, Profs. Hitchcock and Brown issued a translation with a few necessary notes. That translation is here revised by both of them, and to Prof. Hitchcock has appended notes critical, explanatory and historical, and Prof. Brown has prefixed an elaborate introduction, in which he discusses the history, purpose and scope and doctrine of the Teaching with great fullness and candor. It goes without saying that the work is very able and learned, and it might well become a text book in our theological schools, for, whether a genuine work or a forgery, and even at the latest date ascribed to it, it throws light upon the early Church. The Teaching for the most part is of a practical nature. Canon Farrar says, "the instruction here offered to the catechumens is exclusively on the way of life and the way of death, and it is probably assumed that before embracing the Christian religion at all they had been thoroughly instructed in the theological truths of the Gospel to which in this part of the book there is no allusion." The suggestion is acute, and a writer in the Lutheran Church Quarterly conjectures that the Teaching is the second part of a work of which the first part was the work now known as the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, in which was taught Doctrine while the Teaching taught Duty. They were intended to supplement each other. If the former work has always been reckoned among the pseudographs, it might throw some light, if the conjecture should prove a truth, upon the genuineness of the latter. But we have exceeded our space, and can only add that this volume is admirably printed upon fine paper, and is a luxury to lovers of good books.

DOWN THE RAVERS. By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pp. 190. Price \$1.

One might almost call this simple and pretty story an "Idyl of the Tennessee Mountains." It does not go outside the narrowest range of scenery, it is concerned with very few personages, but its effects are on the scale of the highest literary art. Unlike as can well be in all the surroundings, there is something that reminds us of Hawthorne's treatment of his characters in his "Twice-told Tales." There is the same concentration of interest in a single mental picture. Everything is subordinated to the working of the mind of the young mountaineer, who thinks he has found a gold mine, and is defrauded of his secret by a more cunning associate. While it is less elaborate than

some of her other works, we think the authoress (the *nom de plume* is an open secret) has shown as great evidence of real power in this simple story as in anything which has yet appeared from her pen. She is manifesting not a little of the same peculiar genius which achieved such triumphs for the name of George Eliot.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE. By Elizabeth M. Sewall. (New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.) pp. 352. Price 82.

Miss Sewall ought to be well known to most of our readers. If anything can increase their liking it will be an admirable work like this. They are letters addressed to imaginary pupils, but they are the results of actual experience. They impress us as being a wonderful union of clear common-sense with a high religious principle. They are writings primarily for young girls who have left school; but they are full of valuable thoughts for older readers. Even the clergy may get some useful points for sermons from more than one passage. They are what their title purports, "On Daily Life," and take account of the things which come into the ordinary experience of most young ladies in a household. While they are meant for English girls, they have plenty of application to this side of the water.

MADAM HOW AND LADY WHY. OF FIRST LESSONS IN EARLY LIPS FOR CHILDREN. Globe Readings from Standard Authors. By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. (New York and London: Macmillan & Co.) pp. 321. Price 50c.

We have but one doubt concerning this charming book, and that is whether it be not over the heads of the average juveniles. There is no telling what kind of book the ordinary boy will fancy, unless he be one of the omnivorous sort, who must read whether or no. The taste for reading often wakes up suddenly and in a very unexpected direction. But if a boy's fancy turns in the direction of the things described in "Madam How and Lady Why," we cannot conceive of a more delightful volume for him. Canon Kingsley was a master in description of nature, wonderful alike in his power of seizing all salient points, and also in his reserve, which kept him from over-statement.

KAMERAMBA, THE CONQUERING KING. The Mystery of his Birth, Loves, and Conquests. A Romance of Hawaii. By C. M. Newell, Knight Companion of the Royal Order of Kapitiari, Author of "Kalani'ouahu," "Pepe Nui's," etc. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) pp. 396.

In compliance with our duty as reviewers we have read this volume through from beginning to end. That same duty bids us to refrain from advising any one else to do the like, unless especially interested in Sandwich Island history. It seems to us to bear about the same relation to legitimate history as Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs" to the real story of Wallace and Bruce. Nor do we think that the exigencies of romance require the unmitigated paganism of certain passages.

LITERATURE.

OUTLINES OF Medieval and Modern History, by P. V. N. Myers, is announced by Ginn & Co., Boston.

"A FAMILY AFFAIR," by Hugh Conway, is presently to be issued by Henry Holt & Co. It has been a serial in the English Illustrated Magazine.

BISHOP WHITEHEAD'S address before the annual convention of Pittsburgh, is published separately from the proceedings for general circulation.

AMONG Mr. Whitaker's forthcoming juvenile books are Sarah Doudney's "The Strength of her Youth," and "City Cousins," by Mrs. W. J. Hays, the popular authoress.

MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS announce "The Sermon on the Mount," illustrated, the Olden Calendar for 1886, and "Paris in the Alcott

Time," by Hamerton, besides many other volumes.

MCCALLA & STAVELY issue a pamphlet of extracts from the reports of the Faculty of the Divinity School, Philadelphia, which gives a good account of the condition and prospects of the institution.

THE British Quarterly for July (Leonard, Scott & Co.), has three papers which will interest our readers, "The Coptic Churches in Egypt," "Titles Ordinary and Extraordinary," and "The Revised Old Testament."

ST. GILES Printing Company, Edinburgh, have published as tracts, "Whatever Made you Join the English Church?" and the "Position of the Episcopal Church," the latter a sermon by the Rev. Geo. T. S. Farquhar.

THE Apostolic Ministry, by the Rev. I. M. Atwood, D.D. (Universalist) and the Rev. William A. Rich, is the title of a new work upon the ministry. It seems a pity that Mr. Rich, who seems thoroughly equipped, had not had a focman worthy of his steel. It was difficult to deal with a man and call him learned, who believes the English Church was founded by Henry VIII. We can only say of Mr. Rich that "thrice he slew the slain." The pamphlet is published by James Post & Co.

In the August Art Amateur there are seven plates of supplement designs, and the frontispiece reproduces some of the pictures of the recent Paris Salon. The note-book gives an account of the Royal Academy, and Gallery and Studio is devoted to Gerome, Jewish artists and Christian subjects, and Victor Hugo as an artist, with illustrations. Decoration and Furniture shows some full page decorative figure designs by L. Penet, Annibale Carracci, and a flower study by J. Von Hussen, from a painting in the Louvre. There are in the number reproductions of two paintings by Frank Moss in the Cathedral at Philadelphia, "Christ in the Temple" and "The Resurrection of Jairus' Daughter," and also of "Christ before the People," a marble statue by Autokolaki.

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CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

9. Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
14. Friday—Fast.
16. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
21. Friday—Fast.
23. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
24. St. Bartholomew.
28. Friday—Fast.
30. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MY BROOK.

Oh, the music that's in my waterfall !
I wish you could hear it, it gathers it all
In its way from the hills.

It begins the sweet song
Away back in the woods, and it ripples along
Where trees bending low with their burden of
green

Hang lovingly over the clear mountain stream,
And columbines lean thro' the tasselled grass
To whisper soft words as the brown waters
pass ;

And the tender wild things of the wood are
there—

Soft mosses and daintiest maiden-hair,
Trailing arbutos, with strawberry-vine—
All nestling close by this brook of mine ;
All the mysteries subtle, and sweet, and rare,
Of the summer woods and the summer air,
All the secrets of cunningly-folded ferns
And of downy willow-buds it learns ;
All the forest-music that haunts the night,
All the voices of birds that wake with the
light.

All the sights, and the sounds, and the odors of
spring,
All the joy and the gladness of everything,
With the glory and light of heaven above—
All these my brook brings me—my brook that
I love !

The pines and the hemlocks, the beeches
and firs,

All talk to my brook till it murmurs and purrs
With a gentle content, like a happy child
That saunters through glade and forest wild,
And croons, as she goes, some tender strain
That tells all the tale of the woods again.
So my brook ripples and wanders away,
Singing forever a simple lay

Of worn old rocks, all gray and brown,
With the clinging lichen about them grown ;
Of mossy banks where blue violets hide,
And bright holly hails for Christmas-tide ;
Of noisy babble, of murmurings sweet,
Of shaded nooks where young lovers meet ;
Of the children's laughter and children's woes,
Of all sweet, wild songs no poet knows.
So, giving the love it was meant to give,
And living the life it was meant to live,
With its song growing sweeter day by day,
The pretty brook runs from the hills away,
Till it comes to the brink of the river, where
A leap it must make thro' the quivering air.

The free life is over, its loveliness past,
The gay brook must go to the ocean at last !
But think you she falters or lingers in fear !
Ah, no, tho' she *perish*, the duty is here !
With a quick splash of love for the wild wood-
land home,
It trembles far back on the white, rushing
foam !

Oh, brave little brook ! she gains a new
strength,
And with full organ-peal, that goes back all
the length
Of her bright, loving life, with its gatherings
sweet,
All joys, all gleaming, she springs forth to
meet
The swift rush of the river that flows at our
feet !

But no river of Death—it's the true Life at
last—
For the day's duty's done, the day's ministry
past.

That's the brook's story. I heard it all
In the music that's in my waterfall !

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXX.

*A Woman's Reason:—"I Love Him Be-
cause I Love Him."*

"Dear soul, not so!
That time doth keep for us some happy years,
That God has portioned out our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest and I know.

"Therefore I bear
This winter-tide as bravely as I may,
Patiently waiting for the bright spring day
That cometh with thee, Dear."—*Arnold.*

The bright beams of a December sun
awoke Rotha the next morning, and a
pleasant conviction that things were not
quite as they were yesterday, and that
something very wonderful had befallen her,
was the first sensation that stole upon her.

How different everything was from yester-
day !

Then she had wakened to a sense of
weariness and discomfort, a cold sea-fog
had enveloped everything ; Meg had come
shivering into her room, bringing a gust of
raw dampness with her. But to-day, when
Rotha opened her eyes, all was glitter and
light : a fresh wind swept over the lawn,
stirring the shining rainpools ; the drops
were still glistening on the evergreens, a
robin chirped busily in the ivy. Out be-
yond in the morning sun lay the chain of
low grass hillocks, long stretches of yellow
sands, and then the blue curve of the bay—
Weyburn sloping in the distance like a
breath of dun-colored cloud. Everywhere,
as far as the eye could reach, were sail-
ponds, trails of black sea-weed, purple rocks
uncovered in the sun, and masses of hum-
mocky sand. Rotha looked almost as
bright as the morning itself as she sat
opposite Meg at the sunny breakfast-table ;
upstairs Prue and Catherine were singing
over their work ; the open windows and
clanging doors bore witness to the fresh sea-
breezes. Hannah Farebrothers, in her snowy
sun-bonnet, was pulling cabbages in the
kitchen-garden. Peter came in at the green
door on the lawn with Jock and Jasper
barking at his heels ; Fidgets flew down the
lawn, his every hair bristling, to repel the
intruders ; and Garton's black cat, Cinders,
who was taking a constitutional on
her neighbor's wall, stepped gingerly among
the broken bottles, looking down at them all
in sooty disdain.

"What a beautiful day ! Oh, how happy
I am !" thought Rotha as, breakfast over,
she stood by the open glass door feeding the
robins ; she broke off to wave a smiling
good-by to Meg, who went down the garden
with her music-books under her arm.
"I am going to the organ first, and then
to the school," Meg had said to her. Rotha
looked after her with curious, wistful eyes.
"How strange it must feel to have lived
one's life and to have been disappointed
with it !" thought the girl sadly. "Meg
cares only for her children and her music ;
she has no world of her own at all ; she
only lives in other people's lives—in mine

and in little Stacy Maurice's, for example.
I fancy, by the way she talks about her,
that Stacy is her favorite. She spends her
whole life in doing good and praying for
that good-for-nothing husband of hers ; and
yet, I suppose, when she married him she
expected to be happy as I am," moralized
Rotha, with the unconscious superiority of
one who feels that her own life will be so
different.

She was rather absent when Hannah
came in with a hudget of domestic news.
She gave all sorts of contradictory orders to
the astonished woman, and then laughed
and scolded herself in a breath. While
Hannah talked about the miller and the
price of flour, and the reasons why the last
batch of bread had been so slack-baked, and
how Prue's grandmother would find them
in new-laid eggs all the year round at a
cheaper rate than Gammer Stokes would,
Rotha was wondering when Garton would
be round, and how he would look, and what
she would say to him, and whether he had
told the vicar—which latter point was
speedily settled for her by the entrance of
the vicar himself.

Rotha had not expected him, and his
visit took her quite by surprise, and for once
in her life she felt decidedly nervous ; she
colored and stood quite still by the window
till he came up to her.

"Well, Rotha?" he said. He waited till
Mrs. Farebrothers had curtsied and with-
drawn, and then he held out his two hands
to the girl almost fondly. How pretty she
looked as she stood there before him with
downcast eyes, with her dark lashes sweep-
ing her cheek ! The gray dress and soft
blue ribbons seemed to lend her color.

"Is it really so, my child?" he said ear-
nestly. "Have you quite made up your
mind?" And Rotha's happy blush was suf-
ficient answer.

What a long talk they had waking up
and down the sunny old garden ! How
wisely, and with what gentleness he talked
to her ! Rotha lost her shyness now as she
listened to him.

He told her in grave uncompromising
words how the world would look upon her
choice. "If she wished to marry Garton,"
he said, "and had made up her mind that
it was for her happiness, it was not for them
to interfere. But he would have her con-
sider the thing in all its bearings, and not
gloss over its difficulties."

He touched very tenderly, too, on Gar-
ton's failings, taking care to do justice to
his nobler qualities. "He is very humbly-
minded—singularly so," the vicar added,
"and his faith is almost childlike. He will
love you dearly, Rotha," he continued ; "it
is in his nature to be faithful." And then
he hinted more than once at that want of
ballast which was Garton's most serious de-
fect.

"Gar is such a lovable fellow, and is so
full of grand impulses," he said regretfully ;
"but, Rotha, I am half afraid that you are
cleverer than he ; a woman ought not to be
cleverer than her husband."

"Goodness is better than cleverness,"
returned Rotha, blushing. She claved with
a faith that was almost touching to her be-
lief in Garton's goodness, and then she
added naively, "I do not like to be called
clever."

"Goodness is not everything," returned
the vicar gravely. "In marrying, a woman

ought to be able to look up to her husband—to lean on him, so to speak. Do you think you could depend on Garton? that you could go to him for advice in all your difficulties and troubles? Be assured, that the happiest woman in the world needs such help daily. And then if he could not give it, think, Rotha, how grievous it would be to be disappointed in him after all."

"I shall not be disappointed. He is sure to be good to me," replied the girl innocently. "I suppose, as he is not much older, that we shall help each other; and then we can always come to you for advice, as I do now," she added timidly.

"When you have a husband you will go to him. Mary tells me everything." He smiled a little over the girl's refreshing naïveté, though it made him rather grave inwardly. He was afraid, as Mrs. Carruthers was, that Rotha was a little misled by her imagination in her estimate of Garton's character.

Rotha in reality was a good deal puzzled by the vicar's questions; his solemnity disturbed her. The sun was shining; the birds were twittering around her. She was happy; the world was beautiful.

"Oh, why will everybody be so grave about it? Was no one ever engaged before?" thought Rotha indignantly. "What does it matter, if he be not clever, if I love him?" She put on a provoking little face as she turned to the vicar. "I shall tell Garton that I shall always come to you for advice," she said, nodding at him. She had taken her handkerchief in her old way and had tied it gipsy-like over her brown hair. Her eyes were full of shy happiness.

"Well, well," he said, smiling; "if it must be so, it must be, I suppose. If I were Gar, I would not have you with such a proviso." He patted her hand thoughtfully, and then relapsed into gravity.

"Yes, it was a good thing," he said, "for both their sakes, that Garton was going away; it would test the reality of their affection for each other, and would make a man of Gar by teaching him to depend on his own resources; he would come back worthier of her than he was now."

Rotha looked up in some alarm at this. "Going away—Garton going away!" she said. And just then the vicar espied Garton himself coming through the trees to meet them.

Another time Rotha would have been rather bashful at thus meeting her lover for the first time under the vicar's eye; but consternation at this sudden piece of news overbore this feeling, and as Garton came up to them—rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, at the sight of his brother—she put out her hand to him with a little impatience at his delay.

"What is this?" she said, rather peremptorily. "What does it all mean? The vicar says you are going away." She looked up at him with wide-open eyes full of distress, with a fall of the lip like a child's; she actually believed that Garton was going to New Zealand after all.

Garton took the little hand tenderly; he looked from one to the other rather doubtfully. The vicar was grieved to see how worn and haggard Garton's face still was; strong agitation, sleeplessness, and the alternation from despair to sudden joy, and now the reluctance with which he viewed his enforced absence for so many months, made

sad ravages in the young man's appearance; the radiant look of last night had almost disappeared.

"What have you told her, Anstin?" he said, addressing his brother. "Robert has detained me, Rotha; I meant to have told you myself." He held her hand in a grip that was almost painful.

"Don't—you are hurting me; you are always hurting me, Garton," said the girl in a droll voice.

After the vicar had left them she showed the red mark to Garton, who looked grave over it.

"My great hands are enough to crush those little fingers," he said, stroking them remorsefully. "What a little hand you have, Rotha—such a small thin hand!"

"Never mind, it is not a pretty one," returned Rotha hastily, drawing it away. "Garton, am I to understand that you are going to New Zealand, after all?"

"To New Zealand!" laughed Gar. "No; not unless you have a fancy for going there too. I can't say that I have any desire just now to pitch my tent among wigwams."

"Are there wigwams in New Zealand? How funny!" exclaimed Rotha. "I thought by the vicar's laughing that I must be wrong, after all; but he certainly said that you were going away; and when—and where?" demanded Rotha, somewhat puzzled.

"Rotha, dear, I will tell you. Yes, I am going away," he returned in a troubled voice. He began to explain to her as well as he could how it had all come about, but at the first mention of Robert's name she stopped him.

"Robert thinks it necessary! What right has he to interfere between you and me? If he hates me, is that any reason why he should send you away?" she exclaimed indignantly.

"Hush, dear; no one sends me away. I am going because it is right for me to go," returned Gar, with a touch of starchy independence. "Sweetheart"—the young man used the word in its Saxon sense, which rendered it infinitely touching—"sweetheart, do you think I should be worthy of you if I shirked my duty?"

"No," returned Rotha in a choked voice. "If you wish to leave me, you must do so, I suppose."

"If I wish to leave you? Oh, Rotha, how can you say such things," burst out the poor fellow, "when you know I worship the ground you walk on?" How eloquent he could be—this great clumsy Garton! "Don't make it too hard for me," pleaded Gar; "it is bad enough to have to go away without leaving you sorry and caring for it."

"Would you have me not care? How cold it is out here!" shivered the girl. Her kerchief had become untied, and her brown hair blew softly over her neck; the pretty color had faded out of her cheeks; she looked pale and wistful.

"Perhaps we had better go in. I thought that red cloak would have kept you warm," he returned; "but these winds are so treacherous." He followed her through the open glass doors; the robins were still chattering and twittering in the ivy. Rotha said nothing as Garton placed her favorite chair by the fire and brought her a footstool; she sat with the red cloak dropping off from her shoulders, and her hands folded wearily in her lap. Garton stood and

watched her with that strange new heart-ache of his till he saw the tears in her eyes, and then he could bear it no longer; he was standing beside her "mountains high," as she phrased it in her droll way, but now he suddenly got on one knee and put his arm around her. "Don't, Rotha; don't, my dear girl," he said—"just as though he had been used to comfort me every day of my life," Rotha said afterwards.

"What were they after all but boy and girl in spite of their years? No one but Rotha would have thought much of Garton's eloquence or of his clumsy attempts to cheer her, and yet she was as honestly comforted by it all as though he had used the most persuasive arguments.

They got up a figurative tableau of Millais's "Huguenots" after that, which was very striking and characteristic in its way. Rotha was for tying the white scarf round her lover's arm, but Garton would not hear of it for a moment. Perhaps in her secret heart she was only trying him—very young women like to test their power sometimes; it did not offend Rotha one bit that he preferred his independence and his duty. Garton's firmness and loyalty to his brothers satisfied that duty-loving nature of hers. "How can they say he wants bal-last?" she thought indignantly, as she remembered the vicar's grave warning.

She said something of this to Garton afterwards when their little scene had been enacted; they were sitting now side by side, like sensible people, and Rotha looked as grave as a judge.

"I should not have cared for you half so much, after all, if you had not been firm in this," she said to him. She looked at the young man with sweet serious eyes, in which there was more approval than pain. Garton, in spite of his heavy heart, thrilled at her praise.

"I thought you would feel so; I was certain of it," he replied in a low voice.

"And you must not go and talk about it as though it were six years," continued Rotha cheerfully, who did nothing by halves, and was determined now to think the best of it. She was getting quite brave and matter-of-fact over it all; but such is the perversity of human nature that Garton, though he came out so strong in the character of consoler, relapsed dismally at this juncture.

"I don't know about years; I think it will be an eternity to me," he rejoined lugubriously. "It does seem so hard just when we were going to be so happy, and Wednesday will be here in no time."

"Why, it is Friday now. Oh," gasped Rotha—a sudden cold water damped her resolution and chilled it thoroughly—"Wednesday, how dreadfully near! Could they not spare us another day?"

"It would not do; besides, what is the good of prolonging one's misery? Of course every hour is worth its weight in gold," returned Gar, somewhat contradictorily, feeling all at once like a condemned criminal waiting for a reprieve.

"No; it would not do," returned Rotha, decisively; "we had better make the most of our time and not spoil the little that remains to us. Perhaps it will be better for us both when you are once gone; six months is not such a long time after all, and then, you know, I shall expect plenty of letters."

"I am not a good hand at that, I am

afraid," said Gar, with a rueful smile. "Robert is the letter-writer of the family. After all, Rotha, I am afraid that you will find out that you are cleverer than I."

The vicar's very words. Another dash of cold water to Rotha.

"Never mind if I am," she returned, impatiently. "I do not think that sort of thing has anything to do with us two. You can write and tell me, I suppose, what you do on board ship, and what friends you make, and all that; and I daresay you will contrive a short message or two to Rube," she added, mischievously.

"Oh, I daresay I shall manage as much as that, and perhaps a little more. I can tell you, for instance——"

But it is useless repeating all Gar's words. Love-making was a novelty to him as well as to Rotha, and most likely he said and did a hundred extravagant things. Robert's cool, quiet style would not have suited Gar's passionate nature at all.

Rotha thought it all very beautiful; and then they set themselves to plan out the few days that remained to them. The vicar had made Garton promise that he would bring Rotha round to the vicarage in the course of the morning, and he further stipulated that she should remain there the rest of the day. This they both considered charming. The next morning Garton was under an engagement to accompany Robert to Stretton, where he was to talk over business and receive final orders from Mr. Ramsay. Robert was to stay at Stretton over Sunday, but Garton promised to take an early train that he might spend at least an hour or two at Bryn. "This day was as good as lost," Garton observed, regretfully; but Rotha consoled him by telling him that they would be together all Sunday, and that he was to bring Rube up to tea. Likewise she yielded to his entreaties that Meg and she should do a morning's shopping in Thornborough on Monday, where Garton would be most of the day getting together necessaries for his voyage. Robert had agreed to do the greater share of the business, and was hard at work already in Garton's service, as, indeed, were Mary and old Sarah; and, though they did not know it, he was at that very moment planning how he could stint himself to lay out a few more pounds on his brother's poor outfit.

"Yes; but we shall have to be back pretty early," observed Rotha, who was very brisk and businesslike over these details; "you have not forgotten the party at the Rudelsheims'?"

Now the Rudelsheims were among the naturalized strangers appertaining to Blackscar and its environs. They were worthy folk of German extraction, and were rather favorites with the vicarage people; but they followed Mrs. Stephen Knowles's example in setting at defiance all Blackscar tradition, and in utterly abhorring the very name of tea-parties.

The tide of popular disfavor had indeed been too strong for that latter lady, who had succumbed so far as to tolerate kettle-drums and to allow tea and thin bread-and-butter to be handed round at an unwholesome hour of the afternoon; and Mrs. Rudelsheim, or Madame Rudelsheim, as she dearly loved to be called, would have nothing to say to such weak sophistries. She took every opportunity of laughing at Mrs. Stephen Knowles's "slop dawdles," as she called them.

"When I entertain my friends, I will entertain them properly," she would say. "Dancing is good for young people, and I do not see why they should not have it." And, in accordance with this peremptory benevolence, the Rudelsheims issued invitations for a party.

Rotha was going, but not Mary. Mrs. Ord had scruples about dancing—theoretical, but not practical ones; but the vicar had promised to look in during the evening, and Aunt Eliza had engaged to chaperone both Rotha and Nettie. Robert had an invitation, and so had Garton, and Rotha was exulting from the latter a reluctant promise to be there.

He was not in the mood for dancing, he said; and then there were other objections. Madame Rudelsheim's parties were rather grand affairs—at least in Gar's eyes. He could not tell Rotha very well that his dress-coat was so shabby that he was ashamed of it; neither could he explain that even gloves and boots were a consideration to him. Gar never felt his poverty quite so bitterly as he did at this moment. If Rotha had been as poor as himself he would have confessed his difficulties without hesitation; but their hours together were numbered, and she had alleged all sorts of pretty arguments why he should be there, and Gar felt that in this point he was completely to yield.

"And the next day—what shall we do on the next day?" exclaimed Rotha, when this was settled. She looked just a little grave and fearful when Garton told her what they should do.

"It will be my last day," said Gar, sadly, and I must spend it with you and Rube. There will be packing and all manner of things to settle, I suppose; but I think we could manage to go over for a few hours to Burnley, you, and I, and Rube. I think that was the happiest day I ever spent in my life, and I want to see the dear old spot once more."

"Yes, we will go," returned Rotha, dreamily. What strange fancies she had had in those dim old woods! She thought it was very nice of Garton to propose it. By this time it was growing late, and Rotha reminded him that Mary would be expecting them.

It was later still when they got to the Vicarage, for Meg came in, and that detained them. Garton looked sheepish again when Mrs. Carruthers shook hands with him and wished him joy; but he did not look so when, a few minutes afterward, Rotha and he walked down to the Vicarage. Mary was expecting them, and met her friend with open arms. "Oh, my dear, Gar is not good enough for you," said the affectionate creature, in a voice between laughing and crying. "I don't care a bit for your hearing me," she continued, nodding at Garton, who was standing by, looking shamefaced and happy; "if you love her you will not mind being told how good she is. Rotha, how shall we manage to make enough of you, and to think of it being Garton, after all?" finished Mary, who was still in a highly-strung pitch of excitement, and had kept up a variation of this one particular sentence ever since the news had been told her.

Belle came down presently, while Mary and Rotha were still talking. Both of them absently started at her glastly looks. She went up and kissed Rotha with some show

of kindness, but without any attempt at congratulation, and then went and sat silently in her place.

Only once Rotha attempted to speak to her—once when Garton, who had been lingering by her chair all the afternoon, had been summoned by the vicar to come down and speak to a choir-boy who was in disgrace, and Mary, who had a secret liking for the culprit, had followed him. When they had gone out Rotha crossed the room and knelt down beside her.

"Dear Belle," she whispered, "will you not wish me happiness? Every one has but you." She repeated the speech the moment she had said it, when she saw the reproachful look with which she answered her:

"Oh, Rotha, how can you? Do I look as though I could wish any one happiness? No, I don't mean that; I do wish it you, dear, none the less that you have everything, and that my heart is broken," and, before Rotha could say a word, the unhappy girl had thrown her arms round Rotha's neck in a burst of bitter weeping.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In Hoc Spero.

"Through my happy tears there look'd in mine
A face as sweet as morning violets;
A face alight with love ineffable,
The starry heart hid under trembling though."
—Masey.

"To his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers,
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sigh,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which color'd all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts.
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously."
—Byron.

Belle's fit of agitation lasted so long that Rotha was frightened. In vain she caressed her, in vain she implored her, with a hundred endearing expressions, to tell her what had occurred to distress her. Belle would say nothing, and absolutely refused to be comforted. She had a paroxysm of coughing presently, and then she allowed Rotha to assist her to her own room and do many little womanly offices for her. She lay quite still, with heaving breast and closed eyes, while Rotha loosened her hair and freshened her burning face. But when she had finished, Belle put out her hand to her and said hoarsely:

"Do not mind me; go now. Garton will be wanting you."

"But I should like to stay with you," returned Rotha pityingly. But Belle shook her head.

"I would rather be alone; you know I must be alone sometimes. I shall like to think of you all being happy downstairs. You are too good to me, Rotha. I do not deserve it, and I never think of any one but him."

She looked up with quivering lips when Rotha kissed her.

"Do not tell any one; do not let Mary know that I have been so silly. She would not understand. I shall be punished for it, for I shall not be able to come downstairs and see him to-night."

And a bitter sigh echoed her words as Rotha closed the door.

Rotha had no intention of obeying Belle by keeping her counsel. She found Mary alone when she returned to the drawing-room, and at once told her what had occurred, taking blame on herself for her inconsiderate words. Mrs. Ord, who looked very distressed over the whole recital, relieved her at once by throwing quite another light on the matter.

She told Rotha that Robert had been in that morning, quite contrary to his usual custom, and, finding Belle and her together, had told Belle in her presence about Garton's engagement and his own appointment.

"Robert had behaved beautifully," Mrs. Ord added, "and had broken the double news very gently to Belle, who had, on the whole, seemed to have taken it very quietly. He put everything in a clear concise way, drew a little on the benefits of the large salary, and the comfortable house that awaited them; and then asked her in a quite straightforward way whether she thought she could get ready for him toward the end of February, or if she would prefer waiting till a few days before they sailed, 'unless indeed,' he remarked with a smile, 'you are unwilling to leave Mary and come with me so far.'"

He went on a little more after this, and then pressed gently for her answer. Neither of them could see Belle's face, for she had kept her hand over her eyes all the time he had talked. Once or twice she had shivered slightly, but for the most part she seemed keeping herself still by force. When he had finished she had uncovered her eyes and looked at them so strangely that neither of them could understand it; and there had been a strained worn look about her face that had gone to her sister's heart.

"You know I am not well enough. I don't think I shall ever be well enough to be married," she had said to them; and then calling her sister to her, "Mary, tell him I cannot. Does he not know what is the matter with me?"

"I don't think any one knows what is the matter with you, Belle," he returned, but Mary saw a flushed uneasy look come into his face. Belle caught her breath with a little sob of impatient pain as he went on. No, she was not well; he knew that, he repeated, but she must give him her word to see a doctor without delay; and Belle, in a tone of reckless misery, promised that she would; and then she had surprised them both by fixing on Mr. Greenock, the infirmarian doctor. She would not hear of the family practitioner, Dr. Chapman.

"Very well, then, it shall be Greenock." Robert had returned and, as far as he knew, he was quite as clever as the Blackscar practitioner. And then he begged her smilingly to compose herself, and to leave all other arrangements to him and Mary.

"And what did Belle say?" interrupted Rotha breathlessly at this point. She had turned red and pale over Mary's narration. She knew now why Belle had shrunk from the look of her happy face. "Oh, Mrs. Ord," she cried, "I am so afraid that Belle thinks herself very ill, and that it is preying on her mind."

"That is what I think," returned Mary, drying her eyes. "I have told Austin so, over and over again. Oh, Rotha, suppose this is the beginning of decline; she looks so like poor Aunt Isabel, who had disease of

the lungs and died quite young. And then to think that Robert would not let you take her away."

"He does not understand," returned Rotha in a low voice. "But I am afraid now a milder climate ought to have been tried long ago. I do not see myself how she is to be fit for a long sea voyage. But Mr. Greenock will tell you. Did she say anything more before she left you?"

"No; Austin came in, and she let us kiss her, but at the first word of congratulation she stopped us. Robert wanted her to go and lie down—he is very gentle and considerate with her now—and she went away directly. But I heard her tell Austin first that she had promised to see Mr. Greenock, and that he would tell us what she had tried so often lately to tell us, only she could not. And as she said this she turned so white that Austin put his arm round her, thinking she felt faint. But it was not faintness, Rotha, it was misery. She knows she is worse than we think."

"Why not send for Mr. Greenock at once?" interrupted Rotha hastily; but Mary shook her head. It was hard to see Mrs. Ord's fair face so troubled and worn.

"No, it will not do to hurry it. We know Belle too well for that. She has promised to see him on Tuesday, and Robert will not be back from Stretton till then. Tuesday will be Garton's last evening too, and Wednesday will be Christmas Eve. Oh, Rotha, what a Christmas this will be for us all, if Mr. Greenock says that Robert will have to go alone!"

"He cannot leave her surely?" interrupted Rotha.

"He must. What can he do? He will have thrown up his situation too. If she be not well enough to accompany him, the engagement will have to be broken off altogether, and that will kill her. Oh, Rotha," continued Mrs. Ord remorsefully, "I did not mean to have said all this to-day. I was trying to forget it when you and Garton came in. Ah, my dear, my dear, you must not cry to-day of all days, just when we all meant to be so happy too."

"I cannot help it," returned Rotha struggling with her tears. "It seems so dreadful for her, and then for him not to see it." She broke off suddenly as Garton re-entered the room, and after that nothing more was said between them.

This conversation damped the rest of the evening to Rotha. Garton, though he sat near her and talked to her, missed the old merry smiles. Rotha was grave and abstracted, almost sad. Mary was up stairs with her sister most of the time, and the vicar was busy. Robert never made his appearance at all. Just before she went away she stole for a moment into Belle's room to wish her good-night; but Belle seemed weary, and hardly spoke to her, and with a heavy heart she crept away. The next day things were hardly more cheerful at the vicarage; Robert and Garton had gone to Stretton; Belle had relapsed into one of her taciturn moods; and Mary, after a few attempts, hardly made an effort to be cheerful. She was very sympathetic, however, and had a long confidential talk with Rotha about her own prospects. And in the afternoon the vicar, seeing how things were, put aside his own business and took them and the four boys for a country ramble, which lasted so long that Garton had already made

his appearance at Bryn, and was harassing the soul of Mrs. Carruthers by his restlessness and repeated expressions of wonder as to what had become of Rotha.

The walk had done its work thoroughly, and Rotha came in by and by just as Garton loved to see her, with her brown hair ruffled and her bright face freshened with the wind. She had brought them all in, in triumph with her, and Mary laughed and looked like her old self as she helped Mrs. Carruthers to make arrangements for so large a party. Rotha let her do it; she stood talking to Garton in a low voice till she was summoned to her place at the head of the table.

These sort of impromptu gatherings were Rotha's delight. She had sent off Guy to fetch Reuben, and when he returned with the lad her pleasure was complete. Garton indeed would have preferred having Rotha to himself—love-making and tender speeches were hardly possible before the lads. But Rotha, in her unselfishness, never thought of such a thing; she was quite content to beam at Garton at intervals across the boys' rosy faces. She talked more to the vicar than to him; it made her shy to encounter several pairs of round curious eyes every time she addressed him. Rufus and Laurie were always telegraphing their astonishment to each other, and Arty's audible remarks made her desperate; she wished Garton would not break off his conversation every minute to catch her faintest words; he did all sorts of things, this clumsy lover of hers, that confused and put her out of countenance. The vicar could not help admiring the graceful tact with which she checked and kept him in order. After tea, when Mary had stolen away to look after Belle, she taught the boys games, and made them happy in a dozen ways. She played and sang to them, and joined in some of their favorite glees; but, through it all, she was always conscious that Garton was near her or following her about with his wistful eyes.

She went into the long drawing-room once, in the moonlight, to put away some music, and there she was startled by seeing him standing between the pillars like a black shadow. "Oh, Garton," she said, "I did not know you were following me. How you startled me!" And then, as he did not answer, she went up to him and touched him on the arm.

"Come, Garton, the boys are going. I think the vicar wants you."

"Let him want me," returned Garton, detaining her. "Rotha, do you know that you have hardly spoken to me this evening? I have been almost jealous of those boys—Rube especially."

"Rube, your favorite? Oh, for shame!"

"My dear, I suppose it is only natural. I have so few hours left to me, and they will see you day after day." He held her for a moment, as though under some strange agitation. "Rotha, put your little hand here for a moment," and he held it firmly to his heart. "Do you know, dear, it aches so to-night that I can hardly bear it?"

She looked up in his face, almost frightened. Was it fancy, or did the moonlight make him look so pale?

"My dear Garton—my poor boy!"

He smiled at her.

"I cannot help it, dear; it is a sort of feeling—a presentiment, I suppose. People

are always talking about those sort of things, and perhaps it has come to me. I cannot get it out of my mind that it would be better for us both if I were not going away."

"Oh, Garton!"

"There, perhaps I ought not to have said that. These things are always in God's hands, and I am doing my duty. You remember what you said about putting 'the hand to the plough?' There must be no looking back in one's work, eh, Rotha?"

"No; but I do not know how I am to let you go," said Rotha remorsefully, feeling that she had not made enough of him. She heard the boys tramping out of the front door, but for once she had forgotten her duties as hostess. "Oh, Gar, if you talk like this I shall never be able to let you go."

"Yes, you will," he returned, with that wonderful new gentleness which had come to him in the last few days, and which reminded her of the vicar. "I do not fear you, Rotha. You are the bravest girl I have ever seen. You would let me go if you knew that I should never come back to you."

"Dear Garton, do you think I would be so hard-hearted?"

"It would not be hard-heartedness, Rotha; but perhaps I shall never make you understand, any more than you would if I told you that I loved you a hundred times more than you loved me."

"No, indeed," returned Rotha, rather indignant at this admission.

"Nevertheless it would be the truth," he returned quietly. "I have watched you so much these two days, and I know you so well, dear—don't misunderstand me," he continued, with a touch of his old vehemence, as Rotha tried to draw away her hand, "I am not complaining—why should I? It could not be otherwise. The time may come—I do not say it will, Rotha—when you will give me all that is in you to give; but it will not come to me just yet. Hush! Is that Austin calling?"

"He is only speaking to Mrs. Carruthers. Garton, what makes you talk so strangely to-night? Have I done anything to hurt you?"

"Hurt me, my darling?" But she need never have asked the question, for his answer fully satisfied her.

"What a grand room this is, Rotha!" he said presently, when they were still standing gazing out to the moonlighted lawn. "You look too young to be the mistress of this great house; and to think that it all belongs to you!"

"Do you mind it?" she returned softly. "I am keeping it all for you and your brother."

"For me!" He absolutely started. A sudden film came before his eyes; he had not realized before that all these good things were to come to him.

"Yes; but we must not forget Robert," said Rotha, following out the unspoken thought.

"Do you mean you and I? No, we will not forget him. You must not think me strange or ungrateful, Rotha; but it almost oppresses me to think that I may possibly share all this some day; it does not seem right or true. I wonder," he paused, looking round him with strange unseeing eyes;

and then he stooped and kissed her softly once or twice.

What was that dull pain beating at his heart—that shadow that darkened his face with subtle trouble, and which haunts him even now? What though he never dwell here, in the presence of the woman he loves? "In thy Father's house there are many mansions" for thee and such as thee, Garton. Ord.

The next day was Sunday. It was one of those soft wintry days which seemed snatched from the early spring. The robins chirped busily in the ivy; here and there a snowdrop peeped out from the ground. The sea was all in a glitter again, with a maize of deep blue shadow. Rotha, in a soft blue dress, looked perfectly in unison with the day itself, Garton thought, as he came through the lych-gate to join her after service.

Rotha long afterwards looked back on that day as one of the most peaceful she had ever spent. Garton had lost that feverish restlessness which had somehow oppressed her in spite of herself. He was a little quieter than she had ever known him, but full of thoughtfulness for her and Reuben. Reuben came up to Bryn by Rotha's express desire, and the three spent the afternoon together in the old way.

But once, when Garton and she were left alone together, he said suddenly:

"I have been thinking, Rotha, that I should like to leave you a little keepsake, and I have nothing in the world but my mother's keeper. It is very old-fashioned, and hardly worthy of your acceptance; but I should like you to wear it, dear, when I am away." And Rotha changed color very prettily as he slipped the quaint old ring on her finger.

Nothing more was said for a few minutes, and then Rotha asked Garton if he did not like the old German custom of exchanging rings at a betrothal.

"There is a ring upstairs among your treasures that I should like you to wear for my sake," she said quickly; and before Garton could answer her she had left the room, and shortly after returned with the little case in her hand. She blushed a little as she held it out to him. "Look here, Garton; this ring always reminded me of you, somehow, and you must wear it as a kind of talisman to preserve you from danger. When you are lonely and home-sick you can look at it and think of me."

"But it is too beautiful. Oh, Rotha, how can you?"—and after my poor old keeper too!" he returned in a broken voice.

Garton was right as to its beauty, for the ring was of a singular design, and almost unique of its kind. In the centre was a recumbent cross formed of tiny rose diamonds set round with blue enamel, and graven on the broad gold band itself were the words, *In hoc spero* ("In this I hope").

Garton kissed the glittering cross reverently as Rotha put it on, and there were tears in his eyes as he thanked her. "*In hoc spero*," Rotha heard him whisper once or twice. "I wish all crosses were as light to carry as this!" and once, very solemnly, "Dear, you are right, and the cross is the only talisman."

(To be continued.)

THE line of life is a rugged diagonal between duty and desire.

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXII.

Besides the wretchedness of Anxious Care the uselessness of it is most apparent. How generously is all creation provided for? What exhaustless wealth is at the command of God! The little birds, how helpless they are, imprisoned in their nest—yet God feedeth them. He condescends to watch the flight of the new-fledged sparrow and to break its fall. He hears the young ravens when they cry. He decks lilies and roses with beauty and scatters loveliest forms along the pavement of the sea. The eyes of all wait upon thee, O Lord, and thou fillest all things living with plenteousness.

Surely God has proved Himself rich enough and wise enough to provide for all His creatures. If the land be desert He can make the manna fall; if the springs be dried, the rock can yield us water; if the enemy is on every side, He can make the sea divide and furnish us a pathway. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! With the volume of His providence open daily before us, holding in our hands the record of His dealings with His covenant people from the very beginning of history, we have abundant reason to know and believe that God is adequate to His majestic rule; that He will govern all things well and wisely.

Our Saviour does not require us to be insensible and to submit stoically to what we cannot help. He, Himself, was very sorrowful sometimes, and He wept over the coming sorrows of Jerusalem. Poor humanity may say with David, "when my heart is vexed I will complain." But then there must not be that corroding anxiety, that melancholy foreboding, that desolate helplessness by which so many are made miserable. All this, the Saviour teaches us, is useless—He does not say because the future is fixed and our anxieties will not alter it; but He takes us by the hand and leads us out into the midst of nature. He bids us see and recognize everywhere and in everything the presence of a Special Providence; a Father-God near at hand, seeing all, forgetting nothing. To-day's ill is all sufficient; how useless to trouble ourselves with the question what will God do to-morrow!

Anxious Care is not only useless, it is sinful.

How much has God done for us already? He gave us the most precious gift He could bestow—His only Son in whom He was well pleased. He has shewed us how much He thinks of us by the infinite price paid for our recovery. He has hidden us not to be afraid of Him, but when we pray to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven." He has sent His Holy Spirit to teach us and to comfort us. He has admitted us to the fellowship of His Holy Church, and again and again swears to us, holding forth the emblems of His Son's precious body and blood, that He will save and help sinful people who come to Him in that dear name: that we are His children, and that He has great things in reserve for us. Oh how sinful to say, yes, I know all this, but then I

fear-to-morrow's trial will be more than I can bear!

Let us review the history of the past. We have never yet lacked food and raiment. Is it unreasonable to believe that God will still supply them? We have had our trials and losses and bereavements, and found them all tolerable. Is it too much to trust that in the future God will not tempt us above that we are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way to escape?

We have had many dark days when all was cheerless and obscure, and we groped as the blind at midday, and yet the clear shining came after the rain, and our hearts were cleaner for the tears that had washed our cheeks. Oh, how wicked to fear that God's compassion will wear out, and that He will be less merciful than in the days that are past!

But, perhaps, one will say I am one of a troubled spirit. My heart knows its own bitterness, and I cannot even tell my unsuspected griefs. I am faint and weary wrestling with my besetting sin. I am dejected and sorrowful by reason of lamentable failures. Sometimes my heart will ache almost to bursting, and my tears will flow, and the impatient exclamation will burst forth: "the journey is too great for me; it were better for me to die than to live," and bear responsibilities to which I am not adequate.

Al! my brother, you forget yourself. Is not God your father, kind and reasonable and indulgent? Does He not accept the honest effort as if it were the successful result? Does He not receive the two mites and the cup of cold water when it is the best you have to give?

Was not the Man of Sorrows lonely and desolate, grieved by men's hardness of heart, and seemingly unsuccessful in his personal ministry? Does He not assure you that He knows your sorrows, and pities them? Has He not promised to come to you when the sea is boisterous, and you are spent with rowing? O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt? Believe, only believe, for all things are possible to him that believeth.

We are prone to condemn those who suffer the riches and the pleasures of life to choke the principle of religious life in the soul. Let us remember that the indulgence of Anxious Care is equally a wretchedness, a folly, and a sin. It disturbs the repose of the soul, and unfits it either for right judgment or vigorous action. It makes us, more or less, sour, sullen, fretful, and irritable, and the easiest yoke God ever laid upon man galls him when he frets under it. It is right for us to be sorrowful and uneasy sometimes, but we ought never to lose our evenness of temper, our cheerfulness of spirit, our hopefulness of good that is in reserve.

Let us meditate much upon that Special Providence, so many proofs of which are all around us, and which we have so often had occasion to recognize in our own experience. Let us try to realize that high above the storm and turmoil of life One dearer than a brother sitteth at the right hand of God, making intercession for us and sending angels to the rescue of His saints. In every hour of sadness let us cast into the bitter waters some word of Gospel comfort, and they will become sweet and wholesome. In every perplexity and apprehension let us

grasp some dear promise, and we shall float with it over seas of trouble.

And if there be some deliverance or some blessing seemingly so necessary that we cannot do without it, and we are tempted to demand, Give it me or I die, then let us lift up our eyes and say, My Heavenly Father knows all my need. He spared not His Son, but gave Him up to my necessity. He would give me now in hand a world, if it would make me really happier and better. My Father, I leave all with Thee. In the sincerity of my soul I take up to-day's cross, I address myself to to-day's duty. To-morrow, Thou, Lord, wilt provide.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Through the Red Sea.

Exod. xiv. 19-31.

Verse 19. "The Angel of God." Here as in similar places, this is held by expositors to signify the second Person of the Blessed Trinity. "Removed and went behind them." Placed Himself at the rear of the camp of Israel—of course to interpose between Israel and Egypt. This is a type of the delivering work of Christ. "The pillar of the cloud." This implies that it was yet day when the Egyptians came in sight of the Israelites. The change of the place of the cloud-column was a visible sign of interposition. The account mentions here the real defence first, and then the outward sign of it.

Verse 20. "It come between." The pillar of cloud was probably enlarged so as to cover the entire rear of the Israelites, and was dark on the side of Egypt but luminous to marching Israel. It lasted through the entire night.

Verse 21. "Moses stretched out his hand over the sea." Moses was holding the rod of his power. "A strong east wind." There have been many attempts to explain this miracle by a natural phenomena, as an extraordinary ebb of the tide. But the literal explanation is sufficient. The objection may be made that a wind strong enough to plough a channel through the sea would have been a serious hindrance to the march of the Hebrews. But there is nothing to prevent the concentrated force of the wind from operating on the right and left of the line of march, leaving a still space between. Of course the conditions are clearly miraculous, and this is fully confirmed by the New Testament allusions.

Verse 22. "Upon the dry ground." The same force operated upon the bed of the sea so that it was for the time dried up. "The waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left." This cuts off the rationalistic interpretation of a remarkable ebb, leaving the upper part of the gulf bare. There was a wall of water between them and the head of the Red Sea—a wall corresponding in height to the depth of the sea they traversed. Possibly "the strong east wind," as its agency is mentioned, divided the waters and then they were divinely held in place.

Verse 23. "The Egyptians pursued." Probably the veil of cloud held out of view that which had taken place so that they were not aware of where they were, but only knew that the Hebrews were before them, and were expecting every moment to overtake and surround the fugitives, or to bring them to bay beside the sea.

Verse 24. "The morning watch." About two in the morning. The conditions of a tropical night are to be considered—viz., a much briefer twilight between day and dark. There can be no precise calculation unless the spot were fully known and the conditions of the sea at that time. What is required is for the whole two millions, with their flocks and herds to pass, and for the whole army of Egypt to follow and be in the midst of the sea. For this one must calculate first, the front by which the Hebrew column was deployed, and next the depth of the column. This last, probably, at the moment of mid-transit occupied the entire width of the sea—that is, its van was just reaching the further shore as its rear was leaving the Egyptian side. We then want time enough for the Egyptian army to occupy the passage left by the Israelites. "Looked through the pillar of fire and of the cloud." Psalm lxxviii; 18, 19, says with a storm. Doubtless the glow of the fiery column was seen through the cloud, and this alone would disturb the Egyptian army. The purpose was to crowd it together so that escape would become impossible. "Troubled the Egyptians." Threw them into confusion.

Verse 25. "Took off their chariot-wheels." The clashing together of the chariots in the terror produced by the fiery looking of Jehovah through the cloud broke the wheels from the axles. "Drive them heavily." They were impeded in their efforts to escape when the cry "Let us flee" was raised. "For the Lord fighteth for them." There is an intimation here that Egypt was not without the knowledge of the true God—the original faith though falling into idolatry and error.

Verse 26. "Stretch out thine hand." This was the hand holding the staff of power. Probably it was in reverse of the former motion, as Moses had undoubtedly crossed in the meantime and was on the further shore. Israel had now of course reached the other side.

Verse 27. "Returned to his strength." That is, resumed its natural power from which it had been held back. "When the morning appeared." It was so that Israel and Egypt both could see what was wrought. "The Lord overthrew." Literally "shook off," the Egyptians.

Verse 28. The ceasing of the east wind to blow and the turning round, so that it came from the west, would send the shock of the returning surges in the face of the Egyptians striving to return. This shows that it was not the flow of an ordinary tide, but much more rapid; and this verse declares that none escaped. The return wave beginning from the west cut off retreat.

Verse 29. This verse is a repetition of what went before, and emphasizes the miracle, as a miracle.

Verse 30. "Saw the Egyptians dead on the sea-shore." Not all, but enough to show what was the fate which had come upon them.

Verse 31. The work of the miracle was first in punishing Egypt, and next in convincing Israel. This last was also done.

If sorrow could enter Heaven, if a sigh could be heard there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for time spent in neglect of God which might have been spent for His glory.

WIKKEY—A SCRAP.

CHAPTER II.—Concluded.

The following evening Lawrence found a letter from his cousin on his table.

"From what you tell me," Reginald wrote, "I should say that Wikkey must be taught through his affections: that he is capable of a strong and generous affection he has fully proved, so that I advise you not to attempt for the present much doctrinal instruction. ('Doctrinal instruction!') mentally ejaculated Lawrence: 'what does he mean? as if I could do that; ' then he read on.) What I mean is this: the boy's intellect has probably, from the circumstances of his life, been too strongly developed to have left much room for the simple faith which one has to work on in ordinary childhood, and having been used chiefly as a weapon, offensive and defensive, in the battle with life, it is not likely to prove a very helpful instrument just now, as it would probably make him quicker to discern difficulties than to accept truths upon trust. I should, therefore, be inclined to place religion before him in a way that would appeal more to his affections than to his reason, and try to interest him in our Lord from, so to speak, a human point of view, without going into the mysteries connected with the Incarnation, and if possible without, at first, telling the end of the Gospel narrative. Speak of a Person—One Whom you love—Who might have lived for ever in perfect happiness, but Who, from love to us, preferred to come and live on earth in poverty and suffering (the poor lad will appreciate the meaning of those words only too well)—Who was all-powerful, though living as a Man, and full of tenderness. Then tell of the miracles and works of love, of His continued existence—though for the present invisible to us—of His love and watchfulness: and when Wikkey's interest is aroused, as I believe it will be, I should read from the Bible itself the story of the sufferings and death. Can you gather any meaning from this rough outline? It seems to me that it is intended that Wikkey should be led upwards from the human to the Divine. For others a different plan of teaching might be better, but I think this is the right key to his development; and, moreover, I firmly believe that you will be shown how to use it."

Lawrence remained for some time after reading his letter with his elbows on the table, and his head resting on his hands, which were buried in his thick brown hair; a look of great perplexity was on his face.

"Of course, I must try," he thought; "we couldn't have it on one's conscience; but it's a serious business to have started." Looking up, he met Wikkey's rather anxious glance.

"Is anything amiss, Lawrence?"

"No, Wikkey—I was only thinking;" then, plunging on desperately, he continued: "I was thinking how I could best make you understand what I said last night about Someone Who sees everything you do—Someone Who is very good."

"Cut on, I'm minding. Is it Someone as you love!"

Lawrence reddened. What was his feeling towards the Christ? Reverence certainly, and some loyalty, but could he call it love in the presence of the passionate devotion to himself which showed in every look of those wistful eyes?

"Yes, I love him," he said slowly, "but not as much as I should." Then, as a sudden thought struck him, "Look here, Wikkey, you said you would like to have me for a king; well, He that I am telling you of is my King, and He must be yours, too, and we will both try to love and obey Him."

"Where is He?" asked Wikkey.

"You can't see him now, because He lives up in Heaven. He is the Son of God, and He might always have stayed in Heaven quite happy, only, instead of that, he came down upon earth, and became a man like one of us, so that He might know what it is. And though He was really a King, He chose to live like a poor man, and was often cold and hungry as you used to be; and He went about helping people, and curing those who were ill, because you know, Wikkey, He was God, and could do anything. There are beautiful stories about Him that I can tell you."

"How do you know all about the King, Lawrence?"

"It is written in a book called the Bible. Have you ever seen a Bible?"

"That was the big book as blind Tim used to sit and feel over with his fingers by the area rails. I asked him what it was, and he said as it was the Bible. But, bless you! he weren't blind no more nor you are; he lodged at Skimmidge's for a bit, and I saw him a reading of the paper in his room; he kicked me when he saw as I'd twigged him;" and Wikkey's laugh broke out at the recollection. Poor child, his whole knowledge of sacred things seemed to be derived from—

"Holiest things profaned and cursed."

"Tim was a bad man to pretend to be blind when he wasn't," said Lawrence, severely. "But now, Wikkey, shall I read you a story about the King?"

"Did He live in London?" Wikkey asked, as Lawrence took up the old Book with the feeling that the boy should hear these things for the first time out of his mother's Bible.

"No, He lived in a country a long way off; but that makes no difference, because He is God, and can see us everywhere, and He wants us to be good."

Then Lawrence opened the Bible, and after some thought, half read, half told, about the feeding of the hungry multitude.

Each succeeding evening a fresh story about the King was related, eagerly listened to and commented on by Wikkey with such familiar realism as often startled Lawrence, and made him wonder whether he were allowing irreverence, but which, at the same time, threw a wonderfully vivid light on the histories which, known since childhood, had lost so much of their interest for himself; and certainly, as far as awakening first the boy's curiosity, and then his love, went, the method of instruction answered perfectly. For Wikkey did not die at the end of the week, or of many succeeding weeks; warmth and food, and Mrs. Evans's nursing powers combined, caused one of those curious rallies not uncommon in cases of consumption, though no one who saw the boy's thin, flushed cheeks, and brilliant eyes could think the reprieve would be a long one. Still, for the present, there was improvement, and Lawrence could not help feeling glad that he might keep for a little while longer the child whose love had strangely brightened his lonely lodgings.

And while Wikkey's development was being carried on in the highest direction, his education in minor matters was progressing under Mrs. Evans's tuition—tuition of much the same kind as she had bestowed years before on Master Lawrence and her sweet Master Robin. By degrees Wikkey became thoroughly initiated in the mysteries of the toilette, and other amenities of civilized life, and being a sharp child, with a natural turn for imitation, he was, at the end of a week or two, not entirely unlike those young gentlemen in his ways, especially when his conversation became shorn of the expletives which had at first adorned it, but which, under Mrs. Evans's sharp rebukes, and Lawrence's graver admonitions that they were displeasing to the King, fast disappeared. Wikkey's remorse on being betrayed into the utterance of some comparatively harmless expression, quite as deep as when one slipped that gave even Lawrence a shock, showed how little their meaning had to do with their use.

One evening Lawrence, returning home to find Wikkey established as usual on the sofa near the fire, was greeted by the eager question—

"Lawrence, what was the King like? I've been a thinking of it all day, and I should like to know. Do you think He was a bit like you?"

"Not at all," Lawrence answered. "We don't know exactly what He was like; but—let me see," he went on, considering, "I think I have a picture somewhere—I had one;" and he crossed the room to a corner where, between the book-case and the wall, were put away a number of old pictures, brought from the "boys' room" at home, and never yet re-hung; among them was a little Oxford frame containing a photograph of the Thorn-crowned Head by Guido. How well he remembered its being given to him on his birthday by his mother! This he showed to Wikkey, explaining that though no one knows certainly what the King is like, it is thought that He may have resembled that picture. The boy looked at it for some time in silence, and then said—

"I've seen pictures like that in shops, but I never knew as it was the King. He looks very sorrowful—a deal sorrowfuler nor you—and what is that He has on His Head?"

"That has to do with a very sad story, which I have not told you yet. You know, Wikkey, though he was no good and kind, the men of that country hated Him, and would not have him for their King, and at last they took Him prisoner, and treated Him very badly, and they put that crown of sharp, pricking thorns on His Head, because He said He was a king."

"Was it to make game of Him?" asked Wikkey, in a tone of mingled awe and distress.

Lawrence nodded gravely, and feeling that this was perhaps as good a moment as any for completing the history, he took the Book, and in low, reverent tones, began the sad story of the betrayal, captivity, and death. Wikkey listened in absorbed attention, every now and then commenting on the narrative in a way which showed its intense reality to himself, and gave a marvelous vividness to the details of which Lawrence had before scarcely realized the terrible force. As he read on his voice became

husky, and the child's eyes were fixed on him with devouring eagerness, till the awful end came, and Wikkey broke into an agony of weeping. Lawrence hastily put down the Book, and taking the little worn frame into his arms tried to soothe the shaking sobs, feeling the while as though he had been guilty of cruelty to the tender, sensitive heart.

"I thought some one would have saved Him," Wikkey gasped. "I didn't know as He was killed; you never told me He was killed."

"Wikkey, little lad—hush—look here! it was all right at the end. Listen while I read the end; it is beautiful." And as the sobs subsided he began to read again, still holding the boy close, and inwardly wondering whether something like this might have been the despair of the disciples on that Friday evening—read of the sadness of that waiting time, of the angel's visit to the silent tomb, of the loving women at the sepulchre, and the joyful message. "He is not here, He is risen;" and lastly, of the parting blessing, the separating cloud and the tidings of the coming again. A look of great relief was on Wikkey's face as Lawrence ceased reading, and he lay for some time with closed eyes, resting after his outburst. At last he opened them with sudden wonder.

"Lawrence, why did He let them do it? If He could do anything, why didn't He save Himself from the enemies?"

The old wonder—the old question—which must be answered; and Lawrence, after thinking a moment, said—

"It had to be, Wikkey. He had to die—to die for us. It was like this—People were very wicked, always doing bad things, and nobody that was bad could go to Heaven, but they must be punished instead. But God was very sorry that none of the people He had made could come and be happy with Him, so His Son, Jesus Christ, our King, became a Man, and came down on earth that He might be punished instead of us, so that we might be forgiven and allowed to come into Heaven. He bore all that for each of us, so that now, if we believe in Him and try to please Him, we shall go to be with Him in Heaven when we die."

Lawrence was very far from guessing that his teaching had become "doctrinal." He had spoken out of the fulness of his own conviction, quickened into fresh life by the intensity of Wikkey's realization of the facts he had heard.

"It was good of Him—it was good," the child repeated again and again, with a world of love shining in his eyes, till, worn out with his emotion, he fell asleep, and was gently laid by Lawrence in his bed. But in the middle of the night sounds of stifled weeping aroused Lawrence.

"What is it, Wikkey boy?" he asked, groping his way to him. "Are you worse?"

"I didn't mean for to wake you; but I wish—I wish I hadn't loved them coppers off Jim; it makes me feel so bad when I think as the King saw me," and Wikkey buried his face in the kind arm which encircled him, in uncontrollable grief. It needed all Lawrence's assurances that the King saw his repentance, and had certainly forgiven—yes, and the prayer for pardon which the young man, blushing red-hot in the darkness at the unwonted effort, uttered

in husky tones, with the child's thin hands clasped in his own—before Wikkey was sufficiently quieted to sleep again. Before going down to the office Lawrence wrote to his cousin—

"I can do no more; he has got beyond me. He loves Him more than ever I have done. Come and help us both."

So Reginald came on such evenings as he could spare, and Wikkey, no longer averse, listened as he told him of the Fatherhood of God, of the love of the Son, and of the ever-present Comforter; of creation, redemption, and sanctification, and all the deep truths of the faith, receiving them with the belief that is born rather of love than of reason; for though the acuteness of the boy's questions and remarks often obliged Reginald to bring his own strong intellect to bear on them, they arose from no spirit of antagonism, but were the natural outcome of a thoughtful, inquiring mind. Sometimes, however, Wikkey was too tired for talking, and could only lie still and listen while Lawrence and the curate conversed, the expression of his eyes, as they passed from one to another, showing that he understood far more than might have been expected. One evening, in the middle of March, after he had been carried up stairs, the cousins sat talking over their charge.

"I have been considering about his baptism," Reginald said.

"His baptism! Do you think he hasn't been christened?"

"No, I don't think so," returned the other, thoughtfully. "I cannot bring myself to believe that we have been working on unconsecrated soil; but still we do not know. Of course I could baptize him hypothetically, but I should like to know the truth."

"Baptize him how?" Lawrence asked, with a frown of perplexity.

"Hypothetically. Don't be alarmed, it isn't a new fad of mine; it means baptizing on the *supposition* that there has been no previous baptism, for, you know our Church does not allow it to be done twice. I wonder if anything could be learnt by going down to the place named in the book."

"Crabrup! I looked in Bradshaw for it, and it seems to be a small place about an hour and a half from Euston Station. I might find a day to run down, though I don't quite see when; and how if I were to find a heap of relations wanting the boy? I could not spare him now, you know."

"Scarcely likely. Wikkey has evidently never seen a relation for, say, ten years, or he would recollect it, and it is hardly probable that any one will be anxious to take a boy in his state whom they have not seen for ten years. Besides, he couldn't well be moved now."

"No, he couldn't; and I sincerely hope that no affectionate relatives will want to come and see him here, that would be a most awful nuisance. What do you think of a fearful grandmother haunting the place?"

"The idea is oppressive, certainly, but I do not think you need fear it much, and you have established a pretty fair right to do as you like about the boy. Look here, Lawrence, supposing I were to run down on this place; I believe I could spare a day better than you, and a breath of fresh air would do me no harm."

"I shouldn't think it would," said Law-

rence, looking at his cousin's pale face—all the paler for the stress of his winter's work. "Do, Reg; and for pity's sake, bring a root of some flower if you can find one; it is sickening to think of a child dying without ever having had such a thing in his hands."

"All right, then, I will go to-morrow; for, for," Reginald added gravely, "there is no time to be lost."

"I know there is not; I know it must come soon. Reg, I couldn't have believed I should have grown to care for the boy as I do."

"No, you have prepared a wrench for yourself, old fellow, but you will never be the worse for it, Lawrence. You know all about that better than I can preach it to you."

There was a silence, and then Lawrence said—

"Ought he to be told?"

"Well, that puzzles me; I feel as if he ought, and yet there can be no need to frighten the child. If it came naturally, it might be better for you to tell him gently."

"It?" exclaimed Lawrence, aghast.

"Yes, it must be you; he will take it better from you than from anyone else; but wait and see, you will be shown what to do."

The result of the curate's mission to Cranbury was very satisfactory. On being directed to the solitary remaining inhabitant of the name of Wilkins, Reginald learnt that Sarah Wilkins had been the only daughter of his brother, that she had married a ne'er-do-weel of the name of Whiston, who had deserted her shortly before the birth of her child, that she had followed her husband to London as soon as she was able to travel, and after a while had been lost sight of by her family. The old man seemed but slightly interested in the matter, and Reginald saw that no interference need be feared from him. On further consulting the parish register, he found recorded the marriage of Thomas Whiston and Sarah Wilkins, and a year later, the baptism of Wilkins, son of Thomas and Sarah Whiston, in 1856.

"So it is as I hoped, the child is one of the Flock," the curate said to himself. "And that mite of a boy is thirteen years old!" and he returned to London triumphant, bringing with him besides the information he went to seek, a root of primroses with yellow-tipped spikes ready to burst, and an early thrush's nest, containing five delicate blue eggs. This last treasure Reginald displayed with intense pride.

"I found a boy carrying it on the road, and rated the young rascal soundly for taking it, but I'm afraid the shilling I gave him made more impression than the lecture. Isn't it a beauty? I wonder when I last saw a nest?" he went on, touching the eggs with loving fingers. "Hardly since our old bird's-nesting days, eh, Lawrence! Do you remember the misel-thrush in the apple-tree?"

"Ay, and the licking you got for splitting your Sunday jacket up the back," and the two "working-men" laughed at the recollection, as they carried the prize to display to Wikkey, with a comical anxiety, almost amounting to dread, lest it should not produce the effect they intended. No fear of that! Wikkey's eyes dilated as he gazed into the nest, and, after some persuasion,

took one of the smooth eggs into his hand; and from that moment he could not endure it out of his sight, but had it placed morning and evening beside his sofa or bed, near his other treasure, the Picture of the King, on the other side of which stood the primrose, planted in one of Mrs. Evans's tea-cups.

As the spring advanced, Wikkey became visibly worse, and all saw that the end could not be far off. Reginald, coming in one evening, found him asleep in Lawrence's arms, and was startled to see how great a change had taken place in him during the last four and twenty hours. In answer to his enquiring look, his cousin said, speaking very low—

"Since this morning, he is much worse; but better now than he was."

Sitting down, on the opposite side of the fire, Reginald thoughtfully contemplated the two. What a contrast! Lawrence, all health and strength, with the warm light glancing on the thick waves of his hair, and deepening the ruddy brown of his complexion, while the glow scarcely served to tint the pale face lying on his breast—deadly white, save for the two red spots on the sunken cheeks—or the hair hanging in loose lank threads. For some time no one spoke, but as the boy's sleep continued sound and unbroken, the cousins fell into talk, low and subdued, and many things were touched on in that quiet hour, which neither could have put into words at another time. At length Reginald rose to go, and at the same moment, Wikkey opened his eyes and smiled, as he saw his visitor, and tried to lift himself up.

"I'm awake now," he said; "I didn't know as you were here."

"Never mind, Wikkey, lie still," said Reginald, "you are too tired for any reading to-night. I will tell you one verse—a beautiful one—for you and Lawrence to talk about some day," and laying his hand on the boy's head he repeated, in low, gentle tones—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

After he was gone, Wikkey lay very still, with his eyes fixed intently on the fire. Lawrence dreaded what his next question might be, and at last it came.

"What does it mean—See the King?"

"It means that we shall all see Him some day, Wikkey, when—when—we die. It will be beautiful to see the King, won't it?"

"Yes," said the child, dreamily. "I'd like to see Him. I know as I'm going to die; but will it be soon? Oh, Lawrence! must it be directly?" and as he clung convulsively to him, the young man felt the little heart beating wildly.

"Wikkey—little lad—dear little lad—don't be frightened," he said, stroking the boy's head; "don't be frightened;" but still the eyes questioned him with agonized eagerness, and he knew he must answer, but his voice was very husky, and he felt the task a hard one.

"I'll tell you, Wikkey, I think the King loves you so much that He wants you to come to Him, and not to be ill any more, nor have any more bad pain or coughing. That would be nice, wouldn't it?—never to feel ill any more, and to see the King."

"Yes," Wikkey said, with a long sigh, "it would be ever so nice; but, oh! I don't want for to leave you, Lawrence—won't you come, too?"

"Some day, please God; but that won't

be as the King likes—perhaps He will not want me to come yet. I must try to do anything He wants me to do here first."

"Should you like to come now, Lawrence?"

The question was rather a relief, for a sense of being unreal had come over Lawrence while he spoke, and he answered quickly—

"No, I had rather not go yet, Wikkey; but you see I am well and strong. I think if I were ill, like you, I should like it; and you need not feel frightened, for the King will not leave you, He will be taking care of you all the time, and you will go to Him."

"Are you quite certain?"

No room for doubt here—and the answer came unhesitatingly—"Quite certain, Wikkey."

"And you are sure that you'll come too?"

"I wish I were half as certain," the young man thought, with a sigh, then said aloud—"If I try to obey the King, I hope I shall."

"But you will try—you will, Lawrence!" cried Wikkey, passionately.

Very quietly and low Lawrence answered—"By God's help—Yes!" and he bent and kissed the child's forehead, as if to seal the vow.

Wikkey seemed satisfied, and in a few minutes was dozing again. He slept for an hour after being put to bed, but then grew restless, and the night passed wearily between intervals of heavy oppression—half-unconscious wakefulness and rambling, incoherent talk, sometimes of his street-life, of his broom, for which he felt about with weak, aimless hands, of cold and hunger; and then he would break out into murmuring complaints of Mrs. Skimmidge, when forbidden words would slip out, and even then the child's look of distress went to Lawrence's heart. But oftener the wandering talk was of the incidents of the last few weeks, and over and came the words—"See the King in His beauty."

In the morning Wikkey was quieter and perfectly sensible; but the pinched look on his face, and the heavy labored breathing, told plainly that he was sinking.

Hard as it had been for Lawrence to leave his "little lad," up to this time he had been scrupulous in never allowing Wikkey to interfere with his office duties, but now it seemed impossible to leave the child, who clung feebly to him with a frightened whisper—

"Oh, don't go, Lawrence! p'raps the King will want me, and maybe I shouldn't be so frightened if I kept looking at you."

No, he could not go; so writing a hurried line—"Cannot come to-day—the boy I told you of is dying—the work shall be ready in time," he dispatched it to the head clerk of his department. "Granby's Craze" had at first excited a good deal of astonishment when it became known at the office; but Lawrence had quietly discouraged any attempts at "chaff" on the subject, and as time went on he used to be greeted by really warm inquiries after "the little chap."

The hours passed slowly by. Reginald came and went as he could spare time; sometimes he prayed in such short and simple language as Wikkey could join in—and the expression of his face showed that he did so—sometimes he knelt in silence, pray-

ing earnestly for the departing soul, and for Lawrence in his mournful watch. As the day began to wane, Reginald entering, saw that the end was near, and knelt to say the last prayers; as he finished the pale March sun, struggling through the clouds, sent a shaft of soft light into the room, and touched Wikkey's closed eyes. They opened with a smile, and raising himself in Lawrence's arms, he leant forward with a look so eager and expectant, that with a thrill of awe, almost amounting to terror, the young man whispered—

"What is it, Wikkey? Do you see anything?"

"Not yet—soon—it's coming," the boy murmured, without altering his fixed gaze; and then for an instant a wondrous light seemed to break over the wan face—only for an instant—for suddenly as it had dawned, it faded out, and with it fled the little spirit, leaving only the frail worn-out form to fall back gently on Lawrence's breast.

Was he gone? Almost incredulously Lawrence looked down, and then, with pale, set features, he rose, and laying Wikkey on the bed, sank on his knees beside it, and buried his face in the pillow, with the sound of a great sob. Reginald approached the bed, and laying his hand for a moment on the bowed head, spoke low and solemnly—

"The blessing of a soul that was ready to perish come upon you, Lawrence."

Then he quitted the room, and closing the door softly, left Lawrence alone with his "little lad."

So Wikkey passed away, and Lawrence went back to his work, ever retaining deep down in his heart the memory of the child whose life had become so strangely interwoven with his own, and more precious still, the lesson bequeathed to him by his "little lad," of how a soul that looks persistently upwards finds its full satisfaction at last in the Vision of "The King in His beauty." YAM.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

TRUE AND LAUDABLE SERVICE.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

"Mandy, can't you amuse that child and keep him quiet somehow? He's been screaming for half an hour, and you ain't paying no 'tention to him. I'll be out there after you in a minute if you don't mind out!"

Poor Mandy picked up the heavy, cross baby again with a sigh. She was not very strong, and on this sultry day, when not a breath of air was stirring, she found it far more comfortable to let her little charge amuse himself as best he might in crawling up and down the uneven pavement than to hold him and carry him up and down as he wanted her to.

He was a self-willed little fellow, though only about a year old, and he had already learned that on most occasions he could get his own way by screaming for it, so when he found that Mandy was disposed to slight him and bestow her attention on a game of

"jacks," two of her little neighbors were playing, he began to scream most lustily.

Mandy had glanced at him when he first screamed, but seeing that he was neither in pain nor danger, she had paid no further attention to him until the harsh voice of her mistress warned her that she had better devote herself to quieting him, lest the threat of coming out should be carried into effect, and she knew well the heavy blows that would accompany the scolding.

Not very gently, it must be confessed, she lifted the screaming child and tried to threaten and coax him into silence, but he would not be hushed until Mandy began to walk with him up and down the narrow ally that served to separate the two tall rows of swarming tenement houses.

Long before Mickey's head began to drop sleepily on her shoulder poor little Mandy's back was aching, and it seemed to her that her tired arms could not bear their heavy burden for a moment longer, but young as she was she had already learned many a lesson of patient endurance, so she paced slowly up and down till at last she was rewarded by having her little charge fall fast asleep.

She carried him into the close dark room that served as a bedroom, and opened out of the living room of the family, and after patting him for a few moments as he stirred uneasily, missing the motion that had lulled him to sleep, she tried to creep quietly out of the room without attracting Mrs. Riley's notice. All her moments for play were stolen ones, for Mrs. Riley could always find an abundance of work for her to do from morning until night, and it never occurred to her that the child needed any time for rest or recreation.

Four years ago Mandy's mother had died, a gentle, patient woman, whose life of hard work had never made her ill-tempered or fault-finding; and although her best efforts had not always been successful in keeping want away from the door, yet Mandy had led a happy life. She had never really known what sorrow meant until the day when her cries had fallen for the first time upon deaf ears, and her mother, white and cold, had been carried away from her, leaving her alone and dependent among strangers.

What was to become of the child? Some of the most kind-hearted of the neighbors pitied her from the depths of their hearts, and wished that they could offer her a share in their homes; but as they looked at their own little ones, and thought how difficult it was to always fill the hungry little mouths, they were reluctant to increase the care and expense by adding another to the number.

Poor little Mandy was too miserable to either wonder or care what became of her now that her mother had left her,

and she paid little heed to the murmurs of the neighbors as they talked among themselves, every now and then casting pitying glances at the child, who was sobbing bitterly as she realized her loss.

"An orphan asylum will be the only place for her," said one woman, and all but one assented to the suggestion.

Mrs. Riley, holding one baby in her arms, while another pulled at her skirts, bethought herself of the many times when Mandy, with a child's love for babies, had been a most efficient little nurse, coaxing the baby out of his most refractory moods and soothing him to restful slumber, and she saw that this was an excellent opportunity for apparently performing a most charitable and benevolent action, and at the same time saving herself a great amount of care and worry at a trifling expense.

"It seems a shame to let the poor child go to an asylum, where nobody knows how they may abuse her. I'd be sorry to have a child of mine sent to one of those places, and though I'm a poor woman, and have to work hard to keep bread in my own children's mouths, yet I can't find it in my heart to see that child sent off among strangers. I'll take her and do the best I can by her, and she shall have share and share alike with my own. I'm sure nothing could be fairer than that; now, could it?"

The uunrum of applause that greeted this speech made Mrs. Riley feel as if she had really performed a kind deed, and it was with unusual gentleness for her that she bid Mandy follow her down stairs.

Very different from the child's gentle mother was Mrs. Riley, and Mandy soon found that her new life was by no means an easy one. From morning until night she had to amuse the baby and she learned, to her sorrow, that not even when she was doing her best was she safe from Mrs. Riley's outbreaks of temper.

A miserable enough life the poor child led, with no hope of anything better. There was always a baby to be carried about, and her strength was sorely overtaxed by the restless, fidgety children.

She was not always unhappy, however, in spite of her many trials, for she had a bright, cheerful disposition, and many a more fortunate child is far less contented than poor little motherless Maudy. There was one hour in the week that was always a happy one. The hour that she spent every Sunday afternoon at the little Mission Chapel at the end of the street was the brightest hour of the week to her. She loved her teacher dearly, she delighted in the hymns that rose clear and sweet, though the childish voices were untrained, and she brought home some practical truth from the lesson every Sunday that helped her through the week. During her mother's life she had been carefully

trained and taught, and though her ideas of right and wrong had been somewhat confused since she had come to live with Mrs. Riley, yet she tried hard, in her childish way, to do her duty that she might meet her dear mother again in heaven.

She had tiptoed across the room and almost gained the door, when Mrs. Riley glanced up from the washtub over which she was bending, and caught sight of her.

"Here you, Mandy!" she said. Don't you try to run off that way. I've got too much to do this afternoon to let you go off and take your leisure like a lady. I should think you'd be ashamed to want to, with me slaving over the tub this way, trying to earn a living for my children as well as them that's no relation to me. Take these clothes out in the yard and hang 'em up, and be sure you pin 'em tight."

Mandy did not reply. She had long ago learned that silence was the best reply to speeches of this kind, but she cast a longing look at the game of "jacks" as she took up the clothes basket and started out.

She sang cheerily at her work, and when at last the basket was emptied and its contents were hanging on the line she ran across the court and peeped into a room through the half open blinds.

A little girl lying on a neat white bed in the corner of the room, smiled brightly as she saw her visitor's face peering through the blinds.

"Hello, Nellie, how do you feel to-day?" asked Mandy.

"I'm a good deal better," answered the child, "but I'm so lonesome, for mother's been out all the afternoon. Can't you come in and sit with me a little while?"

Mandy shook her head.

"No, I daren't," she answered, with a backward glance over her shoulder. "Mrs. Riley's all the time wanting me for something, and she'll give it to me. I'd like it if I could, though."

"Can you spare time enough to get me a drink?" asked the child; "I'm so thirsty."

"Yes, I can do that for you," and without taking time to go around to the door Mandy pulled the blinds further open and scrambled in through the window.

"How clean and quiet everything always is here," she said, wistfully glancing about the room as the child eagerly drank the water Mandy handed her. "It just makes me think of our house before mother died. I tell you it's mighty different at Mrs. Riley's. 'Taint no use fixing up there, for the children tear things up just as quick as you straighten them, and I don't even get time to keep myself tidied up. There, she's calling me now. Good-bye. I wish I could stay," and Mandy was off like a

flash, while Nellie looked after her pityingly.

Miss Leonard, Mandy's Sunday-school teacher, often wondered how it was that busy as the child always seemed to be, she managed to have perfect lessons, recited with more accuracy and understanding than any of her classmates, but if she had seen her that evening she would no longer have wondered.

When Mandy, rocked backward and forward with Mickey in her arms, putting him to sleep for the night, she held her little Prayer Book in one hand, and straining her eyes to distinguish the words in the uncertain twilight, she repeated the collect for the next Sunday over and over again, until she could recite it quite perfectly.

The other children were asleep, and Mrs. Riley was enjoying her evening gossip with the neighbors, so nothing broke the silence of the room except the beautiful words of the collect as Mandy softly and reverently repeated them:

"Almighty and merciful God, of whose only gift it cometh that Thy faithful people do unto Thee true and laudable service, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may faithfully serve Thee in this life, that we fail not finally to attain Thy heavenly promises, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."
 "True and laudable service," she thought to herself, as she laid Mickey down and put away her book. "I won-

der what that means. I don't suppose it's anything I could do, but I'll ask Miss Leonard about it on Sunday."

"What does true and laudable service mean, Miss Leonard?" she asked eagerly, as soon as she had recited her lesson. "Is it anything I can do, or is it only for grown up folks?"

"None of God's little 'ones are too

"My work at home is minding Mickey and helping Mrs. Riley. If I do that the best I know how, is that 'true and laudable service'?" asked Mandy.

"Yes, my dear," answered her teacher. "You must look upon these things as work not only for Mrs. Riley, but as work for God, since He has given it to you to do; and if you do it faithfully

and well, as in His sight, it will be just as much true and laudable service as if it were something far greater."

"But, Miss Leonard," said Mandy, "it's so hard to do little things. I would rather do some big thing."

"Ah, that is the trouble with all of us, I am afraid, my dear child," answered Miss Leonard.

"It is only to a very few that the Lord has given a great work to do for Him, and we must not despise the little things. If He has given us little things to do for Him, we will please Him better by doing them as well and faithfully as we can, than by casting them aside neglected, while we seek for work that suits us better. Little



LATE IN THE AFTERNOON THE DOCTOR CALLED TO SEE HIS PATIENT.

young to do unto Him true and laudable service," answered Miss Leonard. "It does not mean any great thing, Mandy; it does not mean a great act of self-sacrifice or devotion, but doing our duty faithfully and well in the position in life God has placed us in. Every one of us, from the highest to the lowest, can serve God truly and faithfully, though He has given different work to all."

duties become well worth the doing when we bring to them hearts filled with love to Christ and a desire to do everything to His glory. There is an old story of a monk who was engaged in prayer in his cell, when a vision of the Saviour appeared to him. He was kneeling before Him in love and adoration, when the bell tolled the hour of noon. It was his duty at this hour to go to the convent

gate and distribute bread to the poor. Should he go? Could he leave this glory for the little duty which awaited him below? With reluctance he left the cell, glorified by his Saviour's presence, to do his duty. When his task was faithfully performed he returned, fearful that the vision had departed; but it awaited him, and as he knelt again before it, a voice said, "If thou hadst remained, I had gone." It is only a legend, but it teaches us a lesson. We show our love to our Saviour best by obedience in all the little duties that He has given us to do."

The tap of the superintendent's bell gave the signal for silence, but Mandy's thoughts were still on her teacher's words. She remembered times when she had been impatient with Mickey when he was cross or fretful, and slighted her that Mrs. Riley had given her to do, and she resolved that after this she would do everything with the single purpose of doing true and laudable service to God.

She was often sorely tempted to be unfaithful, but she remembered to pray daily for help to the One who was able to strengthen her in her purpose. Very often the little duties seemed scarcely worth the doing, but she tried to think for whose sake she was doing them.

One day a greater opportunity than any that had ever yet presented itself, for self-sacrifice, came to Mandy. Mrs. Riley had begun to long for a breath of fresh air, and at last had found the stifling heat of the narrow alley unendurable. She planned to take a trip up the river on an excursion boat, and to the great delight of the children, promised that they should all go with her.

Mandy was half wild with delight at the prospect of a trip on the river, and could scarcely wait for the appointed day to come.

The evening before, she went in to see her little sick friend Nellie, that she might tell her of the expected pleasure. She had not seen her for some days and she was surprised to find how much worse she was. She was too weak to speak and only opened her eyes for a moment to smile faintly at Mandy, and then the white lids closed over them again.

"She ain't been so well for two or three days as she was," said Nellie's mother, who was gently fanning her. "Poor little thing, she's been feeling the heat so all day and she's pretty well used up this evening. If I only had some one to leave with her to take care of her to-morrow, I would go to work and then I could get her something cooling to eat and drink, but I can't leave her by herself, and I haven't any money to spend on her unless I go and earn it."

"It's too bad," said Mandy softly, as she stood by the bedside and looked down on the pale face of her little friend,

She was trying to get rid of a thought that had come into her mind, but she could not. Suppose she should stay home to-morrow and take care of Nellie instead of going on the excursion with Mrs. Riley, then Nellie's mother could go to work and earn money to get things for the little girl.

Could she make this sacrifice? Surely this would be doing true and laudable service, and an earnest little prayer went up swift-winged from her heart that she might have grace to deny herself.

Perhaps Mrs. Riley would not be willing to let her stay at home even if she wanted to; she might insist upon her going with them, that she might take care of Mickey, but she would ask her at all events.

She slipped softly out of the room, and running across the court, not without a faint hope perhaps that Mrs. Riley might insist upon her going, asked rather shyly if she might stay at home the next day.

"Stay at home!" echoed Mrs. Riley in surprise. "Is the girl crazy? Why, I thought you was so anxious to go."

"So I was," answered Mandy, "but Nellie is worse and her mother wants to go to work to-morrow, and I thought I would stay and take care of her if you was willing."

Mrs. Riley hesitated a moment. She wanted Mandy's help in taking care of the children, but then if she stayed at home the expense of her ticket would be saved, and perhaps the older children could take as good care of Mickey as if Mandy was along.

"Well, I don't care. You can stay home if you've got a mind to, I s'pose," she answered, and Mandy went back to Nellie's room, pleased at the thought of giving pleasure to the sick child, but sadly disappointed at the thought of giving up the trip she had been so happy over.

Nellie's mother was delighted at her promise to remain with Nellie the next day, and thanked her warmly for giving up her anticipated pleasure.

Mandy did not repent of her resolution even the next morning, when the little party started off, and it was with a bright face that she went into Nellie's room, and seated herself beside the bed with the fan in her hand.

She passed a very quiet day, but a happy one. Late in the afternoon the doctor called to see his patient, bringing her a little bunch of flowers which the child was too sick to do more than languidly notice, but Mandy inhaled their perfume, and put them in water with loving touch.

"She wants nourishment and fresh air more than anything else," said the doctor. "My wife is coming over here for a little while this afternoon, and perhaps she can prescribe for her better than I can."

Before long the doctor's wife came, a

kind, motherly lady, and even little Nellie, weak and weary as she was, grew interested in her pleasant talk. She had brought some cool jelly with her, that was very refreshing to the child's parched mouth and tongue.

Just before she went away she told the children something that seemed almost too good to be true. She said that some kind people in the country had offered to take two children every week into their homes, that they might have a little taste of country life and pleasures, and she was one of a number of ladies who distributed tickets among children that they thought would be benefited by the change.

Nellie had told the lady of Mandy's self-denial in giving up her excursion on the river that she might stay with her during her mother's absence, and the doctor's wife had noted how pale and thin the girl looked, so she made Mandy as happy as her little friend by giving each of them a ticket that would give them a whole week of fresh air and good food at a farm-house.

"Now you must make haste, and get strong enough to go next Wednesday," she said, as she rose to go, and Nellie, feeling stronger already at the prospect, smiled a bright farewell.

"Do you suppose Mrs. Riley will let me go?" asked Mandy, breathless with delight, as she turned the ticket over and over.

"I guess so," answered Nellie, hopefully, "and what a beautiful time we'll have."

As soon as Nellie's mother came home she was greeted with the joyful intelligence, and when Mrs. Riley, hot and tired, reached home, Mandy's first question was whether she might go to the country.

"You can go and stay, for all I care," answered Mrs. Riley, who was not in a very good-natured frame of mind, but Mandy was too happy at gaining her permission to care how unwillingly it was granted.

Of all the happy children that leaned from the car-windows to wave last good-bys to their friends, Mandy and Nellie were among the happiest, and I will leave you to imagine for yourselves how delighted they were when they really reached the place of their destination, and saw the green fields stretching around them on every side.

When the time came for their return, after a week which had been, as they enthusiastically declared, the happiest time in their lives, the kind-hearted farmer's wife, who had learned Mandy's story, offered to give her a home with her.

Mr. Riley's consent was somewhat reluctantly given, so Mandy became a member of the family at the farm-house, and soon took the place of a helpful elder daughter. She found

The Churchman.

THE GREAT GENERAL.

What shall we give our hero here—
What tribute shall we render now
To him whom all the world acclaimed,
Whose every laurel pressed his brow!

Oh, story more than passing strange!
A mighty nation stops its rush,
And every head is lowly bent,
As though God's angel whispered "hush!"

One thought, one grief, one common love
From every heart beneath our sun,
For him who all an empire saved,
And, saving, made again all one.

Call him a hero if you will;
But heroes oft are common stuff.
This was a man for whom our love
Could somehow never cry, "Enough!"

And yet a man like other men—
This was his grandeur, after all:
Responsive to the truth of God,
And simply loyal to His call.

Assuming nothing but the grace
That halos every honest heart,
Content, when every claim is met,
To take his common civic part.

A Cincinnati, not a king—
A meet successor to his grace,
Who won and wore the civic crown
Of liberty for all our race.

A peer with him, the Western chief,
Who in the nation's darkest hour
Sublimely took the task of fate,
And fell in triumph of God's power.

God greet ye, heroes of our land—
God welcome you beyond the grave,
And wash away your mortal stain,
For His dear sake who died to save!

God keep us lead unto your aim—
God give us grace to think with you,
That life were nothing worth without
The tried, the tempered, and the true!

ALBERT Z. GRAY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885.

THE President is inexorable in requiring the ranchmen to remove their cattle from the Indian Territory within forty days. He reminds them that though their interest is one thing, the public interest is another. What was the character of these Indian "leases" has been clearly and pointedly set forth by Senator Dawes. Out of 4,250,000 acres, only one-tenth, or 400,000, is left. That they would be got the better of was as certain as that the Indians have never stood any chance at the hands of interested and unscrupulous white men. Better sacrifice even two hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle, than have another Indian war, which may cost the country many times more than the \$7,000,000 at which the cattle are valued. The Indian problem is being badly solved by leasing Indian lands to cattle-men.

WHEN Church people hear the Gospel on the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 23d, reciting the miracle of our Lord in healing the deaf and dumb man, they should consider seriously the importance of Church work among the 35,000 deaf-mutes of this country and make offerings towards its support. The rectors of the parishes in the five districts into which the work has been provisionally subdivided will know to whom the offerings should be sent. The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who began a Bible-class for the deaf-mute residents of New York City in September, 1850, the seed corn of all this work, is always glad to give information to those who will address him on the subject. He is the general manager of the society, incorporated in New York City, in October, 1872, under the title of "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes." He desires to see this society possessed of a farm on which to place a permanent home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, an industrial house for the unfortunate and erring deaf-mutes, and a chapel. When \$30,000 shall have been accumulated for this object, it will, God willing, be begun. The society has already nearly \$14,000 at interest.

DIOCESAN MISSIONARIES.

We are glad to see that the experiment of the Bishop of Western Michigan and his Diocesan Board in the employment of a general missionary for that diocese has turned out so satisfactory as to be no longer a tentative measure, but one of the most important factors in the practical work of that really missionary diocese. It was an experiment, but from the first there was no doubt as to its success. Western Michigan has not only a hard-working, but an eminently practical bishop. He has no money for experiments. His projects are sure of success.

This one in particular turned out so well that upon the retirement of his first general missionary to an important parish at the East, one of the most honored presbyters of the diocese was willing to resign the parish which he had served so long and so well, for this larger though more self-denying work.

We look forward to the employment in all dioceses of a general missionary, working under the direction of the diocesan. Doubtless nothing now prevents the wide adoption of this well-proven plan but lack of funds. We are sure, however, that even this will soon seem an unwise economy.

It can hardly be necessary to point out the great usefulness of some such agency. Even in small dioceses there

is work—very important work—to be done, which a tried and true presbyter could do quite as well, if not better than the bishop himself. The pressing engagements of bishops make prolonged visits to parishes and missionary stations quite out of the question.

Further, the employment of a general missionary in all dioceses might be found to work so well as to bring about the employment of a convocational missionary. In this case an easy solution might be found for questions which now disturb the peace of many a poor priest. It would, too, no doubt, open up a field of large usefulness to priests who have a vocation for just such work.

ERNEST RENAN.

Speaking of the Père Loyson, we incidentally mentioned his contemporary, Rénan, whom his "Recollections of Youth" have introduced to his own times in a new light. Too little has been known as the renegade of St. Sulpice, the victim of Rome's anathemas upon the glorious faculty of human reason, the wreck of a noble mind which the Seminarists had launched upon the perilous voyage of life, richly freighted, but like a vessel too feebly timbered in its construction to withstand the navigation for which it was destined between Scylla and Charybdis. His "Recollections" are the most melancholy reading we have ever gone through, not only as the personal narrative of a most gifted and interesting mind, but as a reflection of France in its religious condition at this period, and not less as a mirror of the modern Romanism which has destroyed the system of Bossuet, and which is equally responsible before God and man for the drivelling superstitions of Pius IX., and the brilliant aberrations of such minds as Lacordaire and Lamennais and Rénan. Add to this melancholy list the name of a widely different character, the pious, broken-hearted Montalembert, and well may we retort upon Rome the bitter and most unjust accusations which the unhappy Newman launched like Parthian arrows against his own mother, the Church of England: "Who hath set this note upon thee of dry breasts and a miscarriage womb!" Sure it is that, after this, all that is purest and best in the Roman obedience must fall away from her into infidelity, if not saved by the revival of Gallicanism in the purer form of the Old Catholic restoration. The revelations which this book gives us of the intolerable burlesks with which the Vaticanism of Pius IX. has loaded the consciences of such men as the Sulpicians, make it equally clear that good

men can submit to bear them and work under them only by the amputation of reason and the quenching of mental illumination.

Rénan knew Romanism only in its best phases. The son of Breton peasants, he was reared in the blind unquestioning piety of Brittany, from which he was transferred to St. Sulpice under the patronage of Dupanloup. In that respectable school he was taken up by a most incompetent system and by incapable though pious masters. Of Church history he seems to have gained only the slightest ideas in his whole course of education. He marked out for himself an exceptional line of study, which made him an Oriental scholar and then a German inquirer, and thus, for the rest of his life, a sort of "Wandering Jew," one who has looked upon Jesus, but who carries with him wherever he strays a mixt remembrance of His tenderness and patience with a remorseful sense of cruel partnership in slaying Him.

Of the Catholicity of the Nicene Constitutions, Rénan seems never to have gained the first inkling of a conception. "Catholicism" and "Orthodoxy" are terms which he honestly confounds with modern Vaticanism. Of the Anglican Reformation he seems never to have heard. Once only does he speak of "Father Hyacinthe," who might teach him even yet what he needs most to learn. In terms of respect which involve self-reproach, he says: "One of the wisest acts of the Abbé Loyson has been his resistance of the temptation to which Lamennais gave way—his refusal to accept the advances which extremists always make to those who break loose from their official relations with Rome."

THE MERCERSBURG MOVEMENT AND CHURCH UNITY.

I.

The "Mercersburg Movement" began about 1845 in the German Reformed Theological Seminary at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. Its leaders were two professors in that institution, Dr. J. W. Nevin and Dr. Philip Schaff, both of them still living. It was part of a broader movement, essentially theological, which can be traced under varying forms in widely separated communions, and which showed itself at the late "American Congress of Churches" in the theme of the final discussion, "The Historical Christ Regarded as the True Centre of Theology." The Mercersburg divines found the central truth of Christianity in the truth about Christ's Person as divine and human. And this gave them, as part of their system, the idea of Church unity, to express which in its own way the Congress came into existence. They saw in the Church the perpetuation of Christ's incarnate life, and they attached a high dignity and value to the sacraments, worship and the ministry. Schisen was, and is, for the advocates of this theology, the work of anti-Christ and the restoration of unity,

a primary concern of all Christ's people. Theologians of this school have been teaching for more than a generation very nearly what our bishops teach in their last pastoral letter.

After a struggle, sometimes called the "seven years' war," within the limits of the Eastern Synod (not then in union with the smaller Synod of Ohio), the Mercersburg doctrines had become dominant there in 1852. In 1853, the year made memorable by Dr. Muhlenberg's great call to unity, some of the obstacles to unity were singularly illustrated. In that year the Reformed Dutch General Synod, representing another American offshoot of continental Presbyterianism, suspended correspondence with the German Synod for refusing to disown its two professors as false to Protestantism. Similar action was taken in 1854 by the Old School General Assembly, the chief American representative of British Presbyterianism. The coincidence of this repellent attitude with the attitude of invitation which episcopacy seemed to be taking under the powerful impulse given by the Muhlenberg memorial is very striking; and had the bishops felt free to act as Catholic ministers holding a commission immediately from Christ to serve all the baptized and empowered by Him to confer orders without imposing rubrics and canons, according to Muhlenberg's (if not also Seabury's and John Tallot's) grand conception of their office, then perhaps neither the memorial nor the Mercersburg movement would have worn even the aspect of failure. But nothing of this sort took place, thanks in part to the vigilant Presbyterianism of the House of Deputies and non-episcopal Presbyterianism had time to recover from its panic. In ten years the Dutch Synod resumed correspondence with the German, and within ten years more was proposing organic union.

The General Assembly is likewise now on friendly terms with the German Synod, and the latter is duly represented in the great "Presbyterian Alliance." It is, however, a gain for Catholicity that a churchly theology has to this extent won recognition within the domain of parity. Every step, anywhere, towards toleration in matters of opinion is a step towards unity.

But the best test of the value and permanence of the Mercersburg movement is its influence upon the denomination principally affected by it, and it is worth while for good Catholics, of all varieties, to study this influence.

When a powerful stimulus is applied to a healthy organism the normal result is the more rapid development of its own life, while a vitality relatively feeble may seem rather transformed than developed. In the German Reformed Church the historical life was in danger of being overpowered by the evangelical movement, as renewed in America near the beginning of the present century. This danger was escaped largely through the earliest labors of Dr. Nevin, who came to that body from the Old School Presbyterians in 1840. He vindicated the sober views of religious experience and of the true function of Christian nurture proper to all Presbyterians, and checked the extravagances of the revivalists. In this process, of course, the importance of faithful catechizing was emphasized, and the old textbook of the Church, the Heidelberg Cate-

chism, issued in 1563, recovered its rightful place. Thus, when Evangelicalism, in giving the Church a forward impulse, had disturbed its balance, the balance was restored by the older Puritanism, represented by Dr. Nevin. He, in his turn, became an exponent of German Calvinism, which has no doctrinal standard but the Catechism, and insists much more on Calvin's sacramental doctrine, (as against Lutheranism), than on his doctrine of the decrees. To fresh impulses from Germany, given in various ways, but not least through the arrival of Dr. Schaff from Berlin in 1844, Dr. Nevin loyally responded. The germs of the new conceptions were sought on the historic ground of the Heidelberg formulas, and the Mercersburg theology is, to its adherents, a legitimate development of the more churchly teaching of Calvin and Melancthon. This was favorable to a Catholic tone for the further reason that the Heidelberg Catechism is moulded upon the Apostles' Creed, and assigns to that in terms very similar to those used in our Baptismal Office, the supreme place among confessions of faith. To Dr. Nevin especially, this creed had the profoundest significance, as the spontaneous, independent, authoritative witness of the Bride of Christ to her Incarnate Lord, and as making the Church herself a supernatural fact and an object of faith.

But Catholic as the movement was, it necessarily intensified denominational consciousness. The German Reformed body became aware of a mission, a mission in behalf of the whole Church indeed, but its own, and one which it must fulfil by being itself. This was true of the whole communion, for the new movement stimulated thought on all sides, and by planting itself on the old formularies of the Church increased the general interest in them. Accordingly, in 1863, when the Tercentenary of the Heidelberg Catechism was celebrated, a union was effected between the synods of the East and the West, in the face of strong theological antipathies. Dr. Nevin, who presided at the commemoration, presented denominational development as a proper object of effort, even while distinctly avowing his Catholic aspirations. The sacrifice of race feeling made when the word "German" was dropped from the Church name in 1869 (as the word "Dutch" had been dropped in 1867) doubtless looked towards this object. It was felt that a foreign name must be a hindrance to the fulfillment of a mission in America. And, by styling itself "The Reformed Church in the United States," this body still kept the historical designation of continental Calvinists, always known as the "Reformed." Unfortunately, the descendants of the Hollanders, with whom the race distinction is now not so much a fact as a sentiment, value their continental ancestry none the less, and they had become "The Reformed Church in America." The result is rather bewildering, and suggest the reflection that as long as the Catholic Church in America exists in fragments, it is better to have labels which everybody can understand.

Another sign of an intense vitality of its own in the (German) Reformed Church was the failure of the effort at union which followed this approximation in name. Dutch and German Presbyterians had been substantially one during the later colonial period, and were apparently drawing together again

when the Merceburg movement began. There was a permanent tie between them in the Heidelberg Catechism, authoritative in both, and the divines of the Merceburg school were pledged to the cause of Catholic reunion. But the union proposed involved either the acceptance by the Germans of the Belgic Confession and the Canons of Dort, or their abandonment by the Dutch. The latter would not abandon them, and the former could not accept them without accepting Calvinism on its sterner side, to the prejudice of the sacramental doctrines for which Merceburg had contended, as well as of the mild Augustinianism current throughout the German Church. It would, moreover, have imposed restraints on theological thought which few could have welcomed. Even those who think that the fusion of denominations is in itself an advance toward unity, may consistently believe that acquiescence in such terms would have been a backward step toward sectarianism. True unity, indeed, cannot come as long as its doctrinal basis is sought in any theological system, whether embodied in a confession or a catechism. But while the Reformed Church in the United States plainly signified its intention to remain German rather than become Dutch, the agency of Dr. Nevin in producing the conditions which led to this result shows that it was not insensible to other than German influences. And the story of Muhlenberg, with his unmixed German blood (revealing itself at times in a sort of German consciousness), teaches us how precious that element may be in American life. The persistence of diverse forces of race and of creed only adds effect to their interaction, and is a pledge of an ultimate unity both firmer and richer for having been wrought out slowly.

WM. G. ANDREWS.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.*

Deuteronomy.

I.

The English title of this book is derived from the Greek *deuteros*, Latinized *Deuterionum*, signifying the second Law, or "the law repeated." The Greek form appears to be an imitation of the Jewish appellation *Mishneh Hal'orah*, repetition of the Law, founded on the expression ch. xvii. 18, which the lxx. render "this repetition of the Law," although its true meaning is "a copy of this Law." The rabbinical designation of Deuteronomy as *Sepher Tokchoth*, "The Book of Reproofs," on account of ch. xxviii., is not happy. In the Hebrew Bible it is called *Eleth Haddabirin*, or simply *Dabirin*, these being the first two words of the book.

The ten sections into which it is divided in the Hebrew Bible are: Ch. i. 1, iii. 23, vii. 12, xi. 26, xvi. 18, xxi. 10, xxvi. 1, xxxi. 9, xxxii. 1, xxxiii. 1.

The contents of the book are three addresses, or charges, delivered by Moses, shortly before his death, in the plains of Moab, on the eastern side of Jordan; several separate documents, viz., the resignation of his office and the appointment of Joshua, the Song of Moses, the Blessing of Moses, and the account of his death.

The delivery of the addresses began on the first day of the eleventh month of the fortieth year after the Departure (ch. i. 3).

The following is a detailed synopsis of the contents:

Introduction, ch. i. 1-5.

- I. The First Address, ch. i. 6-iv. 40.
1. Historical review, ch. i. 6-iii. 29.
2. Exhortations, ch. iv. 1-40.
3. Notice of the appointment of three cities of refuge, ch. iv. 41-43.

II. The Second Address, ch. iv. 44-xxvi. 19.

1. Introduction, ch. iv. 45-49.
2. Rehearsal of the Decalogue, ch. v. 6-21.
3. Retrospect of the circumstances under which it was delivered, ch. v. 22-31.
4. General exhortation, ch. v. 32, 33.
5. Obedience enjoined, ch. vi. 1, 2.
6. Exhortation founded on the exposition of the first two commandments, ch. vi. 3-xi. 32.

7. Exposition and application of the remaining portions of the Decalogue, ch. xii. 1-xxvi. 19.

This application relates to the following details:

- a. The complete overthrow of idolatry, ch. xii. 1-xiv. 2.
- b. Regulations concerning clean and unclean animals, ch. xiv. 8-30; the eating of animals which had died of themselves, v. 21; the treatment of the kid, v. 21.
- c. Tithes for sacrificial meals and the poor, vv. 22-29.
- d. The year of release, ch. xv. 1-18.
- e. The dedication of the first-born of animals, ch. xv. 19-23.
- f. The three great feasts, ch. xvi. 1-17.
- g. The appointment of judges, ch. xvi. 18-20, with a caution against idolatry (vv. 21, 22).
- h. The soundness of animals offered in sacrifice, ch. xvii. 1.
- i. The judicial treatment of idolaters, vv. 2-7.
- k. The appointment of a supreme court at the sanctuary, vv. 8-13.

l. The law relating to a king, with cautions against excesses, vv. 14-17, and a rule for his conduct, vv. 18-20.

m. Repetition of the law on the priests and Levites, with supplementary provisions, ch. xviii. 1-8.

n. The announcement of the prophetic office, vv. 9-22.

o. Laws concerning the cities of refuge, ch. xix. 1-13; the removal of landmarks, v. 14; witnesses, vv. 15-20; retaliation (*lex talionis*), v. 21.

p. Laws on Warfare, ch. xx.

q. Laws on Domestic Affairs, ch. xxi.-xxv. On the expiation of uncertain murder, ch. xxi. 1-10; on the treatment of a captive taken to wife, vv. 11-14; on primogeniture, vv. 15-17; on the treatment of refractory sons, vv. 18-21; on malefactors, vv. 22, 23.

On duties to our neighbor, ch. xxii. 1-8; on fringes to be avoided, vv. 9-11; on confusion, v. 12; on the relation of the sexes, vv. 13-30. On persons excluded from civil privilege, ch. xxiii. 1-8; on uncleanness in the camp, vv. 9-15; on fugitives, vv. 15, 16; on prostitution, vv. 17, 18; on usury, vv. 19, 20; on the sanctity of vows, vv. 21-23; on the abuse of privilege, vv. 24, 25. On divorce, ch. xxiv. 1-4; on exemption from public service of one newly married, v. 5; on pledges, vv. 6, 10-13; on manstealing, v. 7; on leprosy, vv. 8, 9; on injustice to servants, strangers, widows and orphans, vv. 14-18; on gleanings, vv. 19-22. On corporal punishment, ch. xxv. 1-8; on mercy to animals,

v. 4; on levirate marriages, vv. 5-10; on shameless women, vv. 11, 12; on honesty in trade, vv. 13-16; on the destruction of Amalek.

r. Liturgical enactment relating to the offering of the first fruits on the Israelites entering on the possession of Canaan, ch. xxvi. 1-11, and of tithes, vv. 12-15.

s. Exhortation concluding the second address, vv. 16-19.

III. The Third Address, ch. xxvii.-xxx.

1. Directions concerning the establishment of the Law in Canaan, ch. xxvii. 1-10.

2. The proclamation of the blessing and the curse, vv. 11-26.

3. Moses dilates upon the blessing and the curse, ch. xxviii., upon the former in vv. 1-14, upon the latter in vv. 15-68, which contain one of the most remarkable prophecies in the Bible.

4. Renewal of the Covenant, ch. xxix, xxx.

IV. Moses resigns his office; ch. xxxi. 1-6, appoints his successor, vv. 7, 8; delivers the Law to the Levites and to the people, v. 9; and enjoins the solemn reading of it on stated occasions, vv. 10-13; the institution of Joshua, vv. 14, 15. The apostasy of the people is divinely foretold, and Moses directed to write a Memorial Song, vv. 16-21. Moses completes the writing of the Law and commits it to the custody of the Levites, vv. 24-27; he convenes the people, and delivers his Song, vv. 28-30.

V. The Song of Moses, ch. xxxii. 1-43.

1. Introduction, vv. 1-3.

2. The excellency of Jehovah contrasted with the unworthiness of the people, vv. 4-18.

3. The chastisement and its lessons, vv. 19-33.

4. The immutable attribute of God's mercy, vv. 34-43.

VI. Announcement of the death of Moses, vv. 44-52.

VII. The blessing of Moses, ch. xxxiii.

1. Introduction, on the glory of God in the giving of the Law, vv. 1-5.

2. The blessing proper, vv. 6-25.

3. Conclusion, on the blessedness of Israel as the people of Jehovah, vv. 26-29.

VIII. Account of the death and burial of Moses, ch. xxxiv. 1-8; encomium, vv. 10-12.

The contents disclose the design of this book to be the farewell address, or parting charge, of the great leader, lawgiver and prophet of Israel, in which he reviews the most memorable events of their joint history, accentuates those parts of the law which mark their covenant relation to God, and depicts the consequences both of their obedience and disobedience.

The striking unity of style and treatment proclaims the book as the work of one author, while the concurrent results of external and internal evidence constrain us to accept it as the work of Moses.

The traditional belief of the Mosaic origin of the Book of Deuteronomy is all but universal, and its rejection by some is of relatively recent date. To deny the Mosaic authorship is to deny the testimony of the Christian Church, of the fathers, of the apostles, of the Divine Founder of our religion, and of the sacred writers of the Old Testament almost up to the very time of the reputed date of this book. Those who challenge the Mosaic authorship must prove on internal grounds that Moses could not

have written it, and that the sacred writers of the Old Testament, our Lord and His apostles, and the Church of the Old and New Covenants were mistaken, and sanctioned a falsehood.

Not less than forty direct citations from this book are found in the New Testament, and it may suffice here to name only three in which our Lord expressly authenticates it as the work of Moses, viz., Matth. xix. 7, 8; Mark x. 3, 4; John v. 46, 47.

References and allusions to Deuteronomy, and verbal coincidences with it, abound in most of the books of the Old Testament, and prove, as they are too numerous and explicit to be accidental, that the Book of Deuteronomy was known, and in common use, in Israel at the time of their composition. They are so frequent and striking in the writings of Jeremiah, that that prophet has actually been named as the author of Deuteronomy.* Isaiah, Amos, Hosea, the compilers, or annotators of the books of Kings, Samuel, Judges, and the author of Ruth, knew and used the book of Deuteronomy, and this indisputable fact proves that from the time of Moses, all through the checked history of Israel, this book has been in constant use.†

Comparison of the said passages furnishes incontestable evidence that the writers in question were intimately acquainted with the Book of Deuteronomy, and shuts up the objector to the incredible hypothesis that it was compiled after their publication by a skilful forger who adapted his own work to them for the express purpose of establishing so surprising a harmony.

The great antiquity of Deuteronomy is manifest from numerous archaisms; ‡ Besides those which, being strictly grammatical, cannot be discussed in a popular introduction, may be named the prevalence of figures, comparisons, and phrases, peculiar to Moses, such as "a root that beareth gall and wormwood" (for a secret apostate), ch. xxix. 18, head and tail, ch. xxviii. 13, 44, "to add drunkenness to thirst" (for confirmed sinners enticing those dangling with sin), ch. xxix. 19; "as a man doth his son," ch. i. 1, "chased you as bees do," ch. v. 44, "as a man chasteneth his son," ch. vii. 5, "as the eagle flies," ch. xxviii. 49, "as the blind gropeth," v. 29; "gates" for habitations, nineteen times, "empty" for without an offering, ch. xvi. 16; "to humble a woman," ch. xxi. 14; xxii. 24, 29; "to turn to the right hand or to the left" for departing from the law of God, ch. v. 32; xxviii. 49; "to prolong days" for long life, eleven times, etc., etc.

The Mosaic authorship of this book is also proved from numerous statements, provisions, and references, such as the prohibition of intercourse with the Canaanites, ch. vii. 1 sq.; the removal of the shoe as the symbol of transfer of right and title,

* The inconclusiveness of this opinion has been triumphantly demonstrated in the exhaustive and unsavoury work of L. König, "Alttestamentliche Studien," 2 Hft., Berlin, 1869.

† The places showing the correspondences are too numerous for reproduction here, but may be seen at considerable length in the Introductions named under Literature, and, for ready reference, in the volume on Deuteronomy. ("Pulpit Commentary," p. vii. sqq.)

‡ See the works of König, i. c., Dietrich, "Abhandlungen," § 89, Delitzsch, "Genea," Einleitung, § 37, Hengstenberg, "Uebersetzungen," etc., and for a compilation, "The Pulpit Commentary," Deuteronomy, pp. xiv.-xvi.

ch. xxv. 9 (in proof of the antiquity of this usage, and of the prior existence of Deuteronomy, see Ruth iv. 7); the injunction to remember the conduct of Amalek, v. 17 (which would have been absurd after the extirpation of the Amalekites); the provision for the regal office, ch. xvii. 14 (which must have been written before the time of Samuel); the directions concerning the blessing and the curse, ch. xxvii. 11, 12 (their vagueness would have been avoided by a later writer); the appointment of cities of refuge, ch. xix. 1-10 (which is incredible long after the occupation of the land) etc., etc.

The Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy is equally vouched for by the entire absence of anything conflicting with the circumstances of time and place under which it was composed; the time is uniformly that immediately preceding the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan, and the place as uniformly the plains of Moab. The speaker appears throughout in the character of leader, lawgiver, and friend of the people; he narrates the events of their joint history as one who had lived through them all; his charges breathe the spirit of authority and loving solicitude, and this is also the undertone of the terrible predictions in which he portrays the consequences of their disobedience, and of the blessings which he bestows on the several tribes. Only one intimately acquainted with the laws and usages of Egypt by long residence in that country would have introduced the numerous references and allusions to the period of Israel's servitude, as warnings, or incentives to holiness. It has been said with great truth: "If Deuteronomy is not the work of Moses, there is here the most exquisite of literary frauds, and that in an age which had not as yet acquired the art of transporting itself into foreign individualities and situations" (Hengstenberg).

This leads us to emphasize the express declarations found in the book itself that Moses wrote it; they are as follows:

Ch. i. 1. "These be the words which Moses spake unto all Israel on this side Jordan in the wilderness, in the plain over against the Red Sea, between Paran, and Tophel, and Laban, and Hazeroth, and Dizahab."

Ch. xxix. 1. "These are the words of the covenant, which the Lord commanded Moses to make with the children of Israel in the land of Moab, beside the covenant which he made with them in Horeb."

Ch. xxxi. 1. "And Moses went and spake these words unto all Israel."

Vr. 9-11. "And Moses wrote this law, and delivered it," etc.

Vr. 24-26. "And it came to pass, when Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book, until they were finished," etc.*

* The entire passage reads thus: "And it came to pass, when Moses had made an end of writing the words of this law in a book, until they were finished, that Moses commanded the Levites which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, saying take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, that it may be there for a witness against thee." The full text of v. 9 is: "And Moses wrote this law, and delivered unto the priests, the sons of Levi, which bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, and unto all the elders of Israel." These two places, as well as ch. x. 1-5, are commended to the notice of Professor W. Robertson Smith, M.A., who, on p. 257 of his work, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," New York, 1891, makes the startling announcement that "It is very noteworthy, and on the traditional view, quite inexplicable, that the

There being nothing in the contents of Deuteronomy in conflict with these statements, we are bound to regard them as true, and to reject with the Jewish and Christian Church of every age the insinuation that the book is a forgery.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

The complete suppression of the late Northwest Rebellion and the triumphant return of the troops seems to mark a very important era in the history of the Dominion. Totally unaided and quite single-handed, Canada has suppressed, in an almost incredibly short time, a rebellion which seemed at one time likely to tax her resources to the very utmost, and last an indefinitely long time. Whether it be the bravery and fortitude of her citizen soldiers, the decision and promptitude of the Government, or the singular unanimity of the nation, this episode will ever remain one of the brightest in her history. Indirect good will there fore eventuate from this most unfortunate affair, in the development of loyalty, patriotism, and national self-respect, and, moreover, in the not unlikely further opening up of this vast country, which promises yet to become in every sense our "Greater Canada."

I very much regret to announce the somewhat untimely demise of the Rev. G. W. Hodgson, rector of St. Peter's church, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Mr. Hodgson was for many years a member of the Provincial Synod, and took a very prominent part in the debates of that body. He was a fine preacher and a most diligent parish priest, and his loss will be keenly felt in the island province, where the Church can ill spare such a man.

A retreat for the clergy of the Diocese of Newfoundland was recently held at Topsail, which was conducted by the Rev. Canon Churton, of King's College, Cambridge, who was on his way to attend the Synod of Fredericton. There was an early celebration each day, and the canon delivered very impressive addresses upon a series of practical subjects. The retreat seems to have been productive of much good, and its effect will not soon pass away.

At a meeting of the corporation of Trinity College, Toronto, lately held in that city, it was announced that \$108,588 had been collected in Canada and England toward the Supplemental Endowment Fund. The bulk of this magnificent sum, a large portion of which is already paid, has been collected by the Rev. R. H. Starr. The corporation decided to continue the canvass. A very prosperous future seems now assured for old Trinity.

At an ordination held by the bishop in St. James's Cathedral, July 26th, the following gentlemen were ordained deacons:—Messrs. E. A. Oliver, B. A., R. Harris and C. Scadding, Trinity College, and A. C. Miles, A. W. Daniel, P. W. H. French, and H. B. Hobson, Wycliffe College. The Revs. Angell and Armitage were raised to the priesthood. Canon Dumoulin, rector of the cathedral, has signified his intention of discarding the black gown in the pulpit. A discussion on the subject has been dragging its interminable length through the columns of the Toronto Globe ever since. One writer says the black gown is "the distinguishing mark of the Reformation."

Mosaic sanctuary of the ark is never mentioned in the Deuteronomic code." It is, I think, very noteworthy and quite inexplicable that the Professor should commit himself to so damaging a statement, for if he has read the Book of Deuteronomy, he must have read it in a very slovenly way; and if he has not read it, he is certainly not qualified to criticize its contents. Such criticisms are downright perversions of the truth.

The Sisters of St. John the Divine are meeting with the most encouraging success in Toronto. They have rented an additional house adjoining their own, for the reception of patients, which has already been partially furnished by the kindness of numerous friends. A committee of ladies, presided over by Mrs. Sweetman, is energetically co-operating with the good sisters.

Thanksgiving services, with a celebration of the Holy Communion, for the complete suppression of the Northwest Rebellion and the safe return of the volunteers, have been held in the Dioceses of Huron, Niagara, and Toronto. At these services special psalms, lessons, and collects were read.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan is at present upon an extended confirmation tour among his Indian missions. All these missions are supported by the Church Missionary Society of England.

The new cathedral at St. Johns, Newfoundland, is to be consecrated September 1st.

It is being proposed in many quarters to present the metropolitan with some memorial upon the attainment of the fortieth year of his consecration. A good many suggestions have been made, but the establishment of a Bishop Medley Divinity Scholarship Fund seems to meet with most favor. At a recent meeting in Fredericton, a committee was appointed to take steps to investigate the prospects of successfully undertaking such a scheme.

ENGLAND.

THE GRANT MEMORIAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—On Tuesday, August 4th, an imposing memorial service for the late General Grant was held in Westminster Abbey. The abbey was crowded with a congregation, nearly every member of which was a distinguished personage. The service began with Schubert's "Funeral March," after which followed a general procession up the nave to the choir, with the sentences of the burial service. The burial anthem (Psalm xc.) was then sung, followed by the Lesson (I. Cor. ix. 20).

Archdeacon Farrar then delivered an impressive address, taking as his text, Acts xiii. 38. He said, in substance:

"Eight years have not passed since the late Dean Stanley, whom Americans so loved and honored, was walking around this abbey with General Grant, explaining its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had nearly attained the allotted span of human life. Both might have hoped that many years would elapse before descending to the grave, full of years and honors. This is only the fourth summer since Dean Stanley fell asleep. To-day we assemble at the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun set while it was yet day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with the weeping family and friends. I desire to speak simply and directly, with generous appreciation, but without idle flattery, of his private life, his faults or failings of character, whatever they may have been, belong to no sense to the world. They are before the judgment of God's merciful forgiveness.

"We will touch only upon his public actions and services. Upon a bluff overlooking the Hudson his monument will stand, recalling to future generations the dark page in the nation's history which he did so much to close."

After eloquently tracing Gen. Grant's boyhood and manhood, the speaker said: "If the men who knew him in Galena—obscure, silent, unprosperous, unambitious—had said, if any one had predicted, that he would become twice president and one of the foremost men

of the day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent; they show that the people have sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride that her dictators came from the plowland, America may record the answer of the president who, when asked what would be his coat-of-arms, answered proudly, 'mind of his early struggles, 'A pair of shirt-sleeves.' The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men should be honored simply as men, not according to the accident of birth. America has had two martyred presidents—both sons of the people. One, a homely man, who was a farm lad at the age of seven, a rail-splitter at nineteen, a Mississippi boatman at twenty-eight, and who in manhood proved one of the strongest, most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew, from a shoeless child, to a humble teacher in the Hiram Institute. With those presidents America need not blush to name the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derives a patent of nobleness direct from God. Was not the Lord for thirty years a carpenter in Nazareth! Lincoln's and Garfield's and Grant's early conscientious attention to humble duties fitted them to become kings of men. The year 1861 saw the outbreak of the most terrible of modern wars. The hour came, and the man was needed. Within four years Grant commanded an army vaster than had ever before been handled by man. It was not luck but the result of inflexible faithfulness, indomitable resolution, sleepless energy, iron purpose, persistent tenacity. He rose by the upward gravitation of natural fitness. The very soldiers became impregnated with his spirit. General Grant has been grossly and unjustly called a butcher. He loved peace and hated bloodshed. But it was his duty at all costs to save the country. The struggle was not for victory, but for existence; not for glory, but for life or death. In his silence, determination and clearness of insight, Grant resembled Washington and Wellington. In the hottest fury of the battle his speech never exceeded 'yes, yes,' and 'nay, nay.'

"God's light has shown for the future destinies of a mighty nation that the war of 1861 was a necessary, a blessed work. The Church has never refused to honor the faithful soldier fighting for the cause of his country and his God. The cause for which Grant fought—the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race—was as great and noble as when, at Lexington, the embattled farmers fired the shot which resounded around the world. The South accepted a bloody arbitrament. But the rancor and fury of the past are buried in oblivion. The names of Lee and Jackson will be a common heritage with those of Garfield and Grant. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, but Americans. What verdict history will pronounce upon Grant as a politician and a man, I know not; but here and now the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. We leave his faults to the mercy of the merciful. Let us write his virtues on brass for men's example. Let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written on water. Who can tell if his closing hours of torture and misery were not blessings in disguise—God purging the gold from dross until the strong man was utterly purified by his strong agony. Could we be gathered in a more fitting place to honor General Grant! There is no lack of American memorials here. We add another to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and forgive is forgotten and forgiven. If the two peoples which are one be true to their duty, who can doubt that the destinies of the world are in their hands. Let America

and England march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of God."

After the address, which was listened to in almost breathless silence, Spohr's anthem, "Blessed are the Departed," and Handel's "His Body is Buried in Peace," were sung; after which the two concluding prayers of the Burial Service were said, and the blessing was pronounced. The Dead March in "Saul" was played as the immense congregation dispersed.

Among those present were members of both Houses of Parliament, representatives both of the late and present ministry. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and representative of the army, foreign ambassadors, the Chief Justice of the United States, and other prominent Americans. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Connaught and Edinburgh were represented, while the Prince and Princess Teck attended in person. During the service the flags at Windsor and on the royal yachts were lowered.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.—A rumor that the Bishop of Peterborough was about to resign, has been authoritatively contradicted. He attended the late meeting of Convocation and looked very well.

AN ARMENIAN PASTOR IN LONDON.—An interesting correspondence has taken place between Dr. Essai Adevadadourian, a member of the Confraternity of Etchmiadzin, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.—On the 1st of July, the former wrote a letter to the Primate, in which he stated that the Synod of Etchmiadzin had issued a mandate appointing him spiritual pastor to the Armenian residents in London, and that it had authorized him to open a place of worship at Nottinghill, and had engaged to supply him with the necessary vestments and holy vessels. On the ground that the Church of England and the Church of Armenia are sister Churches, and have many things in common, the Armenian primate requested the due authorization of the Archbishop and of the Bishop of London. The Primate replied on July 19th. He stated that after conferring with the Bishop of London he wished to express his great satisfaction that the Synod of Etchmiadzin has determined to open a church "for the worship of those families which are resident here belonging to the ancient and illustrious Church of Armenia." The Archbishop, after recognizing the fact that the Church of Armenia "is a sister National Church of the Church of England," says:—"It gives me sincere pleasure also to find that a pastor of such eminence and such experience, and one who expresses views so consonant with my own, has been appointed by the Holy Synod to be pastor of our Armenian brethren in London." It is stated that the church has been actually opened at Nottinghill. Mr. Essayan, an Armenian merchant of London and Constantinople, has liberally provided an altar and defrayed the expense of furnishing the church.

SCOTLAND.

THE COADJUTOR BISHOP OF MORAY AND ROSS.—The proceedings for the election of a Coadjutor-Bishop of Moray and Ross have come to hand. The Rt. Rev. James Butler Kull Kelly, D.D., some time Bishop of Newfoundland, was chosen by a vote of 17 against 10 for the Rev. John Ferguson. The election has to be confirmed by the College of Bishops.

The Rt. Rev. J. B. K. Kelly, D.D., the coadjutor-elect was born in 1832. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1854. He was ordained deacon in 1855, and priest in 1856, by the Bishop of Peterborough, and was curate of Abingdon, in Northamptonshire. Subsequently he became chaplain to the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and vicar of Kirkmanton, in the Isle of Man. In 1865 Mr. Kelly was made Archdeacon of Newfoundland, under Bishop Field, and president of the theological college at St. John's. In 1867 Mr. Kelly was elected Coadjutor-Bishop of Newfoundland, and continued in that position until Bishop Field's death, in 1876. The constant sea voyages required of him as bishop brought on a determination of blood to the head, and the physicians ordered their discontinuance. Deeming himself too young to ask for a coadjutor, Bishop Kelly resigned in 1877, and became vicar of Kirby, in the Diocese of Chester. He was Archdeacon of Macclesfield from 1880 to 1884, and Bishop-Commissary of Chester from 1879 until the death of Bishop Jacobson, in 1884.

JERUSALEM.

THE ANGLICAN BISHOPRIC.—According to the Cologne Gazette, the present arrangement with regard to the Bishopric of Jerusalem will probably be given up. As is well known, England and Prussia at present possess the right to appoint a Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem alternately. It is now Prussia's turn to name a bishop; but there is good reason for believing that she wishes to retire and leave the bishopric entirely in the hands of the English. It is stated, on other authority, that the reason why Prussia desires to retire is that she finds it difficult to procure any clergyman of the State Church willing to submit to English ordination and consecration.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF BLOEMFONTEIN.—The new nave of the Cathedral of Bloemfontein was dedicated by the Bishop of Grahamstown on Sunday, June 7th. The original building, now forming the chancel and sanctuary, was built in 1866, while Bishop With was one of the Bloemfontein clergy, and in 1876 the demand for further accommodation was met by the addition of a temporary iron structure; but in 1880 a stone nave was begun, which has just been completed. Bishop Webb was heartily welcomed to his old diocese to dedicate the cathedral, in whose building he had taken such interest.

MAINE.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

AUGUST.

- 17. Camden, evening.
- 18. Rockport, evening.
- 19. Rockland, evening.
- 20. Thomaston, evening.
- 21. Wiscasset, evening.
- 24 (St. Bartholomew's Day), Newcastle, evening.

SEPTEMBER.

- 1. Eastport, evening; September 26, ordination.
- 3. Robinson, evening.
- 4. Calais, evening.
- 6. Bristol, A.M.
- 7. Fort Fairfield, evening.
- 8. Limestone, evening.
- 9. Van Buren, evening.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LYNN—Church of the Incarnation.—This new parish (the Rev. J. L. Egbert, rector,) starts off with over fifty communicants. At a recent meeting of persons interested, it was voted to erect a stone church edifice thirty-two feet by sixty, to seat two hundred and fifty persons. A lot has been secured, and an architect engaged.

NEWTON—Grace Church.—Workmen are engaged upon the interior of this church (the Rev. Dr. G. W. Shinn, rector,) making repairs and improvements. The building will not be ready for occupancy before the first Sunday in September, but in the meantime services are held in the new chapel.

WATERTOWN—A Mission Chapel.—A movement has been begun for the purchase of a lot preparatory to the erection of a chapel for the needs of this mission. Services are continued regularly during the summer in a hall.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—The Church of the Reformation.—This building, erected in 1883, which was condemned by the Department of Public Works, has been torn down, while the ground has been broken for a new edifice. The contracts have been given out, and the work will be pushed forward with all possible dispatch. It is expected that the church will be completed by Christmas, and that it may be possible to occupy the basement much earlier. The building will cost \$45,000, and the furnishing \$5,000. The Rev. Dr. E. F. Miles is the minister in charge.

FORDHAM—The Home for Incurables.—On the Sunday following St. Barnabas' Day, a new and commodious chapel was opened in connection with this institution. The chapel was given as a thanksgiving offering, in 1883, by Mr. Benjamin H. Fields and wife, Mr. Fields being president of the institution. The building is of brick, has a seating capacity of two hundred persons, and cost \$8,000. Mr. Renwick was the architect. The whole number of patients in the home is 127, of whom, 75 attended service on the first Sunday in August. The patients are of all denominations, but take much interest in the services, which are those of the Prayer Book, shortened. The services are held twice on Sunday, as also, morning and evening on week days. The chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Drummond makes an address on both occasions, five or ten minutes long, which has added much to the interest of the services. Within a few weeks the congregation has trebled.

At the north end of the home, a pavilion was added last fall and opened the first week in May, which will accommodate 66 patients. Of the buildings occupying the thirteen acres, all are of a high order of architecture, but the pavilion surpasses all the others. The rooms are comfortably and tastefully fitted up, while the pavilion is connected with the north wing by means of corridors enclosed by double glass windows. The corridors are fifteen feet in width, and afford excellent seating accommodations for the patients. No expense has been spared in the matter of plumbing, gas fixtures, etc., and the work is as good as that in a first-class hotel. The cost of the pavilion was \$45,000, this amount having been raised by means of subscriptions. In general the home is in a prosperous condition.

TOMKINS COVE—The House of the Good Shepherd.—This institution, situated in Rockland County, on the west side of the Hudson River, was established in 1896 as a home for orphans and also as a mission house. During the eighteen years of its existence over five hundred children have been received and educated. Of these over one hundred are communicants of the Church, while with few known exceptions all are useful members of society.

In its work as a mission house, the Gospel has been preached throughout the mountainous region where the home is situated; Sunday-schools and Church services have been established and carried on, and several hundreds of adults and children have received baptism.

In addition to this, hundreds of garments have been judiciously distributed among the very poor.

In the summer season special arrangements are made to receive from the streets of the heated and uncomfortable city, and from the hospitals, those who need a few days in the country. By means of this department a great deal of good has been done, and many sick have been restored to health.

The situation of the home is unrivaled for beauty and healthfulness, and near by are many sites on which buildings may be erected in the future. The walls of the Church of the Holy Child Jesus are slowly rising, and, when erected, the church will be one of the most attractive objects on the Hudson.

The immediate needs of the work are means for the daily support of fifty persons, clothing for poor men, women and children, and money with which to erect the Church of the Holy Child Jesus. The institution is in charge of the Rev. E. Gay, Jr.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. Ann's Church.—The vestry of this parish having resolved to change the character of their music by the introduction of a surpliced choir, the necessary changes in the arrangement of the chancel to adapt it to this service were begun early in July, with the expectation that worship can be resumed about the middle of September. The alterations which are proposed will cost about \$4,000.

BROOKLYN—St. Stephen's Church.—Funeral services of the late rector of this parish, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Frederick Cornell, who died after an illness of several weeks on Friday, July 31st, were held in the church on Tuesday, August 4th. Of the clergy there were present the bishop, the Rev. Drs. D. V. M. Johnson, C. H. Hall and Francis Peck, the Rev. Messrs. S. S. Roche, H. H. Washburn, C. W. Turner, C. L. Twing, R. B. Snowden, L. S. Russell, H. O. Lacy, E. A. Edgerton and D. Marvin. The service was conducted by the Rev. Francis Peck, who has officiated during the illness of Dr. Cornell, the Rev. Dr. D. V. M. Johnson reading the lesson. A minute prepared by the Rev. S. S. Roche, rector of St. Mark's church, of which the deceased was rector for many years, was adopted by vote of the clergy and read at the service by Mr. Roche. In it he said: "The Rev. T. F. Cornell, M.D., was born in the city of New York in 1830. On his father's side he was descended from the Cornell family of Central New York, while through his mother he was connected with the family of Mann, long and well-known in the metropolis. At the age of twenty he was graduated at the New York University. He entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and after three years he took his degree. Shortly after, the impulse of his mind inclining him to the sacred ministry, he entered the General Theological Seminary, where he took his diploma in 1857, having as classmates the present Bishop of New Jersey and the Missionary Bishop of Colorado. He was soon after his graduation placed in charge of the Church of the Redeemer, Morristown, N. J. Thence he was called, August, 1861, to the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Brooklyn. On his arrival he found the parish in a very depressed condition, but his energetic administration, his distinguished pulpit ability and his genial personality soon wrought under the divine blessing a great change. The finances improved, the membership increased and the location of the parish church was changed to that which it holds at the present time. After ministering in this field for more than eight years, failing health rendered prolonged rest advisable, and having tendered his

resignation to a vestry unwilling to receive it, he terminated his connection December, 1869. An extended tour in Europe followed. On his return he made his residence in this city, and at a later period assumed charge of the Church of the Mediator, and subsequently accepted an invitation to the rectorship of St. Stephen's. In his last scene of holy activity he displayed a noble fidelity, a constant zeal. His health now visibly failing, he begrudged not the expenditure of his strength in the labors of the Gospel. He felt that the preparation of the class for confirmation in the late spring was un-dermining his vitality, but he would not be restrained. When the candidates had been presented, he gave affecting expression to that joy which Almighty God permits His priests who are conscious of having manfully tried to do their best. On the first Sunday evening in June he preached before a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. He never after officiated in the congregation or left his house. In a painless and comparatively comfortable interval of the disease, and about two weeks before his death, he gathered his household around him, and, like Jacob, worshipped and blessed. The end came peacefully, and on the last day of July, 1885, our friend was sumbered with those who are asleep in Jesus. The comprehension of his character and the lesson of his life should remain as a precious inheritance to his bereaved home, to the wide circle of his clerical acquaintances, and to that far larger number to whom he was known as pastor, counsellor and friend. In the Rev. Dr. Cornell a mind of native force, disciplined by a long-continued training in the schools, adorned with capabilities that furnished the basis for the eloquence of the pulpit and seconded by attractive manner, was instrumental by the blessing of God in gathering fruit unto life eternal."

BROOKLYN—Church Charity Foundation.—During the spring of this year, by the will of the late David Chauncey, \$500 was received by the Foundation. To this handsome legacy an additional \$500 was generously contributed by members of the Chauncey family, and it was determined by them to devote the \$1,000 to the erection and furnishing of an Infirmary for the Orphan House. The matter having by them been entrusted to an advisory committee, of which Mr. Edwin Beers was made chairman, the work was begun in June, and is now completed except the furnishing, which will soon be accomplished.

This result has been secured by converting the attic of the new wing of Orphan's House into an Infirmary, which, thus constituted, comprises a boys' ward about 34x18 feet in size, and a girl's ward adjoining, not quite so large, together with a nurses' room, an excellent bath room, and plenty of closet room for linen and other necessities. It is intended at present, to put six beds in each ward, which will afford more than ample accommodation for the sick, except in case of an epidemic. The beautiful situation of the Foundation and the excellent care taken of the children, rendering the percentage of illness very small. There are at present, 84 children in the orphanage, a larger number than ever before in the history of the institution. The facilities for recovery in case of illness will be now all that can be desired, through this infirmary so kindly provided by the Chauncey family, and wisely planned by the chairman of the committee.

A home for the printer boys has been provided in the house adjoining the Printing House. Mr. William Clarke, foreman of the office, himself formerly one of the orphan boys of the Foundation, will, with his wife, occupy the house and take charge of the boys. Under the supervision of two of the lady

managers and the superintendent, Mr. J. J. Golder, six girls are now under instruction. Five girls, former pupils, are now supporting themselves by this occupation in Brooklyn; and two others who were instructed some years since, were employed in New York offices until they married.

A member of Grace church has presented the Foundation with an excellent stereopticon, accompanied by about 300 slides, representing many interesting views of buildings, cities and art treasures, together with lectures in print and manuscript. The chaplain, the Rev. Joseph Reynolds, expects to make use of this valuable gift in the autumn and winter, for the entertainment and instruction of inmates and friends of the Foundation.

The manager of the Brooklyn, Flatbush & Coney Island R. R., James Jourdan, Esq., has kindly presented a pass for 25 children weekly, by which all will in turn be able to enjoy the pleasures of the beach during the season.

GARDEN CITY—The Cathedral School of St. Paul.—The following circular and endorsement has been issued to the clergy and laity of the diocese:

DEAR SIR:—At the special convention of the Diocese of Long Island, April 16th, 1885, as part of the action taken in regard to the various branches of the cathedral work in Garden City, it was declared in substance that the Cathedral School of St. Paul should henceforth be considered both diocesan in its character and diocesan in its claims upon the clergy and laity of the diocese, to do what they can to sustain it by their sympathy and patronage.

In the report of the Standing Committee on Christian Education, presented and read at the last annual convention, held a few weeks later (May 19th), an earnest appeal was made to the clergy and laity to remember, as matters of the utmost practical importance, the declaration thus made and the obligation thus assumed.

As head master of this your own school, I beg you to consider this appeal a personal one, and to show your interest in St. Paul's, both by doing all in your power to increase its membership, and also by visiting it and personally observing its work.

With the magnificent building already provided and a corps of teachers who are enthusiastic in their work, and who believe that this work includes the building up of character as well as the training of the mind, the school will be a source of strength to the Church and the diocese, as well as a centre of intellectual culture, and will amply repay all efforts in its behalf.

This, however, will depend largely upon the interest taken in the school by the clergy and laity of the diocese.

I ask, therefore, your heartiest co-operation and support in my efforts to make St. Paul's all that you desire it to be.

CHARLES STURTEVANT MOORE, Head Master.
Garden City, L. I., Aug. 1st, 1885.

The above letter has my cordial approval, and I commend it to the earnest and respectful attention of the clergy and laity of the diocese. The proceedings of the special and annual convention referred to, were influential in determining the head master's acceptance of his difficult and responsible position, and he is only suitably discharging his duty in thus pointedly reminding us all of their scope and meaning. I pray that he will not have done so without receiving from all whom this great interest concerns the encouragement and support which he so much needs, and which, I am glad to add from personal knowledge of his character and acquirements, he so well deserves.

A. N. LITTLEJOHN,

Bishop of Long Island.
See House, Garden City, Aug. 1st, 1885.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

BUFFALO—Trinity Church.—The Buffalo Courier says of the new church building for this church (the Rev. Dr. L. Van Bokkelen, rector):

"The preliminary work on the new Trinity church edifice on Delaware Avenue is rapidly approaching completion. The outside masonry is finished, the roof is on, and the ceiling is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. A visitor to the building found the interior in possession of a little army of carpenters and painters, engaged on work at or for the ceiling, a portion of which is so far completed as to enable a casual observer to form some idea of its proportions and appearance. The roof is supported on eight trusses, resting on massive hammer-beams, and forming what is known as an open timber ceiling. The woodwork is of heavy Gothic design, with ornamental arches, in character with the general plan. Between the trusses on each side of the church are longitudinal arches, and the spaces between the trusses are each divided into four sections appropriately outlined in carved wood-work. In each of the sections are three panels. The groundwork of the ceiling is a light sky-blue, with a stencil work pattern of a darker shade. Scattered over the ground-work are stars in gold-leaf, which will be very pretty and effective, especially when the church is lit up. The lighting will be effected by means of coronas depending from the ends of the hammer-beams, and will be both novel and brilliant. The lower wainscoting has yet to be done, and also the plastering, before the building will be ready for the stained glass-work of the doors and interior fittings generally. The work in the chancel, the gift of Mrs. Clark, and selected by her in New York, will be done under the direction of Mr. Geiseler of that city."

GENEVA—Trinity Church.—During the past week workmen have been occupied in taking up the floor of Trinity church preparatory to replacing it entirely with a pavement of encaustic tiles. The pavement will be about three inches lower than the present floor, and will be a very great improvement to the interior of the church. It is not generally known, perhaps, that such a pavement is, in the long run, a great economy in churches, as in other public buildings—saving the wear as well as the dust and other disadvantages incident to carpets. A church which has even a hardwood floor for its alleys, as is the case in some large and costly churches in this country, can be kept free and clean from dust and dirt in a degree impossible where the whole church is carpeted; but tile-paving is ever so much better than hardwood, and not so very much more expensive; having also the advantage of much greater security from fire, and being almost proof against ordinary wear.

The addition to Trinity church, a large stone edifice, including commodious rooms for parish and Sunday-school use, is going on rapidly towards completion, and will be ready, it is hoped, for the Council of the Diocese, which meets there in September.—*The Church Calendar.*

NEW JERSEY.

MANTUA—St. Barnabas's Church.—This church (the Rev. H. B. Bryan, in charge), has just been presented with a very handsome carved altar-cross and vases from the Rev. Howard E. Thompson, rector of Christ church, Woodbury, N. J. The church needs still a font and lamps, and it is hoped some one will help it to them.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

ORANGE—The Bishop's Recommendation.—The bishop of this diocese issued a recommenda-

tion to the clergy that all the churches should be opened for appropriate religious services on Saturday, August 8th, the day of the funeral of the late General Grant. In accordance with the recommendation, appropriate services were held in many of the churches of the diocese.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Jude's Church.—This parish, (the Rev. W. H. Graff, rector), situated in one of the older portions of the city, is one of the most active. There are 311 communicants on the list. The public services during the last convention year were 276. 6 adults and 15 infants were baptised; 23 were confirmed; 44 new communicants were added. In the Sunday-school there are 28 officers and teachers, and 276 pupils who are faithfully catechised. The parish school has 1 teacher and 90 pupils. There are connected with the church as aids in its work a Church Progress Committee, a Missionary Staff Guild, (young men), a Chancel Committee, (young ladies), a Beneficial Association, a Mother's Meeting, Mothers Aid Society, sewing school and a parish paper.

The receipts from all sources were \$7,301.42. This parish, which is by no means a wealthy one, shows what may be done for missions by a systematic effort being put forth. It has given during the year for various missionary objects \$664.40, beside \$282.22 for the sick and needy, \$90 to the Episcopal Hospital, \$24.50 to the Sheltering Arms, \$32.38 to the Increase of the Ministry, \$35.26 to the Disabled Clergy Fund. It has one of the most efficient vested choirs in the city. The congregations are large and the people energetic. The church owns all its property, (church and school-building), free from every encumbrance, and is now with commendable zeal putting forth a strong effort to secure a rectory, towards which they have already \$1,800.

MARYLAND.

FUNDS AND LEGACIES.—There are several funds created by legacy or otherwise for the benefit of this diocese, and which, now handsomely invested, are yielding goodly fruit.

THE DIOCESAN MISSIONS' FUND.—Though not strictly coming under the heading, only some seventy out of the one hundred and forty congregations of the year 1884, contributing to it, reached last year \$3,041.85; \$823.79 special; \$522 of the total, from the "Trustees of Church Charities," and \$1,283 from collections on occasions of episcopal visitations; then, from cash due treasurer, \$665; general total, \$9,535.62. The resolution of the convention fixing \$10,000 for the minimum of missionary expenditure for the year was, it is thus seen, none too large. A trifle more of effort (especially on the part of the sixty-two non-contributing congregations, which, though themselves weak and poor, could still have given something, would have reached the amount suggested by the convention). The bishop has asked that no less than \$15,000 be, if possible, raised during the year ending May, 1886, for Diocesan Missions. Forty-seven clergy, at nineteen mission stations, twenty-five parishes and seventeen congregations, are annually aided out of this fund.

FUND FOR SUPERANNUATED AND DISABLED CLERGY.—This fund is made up from voluntary contributions from some fifty parishes and congregations, some special donations from individuals, bequests and investments, from which last source it received for the last year some \$1,000, making in all \$2,593.80. Ninety-two parishes made last year no contribution toward this important fund. The fund is appropriated upon orders of the missions' com-

mittee, which, to nine clergy of the diocese, have, in sums of from \$100 to \$350, ordered the distribution of \$2,100 of this fund. This is done with delicate privacy, and every care and loving forethought exercised in apportioning the sum at the disposal of the committee according to the needs and circumstances of each beneficiary. Besides this fund which is raised and may be expended year by year, there is "the permanent Clerical Sustentation Fund," which amounts now to \$864; and though it is annually added to itself, and though growing very slowly, a few parishes take interest in it, and it is destined to be a source of great help to the diocese.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—The committee distributed last year \$205 in Bibles and Prayer Books and Hymnals, giving away of these 1,352 volumes; for the aid of parish schools in Washington and Baltimore, \$175. The convention appoints the second Sunday in November as the day for this diocesan collection; about forty, out of the one hundred and forty parishes, responded.

THE DIOCESAN "PERMANENT FUND."—The trustees of the Episcopal Fund, report the gratifying sum of productive property and securities, included in this fund, to be \$22,974, being in city stock, bank shares, and ground rent. Their unproductive property, residence, library and annex, is \$43,883; total amount in the hands of this board of trustees, of which the diocesan is *ex-officio* a member, \$66,858.

THE WYMAN FUND.—This fund is now \$4,500, invested in Baltimore loans; the income from this fund, left by Samuel G. Wyman, of pious memory, is divided equally between the Church Home and Infirmary, the Aged and Infirm Clergy Fund, Diocesan Mission Fund, St. John's Church School, Huntington, and the rector of St. John's, same place.

SUPERANNUATED AND DISABLED CLERGY FUND.—This fund has invested in city loans, savings bank, and railroad bonds, the sum of \$13,135.79. product \$900, paid to treasurer of the Committee of Missions, being the six per cent. interest on that sum, plus sums from a few other sources, (\$1,700 from the Prout, and from the Hink's Funds, the Young and the Winn legacies, are included in the total of this fund.

THE REV. DR. MCKENNEY FUND.—This is at present \$6,975.48. The income from \$3,580 of this goes to the credit of the Theological Education Fund of the Diocese, and is to always be at the order of the diocesan; the income from \$2,330 of the fund is deposited to the credit of the treasurer for Disabled Clergy; and that from the rest of the fund (\$920) towards keeping over in repair the Church of the Atonement, St. Thomas Parish, Prince George's County, Md., and the grounds belonging to the same.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.—The Maryland brigade of this noble army consists, according to this year's statistics, of some 16,260; to which might be added 2,400 children in parish schools. At the rate of one cent per month, as the bishop suggested in his address, there would result for special missionary work the sum \$1,950, or nearly \$2,000. It is thought that by the end of the year every Sunday-school in the diocese will have fallen into line and have reported in dollars and cents as the bishop requests. At the beginning of June nearly forty had done so, some \$250 having been forwarded for the "Bishop's Penny Fund."

THE WILLIAM G. HARRISON FUND.—This is \$3,880; interest on this fund is paid annually over to the treasurer of the Missions Committee, and by that committee disbursed as a part of the Pastoral Aid Fund of the Diocese. It is snugly invested at six per cent. in Baltimore

City Loan of 1900, the interest when due being deposited in the Eutaw Savings till needed.

THE REV. W. T. JOHNSTON LEGACY.—This is now \$1,058, principal and accrued interest, Baltimore City stock, six per cent. of 1890, and the income from it, by the will of Mr. Johnston, to be applied forever, upon the order of the vestry of St. John's church, Huntington, of which parish he died rector, to the keeping in due order the cemetery connected with that parish.

MINOR FUNDS.—The H. L. Stewart Fund, \$209; the Bishop's Legacy for "contingent expenses, etc.," \$327.75, making in all, in the control of the Trustees of Church Charities, about \$27,000. These figures they lay before the Church in their business-like Fifteenth Annual Report. The clergy of the diocese have set an example to the rest of the diocese, as well as having given the precept of providing by will of their worldly goods, where they have chanced to possess any.

BALTIMORE—The Benevolent Society of City and Country.—This was founded in 1800, and carries on an orphanage for girls in the Parish of St. Paul, this city, and does a good work. Several of the inmates having of late come of age, have withdrawn from the care of the institution, leaving some thirty still resident under the charge of an efficient matron and teachers, among them a sewing teacher to whose loving instruction the pupils are greatly indebted for what often proves to be a source of remunerative industry to them in after life. The society has invested wisely means for the decent maintenance. The rector of St. Paul's parish is chairman of the board of trustees.

BALTIMORE—The Whittingham Steinick Library.—The value of this library, the well-known gift to his diocese by Bishop Whittingham, is \$30,000, consisting as it does of 15,000 and more volumes, many of them far beyond the ability of most of the diocese. The cost of the fireproof building in which these books are kept was some \$5,000; and later, at a cost of \$522, an entrance has been made from the street, with a vestibule, iron doors being now the only connection with the main building, the episcopal residence. The rear windows are also of iron; space had been increased for the convenience of visitors, and the insurance on the library, which had been far too low, has been increased to a fairer approximation to the value of trust, viz.: \$5,000 insurance; value of property, \$3,522.

BALTIMORE—Church Home and Infirmary.—By a somewhat recent resolution of the Board of Trustees of the Baltimore City Church Home and Infirmary, any clergyman of this diocese who may be in need of the care and treatment which this noble institution, now in its thirtieth year, affords, will be received, temporarily or otherwise. One hundred and sixteen patients have been cared for here during the last year—72 beneficiaries, 44 remuneratives; \$16,500 were expended during the same time, about \$5,000 from well-secured investments, nearly \$5,000 from board, the remainder from voluntary contributions, mostly from in or near this city.

BALTIMORE—Boys' School of St. Paul's.—Incorporated and wholly under the control of the rector, having a resident master, a matron, and ten other teachers, this school is enjoying full prosperity. It has twenty-five boarding pupils, all of whom, with but one exception, receive board, tuition, lodging, and in part clothing, from the funds of the incorporation. The expenditures for a year are about \$2,250, and are met almost wholly by the voluntary contributions of this large parish—a parish whose yearly offerings are some \$17,000 or

more, in whose ample territory all the other congregations are "churches" only, not parishes, it being the only parish in the city, the mother of all—territorially, at any rate.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Statistics.*—Personal: Parishes and congregations, 19; adult baptisms, 93; infant baptisms, 742 (835); burials, 274; confirmed, 353; communicants gained, 40; lost, 195; present number, 5,469; marriages, 188; parish school teachers, 26; pupils, 81; Sunday-school teachers, 409; pupils, 4,44; clergy, 35; rectors, 20; assistants, 6; deacons, 1; aged and invalid, 8. Financial: Communion alms, \$6,396; expended in cure, \$99,184, all contributions, exclusive of salaries, \$104,708—total, \$111,104; churches, 19; chapels, 6; value, \$550,000; parsonages, etc., \$; value, \$80,000; land 100 1-2 acres; value, \$100,000.

REINSTERSTOWN.—*The Hannah More Academy.*—On the 29th of January last the trustees of this Christian school for girls had the pleasure of formally accepting the newly-completed annex, erected under the will of Mr. S. G. Wyman at a cost of \$5,000. The annex was called, in memory of this donor and his wife, "Wyman Hall." Sixty-five pupils have formed the household—forty-eight resident, seventeen day pupils. By the addition, twenty more pupils can be accommodated than before, there having been put up three recitation rooms, two dormitories, and a hall. A cabinet organ was sent given by Mrs. Hooper of Baltimore, and twenty of the alcoves have been individually or jointly furnished. The Mary Byrd Wyman Academy educates several girls here at its expense, clergywomen's daughters preferred.

KENTUCKY.

DIOCESAN MISSIONS.—The following action of the Board of Diocesan Missions of this diocese will be of interest.

Resolved 1st. That this board recommends the holding of services, one or more times during the present summer, at each of the points hereafter named, under the direction of the bishop, and hereby respectfully requests the bishop to arrange for the same.

Resolved 2d. This board hereby agrees to defray the expenses of clergymen undertaking this work by the bishop's appointment.

Resolved 3d. The board requests that at each service an offering be asked in behalf of the general mission work of the diocese.

Convocation of Covington.—Ashland, Flemingsburg, Blue Lick Springs.

Convocation of Lexington.—Booneville, Irvine, Winchester, Crab Orchard Springs, Staaford, Lawrenceburg, Eminence, Lancaster.

Convocation of Louisville.—Lagrange, Bardonia, Elizabethtown, Glasgow, Grantston, Grayson Springs, Cloverport, Shelbyville, Pewee Valley, Anchorage, St. Matthew's, and Lebanon.

Convocation of Paducah.—Madisonville, Edylville, Princeton, Uniontown, Mayfield, Jordan Station, Kuttawa, and Coal Mines.

Gratifying reports have been received showing that the work suggested has been inaugurated within the four convocations of the diocese.

Services have been held at Blue Lick Springs, Crab Orchard Springs, Pewee Valley, and Madisonville, and others arranged for. The Sunday School Board of the Diocese has offered to aid by furnishing Prayer Books and Hymnals.

Accounts have come in showing that these services are appreciated by the people, and the clergymen who have left their homes to conduct them have been most courteously received. A great work remains to be done in Kentucky. Our forty clergy laboring faith-

fully and unitedly in the one direction of rebuilding the kingdom of God in this diocese, will accomplish great results. Let the laity lend hearty co-operation, cheerfully surrendering upon an occasional Sunday their own privileges, that those who seldom enjoy lay roles, may sometimes have them. Let laymen be ready and willing to conduct services as lay-readers in the absence of the minister, and may our congregations encourage both minister and lay reader by their presence at these services. This *missionary work*, steadily enlarged and extended is the "aggressive" work we must do if we would see our Church blessed of God, winning souls for Christ, and finding favor with the people—the great mass of the people.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle.*

INDIANA.

DIOCESAN ITEMS.—*Albion.*—The Rev. Mr. Orpen reports that he has found an encouraging opening for the Church at Albion, four of his communicants from Lima having settled there, and he has found five others, making nine. He intends visiting there once in three weeks, and has been kindly tendered the use of the Presbyterian church.

Cannelton.—The missionary writes there are not now any openings for missionary work in the diocese from this point. Hainesville, Ky., is visited as usual. From various causes Gloverport, Ky., has not been visited for the past two or three months.

Columbus.—A recent lawn fete given at the residence of Col. H. Daily, by the Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's church, netted some twenty-six dollars.

Crawfordsville.—The missionary, Mr. Throop, is giving his alternate Sundays to missionary work outside. On Sunday, July 5th, he held service in the Court House at Lebanon, in the morning, with a congregation of twenty. He will officiate again in Lebanon on the third Sunday in August. In the evening, in Thornwood, held service in the Methodist church, with a very large congregation present. He found two communicants residing there, and some children for baptism at next visit. At Lebanon the missionary found several families kindly disposed to the Church and a desire expressed for regular services. Mr. Throop has also visited Darlington, where he found three communicants. Here several children were also found for baptism. On Monday, July 17th, Mr. Throop opened a mission at Tipton, where we have no Church people, and held a series of services, the results of which we will give in our next.

Delphi.—Mrs. Braddon's Children's Guild had a sale and festival in June which netted the handsome sum of \$60. The children are now at work on a quilt for St. Stephen's Hospital. Mr. Burr, the venerable senior warden, has been ill for some time. The missionary writes: "I find the great want of some sort of conveyance, for all through the country I hear of members of old English families who are anxious to have me go and see them, but I cannot get around. I could hold services at Camden, Flora and Birmingham on Sunday afternoons had I a horse and buggy." At Attica the services are well attended; the Ladies' Guild reorganized; the vestry elected at Easter are discharging their duties; there is prospect of great improvement in the music. The vestry have given the missionary a month's vacation and he has spent the month of July in Davenport, Iowa.—*Church Worker.*

QUINCY.

QUINCY.—*Church of the Good Shepherd.*—On Sunday, August 2d, there was added

to the memorials in this church (the Rev. Dr. W. B. Corby, rector,) a very beautiful and artistic professional cross of brass, the gift of Mrs. N. C. Medill, in memory of her husband, Samuel Medill. The memorial is a very appropriate one, as Mr. Medill was always interested in the welfare of men and boys.

The presentation on behalf of Mrs. Medill was made by the senior warden, and the benediction of the cross by the rector.

LOUISIANA.

LAKE CHARLES.—*An Opportunity.*—The diocesan missionary, the Rev. E. W. Hueter, held the first Church service in this town on Sunday, July 19th. A large congregation was present. This is one of the best business towns in Louisiana. It is situated on Lake Charles, a beautiful clear-water lake, is on the line of Morgan, Louisiana, and Texas railroad, and within about eight hours' run to New Orleans, Louisiana, and Houston, Texas. It is a great lumber country, has a population of some 4,000, and is growing larger every day. A large London syndicate, of which Mr. J. B. Waters is president, lately bought over one million acres of land here, is stock raising partly, and partly cultivating. The Church people are very anxious to have a resident clergyman, and can promise an energetic man a salary of \$800 per year at present, with every prospect for an increase. The Sunday-school just organized, consists of over thirty children, and seven teachers. A good man could build up a fine parish here, as the people are willing to work with a view. The climate is healthy, the town prosperous, and the people are in earnest. The bishop of the diocese would be glad to have an active, faithful priest in charge of the work, and the diocesan missionary would be glad to communicate with such a man on the subject.—*The Church Messenger.*

TEXAS.

EAGLE LAKE.—*Church of the Heavenly Rest.*—This church (the Rev. H. C. Howard, rector,) is so far completed that the congregation has been enabled to hold its first service therein and organize a Sunday-school. They enrolled thirty-two children, although there is what is called a union school in the town. It is expected to be ready for consecration at the next visitation of the bishop. While the building is not pretentious, costing \$1,100, the best part is that it has been erected by the parish without outside help.

COLORADO.

DENVER.—*Church Music.*—The Denver Tribune-Republican, on July 19th, has an interesting article on church music in Denver, particularly that in St. John's Cathedral, which we condense.

Although notable work has been accomplished in the choirs of the churches, yet the pioneer path through the woods of hitherto uncultivated popular taste has been made by the lyric workers of St. John's Episcopal parish, and noticeably by the Dean. To such a high point have these musicians now raised the standard local of church music that many claim there is no city in the country, except New York and Boston, where such excellence is attempted and attained. And in organizing, particularly, Denver has reason to be proud of one of the first performers in the country in Mr. Walter C. Hall of St. John's Cathedral, where there is what is claimed to be the finest instrument in the West. It was built by the well-known organ builders, Hooks & Hastings of Boston. The Cathedral organ has three manuals and 2,500 pipes, and cost

\$12,000 (including freight); its tone is excellent, and its vox humana combinations are delicate and fine.

The pioneer in local church music was Preceptor and Organist Marchant, who came from England with the dean in 1879 and began work in the old Episcopal church on Arapahoe street, till the cathedral's completion in October, 1881, with Mr. Winter, also an English musician, as preceptor. Marchant founded the first Denver Philharmonic Society, whose harmony is in pleasing contrast with some of the inharmonics that have retched the society of late years. He also brought out the Dottingen Te Deum with the Choral Society, and Marchant with Winter introduced here with success Dr. Stainer's "The Daughter of Jarvis." The soprano solo was sung by Master George Brown, who will long be remembered by those who attended the Easter services of 1882. Shortly after Mr. Marchant moved East, since when the Ditsons of Boston have been publishing many of his compositions. At Thanksgiving of the same year Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was given, the principals being Mrs. D. T. Frith, Mrs. Belle Rowley, Mrs. Billings and Mr. Winter. Mr. Walter C. Hall presided at the organ, this being his first special service. At the 1882 Christmas service extended selections from the oratorio of "The Messiah" were given. Winter left after Easter service.

The entire charge of St. John's Cathedral choir then devolved upon Mr. Hall, who carried it through with great credit to himself until the coming of Preceptor Tipton, who came from across the pond at the wave of the dean's wand. But he failed as a preceptor, and in December, 1883, Frederick Stevenson, of Blackheath, London, was secured by the dean, who hoped by this time he had got a man he could rely on, and he has not been disappointed. Tipton was a fine organist, though not a preceptor, having been a pupil of Dr. Stainer, the organist of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, and one of the present century's great masters of organ music. However, Dean Hart found Tipton a place in Washington, District of Columbia, as organist and choir master of the Church of the Epiphany, in October, 1883.

However, before Stevenson's coming Mr. Hall brought out at the Thanksgiving service Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," and for the first time brass instruments were used in the church. The principals were Mrs. Brown, Miss Shields and Mr. Thommen.

Frederick Stevenson, the present preceptor of St. John's cathedral, was selected by Dean Hart himself, who went over to England to secure a man whom he knew was trustworthy, without running any more risks. Stevenson was the professor of music and conductor in Blackheath, a London suburb, at the head of two fine musical societies, one vocal and orchestral, the other instrumental.

Mr. Stevenson's ability as an instructor is evidenced in one of his London pupils, twenty years old, who has secured over many competitors the organ of St. Stephen's Church at Westminster, besides taking his recent instructor's position as conductor of the two musical societies of Blackheath. The new preceptor studied under Sir G. A. McFarren, the great authority on harmony and musical composition, his latest work on Harmony being the standard authority. Mr. Stevenson's speciality is voice culture. He was the sole teacher of "sight reading" at Blackheath Conservatory, his associates in voice culture being the well known professors, W. H. Cummings and Senor Visetti. One of the St. John's choir testifies that Mr. Stevenson is indispensable to their success; that, after years of study at musical centers, she knows no one who can handle a choir in the style Mr. Stevenson does.

The new preceptor was surprised to find on reaching Denver so fine a performer in Mr. Hall, and such well-trained vocal talent in the choir. He said with such material he could accomplish excellent results, and how well he has done the public can testify. Mr. Stevenson brought with him a good library of selected Church music, among which are the Judas Maccabean "Oratorio," Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," Dr. Stainer's "Lead, Kindly Light," and his finest production and Christmas anthem, "I Desired Wisdom," Gounod's "Send Unt Thy Light" and "Sing Praises unto the Lord," Toure's Easter anthem, "God Hath Appointed a Day," and Sir John Goss' "The Wilderness."

Mr. Walter C. Hall, formerly of Cheshire, England, the organist, is yet a young man of about thirty-five. He comes of an organ-playing family, his father having handled the instrument for over thirty years. He studied under Frederick H. Gunton, later under Dr. Bridge, of the Chester (England) Cathedral, and by persistent application had built up a reputation for himself, when Mr. Winter engaged him in London, while acting as the agent of Dean Hart, nearly four years ago. Mr. Hall has been here now three and a half years, and he has noticed in this time that the congregation has learned enough to criticize and pick flaws in the rendering of pieces which, three years ago, they would have thought "too beautiful for anything," imperfections and all.

From December, 1882, to January, 1884, Mr. Hall was organist also at the Jewish Temple of Emmanuel, where he introduced much English Church music that was suited to Hebrew worship; in fact, remodeled the musical service, to the satisfaction of the congregation. This performer's steady maintenance of the highest order of Church music has given him the reputation of being the best executant west of the Mississippi River. Indeed, his friends claim his playing fully equals that heard in the best Eastern churches.

Joseph Bennett, a London musical critic, in a recent contribution referred to the Denver Cathedral music as setting the standard for the entire West. Mr. Hall is a religious man, as the character of his playing suggests. He will not handle light music on the Lord's Day, which a friend lately found out when asking him to play Nicola's "Merry wives of Windsor" as a Sunday evening voluntary. St. John's organist has a three manual organ, his friends would like to see a fourth manual added, which could be done by setting up the extra pipes across the chancel, as it is done in Dr. Haesting's church in New York, and Dr. Storr's Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn.

PARAGRAPHIC.

A CURIOUS case of plagiarism was that of a Texas judge who delivered Washington's Farewell Address as his own.

The announcement of the Cathedral School of St. Paul, at Garden City, is handsomely illustrated, and explains its future administration.

The Year Book of Trinity Cathedral, Omaha, shows effective organization and work. Baptisms, 65; confirmations, 42; communicants, 460; expenditures, \$8,430.21.

The Catalogue of the Shenandoah Valley Academy gives a list of the pupils and all needed information in regard to the institution, which is in a location noted for its health.

The spot, in Tunis, where John Howard Payne was so long buried has been marked with a white marble stone, 7 feet by 4 feet, suitably inscribed. It was done at the cost of Mr. W. W. Corcoran.

By the first annual report of the New York Cancer Hospital it appears that the receipts for the first year were \$314,048.07, and there are outstanding subscriptions for \$57,500. The buildings are now in process of erection, and it promises to be a most useful institution.

In Philadelphia there are eighty Episcopal churches, or one for every 12,000 people. In ten years one new parish has been organized and two or three unorganized have been founded, and one or two have died out, and meanwhile the population has increased by 225,000.

A RECTOR in North Carolina with a wife and five little children receives as a salary \$365.97, without any missionary stipend. To beg he would be ashamed, but it would seem as if there was wealth enough in the Church to prevent such a shame, not to say cruelty, towards one of her priests.

ART.

FOUR hundred pictures sent to the Exposition at New Orleans failed to be hung for utter want of merit.

CHAS. S. PEARCE'S "La Prelude" has been reproduced in the Architect, a leading art journal of London.

It is said there are but three statues raised to women in this country—one to Harriet Martineau, one to Margaret Haugherty of New Orleans, and one to Julia A. Teris in Kentucky.

The impressive solemnities that attend the prolonged obsequies of the nation's hero—first the lying-in-state at Albany, and afterward in the City Hall of the metropolis—illustrate eloquently enough the significance of Art and the Beautiful, even in this climacteric of a nation's grief. The ritual of military mourning, the reversed arms, the muffled drum, the shrouded, trailing colors, the full-voiced dirges from the splendid regimental bands, the involuntary homage, day and night, of vast concourses of inflowing peoples from all quarters, the expressive draperies and hangings—each and all speak an intelligible language which the dullest cannot misunderstand.

The minor in music, the elegiac and threnody in verse, have a legitimate service. The great choruses, with their funeral motets, on the City Hall steps, are plainly in harmony with the hour and its experiences. True, we have not yet felt the Church with her hallowed and hallowing ministrations, nor the consolations of her anthems and offices, while the wholesome shadows of the Cross have not yet brooded over these demonstrations with spiritual refreshments. For this, it must be remembered, is thus far a civic and military, rather than a Christian solemnity. Yet even the peculiar majesty of an exceptional grief like this is not without discordant elements. It would seem that such a man and such a demonstration were enough in themselves to push aside and drive off all petty vanities and childish, half-barbaric whims of decoration and intrusive conceit.

The secondary terror of old-time funerals, everybody knows, was the obsequious, bustling, half-concealed satisfaction of the undertaker, especially if the occasion had thrift in it, and the insufferable exactions of heartless, vulgar pageantry according to the prescriptions of the undertaker's inexorable tariff of properties.

Scarcely had a long-suffering public reduced this functionary and his minions to a tolerable subordination when the florid adroity slips into the foreground, bribing "the occasion" with flowers no one can easily lay rude hands upon; and with wreaths, crosses, pillars, and pillars, unstrung harps, gates-ajar, and

otherwise, and an indescribable motley of morbid, incoherent "emblems" of protean sort. So that the latter day funeral in the white-to-do world, unless caution signals are heisted in the funeral announcements—"please omit flowers," or "it is kindly requested," etc.—is turned into a lively competition, in which florists and ambitious acquaintances jostle one another, until the place where the dead repose, parlor or chancel, becomes strangely like a festive bazaar. This barbaric usage is dying out, but it dies hard. Only a few months ago, at the funeral of a celebrated groom, the florists had it pretty much their own way, for no clergyman officiated, and there were "designs,"—whips, buggy seats, saddles, pillows, and other equally expressive souvenirs worked out in the costliest hot-house productions, and now the nation's solemnity is pestered and littered with a preposterous array of the old "designs," until the sickening odors of the decaying rubbish become well-nigh insupportable. What false, shallow sentimentalism it is that clutters up this grand lying-in-state with such child's play as a "floral coronal" with its bushels of buds, immortelles, pinks and posies—a colossal "gates-ajar," a dramatic "column" broken, with the taxidermist's exploit of wired doves ready to take wing, with more bushels of buds, asters, and other costly merchandise—and all for the delectation of the donors and the distraction and dissipation of the mourners. This hero gains nothing from such superficial, meretricious demonstrations, and nothing could have been more repugnant to his simple Doric temperament and his well known dread of display. All this piling together of "floral pens," "floral swords," and "floral insignia" of military and civic greatness are very mockeries in the presence of that purple-covered casket with its banner-pall of a nation's colors. Such a tremendous pagant of grief far above the range of undertakers' and florists' pomps and vanities.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. L. Egbert's address for the present is 25 Church street, Lynn, Mass.

The Rev. James P. Faucon has accepted the rectory of St. Paul's church, East Orange, N. J. Address, Batesville, O., N. Y.

The Rev. W. A. Fink will be at Little Deer Isle, Penobscot Bay, Maine, during August.

The Rev. Frederic Gardner, Jr.'s address is Sioux Falls, Dakota (not Sioux City, as given last week).

Abdeekson Kirby has taken charge of the services at St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the next three months. Address is 187 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Tustin's address, on his return from Europe, is 86 South Main street, Providence, R. I. and Emma E. Gray Hubbard.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, obituaries, and obitographies, and other similar matter, Thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

DIED.

On July 24, 1885, POLLY MARIA, wife of Treadwell Levy, in her 62d year. On July 23d, 1885, TREADWELL LEVY, in the 66th year of his age. They were parents of Mrs. W. B. Hayward of Lowell, thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

Entered into rest, in Geneva, N. Y., July 23d, 1885, ALEX. wife of Hugh Dennison, Esq., and mother of the Rev. Robert E. Dennison, aged 61 years.

On Tuesday, June 23rd, at her residence, No. 16 East Seventeenth street, after a short illness, MISS STRAUS M. EUSON. Funeral services were held in Grace church on Friday, July 3d, at 9:30 A. M. Friends are invited to attend at 10 o'clock.

Entered into rest, on Monday, August 10th, 1885, at Trinity rectory, South Norwalk, Conn., BETSY GAY, youngest son of the Rev. George P. and Emma E. Gray Hubbard.

"Grant him eternal rest, O Lord; and may light perpetual shine upon him."

Entered into rest, August 4th, 1885, at his mother's residence, No. 15 Greenwood street, New York City, WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, in the 20th year of his age. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery, at 10 o'clock.

Entered into rest on Sunday morning, July 19th, at 10 o'clock, ANNA MARIA TUCKER, wife of the late Wm. T. Tucker, of this city. Born in New York, N. Y., aged 56 years and 4 months. Her remains were taken to Raleigh, N. C., for interment.

Entered into rest, at Germantown, Penn., on the evening of July 15th, LYDIA, daughter of the late Henry and Mary D. Lawrence.

Entered into rest at sunset, July 20th, 1885, at the residence of her son-in-law, Christopher Fallon of West Chester, Penn., county, Penn., the widow of R. B. Lewis, and daughter of the late E. H. Lombard of Brandon, Mississippi.

Hope of everlasting life, entered into rest, July 15th, THOMAS LOVE, aged 79, warden of Grace church, Rutherford, New Jersey, formerly of Salisbury and London, England.

Entered into rest in West Newton, Mass., July 21st. Mrs. HAZEL L. NEWELL, in the 98th year of her age. "Eternal rest give to her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her."

Entered into rest, at Germantown, Penn., June 25d, 1885, in his 65th year, GILBERT SOUTHWAD STEELING.

On Saturday, August 9th, at the residence of her son-in-law, S. W. R. Cruger, Bayville, Long Island, SARAH PAIR, widow of Thomas W. Storrs.

Fall asleep, at St. Thomas's rectory, Bethel, Conn., August 8th, ELIZABETH FINLAY, youngest daughter of the late Daniel and Mary Jennie Turrence, aged 1 year, 11 months, and 6 days.

Entered into rest, in Newbern, N. C., on Tuesday evening, July 21st, A. M., 1885, Miss JENNIE WINDLEY, in the 42d year of her age.

Entered into rest, July 23d, THOMAS, beloved son of John and Mary Worthington, 382 Jay street, Brooklyn, aged 27 years. "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

THE REV. MATTHIAS PETTIT.

A man of great earnest and resolute usefulness in the Church below, has been suddenly terminated; and God has taken to His rest, in Paradise, our well-loved brother, MATTHIAS PETTIT, of Warren, N. H.

Ordered deacon less than thirty-six years ago. Mr. Pettit had yet been, since 1857, the senior preacher of the diocese, in which all his life was spent. He had earlier mission stations, and the two parishes of Christ church, Newton, and Christ church, Borden-ton, and some localities of his own congregation, given to change, he built the better, as he stayed the longer; and the stable strength of his parishes resulted from God's blessing on his labors.

His studies and his convictions were all in the line of sound Anglican theology; and in his practice he exhibited the harmony doctrine of conservatism with the progressive spirit of the Church's life.

In the response to the petition for his nomination and president of the Standing Committee, he defined the expectations of his bishop and his brethren, who were so much in need of his services, his example, and his loving companionship.

Mr. Pettit exemplified a type of Christian and clerical life which were almost unknown in our generation that to our own; simple, unaffected, manly, almost rugged, but so adorned with kindness and gentleness was attractive to all hearts, that the oak that gave loving shelter to the soft mosses and the clinging vines.

Called to bear such burdens of sorrow and care as God lays not often on His servants, our brother bore with a serenity and cheerfulness that seemed to lighten the burden of suffering and grief, and to cheer the hearts of men, to whom abatement in joy.

We, his clerical brethren, gathered here with his beloved children, and his beloved family, to lay to rest all that is mortal of our dear friend and brother, bless God for the good example of His servant departed, and pray that his great soul may be able to follow him in those things wherein he followed Christ, and that we, with him, may attain the peace of Paradise, and the bliss that is beyond.

MRS. ANNE DENNISON.

Forty-three years of devoted married life were ended by the death of this exemplary woman. It may be permitted to one whose memory remains so fresh to express his heartfelt sorrow at their termination, and his deep sympathy with those upon whose hearts sad remembrance falls the heaviest of burdens. The beauty of her character and life stood in its reality, unaffectedness, sincerity, and faithful and unassuming, and yet very duty. It was a life of honor as though all their quiet graces and power displayed themselves without any effort or self-consciousness. It is a grief unpossible to feel that she is yet here when she has been extinguished, and that husband, children and grand-children must honorarily travel along the lonely road, without the loving help, sympathy and care, the wise counsels and the unremitting labors, that have been their stay and solace, their comfort and their joy. It is a grief that is honored as though all their lives together. In her humility and self-forgetfulness she would have shrunk from being commended to the "virtuous women" as described by King Lemuel in the Proverbs, and yet his words portray her so exactly what she was, "the grace of God, the heart of her husband, both are fully trusted in her. . . . She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She is clothed in strength and her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to

the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." M. V. R.

APPEALS.

The Mission to the Deaf-Mutes in the Central Western and Northwestern Territories, and asks to be remembered with offerings on next Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, or some other Sunday.

Two years ago I took charge of this work. Since then, services have been held in almost 300 parishes, and at July 20th Saint-Scholasticus, the Deaf-Mute Candidates for confirmation, hearing children have been baptized; 347 deaf-mutes are communicants. Almost 500 have been confirmed within the present year, and candidates for confirmation are awaiting at many places.

With my large field, embracing 15 dioceses, there are fully 6000 deaf-mutes, of whom I reach 3000 by travelling every week the year round, with short intervals at home to arrange new appointments and attend to a growing correspondence.

Offerings are needed to meet the expenses of the work. They may be sent to me.

A. W. MANN,
82 Woodland Court, Cleveland, Ohio,
July 15th, 1885.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

Incorporated in New York City, October, 1872. "To promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of adult deaf-mutes," asks to be remembered by offerings from congregations and individuals on the 12th Sunday after Trinity, August 28d, (sometimes called Epiphany Sunday), in the Diocese of New York.

It is a blessed and noble work, and has been prosecuted, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. The Society's missionaries are sent by rail-roads through those dioceses, and leading many deaf-mutes and their families to Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy Communion.

Mr. Wm. Jewett, 107 Grand street, or the General Manager, Rev. THOMAS GALLAUDET, R. 9 West 4th street, New York City.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased God to endow Nashotah, the great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited from the clergy and laity. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio, and because the instruction is second to none in the land.

3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.

4th. Because it is the best located for study.

5th. Because it is the best prepared to receive directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination.

Address, Rev. A. D. COLE, D. D., Nashotah, Waukegan County, Wisconsin.

GENERAL CLEVER BELFLE.

(Shorter title of The Trustee of the Fund for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm, and Disabled Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.)

This charity is not local or diocesan. It seeks to relieve the destitute in fifty dioceses and missionary districts. The Treasurer is WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH, 40 Wall street, New York.

THE EPYAPHELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and makes a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Rev. ROBERT C. M'ALACK,
1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITTEKEY, Corresponding secretary, 57 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I acknowledge the following amounts received for the Colored Theological School for the month of July: Mr. R. F. Brunot, St. Andrew's church, Pitts burgh, Pa., \$20; Women Auxiliary of Grace church, Cleveland, Ohio, \$10.

R. O. BOERTSON, Treasurer.
Petersburg, Va., August 12th, 1885.

For aged woman and invalid daughter, C. E. P., \$5; Mrs. E. H. Dougherty, \$2; M. S. Lawrence, \$2; Mrs. R. F. Swords, \$2; A. Friend, \$10; M. S. B., \$2; Total, \$48. WM. N. DUNNELL, Rector All Saints'.

Two dollars has been thankfully received for the Hildreth and Infirm Deaf-Mutes from "one who is in the land," by Thomas Gallaudet, 9 West 12th Street, N. Y.

WARNING.

Mr. S. S. Roberts a colored layman, at one time candidate for Holy Orders in the Diocese of Georgia, and serving with me as lay assistant for a short time, is logging himself and refers to me as the Church against him. A letter to Bishop Whitwell, or Rev. T. W. Whitwell, Bishop, Ga., will get the facts for one who desires to know.

BENJ. B. BABBITT.

NORTH CAROLINA. The Secretary having resigned, all pamphlets, notices, and letters for the Diocese of North Carolina should be addressed to

Rev. GILBERT HIGGS,
Sec. pro tem., Warrenton, N. C.
July 26th, 1885.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

MR. WILLIAM MOORE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

Will you permit me, through your widely-read columns, to pay tribute to one of the most faithful laymen the American Church has yet produced, the late Mr. William Moore, of Garrison-on-the-Hudson. It was the writer's privilege to be his rector for a number of years, and to observe admiringly and affectionately the features of a character which should be held up (as is indeed the aim of this letter) as an object of emulation to the younger Churchmen of our day.

A gentleman and a scholar in every trust, highest sense of the term, belonging to one of our oldest and best American families, a man who had travelled much in earlier life, and was a deeply-read scientific student almost to the day of his death, for when all but completely deprived of the social enjoyment of his faculties, he was still ever pouring over his books, and two books there were that never left his side or his hand—his Bible and his Prayer Book. Humble and devout, courteous and accomplished, unselfish, and mistaken, a gentleman of the old school, in fine, a school that is rapidly passing away amid the sneering cynicisms of a utilitarian, if not a degenerate school—a school whose work was as good as its bond, whose chivalry was an ægis to womanhood, and whose knees never failed in lowly homage to God.

Never a Lord's day that he was not at his place in the temple; never a day of atoning memory that he was not following devoutly his litany. Indeed, in the latter days of his life, when enfeebled in memory, he would start up and off for the church, and was with difficulty made to understand that there was no service there. And when in the church it was beautiful to behold his venerable form, his white head ever reverently bent, his almost demerced and his tottering gait, as almost to the last he insisted upon carrying out his warlike duty of bearing the offerings of the faithful to the altar of God.

His liberality was as grand as it was unostentatious. Never will the writer forget the quiet way in which he once, at a time of parish emergency, made a princely gift of money, and deemed it as always more of a privilege than a duty.

Many a faithful, toilsome missionary in the far West blessed God for the bounty of this true steward, who never turned a deaf ear to any worthy personal appeal or to the pathetic tale of self-sacrificing zeal on some page of THE CHURCHMAN.

And never, again, can the writer forget how, when he was endeavoring under great difficulties, to erect a little wayside chapel for the scattered sheep of his Highland cure, this venerable servant of God, then threescore years and ten, at once volunteered to survey and lay out the ground, and worked faithfully at it through much of a summer day.

We might thus proceed, giving instance after instance of devout fidelity, or we might take up much more of your columns in relating more secular incidents of this pure and beautiful life, contemporaneous with our country and identified with the marked progress of social, commercial and ecclesiastical history; but we will leave that for a worthier hand to draw out, simply closing this most affectionate tribute with the thought of how aptly such a life and such a death illustrates the solemn and eloquent prayer of our service book, "the testimony of a good conscience, in the communion of the Catholic Church, in the confidence of a certain faith, in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope, in favor with God, and in perfect charity with the world."

ALBERT ZABRISKIE GRAY.

WITH THE SHOSHONE INDIANS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In order to gain the ear and the heart of any race of men it is necessary to learn their native tongue and live among them. The red man is especially sensitive. He must be con-

vinced that he and his cherished habits are not despised before he will give heed to the good news the white man offers him. I determined, therefore, on being sent out as missionary to the Shoshone Indians, on their restoration in Wyoming, a few years ago, to give myself no rest until I should be able to speak to them in their own language. Fortunately a native who understands English has consented to be my teacher. I have also procured a tent which costs, including freight, \$25; a stove will cost \$15 more. My salary is too small to enable me to pay for them. Did the rev. Mr. THE CHURCHMAN know, degraded these poor Indians have become, corrupted in numerous instances by contact with unprincipled white people, I feel sure some of them would lend us a helping hand. The tribe has always been at peace with the United States, and is making praiseworthy efforts to learn the arts of civilization. There is an excellent school at the agency, under the superintendence of the Rev. John Roberts, of the Episcopal Church, who is imbued with a genuine spirit of self-sacrifice. But it is not enough to educate the children. They leave school just at the age when they are exposed to perils of all kinds. If the Christian influence is to be maintained, it must be continued in their Indian homes, what fruit might the Church not expect to reap. The Shoshones are not demonstrative in their gratitude, but they have warm feelings all the same towards their true well-wishers. Their venerable old chief, Washakie, has put it thus in his acknowledgement of a letter from General Sherman: "A Frenchman thinks with his head, and his tongue speaks; an Indian feels with his heart, and his heart has no tongue." Contributions will be thankfully received by the Right Rev. John F. Spalding, Denver, Colorado, or by the undersigned.

REV. W. JONES,

Shoshone Indian Agency,
Wyoming Territory.

THE REV. A. C. HOEHING.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

Please correct a typographical error which may cause perplexity to some minds. In the letter from Bishop Schereschewsky, printed on pp. 152 and 153 in your issue for August 8th, I read: "He (the Rev. A. C. Hoehing) was but two years in China (see Spirit of Missions for July)." The reference shows that Mr. Hoehing was "in China from June, 1866, until October, 1876," which is correct. The bishop's name, no doubt, is erroneously printed as "two," and the compositor and proof-reader have misread the word. It is a mistake, as I know from experience, likely to occur. During the ten years Mr. Hoehing was once absent from the field, in Germany and the United States. I was present at his marriage, during this visit, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, in the chapel of St. Lake's Hospital.

JOSUA KIMMER.

New York.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In reply to Bishop Schereschewsky's remarkable criticism upon a devoted missionary and fellow-worker, the Rev. A. C. Hoehing, recently at rest, I beg leave to say:

First, I have compiled a service book in the Cantonese dialect for use among the Chinese in this country. This he did with the help of the Hon. Chinese Consul, Gu Yang Ming, in 1884. This has its own value and character.

Second, The classics and poets have many translators. Mrs. Hoehing has the beautifully written translation by her husband, from English into Mandarin. As the Rev. Mr. Hoehing's field in China was for many years hundreds of miles distant from the Rev. Mr. Schereschewsky's of that time, the latter could not be a judge of the Rev. Mr. Hoehing's attainments.

Bishop Schereschewsky speaks of the Rev. Mr. Hoehing being "only two years" in China. He must have meant "ten years" (from June, 1866, to October, 1876). As the Rev. Mr. Hoehing was so remarkable a scholar in other languages, music, etc., it would have been remarkable if in ten years, with nearly as much subsequent study, he should not have been a Chinese scholar as well. "To every star his own glory." THOMAS M. THORPE.

"SUFFER US NOT—"

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

I feel so much indebted to Mr. Vandyne for calling attention to the petition, "Suffer us not at our last hour for any pains of death to fall from Thee," for I am one of those who never hear it without a shudder of dread. When I first heard it read, it startled and filled me with such a dread of dying as I had never experienced before, for I had always believed that he would be with me when passing through the waters. Mr. Seaver refers to Pilgrim's experience. If he will re-read it I think he will find that all his trouble arose from want of faith, and will it not be the same with us only if we are faithless! I am sure I am not the only one who hopes his petition will be omitted in the revised Prayer Book. ELLEN KIRK.
New York.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In my sketch of the Rev. Philo Shelton, which appeared in your issue of the 1st inst., I followed in one particular a statement which I found in Sprague's "Annals of the American Episcopal Pulpit," and was led into error by it. After the transfer of the services, titles, and rights of Trinity parish, Fairfield, to the new edifice in the borough, the old church in Mill Plain was taken down, and parts of it used to build the rectory in Southport. The memorial tablet was also transferred to the Southport church, which was accidentally burnt on the afternoon of March 11th, 1854, and the tablet destroyed.

E. E. BEARDSLEY.

SAYING THE GLORIA.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In regard to the suggestion of Mr. Walter Mitchell as to the way to say the Gloria Patri so that the minister may always say the first verse of the Psalm in reading the Psalter, I would suggest that he and those for whom he writes try what seems to be the most natural method—have the congregation join with the minister in saying the whole of the Gloria exactly as is done when the Psalms are chanted. Then the minister begins the next psalm as a matter of course, and the Gloria is made of more account than in any other way.

D. A. BONNAR.

Davidsonville, Md.

NEW BOOKS.

THE APOSTOLICAL FATHERS, VOL. II. American Ed. Church Lit. Pub. Co. [Buffalo.]

The second volume of the republication, under the editorship of the Bishop of Western New York, of this work from the well-known Edinburgh edition, adds fresh and stronger evidence of its great value, not to the clergy only but to lay readers, for whom the literary remains of Christian antiquity cannot but have a fresh and even novel interest. We are glad to learn that the reception given to their undertaking is encouraging to the publishers, and trust that it will rise in due proportion to the magnitude of the work.

The present volume ranges from the Pastor of Hermas (A. D. 160) to the last extant writing of Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 217), covering thus rather more than the one hundred years that followed the death of St. John.

It would surprise those of the general public whose idea is that only some scanty remains of that period have come down to us, with no literary value and of small worth otherwise, to learn that these works, printed in large 8vo, with compact though clear type, number 694 pages.

The Edinburgh edition gave comparatively small help to the reader in estimating the value of what was thus put into his hands.

The present series, while an accurate reprint, is much more so for the editorial remarks, whether prefatory or in foot-notes, place the primitive writer in his ecclesiastical surroundings, and point out with remarkable aptness the bearing of particular passages that call for such illustration.

Apart from the many special points that will strike the student of these writings, there are some general ideas that should be kept in view throughout.

Before the second century was completed the truths of Christianity had been published long and widely enough to form something like what we term a "Christian public," that was reached mainly, in the first instance, by the voice, but also, and far more effectually than is usually supposed, by the pen. The two notes were indeed combined, specially in the instance of The Pastor of Hermas, which was widely and habitually read in the Christian assemblies, where the many could not read and very few had access to the MS. Amid the variety of minds and tempers thus reached it was inevitable that different aspects of the one truth would take hold of distinct classes of believers as by natural selection, and the formation of schools of Christian teachers would be the result. In this second volume of the Ante-Nicene Library, this process begins to show itself distinctly, and we are enabled to trace the advance towards a full development of that famous Alexandrian school, which gave its first philosophic cast to Christian thought. Yet, throughout, the rashness of mere speculation was restrained by a constant appeal to the Holy Scriptures—an appeal, moreover, that had its strength in the unbroken acceptance by the Churches of those summaries of the Faith that came over too short a space to be other than the very echo of words that fell from apostolic lips.

The most striking contribution in this volume to the literary history of the period is the editor's attempt to define the position of Hermas. It is far more than an attempt, for it states the case though concisely yet with sufficient fulness, and also with fairness and force. It was said of the late Charles O'Connor that his legal arguments had their conclusiveness in his statement of the case. Such a statement in respect to the authorship and reception by the Church of the pastor, as Bishop Coxie here makes, has very great weight. We shall not re-state it, for it cannot well be more condensed, and the volume itself, with all its other rich contents, may be had at a very reasonable price.

The conclusion which the editor reaches is that Hermas is not the one whom St. Paul names; that he was the brother of Pius, the ninth Bishop of Rome; that his "Pastor" was an understood fiction, not so dull to its first readers as Bunsen found it; that its object was to counteract, indirectly and popularly, the Montanism of the period; and that its thorough accordance with the apostolic teaching in respect to both Christian strictness and moderation, as well as its attractive form (as Orientals would esteem it), procured for it that regard and veneration which seems singular to us of the present day. Written in Greek and meeting "a felt want" among the Easters, its currency is accounted for.

In one point the reader of this volume must be prepared to find less light thrown upon some of the questions that agitate our times than he might expect. The same remark, indeed, may be made of all the primitive writers. It was only in passing that, for the most part, they touched upon strictly ecclesiastical matters. How the Church was constituted was to them no problem, but a fact. The ministry, the sacraments, the worship, went on, of course: the deep problems of the heart and mind, concerning nature and grace, man and

God, exercised and agitated their minds, *How to live* in such a world was their chief difficulty. Circumstances compel Christians of this day to discuss whether they shall be Roman, Anglican, or Puritan; but no such questions could vex the primitive age.

The Catholic Church was a structure already reared; the faithful accepted the roof above them and the walls around the internal furniture and arrangement, without any impulse to describe what all saw and knew so well. Their souls were filled with the ideas there presented, the truths taught, the mental and spiritual training there received. It sufficed them that there, and no where else, was the place for such training. We hold this to be a sufficient explanation why, in the writings before us, so far in this Ante-Nicene series, there is comparatively so little said of the positive institution of the Christian religion. What is said is by the way, and tells the more forcibly for its *undesigned* testimony to the constitution of the Church and the methods and principles of her work, as we of the Anglican communion have received and maintained them.

The two volumes of this series, it may be well to repeat, are a library in themselves; indispensable to any clergyman, and a valuable addition to the book shelves of every layman. They are now, for the first time, presented in a form that brings them within reach even of moderate means.

DOGMA NO ANTIDOTE FOR DOUBT. Including a Review from the Standpoint of a Protestant Churchman, of Bishop McLaren's work entitled, "Catholic Dogma the Antidote for Doubt," an Exposition of the Character and Claims of Modern Ritualism; and an Appeal for Christian Unity. By a Member of the New York Bar. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Company.) pp. 253. Price \$1.25.

We do not doubt the authorship of this book as given in its title. The style of the argument forcibly reminds us of that which is employed to move the minds of the average New York jurymen—selected because "they have not read the papers and have formed no opinion." It is not a grave examination, it is the reply of a lawyer to the speech of the opposing counsel. Its object is to make out Bishop McLaren's book as wrong as possible, and in order to do so, it puts an unfavorable construction on every passage which can be twisted toward Romanism, and it implies that the worst intentions are there, even when it can give no evidence of them. In more than one place the argument is directed against, not what the bishop has said, but against a possible construction of his words, which it is perfectly evident to any intelligent reader was very far from his thoughts. It is pretty evident that the "Member of the Bar" has the widespread and mistaken notion of Scripture that it is an oracle for man's interpretation, and not the record of a revelation which must have preceded that record as a matter of course. That is to say, the apostles knew and taught all the facts necessary to salvation before a line of the New Testament was written. What made the New Testament Scriptures such, was the verdict of the Church, and that verdict was greatly determined by the proof in dogma. Again, the author of this treatise seems to have a very uncertain idea of what dogma is. We say (with the bishop) that in order to read the New Testament aright, one must have right ideas (that is true dogmata) concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. A man who has wrong ideas—for instance a Socinian who denies the possibility of the Incarnation and the Lord's divinity, will misread every page of the Gospels. There are passages which can be interpreted in favor of the Unitarian as well as in favor of the Trinitarian side. The reply of the "dogmatist" is conclusive: "The interpretation must be as we, not as you, say, because when it was written the creed of the Church was thus and so.

The principle of construction, we need not tell so good a lawyer as our author, is that when of two meanings one harmonizes and another does not, with a statement wherein is no uncertainty, the harmony has the preference. If a statute is ambiguous, but one reading agrees with another statute, while the other reading conflicts with it, which stands? The principles of our author admit of some rather wide conclusions. It is implied that doubt is a good thing, and the settlement of doubt undesirable. It is intimated that true Catholic unity is impossible, and that the best thing is the pseudo substitute for it, "the agreement to disagree," or, as it is sometimes called, "unity in essentials." The meaning of this last phrase is that essentials consist of those things only, which nobody cares enough about to deny. We probably sympathize more nearly with the author of this volume than he would suppose from our review. We think he had a fair case which he has injured by an unfair argument. In the fear of Romanism, and in the feeling that he somehow was holding a brief for ultra-Protestantism, he has suffered himself to be drawn into a line of reasoning which is not only unsound in its premises, but which leads in its conclusions to those very results against which the Church needs to put forth all her strength.

MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By James ANSON FARRER, Author of "Primitive Manners and Customs." [New York: Henry Holt & Company.] pp. 284. Price \$1.50.

A young midshipman being called upon for an essay on the manners and customs of the Hottentots, gave it as follows: "Manners, none; customs, nasty." Mr. Farrer seems to have framed his plan upon the aforesaid model. This book is an attack upon all war making, by endeavoring to show that all the usages supposed to lessen the horrors of war are practically nullified by the war spirit itself, and that there is no practical escape from the worst evils save by the abolition of the military profession. There is certainly a very powerful argument drawn up in these pages. At the same time we cannot say it has quite convinced us that war has not been modified essentially for the better by Christianity. Mr. Farrer strives to prove that in treatment of non-combatants and prisoners, and in the forbidding the use of certain methods of destruction, there has been no real advance in humanity. Nevertheless few will be willing to believe that the modern soldier is not a much more humane and estimable being than the condottieri of the Italian republics, whose battles were almost bloodless, and whose main effort was to capture one another for ransom. We believe that science may possibly yet abolish war by carrying destruction to the annihilating point, because, with the extinction of chance, courage is abolished, and with the end of courage will come the failure of battle.

It will be well to read this book, which certainly "handles war without gloves," to see what a strong case the peace societies can make out, but no one need take it with any idea of finding curious information on military matters or recouidite anecdotes of the camp and the field. It is an examination of the military code, for the purpose of drawing up a crushing indictment against the whole thing. It is well and ably written, and has not a little information upon what it calls the "Science of Belology."

POEMS OF THE OLD DAYS AND THE NEW. By JEAN INGELWOL. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.] pp. 229.

Jean Ingelwol wants but one thing, and that is to have been born when the art of versification was less easy. There is plenty of poetry in her thoughts, but their expression needs to be compressed. She is not diffuse, exactly, one does not get the impression of the spreading out of a single idea thinly over a large word-surface, but one has the wish that

she would say more directly and pointedly what she has to say. We have had to read these verses over and over again to be sure what was meant, or rather to get a distinct picture. This was not the fault of her earlier poems. Some of them were too long, but they were not vague. What she needs to do is, with Campbell, to throw away half the stanzas in a poem, or, with Tennyson, to spend twelve days over a single line. We do not deny that this book is a very lovely work (by the way, the graceful introduction by "Susan Coolidge" is as pretty as anything in the book), but we are haunted by the feeling that it ought to be better, that all this gift of poetic expression should be used to better purpose. It is not enough that the author sees clearly a mental picture; it is his (or her) business to make the reader see it. The poet is the interpreter of hidden thoughts and glories, but it is not enough for him to see and feel them, or for others to see him feeling them; he must also translate them into the common tongue "understanded of the people." We know it is the current creed that only the privileged disciples may comprehend the real power of their Master, and that true poetry requires a sort of initiation approaching to that of Eleusis. We hold to no such doctrine. We are "anti-impressionist," and stand by the older authors, who could be read without a commentary: We are not converts to the new school—all color, and no form. Perhaps we are bigotedly conservative and old fogish, but this is our poetical creed, and by it we stand.

BIRDS IN THE BUSH. By Bradford Torrey. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pp. 300. Price \$1.25.

Mr. Torrey is *par excellence* an observer. These delightful pages are the fruits of close, quiet and loving study of the ways and habits of the birds, more especially of New England, if indeed birds can be said to have an habitat more limited than the continent they fly over. They make one personally acquainted with the ways of birds, at least as far as those very shy and evasive creatures are disposed to let their ways be known. Mr. Torrey has the faculty of interesting the reader in a topic which may be outside that reader's sympathies. One may care nothing about birds, but can hardly keep up indifference after reading this little volume. It opens glimpses into a new, rare and delightful world. It suggests a study which is at one's own door. It puts unsuspected facts into easy communication with the hitherto unobservant. Especially has Mr. Torrey studied the musical life of his feathered friends. He is manifestly a music-lover, and he seems to feel that the bird has the right to be criticized and admired as truly as the prima donna. This book is made up of a series of papers quite independent except by their reference to the one subject of study. They are entitled "On Boston Common," "Bird Songs," "Character in Feathers," "In the White Mountains," "Phyllida and Corydon," "Scraping Acquaintance," "Minor Songsters," "Winter Birds about Boston," "A Bird-Lover's April," "An Owl Head's Holiday," and "A Month's Music." These charming essays can be read one at a time, and the book is a book for winter or summer, for a country vacation or for city leisure. There is a great deal of light, not to say frivolous reading afloat, and if the thoughtful reader desires a selection we can only say that this one should have a high place on the list of books to be chosen. Especially since it is of convenient size, it is to be commended to the notice of those who must do their reading at intervals.

NEW LIGHT ON MORMONTISM. By Mrs. Ellen E. Dickinson. With Introduction by Thawley Weed. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls, pp. 472. Price \$1.25.

This title is rather too ambitious for a book which tells but little not already known. The

principal part of the "New Light" relates to facts concerning the history and fate of the MSS. of Solomon Spaulding, which was the original of the "Book of Mormon," and these facts, though curious, are not of especial value in considering the Mormon problem. But the history of the Mormon imposture is well given, and the truth concerning it put in a way to reach the general reader. Mrs. Dickinson's statements appear to us to be very fair and temperate, and what she tells ought to be known by all the voting population of the United States. We agree with what appears to be the author's conclusion that not merely polygamy, but the whole Mormon system is an abomination, and that it should be repressed, if not crushed out. So far as it is a union of Church and State it comes under the range of United States legislation; and the Mormon plea of religious liberty will not avail in defence of civil despotism. If the overt tyranny becomes amenable to law the religious error on which it rests will have to go too. A man may hold as abstract opinion the right to steal, but the moment he puts it into concrete practice on his neighbor's goods his belief, however sincere, will not avail before the courts.

The Mormon leaders are very skillful at evasions of the law, but we think it may yet be possible to reach their foreign propagandism and to prevent the immigration of Mormon converts. This would be the death-blow of the system.

We commend this book especially to those interested in that portion of the domestic mission field which lies in the Mormon neighborhood. The statements concerning the spread of Mormonism outside of Salt Lake City are very important.

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE PHILIPPIANS. With Translation, Paraphrase and Notes. For English Readers. By C. V. Vaughan, D. D., Dean of Lincoln, and Master of the Temple, (London, Fife and New York: Macmillan & Co.) pp. 124. Price \$1.50

Dean Vaughan has given here his own version of the epistle, but side by side with the Greek original. While we decidedly object to the majority of changes made in the Revised Version, we consider them legitimate and desirable here. In fact this is the way in which revision should have been conducted. Individual, at least private, and unhampered work would in the long run produce the best conjectures. These would be on trial, and when they won general assent, then from all sources a true Revised Version would be obtained acceptable to everybody. In the meantime all the advantages of a parallel translation in explaining the accepted text would be had without disturbing the regard which that version should receive. The notes of Dean Vaughan are very full, clear, and it seems to us, satisfactory. Those on the famous passage II Phil. 6, 7, are very able. Again, whereas the revisers were bound by certain preagreed rules, Dean Vaughan has felt himself free to depart from these where the differences between Greek and English idioms required. Thus the reviser's use or omission of the definite article was sometimes manifestly wrong, simply because Greek is not English, nor English, Greek. There is a double index, one of words English and Greek, the other of texts quoted. In every way this work is an addition to the store of New Testament literature, and a worthy offering of English scholarship to the student. The notes are not pious common place, but real elucidations of the meaning, and being primarily designed for English readers, are more accessible to such than the more scholastic commentaries. We repeat again our belief that ultimate revision will be reached and satisfactorily, by just such methods as this.

A SEPARATE WOMAN. (No Name Series.) (Boston: Roberts Brothers, pp. 98. Price 81.

We judge that in this story one "superior

woman" has been writing of another. Unless we greatly mistake, this is feminine handiwork. It is a pleasant, readable and entirely "wholesome" story, by which we mean something more than correct in morals—viz., free from all morbidity of plot and sentiment.

POVERTY CORNER. ("A Little World.") A City Story. By G. Manville Pugh. Author of "The Vear's People," etc. (New York: Cassell & Co., limited.) Price 81.

There is in this story a capital illustration of the power of clever handling. The plot of the story is commonplace enough. There are the rich brother, who is bad, and the poor brother, who is good, there is innocence falsely accused and virtue finally rewarded, but all these are worked up in a very telling way, so that when one begins one must go on to the end. The minor characters are particularly good. There is a charity-school boy, who is an organ-blower, who is fully worthy of Dickens, and a number of other personages, all involved in the little drama revolving round a city church, who are all individual and lifelike.

HOSEA. With Notes and Introduction by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D. D., Late Fellow and Lecturer of Balliol College, Oxford, and Rector of Reading, Essex. (Cambridge: at the University Press.) pp. 152. Price 6 cent.

This is one of the very valuable series of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, of which Dean Peabody is the general editor. The notes are very full and able, and there is a comprehensive introduction which adds greatly to the value of the book. We like much the idea of having in this form the separate books of the Bible for handy reference and use.

TALKS FROM MANY SOURCES. (New York: Dodd Mead & Co.) Vols. I, II, and III. Vol. I, pp. 320.

This volume contains six very good short stories. The best two are "The Black Poodle," by F. Anseley, and "Mattie," from Blackwood's Magazine. But all are good and well-told short stories, just the kind which editors of magazines are, they will not say willing to pay for liberally—for they never are—but ready to give a better compensation than for long serials. It goes without saying that such are hard to get.

LITERATURE.

GEN. GRANT'S article on the Siege of Vicksburg will appear in the Century for September.

The illustrations in Vick's August Monthly are unusually good. The colored plate shows roses.

MR. WHITTAKER has in press "Oldham, or Beside all Waters," by Lucy Ellen Guernsey. A story of New England life.

The report on the Revision of the Prayer Book by the Committee of the Council of Wisconsin is able and full, and is printed in a pamphlet.

The August Sideral Messenger, Northfield, Minn., is devoted entirely to its specialty, and is a credit to the progress now making in astronomical science.

The Quarterly Review for July (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) makes a solid volume of two hundred and eighty pages, besides the index to volume 159. It contains ten papers, all of them of interest, but the most valuable one to our readers will be the one on "The First Christian Council." Volume 160, or numbers 319-320, will be published early in October, and will include a general index to the first twenty volumes of the Review.

The Andover Review for August opens with an appreciative paper upon Cardinal Newman, admirable in style and feeling. It is by the Rev. F. B. Hurrebrooke. The two other articles are "The Becket of Mr. Froude and of Lord Tennyson," by the Rev. N. W. Wells, and

"Compulsory Education in Crime," by E. A. Meredith. The editorial is on "Eschatology," the fourth of the series on "Progressive Orthodoxy." Dr. Woolsey discusses at length and learnedly the passages which speak of "The Disciple whom Jesus Loved."

The July Sanitarian is largely taken up with the proceedings of the American Climatological Association. The subjects there discussed were of the most practical consequence, ghettos occupying a large place. The leading paper is the number is "Practical Sanitation," by Dr. Raymond, Brooklyn Health Commissioner. The tables of vital and mortality statistics in the number are of great value. Dr. Bell, the editor of the Sanitarian, has gone to the elevated and pine woods region of North Carolina to inspect a proposed site for a winter resort for consumptives.

L'ART, No. 506, has an etching, "The Canal at Venice," by Chauvel, from a water-color belonging to the Baroness N. de Rothschild, and a representation of Victor Hugo upon his death-bed, by Guillaumet. The letter-press contains a continuation of "The Salon of 1885," the conclusion of the "Château Chantilly," "The Death-Bed of Hugo," and book-notices. The articles are finely illustrated. No. 507 gives the "Interior of a Norwegian House of the Thirteenth Century," etched by Will Peters, and "The Army of the Loire, 1870-'71," a sculptured monument. Eugene Veron finishes his account of "The Salon of 1855," and there is a paper on "The Reorganization of the Museum of Florence," by Paul Leri. Both papers are illustrated, and with this number comes the title-page and index of the thirty-eighth volume. We also acknowledge the numbers of the Courrier de L'Art for June.

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(No. 494)

FOR SEPTEMBER

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CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

16. Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
21. Friday—Fast.
23. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
24. St. Bartholomew.
28. Friday—Fast.
30. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

BY I. H. C.

Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Hear Thy servants, Lord, we pray;
Now to us Thyself revealing,
Send us not unless'd away.

May the comfort of Thy Spirit
Enter every aching breast;
Grant unto the bruised healing,
And unto the weary rest.

Like a cloud our sins have risen,
Blotting Thee from out our sight;
Pierce our dark and gloomy prison
With Thy beams, O Light of Light!

All our weakness, Lord, Thou knowest,
All our sin and all our shame;
Naught have we to plead, dear Saviour,
But the merit of Thy name.

From Thy table now returning,
Our full hearts with love do glow;
Keep that love within us burning,
Shielding us from every foe.

Calm our wayward passions, Saviour,
Keep us aye through toil and strife,
Until, by Thy gracious favor,
We shall enter into life.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUHEITE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

The next morning Garton was under an appointment to meet his brother at Thornborough; and, according to promise, Rotha and Meg set out also for a day's shopping. Rotha was in hopes that Mary would accompany her, but at the last minute the vicar came round to say that Mrs. Ord was unwilling to leave her sister. This damped the expedition a little; but, as Rotha had a great deal of business to transact, she started reluctantly without her. She got through all her commissions before Garton was at liberty to come in search of her. As they walked through the smoky streets or looked in at the shop windows for the trifling gifts that Garton proposed to buy for Mary and the boys, they met Robert once or twice, evidently bent on more important errands of his own; but he barely noticed the little party beyond lifting his hat to the ladies, and Rotha was certain that he was anxious to avoid coming into direct contact with them.

When he had passed, however, Garton had plenty to say in his brother's praise. He told her that Robert was stinting himself that he might procure comforts for his journey; Robert had been with him to the different shops and ordered things almost lavishly; he had attempted to remunerate with him once or twice, but Robert only answered that he meant to do his best for him.

"I don't think I have ever had so many things in my life before," finished Garton, who knew nothing about the handsome travelling dressing-case and writing-case

with his initials stamped in silver on the Russian leather. Mary knew all about it, and so did the vicar; but Rotha's desire was that they should be slipped into the bottom of the box, and only be brought to light as a pleasant surprise on the voyage.

Rotha went into the vicarage on their return and found Mary already marking some of Garton's new things. A heavy travelling-trunk blocked up the passage; Garton pointed it out rather sadly as they went through the hall. "Forty-eight hours more and I shall be on my way," he observed, with a sigh, which Rotha was only too ready to echo.

It was arranged that Garton was to come up to Bryn and wait for Rotha, while the carriage went to fetch Aunt Eliza and Nettie; but Rotha, who had put off dressing for the party till an unconscionably late hour, was not nearly ready when he arrived; and to beguile his impatience he sent up all sorts of messages by Mrs. Carruthers, to Prue's and Catherine's great amusement.

Meg gave ludicrous accounts of Garton pacing up and down like a Polar bear; his hair was just a quarter of an inch long, Meg protested; and she was sure that Madame Rudeisheim would take him for an escaped convict. "And he has holes in his gloves already, through fidgeting them, Rotha; and he looks such a giant in his dress-coat," Rotha burst out laughing at the flattering picture.

"There, give me my fan and gloves, you ridiculous woman," laughed Rotha. "I must go down now and ask if I shall do."

She went rustling into the room in her pink dress, her white neck and arms showing through the folds of some flimsy scarf. She burst into the presence of the astonished Garton radiant and smiling. Wonderful pearls gleamed on her neck. She wore glittering armlets and serpents with brilliant heads. She stood tapping the ground before him with her satin slipper.

"Shall I do, Garton?" she said. "I have put on some of the old jewels in your honor to-night." She laughed at the awe and reverence with which the young man seemed to regard her. A hot flush crossed Garton's face as he answered. Rotha sparkling with jewels seemed different from the Rotha in the gray dress and blue ribbons. He could not make her understand this, but in his humility he seemed to be suddenly removed miles away from her. What could there be in common between her as he and the radiant girl before him?

Garton did not say all this—he would not have known how to speak—but he looked at her with grave wistful eyes.

"How will you do? Don't ask me. I do not know you to-night, Rotha. Are those Aunt Charlotte's pearls you have on?" He glanced anxiously at her hand to see if the old keeper was there, but it was half hidden under a glittering diamond hoop.

"Do you not like me to wear them? Are you not pleased?" asked Rotha. She felt disappointed and half ready to cry. She was a thorough woman, and wanted her lover to admire her. She wished Garton would not stand looking at her with such big, solemn eyes. Perhaps he thought that a future clergyman's wife had no business to wear jewels. She moved her bracelet up and down her arm so restlessly that it un-

snaped, and Garton had to come to the rescue with bungling fingers. He looked at her in a queer, uncertain way when his clumsy hands had achieved the clasp.

"I was half afraid that I should be kept at arm's length this evening. I cannot believe that you belong to me to-night, dear," he said, wistfully. It was this humility, this self-distrust that was Garton's great stumbling-block in Rotha's eyes; another time she would have waxed a little impatient over it, but now it only pained her. She drew back from him with tears in her eyes. In a moment she felt both chilled and wounded. After what she had done for him—how could he—how could he?

Rotha was too gentle to retaliate; but Garton felt the silent reproach instinctively. In another moment he was beside her.

"Oh, Rotha, I did not mean that. How could you misunderstand me? Sweet heart, dear heart, how can you be what you are, and not be deserving of reverence?"

But Rotha's answer was right womanly. "I would rather be loved, Garton."

"Well, and are you not?" But the rest of his reply must have been tolerably satisfactory to Rotha, to judge by the happy blush and smile with which she answered him.

Madame Rudeisheim's handsome rooms were in a blaze of light, and dancing had long commenced when Rotha and her party entered. To Rotha it was a dazzling spectacle; she leaned on Garton's arm, a little confused and giddy; the whirling couples, the lights, the music, the gay dresses, the small knots of chaperones and wallflowers, nodding like well-preserved exotics against the wall, the conservatory with its compound lights, a blinding of Chinese lanterns and moonlight, were like the shifting of a kaleidoscope to Rotha, whose sole notion of a party was derived from the breaking-up at Miss Binks', where the young ladies were all dressed in a uniform of white muslin, and dancing was carried on to the limited hour of eleven.

"How beautiful it all is! Don't you like parties?" asked Rotha, with little gasps of admiration. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed; how pleasant it was to be there, among all those people, leaning on his arm! She moved away from him a little reluctantly when her partner, Mr. Effingham, came to claim her. As for Garton, he might have been in earnest, he glared at him so; Gar could not dance. He went off rather sulkily, with Rotha's flowers in his hand. He stood by Aunt Eliza's side, rearing himself against the wall in a thoroughly English-like bad humor; the poor flowers rather suffered for it. Rotha came up for them and her fan presently—rather to Mr. Effingham's surprise. He half believed Jack's account was true, after all. Gar gave them without a word; as far as that went, he was quite content to fetch and carry for her all the evening. He had her scarf, a scented, gauzy thing, hanging conspicuously over his arm; nay, under other circumstances, he would have been quite happy to have stood in a corner all the evening and watched her—his lady of delight; but he could not help feeling hurt and sulky when one gay partner after another whirled her away. Rotha was much sought after, and it was only natural, but perhaps it was trying for Garton. Mr. Effingham in particular became abhorrent to him—probably be-

cause he was the handsomest man in the room, and danced often with Rotha. Gar longed to go after him and tell him that she belonged to him. Before the evening was half over the impulse was strong upon him to make his claims known to the whole room; he leant against the wall hour after hour buttoning and unbuttoning his huge gloves, or pulling the fronds of maidenhair out of Rotha's bouquet. He stood like a stony young giant when Rotha innocently brought up her partners to him, and frowned heavily over the graceful badinage, as though every joke were treason to his love. I think, after a little while, Aunt Eliza would have gladly dispensed with his close attention—he trampled on her rich silk dress, and answered all her cheerful remarks with monosyllables. He burst into a gruff laugh when Aunt Eliza feared that he was not enjoying himself, and then checked himself with a twinge of remorse.

"No; I am not, but she is," he said, in a tone that told Aunt Eliza everything. "Does not she look beautiful?—just fit for this sort of thing," he burst out after a moment. "Of course every one admires her—no one else in the room can compare with her; and then how gracefully she dances!"

"Why don't you take her in to supper?" said Aunt Eliza, nodding at him till her brown front got slightly disarranged. "Of course I see how it is: you should not let Mr. Effingham monopolize her. He is handsome, but he is no good—more whiskers than brains; there's Nettie there won't say a word to him."

"He—I hate him—that is— Confound his impudence! there he is making up to her again. I beg your pardon, Miss Underwood, but there are some things a fellow can't stand." And with these obscure remarks Garton threaded his wrathful way through the dancers to where Rotha sat fanning herself, with the obnoxious Mr. Effingham leaning over her.

Garton almost pushed against him as he held out his hand to her.

"Come," he said, "they are going down to supper now, and I want to get you a good place."

"Miss Maturin has accepted my escort, I believe," hissed young Effingham, with a twirl of his moustache, and with what he intended to be a fascinating smile.

"I beg your pardon, Effingham," retorted Gar, "Miss Maturin is engaged to me for this. You promised, you remember?" with a change of tone so meaning and tender that it was not lost on the watchful rival. Rotha colored a little as she answered:

"Yes, I remember; but I thought you had forgotten me. You seemed so engrossed with Aunt Eliza. You see you must excuse me, Mr. Effingham, but I shall be ready for our next dance."

"That is if Mr. Ord will allow us. I had no idea that I was interfering with a monopoly," he returned, with a perceptible sneer. It was lost on Garton, however, as he hurried Rotha away.

"How often have you been dancing with that fellow?" inquired Garton, hastily. "I hate him! None of the Effinghams are any good, I can tell you."

"Hush! he is behind us—he will hear you. He dances very nicely—that is all I know. Don't let us talk about him. I am so glad to get back to you." And Rotha looked so honest and so genuinely happy as

she said this that Garton was instantly mollified, and all his sulkiness vanished under the magic of her smiles.

That hour was the one oasis of the evening to Gar, the rest was a splendid blank; and he roused himself to such purpose, and was so devoted and attentive, that it was sufficiently patent to every one at their end of the table how things stood between them. Nothing is perfect in this world, and there is always a cause for discontent to leak out. Such is the contradictoriness of human nature, and female human nature in particular, that Rotha wished that his manner to her had not been quite so *empressé*, and that he would not look at her so often. How she hated herself for this feeling afterward! but it made her a little quiet at the time—perhaps because she was aware that Mr. Effingham still watched them from a distance. How glad she was that there was no room for him at their table!

He came up by and by to claim her for the Lancers. Rotha, who was drawing on her gloves, was very cool and dignified all of a sudden, but she rose without a word.

"Do put on your scarf; it is so cold and draughty in the passages," said Garton, following her. Rotha bit her lip with something like vexation at this unwelcome pertinacity.

"No, no, I don't want it; give it to Aunt Eliza to hold if you are tired of it," she said impatiently. How she wished afterward that he had spared him this rebuff!

He went off sadly enough after that. As he passed through the hall there was a sudden long ring at the door-bell, and a moment afterward he was shivering in a draught of cold night air.

"I suppose a carriage has arrived for some one; I wish it were ours," muttered Gar, disconsolately; and half in curiosity he turned back to question the waiter, the very green-grocer in disguise who was at all the Blackscap parties, and who rejoiced in the mellifluous appellation of Gubbins.

"Gubbins, was that the carriage from Bryn?"

"Carriage, sir? no, sir! I was just coming to find you, sir. Your brother, sir"—motioning to a small apartment where hats and coats had been multiplying and dividing all the evening under the care of a large-headed youth in a suit of tight livery—"your brother, sir, wanted you fetched immediately."

"All right, Gubbins, that will do. It is I, Garton. Come in here, my dear fellow; I want to speak to you." And Robert, taking hold of Garton's arm, gently led him into the little room and shut the door.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Good-bye, Gar."

"Glitters the dew and shines the river
Up comes the lily and dries her bell;
But two are walking apart forever,
And wave their hands for a mute farewell."

"And yet I know, past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
Know, as he loved, he will love me truly—
Yes, better—'eu better than I love him."

"And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to me,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that creep to me."
—Jean Ingelow.

Meanwhile Rotha went through the Lancers somewhat languidly, and for once Mr. Effingham's gay chatter fell unheeded on his partner's ear. Rotha was absent, a

little *distraine*—she was wondering what had become of Garton, and why he had not followed her into the room. Aunt Eliza was still in her old corner, talking in a loud voice to a very sulky young wallflower, who gave small cool answers in return. Nettie was carrying on a violent flirtation with a stout bald-headed widower, old enough to be her father and the happy parent of nine children; and Mat O'Brien, in an audible voice, was telling Mrs. Stephen Knowles that the thing was as good as settled. How flat, stale, and unprofitable these sort of affairs were, after all! Everybody was enjoying themselves, it was true—except the chaperones, who were just getting drowsy. Rotha began to be a little tired of it all. The lights were not quite so bright, the flowers were faded, the music had degenerated into a mere jig. Mr. Effingham's talk was tedious. Rotha looked wistfully across to the empty corner, but no impatient young giant blocked it up, no dark eyes followed her up and down the room; no wonder her dancing was spiritless and that her unlicky partner got short answers.

"I wonder where he is? How I wish this dance were over! I am afraid that he has not enjoyed the evening as much as I have," thought Rotha, with an undefinable feeling of remorse as she remembered that she might have given up at least one dance to stay with him; and then she resolved mentally that Mr. Effingham should not again tempt her. She had been angry with him ever since his speech as to Garton's monopoly; and then Garton did not seem to like him.

"It is your turn now; ladies to the centre," observed her partner. "It is a bore, you know, and all that sort of thing"—and he shrugs his shoulders slightly and walks to his place, looking handsome and used up. "Ah, there's our monopolizing friend," he continues presently, with a cool well-bred stare, which Rotha immediately resents; but she looks up very eagerly notwithstanding.

Yes, he was right; there was Garton making his way towards them, pushing through the dancers with a pale determined face. Rotha's flowers are all to pieces now, strewn hither and thither as his strong shoulders part the crowd.

"I don't congratulate you on your choice of a bouquet-holder, Miss Maturin," says Mr. Effingham, caressing his whiskers to hide a smile. "Ladies to the centre again, if you please."

Garton makes a hasty stride and lays his hand on her arm, her dress.

"Rotha, I want you."

"Presently," she says, with a smile; and she goes up and makes strange fluttering movements with three other ladies. Garton watches the grave profound salaams with a mixture of contempt and impatience. "Hands across!" Rotha is back in her place again, and now the gentlemen perform mysterious evolutions and turn their backs disdainfully on each other.

"Oh, Rotha, do leave all this nonsense. I want you," says Gar, trying to speak steadily. His face is very pale indeed by this time; he looks like one who has received a shock.

"How can I come in the middle of a dance? Is anything the matter? Has our carriage come? How strange you look, Garton!"

"There is nothing the matter; at least I shall have to go home alone if you will not come. I am wanted directly," says Gar in an agitated manner.

"I don't know what you mean. Of course I will come if you want me," returned Rotha, quite bewildered. "I am afraid something is the matter, Mr. Effingham, and I must go home. There is Annie Johnson without a partner. Shall I tell Aunt Eliza we are going, Garton?"

"No; leave her alone, she will only be in our way. We can send back the carriage with a message presently. I am so sorry to disturb you, dear, but it could not be helped." And Gar looks at her with such sad eyes that Rotha feels quite frightened.

"But what is it? and why must we go home?" she inquires, pressing his arm. The music sounds softly in the distance. There is a sweet overpowering smell from a daphne near. The Chinese lanterns have burnt out in the conservatory, and the moonlight pours in unchecked. She detains Garton by the door, but he draws her on.

"Hush! I can't tell you here, they are all coming in. I don't think I quite understand how it is myself, though he has been telling me. I only know that I am to leave you directly." Then with a sudden burst of despair, "Oh, what shall I do without you, Rotha, my darling?"

"Leave me directly?" cries Rotha, with a start. Her hand tightens insensibly on his arm. "Oh, my dear boy, do tell me plainly what you mean."

"Hush! there's Robert. It means that I am going now, this morning, and not to-morrow evening, as we thought. Ask Bob to explain it; it is more than I can." And Gar's face worked with agitation.

Rotha gave a little exclamation when she saw Robert, but he did not hear it. He looked a little moved from his usual calmness when he saw her coming in on Garton's arm. Undefined feelings of remorse chilled him; a nameless pain smote upon his heart as he marked her clinging gesture. How young and fair she looked in her evening dress! Jewels, too! He always knew how well she would look in jewels. How milky white the pearls were against her soft neck! but the clear eyes looked up at him sorely troubled. He saw quicker than Garton, too, that she was trembling. He came up to her with what Mary called "his good look on his face."

"This is a sad business. I am so sorry for you and Garton. It is all the fault of those telegraph clerks that the mistake has occurred. Do sit down;" for she was trembling more than ever at his kindness. "Garton, my dear fellow," with a touch of impatience at his brother's dilatoriness, "why do you not give Miss Maturin a chair?"

"Thank you. I am very silly; but—" "But Gar was too sudden. Yes, I understand; that was always his fault, dear old boy." He sent Garton off with prompt thoughtfulness for Rotha's wraps, and then poured out some wine and brought it to her, putting it to her lips himself. Tears came to Rotha's eyes at this. She was a little giddy and stunned at the quick transition of events. She was tired, too; and this was the first kindly office he had ever rendered her. Of course Robert misunder-

stood her emotion, but he was not the less kind.

When Garton brought the furred cloak he took it from him and wrapped her in it himself. In trying to fasten it his hand accidentally touched hers, and with a sudden kindly impulse he took it for a moment in his as though to detain her. Did she remember, even at that moment, that it was the first time their hands had ever met?

"There is no hurry—at least not until you are ready. Was I right in thinking you would come with us to the vicarage?"

"Do they expect me?" asked Rotha.

"Yes, Mary does; and so does Austin, I believe. If you are really ready there is no time to be lost." And Rotha rose immediately.

"How soon must he go?" she said presently, when they were in the carriage. Garton's hand had already felt for hers in the darkness, but he had not trusted himself to speak, and Robert's sympathy kept him silent.

"In little more than an hour," he replied. "You know we have to go to Stretton first, and then he is to take the six o'clock train to London; of course I shall go with him and see him on board. They expect to drop anchor about four."

"But why—what is the reason of all this hurry?" persisted Rotha, with dry lips. She leant back in the carriage, too confused and giddy to follow the explanation that Robert gave her. She never understood more than that it had been a mistake in a telegraphic message as to the time the vessel was to leave the docks, and that it had been rectified too late. Robert had arrived from Stretton a little before midnight, and had found the vicar and his wife up. Mary was hard at work at some of Garton's things, and he had stayed to explain matters and put everything in train before he set off to find Garton. By these means very little time had been lost, for Garton was so bewildered by this sudden parting with Rotha that his arrangements were hardly to be depended on.

Yet, even though their very minutes were numbered, he could not bring himself to speak to her; but the convulsive pressure of the hand he held spoke volumes. Once, somewhat alarmed at his continued silence, Rotha put up her other hand and touched his face in the darkness, and then she felt something very like a tear on his cheek. "My poor boy—my own poor boy!" she whispered. But Garton only said, "Hush! don't be too kind to me to-night—I cannot bear it; it will unman me." And then kissed the caressing hand humbly, as though to atone for his words.

It seemed a long drive to all three before they were set down at the vicarage. The vicar was in the dining-room awaiting them; a bright fire burned cheerily; breakfast was already laid on the table, and Deb came up with the steaming coffee-pot soon afterward. Short as was the interval that had elapsed since Robert had left them, Mary and Deb had already got through half the packing, and Garton's presence was urgently required for its completion.

"We have brought Miss Maturin," said Robert, leading her in. "I thought you would take care of her, Austin, while Gar and I finish going through the papers. I will bring him back as soon as possible," he added gently, as he placed Rotha by the fire. Tired and sick as she felt, she could not help

giving him a grateful look; its sweetness lingered long with him through the wretched time that followed. He could not fail to remember afterward that she had acquitted him of blame.

Rotha sat quietly by the fire after the brothers had left the room. Gar had given her one long, wistful look as he went out. Highly as the vicar esteemed her, he never fully realized her gentleness and unselfishness till this moment. Robert's kindness had roused her from the bewildered state into which Garton's agitation had thrown her, and she was now quite collected and full of thought for them all.

"Do not mind me," she said to the vicar, as he hovered near her anxiously. "We shall have plenty of time to think of ourselves and our own loss afterward. Do go to Garton. I am sure he wants all the help you can give him." And, as he quitted her reluctantly, she followed him and begged him to be sure and tell Mary to put her presents just inside the trunk, that he might see them the moment he opened it.

When she was left alone she cast about in her own mind how she might comfort him. She would hardly have a minute to exchange a word with him, perhaps; and then the others would be with them. And yet she longed to say some such word of comfort to him.

There was a little worn Testament which she always carried about with her, and which had belonged to her mother, and her name and her mother's name had been written in it. After a moment's hesitation she thought that would do, and sat down with trembling fingers to pencil a few words on the title-page. The effort made the tears spring to her eyes, but she wiped them courageously away. "It will never do for him to see that I have been crying," she thought; but, notwithstanding the resolution, one or two drops blurred the handwriting. Garton afterward read these few tender words, the noblest farewell that any lover could pen: "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another. You faithful friend, ROTHA MATURIN." How many Mizpahs are set up between loving hearts in this earthly wilderness!

After that she sat herself down again with the book on her lap and patiently awaited their return. Robert came in first and began arranging and sorting some papers. He looked up a little surprised when Rotha rose suddenly from her seat and offered to help him. "No, no; you are too tired," he began, but at her reiterated request he gave way. She stood beside him, following his directions with a quiet intelligence that won his good opinion. She never asked after Garton or seemed the least impatient till he returned. Robert gave her more than one curious look of mingled admiration and pity when she was too much engaged to notice it. The white fur cloak, the starchy flowers in her hair, and the unglowed hands sparkling with rings, all came under his notice; but, most of all, the wistful young face with its quiet air of sadness and its patient droop of the head.

The vicar came in next, and then Garton in his dark tweed travelling suit, and afterwards Mary, who came round and kissed Rotha without a word, and then began pouring out the coffee. Mary looked as though she had been crying, and there were dark lines under the pretty eyes, but she spoke

with her old cheerfulness now and then. The rest gathered round the table and made some pretence at a meal, as though to set Garton an example; but he told them he had already supped, and only wanted a cup of coffee. Rotha made him break bread, however, and then he sat for a long time with his hand drawn silently over his eyes. He started up presently from his place as though he had forgotten something.

"Rube; I have not wished my poor Rube good-bye."

"There is no time now," returned Robert; "besides, the whole house is asleep."

"Yes, I know;" and Garton sat down again with a heavy sigh. "No one thought of rousing him, I suppose? and now it is too late. Poor Rube," he went on in an agitated voice, "how unhappy he will be to wake up to-morrow and find me gone!"

"No, no; nonsense, Gar," said Robert, with a touch of kind peremptoriness; but Rotha stopped him. She put her hand gently on the young man's arm.

"You can trust him to me, Garton, can you not? I will go to him to-morrow myself, and if he frets I will take him home. You know he belongs to me now as well as to you."

"Trust him to her?" Rotha might well treasure the smile with which he answered her; the rugged brown face worked and softened with conflicting feelings. "Come, Mary, I am ready to go up and wish Belle and the boys good-bye."

"Go, my dear fellow; we have only seven minutes," called out Robert, and Gar nodded in answer. Rotha had slipped the little Testament into his hand as they sat at the table. He had a choked sort of feeling that his good-bye would be as mute as hers when it came to the point. He hardly understood himself what the bitter ache at his heart meant, but it almost sufficed him.

Arty was fast asleep in his cot, and murmured drowsily in answer to his uncle's kiss. He had all the contents of his Noah's Ark littered on the coverlet, and the elephant and a cassowary reposed on his pillow.

Gar lent over the little fellow fondly. The other boys had been roused at the last moment by Deb, and sat shivering and miserable on the respective edges of their beds, especially Laurie, who began to cry. Garton kissed them and bade God bless them one after another, and sent his dear love to Rube; and then he went to Belle, who was waiting up for him.

Belle had never got on very well with Garton, and Mary was surprised to see how much she seemed affected at saying good-bye to him. She turned quite pale as he leant over to kiss her.

"Good-bye, dear Belle; get well soon and marry Robert." And Belle folded her arms round his neck just as though he had been her brother.

"Good-bye, dear old Gar. Forgive me for having been so often cross with you. I never meant to be so, dear. I always loved you, Gar."

"And I you, dear. There—there is Robert calling me, and I must go to Rotha. Don't come down with me, Mary; better not, better not." "Oh, Mary!"—and he leant against the half-closed door with whitening face—"I feel as though I shall never come home again, and as though this were good-bye forever."

"Gar! Gar! don't let Belle hear you, my

dear boy. This is very, very wrong." And Mary put her hand tenderly on the dark, closely-cropped hair.

"I can't help it. Hark! is that Austin's voice? Good-bye, dear sister; take care of her for my sake."

"You have only two minutes, Garton. Robert is having the luggage put on the fly. Go to Rotha, my dear boy, and the vicar put his hand on his shoulder and led him gently in.

"Not good-bye," said Rotha, putting her soft hand over his mouth as though to silence him; "not good-bye. I like farewell so much better."

"Farewell, then," returned Garton, taking her in his arms; "farewell, and God bless you. If I kiss this dear face for the last time, His will be done."

"My own Garton," murmured the girl, putting back her head that she might look at him,——"my own Garton, you do not fear to go now, do you? You would not have it otherwise?"

"No; not otherwise," he repeated; and the mournful steadfastness of his look haunted her long afterwards; it reminded her much of a martyr's look,——"not otherwise, while I have this talisman." He held up his ring, that she might see the glittering cross. "In hoc spero. Beloved, that must be our motto;" and before she could answer he closed her fair face suddenly between his hands. For a brief moment she heard the beating of his heart and his whispered "God bless you!" Another minute his hand was within the vicar's grasp; and then he was gone.

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXIII.

Whatever God has consecrated to Himself has a claim to our profound respect. Reverence is due to the meekest house that is called by His name, nor should we apply to common uses the things specially associated with the divine service.

But men are prone to run into extremes—either to despise that which God hath sanctified, or else to attribute to it a virtue which belongs to God alone. A brief reference to the circumstances which brought the Ark into the house of Obed-edom will illustrate this observation.

In the days of Eli, the high priest, the Jews, as a punishment for their sins, were sorely smitten by the Philistines. Instead of inquiring of the Lord the cause of their misfortunes, they bethought themselves of the Ark. Said they: "Let us fetch the Ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that, when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of our enemies."

This was presumption. It was attributing to the Ark power that belonged to God only. For this they were punished. There was a great slaughter, and there fell of Israel thirty thousand men, and the Ark of God was taken. Thus, while we ought to love and value sacred things, to trust in them is ruin.

The Ark was now in the hands of the Philistines. They had the symbol of God's presence and favor, without the reality. They possessed the Ark, of a covenant to

which they had not subscribed. They do, indeed, seem to have regarded it with superstitious reverence; but it was for its own sake and not for God's. Need we, then, be surprised that it brought upon them such distress and affliction that they were glad to get rid of it on any terms?

Even so are religious ordinances, privileges, and sacraments a curse to those who have the form without the power, the sign without the thing signified.

When the Ark was restored again to Israel some dared to look into it, and the Lord smote of the people more than fifty thousand men.

When David was firmly established on his throne, he determined to bring the Ark to Zion with proper ceremony. But on the way Uzzah so far forgot himself as to put forth his hand and take hold of it. And the anger of the Lord was kindled against Uzzah, and God smote him there for his error, and there he died by the Ark of God. So David was displeased and vexed, and desisted from his attempt to carry it to his city.

Thus far we have seen the Ark failing those who trusted in it, an injury to those who abused it, and death to those who profaned it. Serious lessons are these: warning us not to rest our confidence on any religious privileges however great; not to regard them with indifference, and not to profane them by lightness and unholy familiarity.

Great is the error of the man who cries "the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are these;" but equally great is the error of him who counts that common which God hath sanctified: who speaks lightly of the ministry, the sacraments, the rites and ordinances which God has appointed to convey to us grace and blessing.

And now when all were afraid of the Ark and exclaimed we die, we perish, Obed-edom opened his doors to receive it with the reverence due to its sacred character. We read that "the Ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite, three months; and the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household."

We know that the Ark has long since vanished among those things which were but shadows of the true.

But the things of which they were the types are open to us in the Church of Christ, and every faithful worshipper has abundant access to the Holy of Holies, and, bowing at the mercy-seat, may plead the covenant in Christ.

Whosoever endeavors to order religiously the lives of himself and of those that specially pertain to him; who, besides "going to church," brings into his home, the Church, in the fullness of her influence, may be said to have the Ark abiding in his house. We may well see then the great blessing this presence of the Ark, reverently and affectionately entertained, brings to the family.

When the Ark of God is received into a house, there enters with it a spirit of forbearance and patience.

Every household consists of individuals who differ in their tastes, their habits, and their modes of thought. Nearly every one has peculiarities which it needs some patience to bear with. Every one of us is by nature selfish—tempted to seek our own indulgence,

without due regard to the comfort of others. The spirit of the Gospel is eminently forbearing and unselfish. It bids us to seek, not our own, but another's wealth—i.e., welfare; in honor to prefer one another—that is, willingly to resign our pretensions in favor of another. In fine, while those who live for this world are struggling for the largest share of its riches, honors, and pleasures, it admonishes us that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

When the Ark of God is in a house the bands of discipline are strengthened. The duty of each to the others is clearly defined. Authority is tempered with gentleness. The husband is the head of the wife; but he must love her "as Christ loved the Church." The wife must be subject to her own husband in everything; but that is not a hard saying, for the husband is taught to love his wife "as himself"—"as his own body." Children must obey their parents in all things; but lest they be discouraged, the parents must not provoke them to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Servants must obey in all things their masters according to the flesh, not with eye-service, but doing the will of God from the heart, or doing service with good will. But then the master, and the mistress too, must forbear threatening—i.e., scolding—and give to their servants that which is just and equal.

These and many like results attend upon the presence of the Ark in the home. We may not extend the enumeration. But underneath them all, and including them all, is that subtle, indescribable personal blessing of the God of Covenant.

When we say the Lord blessed Obed-edom and all his house, it means that that was fulfilled to them which the priest was wont often to invoke: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

"FIGURING THEREBY THY HOLY BAPTISM."

First Prayer in Baptismal Service for Infants.

There are two alternative prayers in the Baptismal Office. The second is from the use of Sarum, but this is not found in the old office of the English Church. It is probably of great antiquity however. Luther translated it into German from the old Latin, and it appears in the "Consultations" of Archbishop Herman. A translation of the latter shows that in its form in the English book this prayer was somewhat modified. The older form touches upon the judgment for sin in the two events of the deluge and passage of the Red Sea, as well as the safety of Noah and the children of Israel. This is a very ancient thought, which seems to have been laid aside, doubtless for the sake of the greater simplicity of the idea to be presented, viz.—of salvation through baptism. Yet in the two examples selected, of the use of water this thought is implicit. In the first clause of the prayer—the words "by water" are connected not with the nearest verb "perishing," but with the previous one "save;" or, rather as the peculiar position of the words show, the water is the element both of safety and of destruction. It

is therefore highly emphatic, but it is very difficult to read it so as to give the right impression. "Saved by water" is the word used by St. Peter (1 Peter iii. 20). The second clause is also a close following of the prayer in Herman's Office, except that it omits the destruction of Pharaoh and his army in the Red Sea. That this was a figure of baptism does not rest merely on ecclesiastical tradition or patristic interpretation, but is of the clearest scriptural authority. See 1 Cor. x. 1-4. It is there said, "they were baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." Probably St. Paul mentions both of these because he had in mind both the outward and visible symbol, and the spiritual grace and benediction. The cloud represents the spiritual resting of the Holy Ghost, a guide by night and day, a defence and enlightenment. The passage through the Red Sea, leaving behind the bondage of Egypt, and entering on the journey to Canaan, escaping the pursuers, all make this very wonderfully typical. "Didst sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin." There is no mention of any such doctrine in Scripture, and yet every ancient baptismal office contains a reference to it. Of course the office of baptism was well established long before the earliest parts of the New Testament were written. There is however reference to water as part of the mediatorial agency, on our Lord's own part, as in His words to Nicodemus, so that this expression, "to the mystical washing away of sin," is fully justified. The translation of Herman's Consultations gives this evidently from an original. "Which didst consecrate Jordan with the baptism of thy Son, Christ Jesus, and other waters to holy dipping and washing of sins."

In the next clause the italicized places begin—viz., whether singular or plural, male or female. And here it is desirable to mention that sponsors should be very careful to inform the officiating minister of the sex of the infant before the ceremony. In large parishes children are often brought at stated times without previous notice, or very brief notice, perhaps merely given to the sexton. "Sanctify him with the Holy Ghost." This is a plain declaration that the Holy Spirit is given in baptism, and therefore a reason why the sacrament should always be afforded to infants. The belief that baptism is a mere sign that a child is born of baptized parents is in no wise the belief of the Church. On the contrary, it holds that all children are the proper subjects of baptism, and provides sponsors in case that parents are unfit or incapable to take the proper religious care.

"The ark of Christ Church." This is the recurrence to the same metaphor with which the prayer begins—viz., the influence of water both for death and life as shown in the ark of Noah. To this the Church is compared. Then follow the spiritual conditions of the life of a Christian. "Steadfast in faith." Faith is here used in the subjective sense—viz., the believing on the part of the disciple. The objective sense would be the thing believed—to wit, the Christian faith. That this is so appears from the version of the "Consultations of Herman." That reads: "May confess and sanctify Thy Name with a lusty and fervent spirit and serve Thy kingdom with constant trust." This last is equivalent to

"steadfast in faith." "Joyful through hope." Hope is the second of the three conditions given by St. Paul (1 Cor. xiii.), and joyful is its proper working. The phrase in the "Consultations" is "sure hope." "Rooted in charity" is a happy addition of the Reformed Book, though it is open to the objection of being a mixed metaphor. But the idea is that "charity" the charity (or love) of St. Paul's Epistle, is the essential of the Christian life. "The greatest of these is charity." "If I have not charity I am nothing," etc. "May so pass the waves of this troublesome world." Here the metaphor of the ark is resumed, and also it applies with equal correctness to the passage of Israel through the Red Sea. "May come to the land of everlasting life." That corresponds also to the new earth which Noah disembarked upon, and to the safe shore to which the Israelites came, and further on the Land of Promise, the Canaan, which is the type of the heavenly inheritance. "There to reign with thee." Baptism makes each true believer, who is faithful to the covenant, king and priest with Christ. The word is in the version "attain to the promises of eternal life with all the godly."

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH TRAVEL.

Ely.

BY M. MEDLICOTT.

In recalling what one has seen and done in any country, especially a country so closely connected with us as England, whose early history belongs to us as a nation, as one branch of the English peoples, it is very hard to say what has most interest, or stands out most vividly in mind. Everything and every place has an interest and a history of its own. And while in London, so truly the heart of the country, all that is best and most interesting seems to centre, so much is said and written about London on this very account, that I think my readers may prefer sketches and impressions of other places.

Next to London and Westminster Abbey—to which no other cathedral can approach in the multitude of thoughts and associations which cluster about it, from the time of its foundation by Edward the Confessor, more than eight centuries ago, the mausoleum, as it is, of England's honored dead—next to this, I think, the cathedral and town that will hold an unique place in our minds, will be with each one of us the first one visited. This one me (London, although first visited, being ruled out for the present), the old cathedral and town of Ely has a tender place in memory.

I hardly know what was the cause of its being first visited; chiefly the force of circumstances, as after spending a fortnight in a little seaside village on the Suffolk coast, I found I could take Ely on my way to York. Also, for we all know how our minds are influenced by trifles, I had always been charmed by a photograph in my own home of this beautiful cathedral at early evening, with the glory of the setting sun shining softly and brightly through the windows. Thus, one thing helping another, a summer evening, toward the end of August, found me alighting from a roundabout journey at the town of Ely. Not knowing my way I took the coach in waiting at the

station, and drove to the quaint and comfortable Lamb Inn, half a mile away, and was pleased to find it so near the cathedral itself. It was too pleasant not to stay out of doors till dark. After thoroughly inspecting the surroundings and outside of this venerable and beautiful building, we wandered some time about the town itself. It is very quiet, pretty in parts, nothing remarkable about it. The whole country is level, and the cathedral stands on nearly the highest ground in the Isle of Ely, the great "fortress of the Fens." Ely is not the only town or cathedral thus built upon an island, they were often selected in old times as places of greater security. Even Westminster Abbey, as we know, originally stood on a small island, the "Isle of Thorns," though now all the smaller streams surrounding it are covered over. The Abbey of Croyland and the Abbey of Glastonbury were likewise thus built, as was the famous monastery at Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, presided over by the revered and saintly Hilda.

The town, or more properly the city of Ely, lies on the River Ouse, and consists of one long street, with shorter ones leading from it in various directions. Some quaint old buildings may be found, and one is well repaid for a stroll through the quiet streets. The history of the place dates from the foundation of the great Benedictine monastery in 673, by St. Etheldreda, wife of Egfrid, King of Northumberland, who afterward became its first abbess. The church of this monastery later became the cathedral, but the present building dates from 1082, though not completed till 1584. Thus it embraces a variety of styles of architecture, from the Norman of nave and transepts to the decorated English of the side-chapels or chantries at the end of the choir-aisles, and of the lady chapel. These, however varied, are so beautifully and harmoniously blended, that one's first impression is that of majestic beauty. The extreme length of the nave adds to this effect, it being the second longest cathedral in England, ranking next to Winchester in this respect. The first view, as one enters at the west door, through the beautiful porch, is very striking, and for a time we can only stand still to wonder and admire, gradually taking in one detail after another. The heavy stone pillars, in columnar groups, making massive arches between and corresponding arches of the triforium above, forming a walk around the sides of the nave; the lofty roof, painted in panels, with subjects from Holy Scripture, reminding us a little of Michael Angelo's ceiling of the Sistine chapel, though on much smaller scale, but very beautiful and interesting; while below the roof and above the triforium, the row of clerestory windows shedding their light seem only to add to the height; the much lower, stone-vaulted roofs of the side-aisles, with their fine windows, all are beautiful separately, and together are almost perfect.

But the most noteworthy and unique feature of Ely Cathedral is its octagon, at the juncture of nave and transepts. This is impossible to describe, its beauty must be seen to be felt, and having been once seen will never be forgotten. The vistas in each direction—through the elaborate carved oak screen and gates of finely-worked brass, into the choir, with its richly-carved oak stalls, beautiful Gothic arches of the triforium and

clerestory windows above, the fan-spreading vaulting of the roof crowning all, and beyond still the rich light of the east lancet-window, or through the arch leading into the nave, with Norman arches, and triforium, and painted roof, or again through each side arch into the transepts—are very beautiful. But these are not all. Notice how the corners of this intersection are cut off to form the octagon, each with a beautifully arched and carved doorway, and the fine window of rich glass above; then above and within these again the eight windows of the smaller lantern leading the eye upward, a crowning glory throwing soft radiance down below, and say if it is not exquisite! Well, methinks, has it been described as "perhaps the most beautiful and original design to be found in the whole range of Gothic architecture." Truly that was a fortunate accident when the old tower fell in 1322, to be replaced by this beautiful lantern, under the direction of the sacrist of the cathedral at that time, Alan de Walsingham, whose name should well be held in high esteem. What of modern architecture or modern times can surpass or even equal the work of the middle ages, the *dark ages*, as we sometimes think of them, when men put their hearts as well as their lives into their work, building not for a day, or in a day, but for time to come, and spending a life-time—nay, many generations—in doing so? Is not our best work now the restoring or copying this work of the past? May it prove as honest work.

But all this leads us away from the study of our cathedral, and indeed it is hopeless to try and describe all. One feature after another, of beauty and delicacy, yet massive strength, is pressed upon us, till we are bewildered with the detail. One visit is not enough. We go and come, again and yet again. For not content with daylight, we wander out in the long summer twilight, and finding the Lady Chapel, one of the most beautiful of chapels, used now as a parish church, open, we wander in, to take part in Evening Prayer, and witness the sacrament of Holy Baptism; a pleasant incident, is it not? to linger in our minds in connection with this venerable building, the more memorable that it was the only time we took part in this special service in our mother country.

We could go on to specify much; our walk through the triforium, looking down into the body of the church, and across to see the nearer beauty of the windows and arches on the opposite side; the different features, in their varied beauty and interest, of the choir, with its exquisite carving of foliage on the arches and capitals of pillars; retro-choir and side-chapels, and monuments; the upward (and hot) climb to the top of the massive tower at the northwest corner of the building, with its fine outlook over the fen country, too hazy, though, to see far away as Cambridge, with her many towers and spires, and colleges, sixteen miles off. All this must be imagined! For we must not neglect a walk around the outside of the walls of our Zion, to mark its grandeur and majesty. See how the wide, rich sweep of meadow stretches away to the south and east, and presently mark how the cathedral rises up (as seen from this point) in its dignity and grace. The great length is so broken by the beautiful octagon in the centre, that we do not realize at first how it

stretches on either hand from us, and the rich setting of grass and trees only add to, not detract from, the harmony of tower and lantern and pinnacle, roof and window and buttress. Then as we wander around it in the sunset light, see how beautifully the rays of the passing sun shine through the windows of the Lady Chapel, into which we soon enter. In the heart of the cathedral close, with the pretty and homelike dwellings of dean and canons surrounding it, and the bishop's palace close by on the other side, our cathedral is also the heart of the town. The cloisters have long since disappeared, and here and there traces show of their extent, as of other buildings connected once with the old monastery, some of the buildings having been turned to other uses. The deanery has been constructed from what was probably the old guest hall; while some distance to the south, opening from the main street of the town, stands "Ely Porta," the great gate of the monastery. The room above this gate, which is very fine, is appropriated to the use of the King's Grammar School, founded by Henry VIII.

Oh, how charming it all is, and memory lingers fondly over it, over the stroll through the beautiful so-called *park* lying south of the cathedral, past the ivy-clad, venerable-looking buildings lying between this and the main street, for as we said above this was the first cathedral town visited, thus seeming different from all others. Fortunate, too, were we in seeing this one at such a season of the year, as so much of its beauty is owing to the rich luxuriance of nature. Life must flow smoothly and pleasantly here, one fancies, free from many of the cares and troubles of the world. Yet who shall say? Did the monasteries and convents of old, into which men and women shut themselves to lead more "religious" lives, did these gray walls shut out temptation and suffering? And can quiet fields, and even the sacred walls of God's house, ensure peace and rest always?

Here, too, we recall the lines of our own "Church poet," as he may well be called, fitting in as they do with our train of thought how

"When old Canôte, the Dane,
Was merry England's king,
A thousand years ago, and more,
As ancient rymours sing.
His boat was rowing down the Ouse
At eve, one summer day,
Where Ely's tall cathedral peered
Above the glassy way.

"Anon, sweet music on his ear,
Comes floating from the fane,
And listening as with all his soul,
Saw old Canôte, the Dane.
And reverent did he doff his crown,
To join the clerky prayer,
While swelled old lauds and litanies
Upon the stilly air.

"The Church that sung those anthem prayers
A thousand years ago,
Is singing yet by silver Cam,
And here by Hudson's flow.

And where are kings and empires now,
Since then, that went and came!
But holy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same!"

The Diocese of Ely, set off in 1107 from that of Lincoln, then the one of greatest extent in all England, comprises parts of four counties, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford

and Huntingdon, and in old times its temporal jurisdiction was very great, and many privileges were granted to its lord abbot and then to the lord bishops of the see. It was in royal charters, sometimes called the "county palatine of Ely," a title retained by the sister see of Durham till the time of William IV., but by Ely only till during the reign of Henry VIII.

FROST AND COLD.

BY HARRIET F. HUCE.

My waterfall is still to-day—
Only a gentle murmur tells
That under the chrysal roof still dwells
The brook that comes from the hills away.
Only last night I was charmed to sleep
By the music ringing clear and deep
From the shining drops that broke and fell
Through the moonlit air, and none may tell
Nor voices sing that glorious song.
Far back the rocky way along
The burring waters seemed to throng,
Then, leaping, tumbling, foaming, came,
Eager, triumphant, all to claim
Voice in that wondrous, wondrous rush
Of harmony—

I listened till all my soul was filled
With rapture born of a grief that was stilled
By those wonderful tones. They filled all the
night,

The hills and the woods and the sweet moon-
light,

Till my eyes were wet with blessed tears,
And my heart grew light of its weary cares.

I looked this morning, and all was white—
The frost and cold had come in the night;
Rhythm, cadences—all were gone—

A white, still harmony reigned alone;
Only a sweet and muffled hum

Down under the ice—its seams to come
Like a sad *miserere*, chanted low,

As one sings to himself, softly and slow.

But no cry for pity, no sob of pain
Comes from my brook; it's the old soft strain
Of the maiden's crooning, and now, as then,
It brings the sweet breath of the pines again.
With the same glad tone it ripples and sings—
Singing forever of happy things—

And still it is cheery and loving and bright,
Though under the chain that was bound last
night.

Then I bent my head, ashamed, and said,
"And I must mourn when hopes are dead—
Must sob, and weep, and make sad moan—
Cry out and say that life is done!
My heart, we'll toil no more in sadness,
But sing, like the brook, with joy and glad-
ness."

THE RIGHT INTERPRETATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

BY R. GOODMAN.

It would relieve a good many minds and render nugatory much of the blatant and coarse criticism of certain portions of the Bible if the rules of interpretation, which have been laid down by those qualified to do so, were better known and applied by preachers as well as hearers of the Word. To assign to early ages the excessive artificiality of the nineteenth century, to gauge the consciences and actions of the nomads of the earth's childhood by the civilized denizens of its maturity, when the light of the Gospel casts its full rays upon them, are as inconsequent as to hold the Arabs with

whom the English are warring to the same accountability for the breach of any of the rules of modern warfare as the latter are subject to. We cannot read into primitive history the complicated and far-fetched notions of modern society, and we must take the writings of the prophets, palmists and apostles, as speaking according to the common notion of things, and the prevalent and current views of the world around them. The Rev. F. W. Robertson, who held the Bible to be inspired, not dictated, and that there could have been no progressive dispensations if inspiration had produced absolute perfection of human knowledge, also held that a spiritual revelation from God *must* sometimes involve scientific incorrectness. In the history of creation, for instance, if the cosmogony had been given in terms which would satisfy our present scientific knowledge, the men of that day would have rejected its authority, and said, can we trust one in matters unseen who is manifestly in error in things seen and level to the senses. A preacher of our day who is trying to fritter away the world-wide significance of the call of Abraham and the "Exodus of Moses" and other notable events recorded in the Old Testament, and resolve them into mere legends, has been compared to Robertson, who, it is said, stood thirty years ago in advanced criticism where the clerical iconoclast stands to-day. But let us try him by that stumbling block to criticism, the story of the sacrifice of Isaac. Robertson does not say that it was a sanction of human sacrifice, that Abraham had murder in his heart, and the like. On the contrary, that Abraham living in a country where human sacrifices were common, was familiar with the idea, and his moral conscience was not outraged by the command; and taking the history as a whole, the conclusion as well as the commencement, God did not require the sacrifice; he tested the faith of Abraham, and required and obtained the surrender of his will, and whatever Robertson's deviations may have been from the orthodox teachings of his day, he was always reverent—he rejoiced in finding within the Church room to expand his soul and freedom for his intellect, and however much some persons may have disagreed with his views on certain questions, they could not but sympathize with his Christian feeling and noble thoughts. "I think," says the late Mr. Maurice, "I first saw light about the Canaanites in this way. Sterling had convinced me most clearly that Alexander, instead of deserving to be denounced was doing a mighty work in bringing Greek civilization to bear upon Asia, yet he was utterly horrified at the Jewish wars. I asked myself why—what was the end of each, and if it was an end for humanity? was it wrong to say, God was the author of it?" It has been said with too much emphasis, perhaps, that the Bible is a sealed book to all who are unspiritual, but there can be no doubt that the revelation of moral and religious truth is the sole end of its teachings, and we ought to distinguish between the commandments, which are of eternal and universal obligation, and those which are transitory in their nature and only applicable to those to whom they were directly addressed. As Dr. Arnold shows, the revelations of God to man were gradual, and adapted to his state at the several periods

when they were successively made. The command of Moses to spare only the virgins among the women of Midian, as the only way to prevent those to whom it was addressed from plunging into those sensual excesses to which the grown-up women of Midian were addicted as a part of their religious rites, would not have been abhorrent even to the ruling ideas of a later age, as we see by the advice of Agamemnon to Menelaus, not to spare a single Trojan, and by the sweeping execution of all the female slaves of their household by Ulysses and Telemachus.

The imprecatory and denunciatory portion of the Psalter have much exercised the minds of religious people because they have failed to recognize the peculiar characteristics of the Jewish people, whose life was bound up in their religion and its author, and any aspersions of either became a serious matter and deserving of the strongest anathemas. As Coleridge says, it was in the entire and vehement devotion of their total being to the service of their Divine Master that we can find a rousing example of faith and fealty, and it is because zeal for God and the ideal had eaten up the Psalmist and burnt out personal feeling that we condone or even approve these denunciations. Every day of his public life, says one whose long residence in the East has made him familiar with its present customs and inherited traditions, David knew that he had about him men whose words of friendship went along with calculations as to the advantage of killing him. Had we, therefore, a collection of Oriental lyrics, expressing truthfully the feelings of a man as real poetry does, and yet find no trace of fear in them of his fellow man nor aspirations that his enemies be confounded, we might conclude that the author was some recluse, but certainly never that he was an Eastern king.

The Bible has its human as well as its divine side, and criticism has its place, but it should be "a finger post at the crossing, not a toll bar at the entrance of the road; a pruning knife, not an axe at the root of the tree." Like the people, which is its main subject, it is a fact, as well a record of facts, and we are bound to construe it according to well-known rules, and not burst old skins by putting therein new wines. The light of modern criticism is more penetrating because it is the creation of stronger forces, just as our gas and electric luminaries are of higher power than the oil and candles of our forefathers. Persons who have no opportunity to cultivate their understanding are saved from perceiving apparent difficulties, which if they did perceive them they would be incapable of solving, but the increased intelligence of our age has brought into view every jot and tittle of the Scriptures, and the most powerful lenses have been used in the effort to discover something which may on the one hand tend to strengthen their authenticity, and on the other to impair and weaken their teachings. There never has been a period when not only the clergy but the laity gave so much attention to the study of the Bible as now, and certainly the aids by commentaries and expositions were never more numerous and able. But yet the young especially are liable to be blown about by the diverse winds of criticism, and the pulpit teachings certainly should be conservative, for it is

much easier to root up a good principle than to plant it and leave it grow again after its severance from its native soil. If we can be taught to read and study the Bible in the light of the ruling ideas of the times in and for which its several portions were written, we will escape many false conclusions and not feel that shock to our sensibilities which comes from want of proper comparisons. As the Bishop of Peterborough says: "The Bible is in a sense in which it is true of no other book, God's book and God's word; but equally true is it that the Bible is man's book and man's word. . . . The human nature, the human individuality, the human peculiarities of the writers remain untouched because God was speaking through the lips of real men."

If we melt the ideas and actions of civilized nations as they existed only a century ago in one crucible we shall discover but little refined gold according to our notions, and look upon the penal laws of England, where hanging was the punishment for innumerable offences, as essentially barbarous; the laws of war, when cities and towns were given over to the rude soldiery of the conquering foe, as most atrocious, and even the ordinary intercourse of society as coarse, if not vulgar. But we measure these actions by the ideas of that age, and do not pass judgment upon their authors in the light of the present. We are not justified in stigmatizing the Patriarchs as we do the Mormons for their harems, nor can we fitly apply coarse epithets to Abraham for his concealment of the truth about his wife, nor to Jacob for outwitting his brother, knowing that with those sheiks veracity and uprightness did not hold the *theoretical* high place they do with us, though practically, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, we are not greatly in advance of them when our material interests are concerned, even with our greater moral enlightenment. They lived before the commandments, and "sin" is "not imputed when there is no law." And for Jacob it can be said that he did not seek by his artifices the increase of his earthly possessions, for he went away to seek his fortune and left to the elder brother his share of his father's wealth, and he only obtained the first-born's blessing which had been promised to him by prophecy, which his father was disposed to annul. "The Old Testament is a vast lectionary of political and social philosophical history," to be used and construed on its human side in accordance with the ideas of the ages in which it was written, but far beyond that it is the Word of God, which appeals to the conscience, and was primarily given for the revelation to man of the one grand fact of a personal living God in human history; and on this side we do not study it as we should a systematic treatise moulded by one of ourselves. Even if the "higher criticism" could dissever from the divine element the historical and scientific accuracy of the Bible, the value of the spiritual teachings is so immense that they can never be surrendered; but as that separation is not a likely process, we can best guard the truth enshrined within them by treating the historical portions of the Scriptures with becoming reverence, and, if our faith has fallen through, remember that there are multitudes of others who yet hold to beliefs which no negative criticism can destroy.

"It shall greatly help ye to understand Scripture if thou marke not only what is spoken or written, but of whom, unto whom, with what words, at what time, where, to what intent, with what circumstance, considering what goeth before and what followeth after."—*Prologue of Miles Coverdale.*

CHANGE—FOREVER CHANGE.

We mark it in the fleecy clouds,
That ghost-like wander by;
The brightest flower has but its hour,
To bud and bloom, then die.
'Tis read in old familiar things,
And in the new and strange,
Where'er we go, what'e'er we know,
'Tis change—forever change.

'Tis written on the tranquil waves,
Oh, fearfully and strong;
The rivers that now calmly glide,
In torrents gush along.
The birds that glad our native woods,
Have each their hour to range;
The leaves must fall, the doom of all
Is change—forever change.

But, oh, not only in the woods,
The streams, the flowers, the trees—
Do we appear, from year to year,
Less changed than aught of these!
Old loves we leave, old links we break,
Old friends as no grow strange;
The saddest emblem of the heart
Is change—forever change.

OLD KIRSTY.

BY MRS. FLEMING JENKINS.

Old Kirsty lived by herself in a cottage down by the loch side. She was said to be more than a hundred years old; she had been born in that cottage and had lived in it all her life, seeing father and mother, and, at last, some twenty years before I first knew Kirsty, her only sister, carried thence to be rowed across the loch to their graves. She had never married, and, as time went on, had become more and more solitary and reserved in her habits, entering no man's door, and bidding no man enter hers. In all her hundred years she had not been four miles away from home. I used often to meet her in my walks; a tiny, shrunken, smoke-dried old woman, tottering along to the spring with a pail for water, or to the farm with a jug for milk. On Sundays she would come out in her best clothes, a clean natch and a bright tartan plaid, and, with her Bible folded in a pocket-handkerchief would take a trembling Sabbath saunter all alone. When she saw me coming she would step off the path and dive behind the brushwood, loitering there until I should pass by, so that for a long time we never exchanged even a nod—words we could not, for she had no English and I had no Gaelic. But one day I came upon her on the shore half a mile or more from her home, dragging along the root of a tree cast up by the tide. It was a good big snag, a world too heavy for her dwindled strength, but she was struggling bravely with it, evidently bent on taking it home for firing. Eager to help, and intending to carry it for her, I ran and seized upon it; but she, poor soul! thought I wanted it for myself, and resisted my efforts to get hold of it with all her might. When, after

quite a tussle, I succeeded in wresting it from her, she flung up her hands and cursed me—I knew by the tone and gesture it was a curse, though it was uttered in Gaelic. I managed to haul the thing along the shore, and when I had got it to her house, I laid it down by the locked door and waited. When she, still groaning over her loss and muttering at my tyrannical rapacity, arrived and saw her lost treasure restored, her astonishment was great; greater still her remorse for having wrongfully suspected me. She caught my hands in hers and kissed them, kissed my sleeve, and then stooping, kissed literally the hem of my garment. She never invited me into her house, to which, as I have said, she admitted no one, but from that day forth she and I were good friends, always smiling and nodding and talking uninielligibly each to the other when we met.

One evening a message was brought to me that old Kirsty was very ill—would I go and see her? I went at once, taking with me the keeper as interpreter. We found the cottage all dark, and though we could hear Kirsty's heavy breathing, could not at first make out where she was. I sent the man for a light, and we then found that she must be in the inner of the two rooms into which the cottage was divided. The opening between them was barely five feet high, and very narrow, so that I had to stoop and squeeze myself through. As I lifted my head in the inner room I felt a soft filmy curtain or drapery flap across my face. Glancing up I saw that every beam supporting the low, slanting roof was hung with festoons of some delicate black tissue, waving softly in the wind that blew under the gaping eaves. Wind fairies draped the chamber with these inky hangings in readiness for poor Kirsty's lying-in-state? Next day, by daylight, I saw that these black veils were long cobwebs thickened by the peat smoke of years into a substance like the finest India muslin, only jet-black.

We applied what remedies we could, and soon Kirsty felt better and said she wished to be left alone. We demurred, but she insisted. I begged that she would at least let us leave a light burning by her, but she said no, and bade the keeper tell me that God could see her as well in the dark as in the light, and what for would she need a candle? She was not alone when He would be with her. So we left her "not alone." She was better again after that for some days, then weaker; and as she grew weaker she became less *farouche*, and would let my servants be about her. Then a relation was sent for and came. One afternoon I had been across the loch in the boat, and on my way home called to ask how Kirsty was. The relation, a quiet, kindly woman, came out crying. Kirsty had died an hour before. She had seemed well and quite easy, and had eaten a piece of bread and jam—then had suddenly risen from her bed and come out unhelped on the stone before the door, had "lookit round to the hills and the water with a sort of a smile as though she would say farewell to them all, for had not she passed all her days among them? and so just laid her down and died."—*Highland Crafts, in Good Words.*

If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.—*Archbishop Whately.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A NEW SONG.

BY E. B. S.

Will Wentworth was trudging homeward from "Three Rock Pond," his fish basket slung over his shoulder, and his pole and lines looking as if they might have done good service; but Will evidently was in no pleasant mood.

Johnny Beale, who was swinging on the carriage-drive gate as he went by, accosted him with, "Hallo, old fellow! Had good luck? How many fish?"

And Will snapped back: "What's that to you?" and marched on.

Johnny's eyes opened widely, and his mouth puckered up into whistling shape as he looked after him.

"What has crossed his track, I wonder? Guess the fish didn't bite; and yet Will can always coax 'em if anybody can! What's he done with Ralph, though? They went off together!"

So they did, and that was the secret of Will's discomfort. In the first place, Ralph had the good fortune to catch the first fish, and the second, and the third, before Will's usual luck began; and Ralph showed his delight too plainly, and "bragged a good deal too much," Will thought and said. Then they had a hot dispute over a fish which Will jerked up just to the surface, and then lost. Will declared it was a splendid pickerel, and Ralph stood to it that he saw it plainly and it was a roach.

Next, when Will rowed to a capital fishing ground, as he believed, Ralph insisted that there was a much better place beyond Second Rock, for his uncle had caught lots of fish there the day before.

"I know this is a good place too," said Will, doggedly; and he dropped his lines. Unfortunately he did not have a bite very soon, and Ralph began to urge trying the other spot. Then hot-tempered Will pulled up his lines and rowed directly to the shore, where he jumped out.

"There!" cried he, "you can fish just where you like best. I can't suit you."

It cost Will his last half dime to get a boy who was just pushing out to row him over to their starting place. And he carried with him an uneasy conscience, remembering Ralph's dismayed look as he jumped off from the boat. Ralph was not much accustomed to manning a boat, and, as Will knew, would hardly have gone off fishing alone; at least, his mother would not have consented to it.

Long before Will drew near Johnny Beale's house he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, and therefore doubly uncomfortable. And after he reached home he watched out for Ralph, and felt very much relieved when at length he saw him plodding by.

"He's safe, any way! Hope he didn't lose the oars, or forget to tie up the boat!"

"Come, Willy," said Mrs. Wentworth that evening, "shall we look over the next chant in the service? It is a psalm this time; after the first evening lesson."

Will had been much interested in studying with his mother the anthems and hymns of the Morning Prayer; but he now took up his book rather listlessly. Mrs. Wentworth noticed this, and waited for him to speak.

"Do you mean this, mother;—'Cantate Domino'?" and Will glanced over the well known words.

"I don't see how we can think of this as a 'new song,'" said he; "at least in our church; for our choir sing it over and over, every Sunday!"

"We might sing it every day, and oftener, my son, and still have something new each time to thank God for."

"New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray:
New perils past; new sins forgiven;
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."

Mrs. Wentworth repeated these sweet words very feelingly, and Will was struck with them, although he made no remark about it, but asked some question about the other verses of the psalm. Will did not feel in thankful mood just then.

The next day when Will went out to play ball with Johnny he hoped that Ralph would come along and join them; but Ralph did not appear that day, nor the next. Towards evening Will heard that he was very sick.

"What is the matter with him?" he asked of the friend who mentioned this.

"I did not find out exactly," was the reply; "it is not very long, you know, since he had that nervous fever, and I believe he got over-tired or excited in some way a day or two ago, and it has upset him."

Poor Will! How remorsefully he thought over all that had passed between them on that day!

"As if I mightn't have remembered," he said to himself, "that a fellow who had been so sick had a right to be a little fussy. Poor old Ralph! how pleased he was to go with me—and to think how I left him!"

From what had been told him Will took to himself the whole blame of Ralph's relapse and serious illness. The fact was that the younger boy was scarcely fit to go out in the boat, even with an older person to depend upon, and Will could not have guessed how dangerous a little over-excitement would be to him.

When left alone in the boat Ralph was really alarmed, but he kept near the shore for some time, hoping that Will was only playing a joke on him, and would soon rejoin him, for a

projecting point hid the other boat from his view, and he did not see him set off to recross the pond.

He tried throwing out his lines to pass away the time; but at last, thoroughly perplexed and troubled, he concluded that there was nothing for it but to row across as best he might. It was a heavy task for his feeble arms, and the results we have heard.

A week passed, and Ralph Dana was no better. Weary and anxious days they were to Will, and he could hardly have borne the suspense and self-reproach if he had not confided the whole story to his mother.

"If I could only do something to prove how sorry I am mother!" he exclaimed, when he had talked it over. "Do you suppose it is good for a fellow that's always flying into a passion to have to wait, wait like this?"

"I hope it will prove good discipline, sonny," she answered; "but do not forget that there is *one* thing we can do for poor Ralph."

"I haven't forgotten that, mother."

That evening a message came to Will Wentworth from Mrs. Dana: Would he be willing to watch with Ralph that night?

The sick boy was very nervous, he was told, and could not bear any one to nurse him except his mother, and one friend, who had relieved her all she could. He had called for Will very often, crying: "Oh, Will, do come!" And this had suggested the idea of sending for him.

"You will not have any trouble about the medicines," said the messenger, "for Mrs. Gray will be watching with you close by, and she will give them to you; but she will keep out of sight for fear of worrying poor Ralph."

"Do you think you can keep awake, Will?" asked his mother.

Will nodded. "I don't believe I shall feel like going to sleep, if Ralph really wants me," said he, "but—I'm afraid—"

"Well, you had better try, my dear," she answered; and Will promised to go.

How like a culprit he felt as he set forth that evening. If Mrs. Dana had been only known how unkind he had been, he was sure she would not have sent for him. And Ralph must have been delirious when he called him. What if the sight of him should bring it all back and make him worse!

A lonely whip-poor-will had lighted on a rock in a field as he passed, and was repeating its cry.

"Whip away!" muttered our poor Will, "I'd rather take a caning than go through this!"

Mrs. Gray took Will aside when he arrived at the house.

"Ralph is asleep," she said, "and I have sent his mother to take some rest. But he is very weak to-night. We must watch him carefully. Now please come

and sit near him, and be ready to speak to him quietly when he wakes, for he is apt to be much distressed then."

Will obeyed, and drew softly near the sick bed. How ill poor Ralph looked! Will watched every breath and motion anxiously.

After half an hour more of uneasy sleep Ralph suddenly opened his eyes and looked at Will. He closed them again, but soon moved a little and gazed eagerly at him. Will gently took his hand saying:

"How are you now, dear Ralph?"

"Oh, you have come back, you have!" exclaimed the sick boy. "Don't go away again. Will; say you won't!" Then holding Will's hand tightly, he again dozed off.

Mrs. Gray stole softly around and bent over him, then nodded and smiled at Will.

"If you can only keep him quiet a little while," she whispered.

So Will sat, bending forward, that he might not disturb Ralph by withdrawing his hand. And Ralph slept, but he seemed to grow more pale and wan, and the nurse looked anxious as she wet his lips and at last went and spoke to his mother.

Will never forgot the watch of that next hour or two. He felt sure that Ralph was dying, and indeed the sinking turn lasted a long time. But at length, to the great relief of the anxious watchers, the sick boy revived.

He took some nourishment, smiled at his mother, and then looked gratefully at Will.

"You were so good to come!" he said; "and we're safe home now, aren't we?"

Will nodded; his eyes filled with tears, but Ralph did not notice this, for he had fallen asleep again.

Mrs. Dana drew Will gently away from the bedside, and beckoned him into the next room.

"You must come away now, dear boy, and get some sleep. This has been a hard night for you, but I thank you so much for coming! I think you have

Mrs. Dana wanted Will to go upstairs and lie down, but, as he could do nothing more then, he preferred to run home, and rest there.

The day was just breaking as Will started out—tired, indeed, but cheered and hopeful now. He chose a short cut through the woods, and, as he was pushing his way along, he was suddenly arrested by the sweet song of a little bird in a tree just before him.

The little fellow sat on a high bough and sang with all his might, rousing his sleepier comrades with his melody.

Will stopped and listened.

"Ah, birdie," he cried, "you have a 'new song' this morning, and so have I. Sing for me too!"

"A new song." The words lingered in his mind:

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, Even praise unto our God."

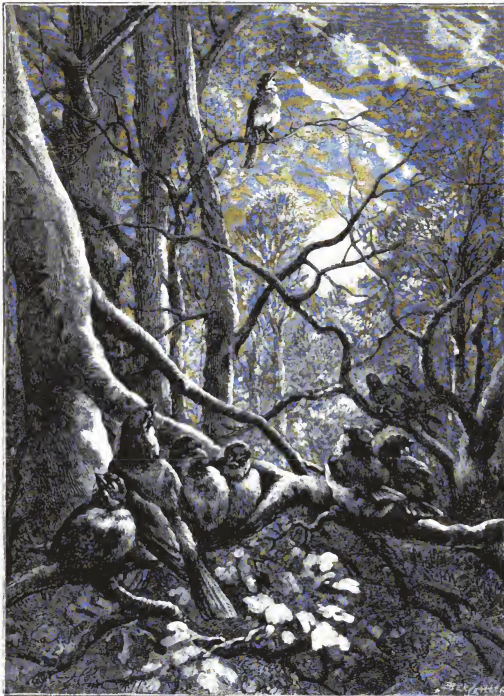
"They think he is better, mother, dear," was all he said, as his mother opened the door for him. But there was something in his quiet smile which showed her that the night's dreaded task had done her boy no harm.

"A new song!" repeated Will, as he laid his head on his pillow. "Oh, if the Lord will make Ralph well again, I

will try not to forget to sing it!"

Ralph did grow better from that time. It was many days before his boyish strength returned and he was able again to mingle among his old playmates. But one, at least, spent many of his play hours with him, patiently trying to amuse and cheer him, with no trace of the fiery Will of a few weeks before.

Will Wentworth was slowly learning the parts and harmony of a song that will be always new.



"THE LITTLE FELLOW SANG WITH ALL HIS MIGHT."

done Ralph good, and it was very kind of you."

"No, ma'am, it wasn't," said Will, hastily; "and you don't know—I left him that day we went a-fishing because I got vexed, and I'm afraid that was what made him sick again."

"You must not blame yourself too much, my dear," said Mrs. Dana, soothingly. "I ought not to have let him go at all. But we will hope the worst is over now; he is certainly gaining a little."

RUNAWAY FREDDIE.

BY V. G. HOFFMAN.

It was a bright June day, all the earth lay warm and green under the blue sky. Soft little clouds hurried to and fro and the tall tree-tops waved in the gentle breeze. The bees buzzed in and out among the honeysuckle, and the hollyhocks that grew by the fence stood stately and tall with all their pink, red and white cups opened to the full to catch the sunshine. The birds sang merrily as they darted hither and thither.

"I dess I've had 'nough of dis, I do and see the baby," said a little boy to himself that was playing in a big, old-fashioned garden. Baby was a neighbor's child who lived at some distance down the road.

"You know mamma has forbiddeu you to go outside the gate alone," said a small voice, so close to Freddie's ear that he turned to see if any one was answering him. There was no one to be seen, and only a little cock-sparrow, who sat on a low limb with his head on one side, in a most knowing way, could have heard.

He stood for a minute looking at the little cock-sparrow, and the little cock-sparrow looked at him. He dropped his spade and away flew cock-sparrow with a chirp as much as to say, "Don't you wish you could go too!" This was too much, so off he started after the sparrow as fast as his fat little legs could carry him.

He reached the big gate but found it fastened; nothing daunted, he crept through the bars. How much nicer it was out here than in the garden—such lots of daisies, and inside there were nothing but roses.

He clambered over the stile and started off across the meadows, remembering that this was what nurse called the short cut. Nurse had gone away for the day, and that was why he was having such a good time alone.

The tall grasses shut him in on every side; how pleasant the little breeze sounded as it blew gently through them, swaying them back and forth to a tune of its own. What lovely flowers grew among their tall stems. He would get a beautiful bouquet for baby.

So he sat down and began to gather those near him, using both his chubby little hands to pick a big scarlet poppy, which sent him rolling over on his back. He laughed and thought it great fun.

He scrambled up on his feet and trudged on holding fast to his big red poppy. What a very long short-cut it seemed to be, but he thought he saw the fence at the end with the stile that led into Baby's garden. Then what a nice time he would have and how that funny baby would laugh to see him.

Just then a big yellow and black butterfly came sailing by and poised quite on the top of a tall grass that swung across his path.

"Ou velly pitty fing!" he cried, and reached out his hand to catch it. But the butterfly was too quick for him, and off he flew. Instead of flying straight up, he started off in and out among the grasses, and Freddie after him, such a scamper.

The tall grasses tried to hold the foolish little boy back, and then the butterfly would rest and seem to wait to be caught up with. At last one piece of grass wrapped itself around his tired little feet. Down he went, and off flew the butterfly.

He lay still for a minute, all ready to cry, but remembering that papa told him that little men ought to make the best of things as big men had to do, and never cry, he rubbed his knuckles hard into his big brown eyes, gave a gulp, and bravely swallowed all his tears, and then tried to find the way back.

But how tired he was, and where was the path? Tall grasses closed him in on every side, no matter which way he went. He looked up, and could only see a little patch of blue sky, over which a fleecy white cloud was hurrying.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! how nice the garden seemed now. There was the hammock hanging idly under the trees, and the beautiful ditch with the bridge across which he had been making; even the despised roses seemed to grow in beauty. What would his mamma say? His pretty little mamma, who was such a jolly playfellow.

"She'll fink I didn't love her 'nough to stay and take care of her, as papa said I must when he's at hifness. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I see such a velly naughty, naughty boy!" and in spite of all his manliness, two big round tears stole down his rosy cheeks, and fell with a splash on his pinafore, while another ran dimly off the end of his nose.

He sat down, and gave himself up to the most gloomy thoughts. The sad tale of "The Babes in the Wood" came to him, and he looked around to see if there were any robhins to cover him up; but no, there was only tall shining grasses swaying around him, and no birds at all. Besides he was only one "babe," and perhaps they wouldn't take so much trouble just for one.

He heard a little rustle in the grass close beside him, and looking down, spied a field-mouse creeping softly out of a hole. He kept very still, and pretty soon out came four tiny little mice, all gray, with pink to their tails and ears. Such cunning little things! He lay gently down, so as to be nearer them, and off they scampered.

Soon, however, when all was again quiet, they came back, and he heard the little ones say, in a funny, squeaky voice,

"Mother, what's that lying there?"

"That, my dears, is a foolish, naughty

little boy, who ran away from home and is lost in our field."

Then one of them stood up on its hind legs and looked at Freddie, who at any other time would have laughed to see how funny the little creature looked, balancing itself on its haunches, with its little pink paws hanging down in front; but now he only felt what a miserable, naughty little boy he was.

"Very silly," sniffed the field-mouse, and ran off. Another of those big tears rolled from under his drooping lids.

"Yes, very silly," said the old mouse, "to leave a beautiful garden—though I, myself, don't care much about gardens; but I have some distant connections who live in one, and they say it's very pleasant—and his dear mamma, who, no doubt, must be very much alarmed by this time. My children," said she, standing on her hind legs and shaking her little paw at them, while she looked very stern and severe, "if you ever do such a wicked thing, I'll never forgive you."

"Oh, mother, dear," squeaked the little ones, "how could we?"

Poor Freddie's heart was almost broken. He wondered if his mamma would feel so, and then what should he do? A faint sob shook the little figure, and away ran the mice, all except one, who, way down in her mousey heart, felt sorry for the forlorn little boy.

She stood up and looked at him thoughtfully for a minute, and then scampered off towards the foot-path, which she knew very well. When she reached it she stood for a minute with her head on one side and listened. Far off she heard the barking of a dog—nearer and nearer it came—her heart beat violently against her sleek little sides, but she was a brave little mouse and stood her ground. The next bark came so loud she fairly jumped, and just then, on the other side of the narrow path, appeared a dog's head. He spied her standing there, and with a bound flew after her. But Miss Mousy was too quick, and off she started towards Freddie.

Such a dreadful race for poor mousey. On, on they went, she thought she should drop, but the thought of the forlorn little boy in the grass gave her strength, and she ran on till she came to Freddie, and then she ran right across his face. He jumped up with a start, and threw his arms around dear old Brann's neck.

"O, you dear, dear doggie, did you

tum to find ou naughty Feddie?"

Brann licked his face soothingly, and forgot the field mouse, who by this time was safely at home, and no one knew but itself what a brave thing it had done.

Freddie, now fully on his feet again, took hold of Brann's collar, who soon led him back to the path, where they met mamma, tired and warm, hurrying home as fast as she could. She had

been over to Baby's, and not finding him there, was going back to see if anything had been heard of him at the house.

Such a sorrowful little boy as met her—his hands and face were scratched and his short yellow curls were full of seeds and bits of grass.

He looked pleadingly up into her face, remembering what Mrs. Mouse had said—but mamma only took him up in her arms and said with tears in her pretty eyes—

"O Freddie, how could you, how could you."

But he felt as if his heart was broken, and papa would never leave him to take care of his dear mamma again.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885.

We take a special pleasure in publishing the very remarkable article by Dr. Dix upon the University of the South, and especially at this time when, as never before in twenty years, the unity of the country and of the hearts of its people is uppermost in the minds of men.

SOME of the English Church papers discuss the Prayer Book Annexed with scarcely less interest and thoroughness than they might be expected to do if it immediately concerned themselves. The Guardian devotes to it an elaborate review, approving of many of the proposals, but thinks that a fuller ritual study will result in a more cultured ritual and in a more delicate appreciation of rhythm. It would be better, the Guardian thinks, if subjected to a deliberate recension which, if approved by the Convention of 1886, might be fully adopted by the Convention of 1889. The Church Times, which devotes to the subject the first in a proposed series of editorials, is altogether dissatisfied, not to say disgusted. It says the Prayer Book Annexed, "cannot possibly be adopted by the Church and must be dismissed as a dismal fiasco, to be dealt with anew in some more adequate fashion." It is probable that the committee and especially the General Convention to meet next year, will duly take account of these criticisms, but they will bear in mind that the work is one which especially concerns the American Church.

PAPAL RESENTMENT.

The present pope has shown singular energy and determination, as witnessed in the late case of Cardinal Pitra, and in several other instances, in enforcing discipline among the higher ranks of his clergy, and binding them first of all to bow before his lately promulgated absolutism. The recent appointment of Mr. Keiley to the American Legation at Rome has been generally attributed to the influence of the Archbishop of Baltimore, whose special henchman Mr. Keiley is said to be.

For some time past a second cardinal's hat has been promised to the Roman obedience in America, and it has been always supposed that it would be given to the Archbishop of Baltimore, who is the primate of the Roman communion in America.

Now the cable announces from Rome that this hat has been given not to the Archbishop of Baltimore, but to the Archbishop of Boston. Some extraordinary reason must have occurred for

passing over the former, who both as primate, and from the influence of his see, seemed entitled to this honor. And the question arises whether this may not be intended to mark the displeasure of the pope with Archbishop Gibbons for his indiscreet and officious effort to force a faithful subject of the pope into the position of minister to an excommunicate court.

Leo XIII. feels so strongly on this point that last year when the Crown Prince of Germany visited him during his stay in Rome, he was requested from the Vatican not to come in the carriage of the German Ambassador to King Humbert, and as the German Minister to the pope, M. Schloezer, did not keep a carriage, the Crown Prince was forced at the last moment to have himself conveyed to the Vatican in a hired carriage.

A pope who would not allow the carriage of an ambassador to the Italian King to enter his court yard, could not have been pleased with the readiness with which the Archbishop of Baltimore was willing to imperil the soul of one of his flock by forcing him as a minister to the Quirinal.

THE WHITE CROSS.

The Bishop of Durham takes occasion, in one of the English publications, to commend the White Cross movement as the best way of dealing with social impurity. The essential truth of the revelations put forth in one of the English weeklies he takes for granted. Their dreadful character he does not pretend to deny. The evil is so alarming and so ominous that, in his opinion, no time must be lost in taking it in hand. It concerns one of the greatest and most difficult problems of the time, and, as for that matter, of all time. It lies at the very foundation of social order and social well-being.

Of course, there is no subject to be handled with greater wisdom and greater care. Legislation cannot hope to do in the case what it can openly and boldly do in other directions. It can approach the subject, as it were, from the outside; it can block up some of the passage-ways to the citadel and tear down some of its defences; but the enemy is too deeply entrenched and too strongly fortified to be dislodged, and still less destroyed, by acts of the Legislature.

No more can the subject be approached in hardly any way without incurring some risks. It is a thankless task to legislate on the subject—that is, with a sufficient knowledge of the facts to legislate with wisdom, and it is equally thankless to have to do with it in any official and familiar way. Nevertheless, the

evil will not cure itself, and unless looked at as it is by somebody, will in some way force itself upon the attention of the whole community.

Bishop Lightfoot lays much stress on the fact that the White Cross makes much of that chivalrous element which played so prominent a part in the Middle Ages. All young men who are worth their salt, he says, have a sense of honor. The five-fold pledge of the White Cross makes the most of this feeling. They promise to treat woman with respect, and to endeavor to keep her from wrong and degradation, because the doing of this is prompted by an instinctive feeling in all noble natures. They will endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests, because they are wanton and offensive and an index of degeneracy and depravity on the part of those who make use of them. They will make the law of purity to be equally binding on men and women, because the law of God makes no distinction, and the law of society should not.

It is a fortunate circumstance, we think, that a movement which the Bishop of Durham has such faith in and so heartily recommends is being introduced in this country, and especially in connection with the Church. That something of the kind was demanded is seen in the growing interest in the movement, and in the starting of the order in connection with several parishes. So far as we can see it can do no harm, and is in a way of doing very great good. Even the best-instructed and purest-minded lads can learn nothing to their injury, while they who are something less than either will find themselves put under such a combined sense of honor and of religious obligation, that it cannot fail to guard and fortify them against an evil than which none is more seductive, wide-spread and too often disastrous.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.

Having just returned from a visit to Sewanee, Tennessee, and being deeply impressed by what I saw and heard at that site of the University of the South, I ask your kind permission to give your readers some information about a work of which so little is known among us. I went to Sewanee, curious to learn for myself what the University is; I return with the conviction that it is already doing a great work for letters and religion, and that, unless all signs should fail, it has reached a point from which the advance will be rapid and sure.

The direct route, for us, to Sewanee, is from New York to Philadelphia, thence to Harrisburgh, and then, by the Cumberland Valley Railroad, to Hagerstown, Md., where the traveller strikes the Shenandoah Valley, and proceeds, through some of the loveliest

scenery in this country, by Bristol, Roanoke and Cleveland, to Chattanooga. There, taking the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis road, he reaches Cowan, passing around the storied "Lookout Mountain," where the battle in the clouds was fought. I cannot pause to describe the beauty of the views as one descends the long valley, flanked on either side by mountains of bold outline, and watered by rivers and lesser streams.

The region recalls to memory the Tyrol and parts of the Scotch Highlands.

Arrived at Cowan, a little village with tall chimneys and a blast furnace, the traveller finds himself at the foot of the Sewanee Mountain, a spur of the great Cumberland range. There he is presently taken in tow by a powerful locomotive, which drags the luggage and passenger cars at the end of an interminable *queue* of coal and iron vans, at a grade of one hundred and twenty-five feet to the mile, right up to the top of the hill. This road is the property of a mining corporation, extending some twelve or fourteen miles, and constructed for the purpose of transporting coal and iron; it gives facilities to visitors to the University, who, after half an hour of tugging, puffing, and laborious ascent, find themselves at a substantial stone station, and actually within the precincts of this home of the arts, science and religion.

But where is the University? At first the traveller is puzzled; what appears is a somewhat thinly settled but not unattractive country village. It is situated on a plateau, many miles in extent, and so thickly wooded that he finds it hard to believe that he is on the summit of a mountain 2,100 feet above the level of the sea. At certain points only can a side-long view be had of the plains below; but the prospect, when attained, is simply magnificent. For the rest there is nothing to be seen but roads lined with shade-trees, and back from these are dwelling houses and cottages. There is also a hotel, which already three times enlarged, is still too small to accommodate the increasing number of visitors. After a while one comes to the buildings of the University, scattered along a semi-circle of half a mile, and including St. Augustine's chapel and its bell-tower, Forensic Hall, the Chemical and Philosophical Hall, St. Luke's Hall, and the Hodgson Library, besides several smaller halls erected by the literary societies for their meetings and exercises. Beyond St. Luke's Hall is a parade ground with a flag staff and two pieces of artillery, and still farther on is the broad Campus, surrounded by stately oaks, where the young men play base ball and hold their athletic exercises. The residences of the chancellor and vice-chancellor, the faculty, and several of the Southern bishops who make this beautiful place their summer home, the houses in which the students are lodged, as will be hereafter described, and the dwellings of other residents of the place, make up the rest of this unique settlement.

The University corporation hold in fee a portion of the plateau some eight miles in length by two in width, and containing about 10,000 acres. The soil is thin and porous; the rock is a sandstone cap over limestone; moisture sinks through it immediately; dampness and malaria are impossible. The water is deliciously cold, and so pure, that it is used in the laboratories, or for medical purposes, without distillation. The

atmosphere is fresh and bracing; the timber is heavy and abundant; nothing can be imagined more delightful than the contrast between the intensely deep green of the trees and the equally intense blue of the sky, especially when the great white round-topped clouds come up in the summer noon. Storms here are grand and awful. The winter climate is cold; but winter is vacation time in the University, while, during the summer they are all hard at work in their lecture rooms. The title of the corporation to its domain is absolute; none of the land will ever be alienated in fee; the leases contain stringent provisions against nuisances; and not a liquor saloon, billiard saloon, or any similar place can be found within ten miles of the University.

The society at Sewanee is of that kind which attracts refined and cultured people who dislike noise, crowds, and feverish excitement. Among the permanent residents and *habités*, are representatives of some of the best and oldest families of the South. Bishop Green, Chancellor of the University, now in his 88th year, Bishop Quintard the Diocesan of Tennessee, Bishop Gregg of Texas, and Bishop Galleher of Louisiana, have houses here; others of the Southern bishops may be met here in the summer. Here also resides the widow of the former beloved Bishop of Georgia, and the mother of the present Bishop of Western Texas, Mrs. Elliott, a lady of the old school, surrounded by her family, and dividing with Bishop Green the homage of those who venerate the ripe and beautiful old age in Christ, and the memories of the past. The house of the Bishop of Tennessee is filled with memorials of men, places, and incidents connected with the work of his life; there may be seen portraits, letters, and autographs of English prelates, his friends; and in his private oratory are some windows filled with rare old glass which was brought across the sea from a ruined church in Sussex.

The doors of the house of the vice-chancellor, the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, D.D., stand open all day long. The University owes him a debt which it can never pay, for the unselfish labors of seven years, and for the thorough business capacity, the practical wisdom and good sense, and the marked ability, which he has placed at the disposal of the trustees, without salary, and for the love of God, man, and the Church. Of his accomplished and charming wife the most that could be said in praise would be too little; no one could adorn her position more gracefully, or perform more acceptably the duties which require an infinite measure of tact, discretion, and genuine kindness of heart.

And now let me give some account of the institution itself. The history was fully told by the vice-chancellor in his official report to the Convention of the Diocese of Tennessee, A. D. 1883, and documents may be obtained from him giving full particulars respecting the several schools, the professors, and the students. I shall not repeat these things, but will only observe that the time is short since the resumption of the work which was so rudely broken up by the storm of our civil war. What is now seen at Sewanee is the outcome of not more than ten years of recovered life; and memorable to relate, it has been done without one dollar of endowment, and with very little attention from the outside world. The men

at Sewanee have worked there on small salaries or none; some have resisted the temptation of lucrative and important positions elsewhere. The history is one of self-sacrifice, zeal, and devotion. And verily they have their reward, and must surely see, hereafter, the fulfillment of all their desires. The wonder is how so much could have been accomplished in so short a time.

For it is a great system, well devised, and capable of immense expansion; one, moreover, which has peculiar features worthy of note by those who are interested in the problem of education. Let me try to convey a clear idea of it.

The supreme government is vested in a Board of Trustees, which now consists of the Bishops of North Carolina, East Carolina, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, and the two missionary jurisdictions within the latter State, with clerical and lay deputies from each diocese. This board holds its annual meeting at Sewanee, at the time of Commencement, the session lasting about one week. It elects a hebdomadal council of seven members, including the vice-chancellor, to which is confided the care and discipline of the institution during the year. The chancellor is a titular officer, whose sole duty is to preside over the annual meeting of the board.

The system of education is as follows:

First, there is a grammar school. After passing through it, the boy enters the University, and becomes a "collegian."

The University consists of a large number of separate schools, each an entity in itself, and each arranged in a junior, intermediate, and senior department. In each separate school a student may attain, first, a certificate of proficiency, next a bachelor's, and finally a master's diploma, in that school only.

By pursuing studies in a prescribed number of these schools, and attaining the diploma of bachelor in them all, he becomes entitled to the Degree of Bachelor in Arts.

The highest attainable honor is the Master's Degree. This is given only to those who have taken all the attainable degrees in the several schools of Greek, Latin, the Modern Languages, English Literature, Mathematics, and the Evidences of Religion. Not more than two a year, on an average, get this degree.

There is no limitation of time in any course, nor need they be pursued together; a man may be junior in Greek, intermediate in Latin, and senior in Mathematics. Whenever he is ready in the work of any school, he goes up for his examination in that school.

On reaching the rank of senior, the collegian assumes the cap and gown, which are insignia of proficiency and success in passing the lower grades. The boys of the grammar school, and most of the junior collegians wear the gray uniform of West Point, and are subject to military drill. Lieut. Dowdy of the Seventeenth United States Infantry, is detailed as their instructor by the War Department. Evening dress parades occur several times a week, with gun-fire at sunset.

The Theological School, though constituting a part of the university system, is entirely distinct in rules, regulations, and government. The students wear the cap and gown with purple tassel, and the school is admirably accommodated in St. Luke's

Hall, the finest and largest building at Sewanee. It was erected by the liberality of Mrs. Henry M. Manigault, a native of South Carolina, now residing in England, who has also given a set of altar vessels inlaid with precious stones, many books for the library, and stoles, altar-cloths, etc., for the chapel. St. Luke's Hall is four stories high, built of stone, and thoroughly well provided for its purposes. It has a little chapel of its own, lecture-rooms, apartments for the vice-chancellor, and rooms for the students, compared to which those in our General Theological Seminary are mere dens. The meetings of the board are held in this building. We have already in the Church some thirty-five clergymen who have been students at Sewanee, of whom about one-third are alumni of St. Luke's Hall, and this although the building was not opened until 1878. Who can doubt the prospective value of Sewanee to the Church?

No one can help being struck by the gentlemanly manners and good behavior of the students; the exceptions to the rule are few. This is no doubt the result of the peculiar system of lodging them. They are divided, grammar scholars and collegians alike, into small groups or "messes" of from twelve to twenty; each section is accommodated in a separate house. The houses thus occupied are presided over by gentlemen of culture and refinement, amongst whom are ladies of the best Southern families. The house is, substantially, the private residence of a lady, and the collegians are her guests. Probably it would have been impossible to carry out such a scheme but for the social conditions produced by the war, the destruction of private fortunes and the necessities which were the consequence. But the result is wonderful. In each house resides a proctor, whose duty it is to take note of any disorder or misconduct. The lady at the head of the establishment has nothing to do with that. She never addresses a word of reproof or rebuke to any one of her inmates; the proctor has to see to their manners and behavior. Outside, and having general jurisdiction, are other proctors, who report to the vice-chancellor if necessary. It is said that if any boy is found to be vicious and bad, and likely to "corrupt other," he soon disappears from the scene, being quietly dismissed as unfit to associate with gentlemen. Certain it is that I have never seen anywhere so orderly and well behaved a body of young men.

The influence of the services in St. Augustine's chapel is felt throughout the place. Daily services are held there; about one-fourth of the seats are occupied by the members of the University; the remainder are always well filled, and the building is often crowded. The services are very reverently performed, with the aid of a surpliced choir. On Sunday, August 2d, at the 8 A.M. celebration, about one hundred and fifty persons communed, fifty of whom were collegians. Close by the chapel is a tower; the bell rings at intervals, all day long, directing the movements of the community, like the bugles in a garrison, or the forecable bell aboard ship.

The work done here is thorough. I was present at the examination of a candidate for the Greek prize. It was conducted by Professor Wiggins, an alumnus of the University, and continued some two hours, re-

flecting great honor on teacher and scholar alike. The subject was the "Odes of Pindar." The text used was that of Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, who gave a course of lectures at Sewanee last year, and whom it is hoped to secure as a permanent summer lecturer. The Latin prize examination was on the Andria of Terence, and also on the whole range of Latin poetry and philology, with everything bearing on the subject. I have never witnessed more searching or more remarkable examinations.

St. Luke's Hall is the centre of an important missionary work in the neighborhood of the University. Some miles away there is a rude population known as "Corvites," and classed by the students with other heathen folk, as the "Amcrites, Hivites, Hittites and Corvites." They are so called from their inhabiting caves or recesses at the foot of the mountain where it dies into the plain. Years ago they lived in utter irreligion, and were noted for the illegal manufacture of whiskey—a kind of Tennessee "moonshiners." When missionary efforts were directed towards these people by the zealous students of theology they resisted with disgust, and finally attempted to kill one of the young men on his way back from a meeting in their domain. But here as elsewhere patience and faith have had their perfect work. A nice little chapel has been built for them, there is a Sunday-school of ninety children, and fourteen were recently confirmed by Bishop Quintard.

It is time to say something about the exercises of Commencement Week. These began on Thursday, July 30th, and ended on Thursday, August 6th. On the opening day service was held in St. Augustine's chapel, at 11 A.M. On that and the two following days there were contests in declamation between the two literary societies, and similar contests between individuals of the several departments, athletic sports, a parade, and anniversaries of the societies. On Sunday, August 2d, after an early celebration at 8 A.M., divine service was held at 11, and the commencement sermon was preached before a congregation which filled every part of the building. On Wednesday Bishop Dudley, of the Diocese of Kentucky, delivered a brilliant oration, taking the place of the Hon. Proctor Knott, Governor of Kentucky, who was kept at home by a dangerous outbreak in some of the counties of his State, which had assumed a very threatening character. In the evening an address was delivered by Col. Arthur S. Colyar, of Tennessee, a most original and entertaining speaker, who kept the audience convulsed with laughter during great part of his allotted time. The alumni enjoyed their annual banquet and reunion at the close of the exercises, which included an essay by the Rev. Stewart McQueen, rector of Selma, Alabama, one of the first graduates of St. Luke's Hall.

As to the proceedings on Commencement Day: the weather was perfect, and the scene a most impressive one. The procession, headed by the Cadet Corps in uniform, and including the surpliced choir and vested clergy, moved slowly round the chapel to the front door, singing the hymn: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."

The melody was sustained by a cornet-player in the choir. The chancellor and

vice-chancellor appeared in their rich and brilliant robes of office; most of the clergy wore the biretta or "Canterbury cap"; the bishops and many of the priests had on the hoods of their degrees. The service was short and spirited. Among the interesting incidents of the day was the delivery of the medals for Greek and Latin. In presenting the former to the successful contestant, Bishop Dudley took occasion to speak, with great vigor and spirit, in denunciation of the modern assault on classical studies and the Greek language, claiming for those studies, and particularly for that of the Greek, the highest value and importance, while the Rev. Davis Sessoms of Memphis, in presenting the Latin medal, ably seconded the bishop, and asserted the intention of the University—of which he is one of the most accomplished alumni—to maintain her position as defender and zealous promoter of classical learning. A reception and lunch at Dr. Hodgson's house followed on the closing of the commencement exercises. The lads, acting as a light artillery corps, fired a salute of thirteen guns, and a ball concluded the proceedings of the week, to the great dejection of the young people, who kept it up till half-past-four of the following morning.

I wish to add a few words by way of conclusion. First, then, Churchmen ought to know what a work is in progress on Sewanee Mountain. Secondly, they should lay it to heart that this has been accomplished without one dollar by way of endowment, and that it could not have been done at all but for the devotion and self-sacrifice of a rare body of men and women. It is all but incredible that so much has been accomplished in little more than ten years.

But, thirdly, the Church ought to know the wants of this University. It does not, indeed, come before the country or the members of our communion in *forma pauperis*, begging for help. But there is no reason why people should not know that needs are pressing, and that the opportunity is a golden one. Of the buildings, two only, St. Luke's Hall and the Hodgson Library (the latter the gift of the vice-chancellor) are of stone; a third is part of stone and part of iron; the rest, including St. Augustine's chapel, are wooden structures. The chapel has grown and spread over the ground like a melon-vine. The shingles on its roof denote, by their varied degrees of freshness, the successive stages of enlargement. There is need of a stone church to contain at least 1,000 persons, of other halls of substantial material, and especially of endowed professorships. Here is such a foundation as was rarely laid. Why should rich men, with hearts full of loving thoughts and minds inspired by lofty projects, overlook such a work as this? Why should one of our wealthy and honored citizens of New York have recently given \$500,000 to a Methodist college in the State of Tennessee, passing by this vigorous child of the household of his own faith?

There is no such work as failure for Sewanee. But there ought to be no such words as long waiting and hope deferred. No doubt the beginnings of most of our great institutions were small and their growth was slow; yet, considering the wealth and influence of our Church, there is no reason why we should not do better by this grand enterprise. Ultimate success

seems to be certain. On the day of Commencement two pieces of good news were in circulation: that the Diocese of Kentucky was about to join the rest and send its representatives to the board, and that there were already sixty new applicants for matriculation. Every sign is favorable. What next is to be desired, but that some of our wealthy and liberal citizens, South or North, seeing the opportunity and realizing the promise of this day, will come up and lay on this mountain altar worthy offerings to the glory of God, and for the good of the rising generation? The influence of Sewanee is already felt through every Southern diocese, and, by reflex, in the North. There seems no limit to the good that might be done with ample appliances and means; and I cannot but believe that the men and women are now living and known to God, who will give what is required to push on the work, and thus advance the cause of sound education, thorough culture, righteousness and true godliness, throughout our borders.

MORGAN DIX.

S. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY; OR, THE STORY OF THE NON-CONFORMISTS.

On S. Bartholomew's Day, in 1662, more than a thousand ministers gave up their livings and went out from the Church. Whatever we may think of the merits of the case, it was a brave act, and the descendants of these men may well be proud of such a proof of their fidelity to principle. It was neither the first nor the last time that Englishmen have been ready to make similar sacrifices for conscience sake. The loyal clergy, in the civil war, in rejecting the Solemn League and Covenant, and the Nonjurors in refusing to take the oaths to William and Mary, did the same. All must have their due. Loyalist and Puritan, Non-conformist and Nonjuror, were alike staunch and true men. They differed greatly from each other, but they were alike in the strength of their convictions and in the courage to stick to them to the bitter end.

But while all can agree in honoring such men for their honesty and courage, there will be wide difference of opinion as to the merits of the cause for which they suffered. Especially is this true of the Non-conformists. The English dissenter is never weary of sounding their praises. In his eyes they are "the noble army of martyrs," and the day of their expulsion is "the saddest day for all England since the death of Edward the Sixth." Such exaggerated language as this provokes a smile when we hear it on the platform or find it in the pages of those who love to stir up the dying ashes of party feeling. Unfortunately it is not confined to such places. It finds its way into what professes to be history and passes itself off as a calm, judicial judgment of the past.

Notably is this the case in the work which stands to-day first among the popular histories of England. "Green's Short History" is perhaps the best epitome we have. It is hard to say too much in its favor. In its choice of material, in its clear flowing English, and in its power of holding the interest, it stands far before all others. Freeman justly calls it "a book of astonishing

knowledge, insight, and power of writing;" but with equal justice he adds, "a book which abounds in errors, errors which one is amazed to find." Nowhere are these errors so gross and so numerous as in the account of this fatal S. Bartholomew's Day. His whole account of the Puritan movement is a highly colored sketch taken from the Puritan standpoint. The laws of proportion have been utterly disregarded by the artist, and the figures of the Puritans tower like giants above their opponents. Yet this passes as history, and is the picture of the past most likely to come before the eyes of our young people.

Take the picture in its best light and it is a sad one. No Churchman can take pride in recalling it. The mere fact that so many Christian men felt compelled to go out of the Church is enough to sadden any one who longs for the unity of Christ's Church. Still more sad must be the thought that a more kindly spirit and a broader Christian charity would have prevented all this, closed the breach, and kept these men within the fold. But in Green's account the fault is all on one side. The Church has to bear all the blame. Worst of all, the very facts in the case are strangely misrepresented.

In the first place, the number of the sufferers is greatly exaggerated. Green says: "Nearly two thousand rectors and vicars, or about a fifth of the English clergy, were driven from their positions as Non-conformists. No such sweeping change in the religious aspect of the Church had ever been seen before." (Short Hist., p. 607.) Now, this number is nearly twice too large. True, Hume, Hallam, and Macaulay give the same estimate; but they have all followed Baxter. Now he included in his list schoolmasters and students, as well as all those removed many months earlier to make room for the loyal clergy on their return. This fact is conceded frankly by Stoughton. He puts this last class alone at six hundred, and this is probably a low estimate. The Act of Uniformity did not drive these men out of place, for the act was not yet written. There was no question even as to their views. The point at issue was a very different one. These six hundred held places belonging of right to men who had been ousted from their twenty years before. From their hiding places these men came forward and claimed their own again. For all these years they had been deprived of glebe and parsonage for being faithful to Church and king, and now in their old age they claimed their former homes. Even the most bitter partisan cannot deny the justice of such a claim. Stoughton, the latest authority on the Non-conformist side, after deducting all these, says: "The number of those who were deprived on that day would amount to about 1,200. I do not see how more than that number could have been displaced. I am induced to believe there were scarcely so many." (Stoughton Hist. of Restoration—Note.) Blunt, in his history, puts the figures still lower, and claims that the number cannot have exceeded 800. Yet many of these, like Tillotson, afterward conformed, and were ordained.

Yet, even if Green's exaggerated estimate were correct, it would be far less than the number driven out twenty years before by the "Solemn League and Covenant." All the authorities admit this. Macaulay says: "The dominant party exultingly reminded

the sufferers that the Long Parliament had turned out a still greater number of royalist divines. The reproach was but too well founded." (Mac. Hist. of Eng., vol. 1. p. 142.) Stoughton makes every effort to reduce the number as low as possible, and puts it between 2,000 and 2,500. Walker and Southey, on the other hand, claim that at least 7,000 were driven out, while White, one of the Parliament commission, boasted in his book, published in 1643, that he had had a hand in driving out 8,000. (Lathbury Hist. of P. B., p. 201.) Amid such conflicting statements, it is impossible to reach any positive result; but there can be no doubt that the change thus wrought was a far more sweeping one than that made by the Act of Uniformity.

Yet while our historian sheds so many tears over the sufferings of the Non-conformists, he has not one for those earlier sufferers. As far as he can, he ignores their hard fate and bitter wrestlings with poverty during those long twenty years. When at last he refers to them in telling the story of S. Bartholomew's Day, he has not a word of sympathy for them. Nay more, he does all he can to slight and defame them. "The parsons expelled," he tells us, "were expelled as Royalists or as unfitted for their office by idleness or vice, or inability to preach" (p. 607). There is no excuse for such language as this. Even Macaulay, in spite of his bias against Church and king, can hardly restrain his honest indignation as he recalls those dark days which Green describes as so fair and lovely. "The Puritans in the day of their power had undoubtedly given cruel provocation. They interdicted under heavy penalties the use of the Book of Common Prayer not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which have soothed the grief of forty generations of Christians. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble." (Mac. I. pp. 130-131). Hallam, whose bias is still more decided, admits that most of these men were driven out "for refusing the covenant and for no moral offence," and that many among them were "the most distinguished by their learning and virtue in that age." (Hallam Constitutional History II. 163-164). Their names are enough to prove this. Among them we find Hammond, Chillingworth, Sanderson, Bishop Hall, Pococks, Pearson, Cosin, Frideaux and Jeremy Taylor, a galaxy of divines of which any age might well be proud. These were giants in those days. Yet no pains were lost to blacken their fair names. The commission invited anonymous charges from every quarter. No trial was had, but the accused was thrust out as "a scandalous minister." It would have been strange if among ten thousand parish ministers there had been no black sheep, but most were driven out, to be remembered, "for no moral offence." To wear a surplice or to bow at the name of Jesus was enough to make one "a scandalous minister." At a later date the covenant simplified matters, and the mere refusal to sign that pledge "to expropriate prelacy" sealed the doom of thousands.

Many of these sunk under their sufferings. Old age and poverty soon thinned

their ranks, and when the restoration came only nine of the bishops were left. Some after being deprived were allowed to return or to take other positions. Isaac Walton tells how strangely Sanderson regained his place. Selden's influence restored Pockock to his chair at Oxford. Pearson was deprived of his prebend, but suffered afterwards to minister at the little church of St. Clement's, Eastcheap, where he wrote and preached that course of sermons on the Creed, so well known to every student. Jeremy Taylor taught a little school in the mountains of Wales.

To go back to St. Bartholomew's Day. Most of our popular histories agree in representing the Non-conformists as throwing up their positions because the Act of Uniformity imposed some new test, unheard of before, and required them to do what as honest men they could not do. This is only partially true. The Act of Uniformity required every clergyman to give his loyal assent to the Prayer Book, and if he had not received episcopal ordination, to be so ordained. On these conditions the Puritans and Presbyterians might keep all they had. How much that was, Green can tell us. "The bulk of the great livings throughout the country were in their hands. They stood at the head of the London clergy. They occupied the higher posts at the two universities." This was not due simply to their learning and ability, though this is the inference we are expected to draw. For twenty years they had had full swing, and they had profited by it. The well endowed London rectory, and the comfortable chair at the university had been given of course to men of their own party. This had been done irregularly, in most cases, during this long interregnum, and it is hard to see on what pretext they could expect to hold such posts, unless they were now willing to comply with the law. Remember, "Episcopacy and the Liturgy had never been abolished by law." (Macaulay History I., p. 128.) All the legislation on these points by the Long Parliament was imperfect, and in the eyes of the law null and void. The Act of Uniformity only put things back in their place. As Hume states it. "This bill reinstated the Church in the same condition in which it stood before the commencement of the civil wars." (Hume VI., 21.)

Yet this act is denounced as a fresh proof of the narrowness and intolerance of the Church. "For the first time since the Reformation, all orders save those conferred by the hands of bishops were legally disallowed." (Green, p. 606.) The same charge is made by Hallam and Macaulay, and repeated on every side. It seems to rest entirely on one of good Bishop Burnet's loose statements. In his history of his own time, he says: "Those who came to England from the foreign churches had not been required to be ordained among us; but now, all that had not episcopal ordination, were made incapable of holding any ecclesiastical benefice." (Vol. I., p. 322.) Observe his words refer only to those ordained abroad. Moreover, he gives not even a single instance to sustain his assertion. Individual bishops may have winked at such irregularities, but the instances usually cited are hardly to the point. Bucer and Martyr were welcomed to England; but the places they were given, were chairs at the universities, and Martyr at least had received Holy Orders. More-

over, even laymen like Casaubon, were allowed to hold ecclesiastical positions, though they exercised no spiritual functions. Whatever may have been the practice, there can be no question as to the law. The Preface to the Orinal is very clear and emphatic. Now that was written by Cranmer's own hand, and stands to-day with no substantial change. Dr. Drumm in his learned work, *Vox Ecclesiae*, has gone into this question very thoroughly. Calamy is however an unexceptionable witness. His words are "By divine appointment, and from the days of the Apostles with me is all one." "The whole Book of Ordination is bottomed on that supposition as its foundation. If there were those such orders from the days of the Apostles, they must be by divine appointment." (Lathbury History of P. B., p. 573.)

The question of ordination presented no real difficulty to Baxter and others, for they had received episcopal ordination. The pledge of conformity to the Prayer Book was where the shoe pinched. For years they had denounced that book as the accursed thing. When asked at the Savoy Conference to point out the particular changes they wished to have made, they handed in a long list of places which they condemned as absolutely sinful. It is sometimes said that a very few changes would have satisfied these men, but this is highly improbable. It was really a question as to Prayer Book or no Prayer Book. If the Churchman was stiff and rigid and unwilling to bend, the Presbyterian was captious and obstinate. Neither was willing to make large concessions. One must read the history of that time to understand the temper of both parties. Liberty of conscience is a plant of very slow growth, and the day for broader views and a more catholic spirit is not yet here.

While then the story of St. Bartholomew's Day is very sad, yet it is a story for which both parties must bear the blame. There was much to excuse the mutual bitterness. The House of Commons was made up of country squires, "more zealous for royalty than the king, more zealous for episcopacy than the bishops." There were old injuries they found it hard to forget. At home the churchier woodwork and blackened walls of the hall reminded them of the day when the enemy fought with them hand to hand. At church the shattered stained glass and the broken altar brought back the time when ribald soldiers lighted their bonfires with the Prayer Book and stabled their horses in the chancel. Such things made men hard and bitter, and anxious to wipe out old scores. On the other hand, the Puritan had been for twenty years a law unto himself, and was not disposed, without a struggle, to submit to restraints which he had looked upon as things of the past, and to bishops whose tender mercies had been at times somewhat cruel. In their fault-finding mood, as Taylor quaintly puts it, "They thought it a greater sin to stand in a clean white garment than in separation from the Church." Let us hope that the time is not far distant when an historian will be found to do full justice to both Cavalier and Roundhead, Non-conformist and Churchman. Meanwhile let us try to avoid the errors of both, and to exercise a broader charity for all whose ways are not as our ways.

THOMAS R. HARRIS.

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SALISBURY.—The bishopric of Salisbury has been offered to the Rev. John Wordsworth, a nephew of the late Poet Laureate.

The Rev. John Wordsworth was ordained Deacon in 1867 by the Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Wilberforce), and priest in 1869 by the same prelate. He is Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and, in virtue of this professorship, Canon of Rochester. He is Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, and chaplain of that institution. Under his relative, the late Bishop Wordsworth, he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln.

DEATH OF THE REV. C. R. CONYBEARE.—The Rev. Charles R. Conybeare died at the rectory of Ichenestoke, Hants, on Monday, July 20th, after a few hours' illness.

THE REVISED AMERICAN PRAYER BOOK.—The Church Times has begun the publication of a series of articles on the Revised American Prayer Book, which it proposes to continue for several weeks. "The judgment," it says, "that must be pronounced on the work as a whole, is precisely that which has been passed on the Revised New Testament, that there are, doubtless, some few changes for the better, . . . but that the set-off in the way of petty and meddlesome changes for the worse . . . has so entirely outweighed the merits of this work that it cannot possibly be adopted by the Church, and must be dismissed, as a dismal fiasco, to be dealt with anew in some more adequate fashion. . . . It falls so very far short of what might fairly have been expected, its faults of omission and commission are so serious, that it would be a grave calamity to the American Church were it adopted as its stands."

THE BISHOP OF TRURO AND CHURCH DEFENCE.—The Bishop of Truro speaking recently at a dinner at Kilkhampton, said that after the need of the Church for the continual outpouring of the Holy Spirit, she required next to be let alone. He wished they could convince the Non-conformists what havoc would ensue by drawing Churchmen from their proper spiritual duties to fight for the defence of the Church. What could he (the bishop) do, if the next twenty years of his life were spent on Church defence committees, and his time and attention distracted from his spiritual work? It was impossible to improve the Church by destroying her.

IRELAND.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND AND THE GOVERNMENT.—The Archbishop of Dublin and a deputation of the Standing Committee of the Church of Ireland, called on the new Lord Lieutenant, on Monday, July 27th, to present an address of welcome. The primate, the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, could not be present, owing to age and infirmity, but sent a letter, and the address was read by the Archbishop of Dublin. It was noticed that the Lord Lieutenant, in his reply, carefully avoided the use of the name of the Church, and always spoke of it as "the Church," or "your Church." It is announced that the decision has been come to by the government to refuse the title "Church of Ireland" to the Church, and in official documents to designate it as "The Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland." That this trucking to the Romanists will really be of any advantage to the new government in Ireland, is not believed, and it cannot deprive the Irish Church of its designation, which it has borne since there was a Church in Ireland. The only present effect is to dissatisfy the Churchmen, who are not

disposed to submit, and are not the contemptible handful that they are generally considered. The Archbishop of Dublin, on Wednesday, July 29th, made a speech at Bray, in which he spoke forcibly on this subject of the Church's title, and what it involved. "It would be admitted," he thought, by "every student of history, whatever his position might be, that there existed for seven hundred years after the advent of St. Patrick on these shores a national independent Church in Ireland, which was not in any way subject to the authority of Rome. It would also be admitted by all, that the Church was an Episcopal Church. He asked this simple question—was there any other body of Christians in Ireland, calling themselves a Church, that could claim at the present time to be at the same time free from any allegiance to Rome, and form an Episcopal Church? Therefore for that reason he claimed they were still abiding by their former designation, their old designation of the Church of Ireland. Again, it was admitted by all, he thought, whatever their views on the subject of episcopacy might be, that the bishops of the Irish Church are those who by direct lineage are descended from the bishops of the ancient Church of Ireland. He did not enter into any question as regards the grounds of what is called the apostolic succession. He spoke now of the historical continuity, and he asserted that as a matter of historical continuity it could not be denied that the bishops of our Church are descended by direct lineage from the ancient, independent bishops of the Church of Ireland. He believed it was the duty of every Churchman belonging to the Anglican communion to call them by that title. They must not allow it to be thought for a moment that their claim to the title of Church of Ireland depended on what the State may say or how the State regarded them."

The Clerical Society of Meath, on Tuesday, July 28th, adopted a resolution approving the act of the General Synod, and stating, "That on the ground of the succession, orders, and identity of doctrine, this Church maintains its inalienable right to the title it has hitherto borne, by which it has been designated in successive Acts of Parliament, and confirmed by the order of its incorporation.

It is a general feeling among the Irish Churchmen that they will insist on an uncompromising use of their old title, and the recognition of no other.

EGYPT.

THE GORDON COLLEGE.—The Bishop of Carlisle has written the following letter to the London Times:

"In the year 1883 a number of English Churchmen, deeply impressed by the sense of the responsibility cast upon this Church and kingdom by English ascendancy in Egypt, founded an association, with the sanction of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of many of the bishops, for the 'furtherance of Christianity in Egypt.'

"The association has since its foundation been quietly and unobtrusively at work, making inquiry and carrying on communications with the ecclesiastical authorities in Egypt, with a view to ascertain what kind of effort could be most hopefully made for advancing the work which it was proposed to undertake.

"The result of their investigations was to convince the association that the Christian future of Egypt is closely bound up with the life and efficiency of the Coptic, or native Egyptian Church. This Church, owing to external isolation, internal dissension, and Mohammedan oppression, is in a condition of extreme weakness and inefficiency. Its chief need, and one without which all other help may be regarded as useless, is that of a priest-

hood sufficiently taught and trained, both in theological and secular knowledge, to lead the people and to meet their spiritual wants. But the attempt to supply this need is one which must be made with much caution and delicacy; it is possible that kindly-meant efforts may have the result of increasing the difficulties and consequent weakness of the Coptic Church by stirring up within it jealousy and disloyalty, and by producing a feeling of distrust which must necessarily paralyze all attempts at friendly co-operation. At the same time it is vain to expect that any efforts in the direction of improving the education and consequent status of the priesthood should emanate from the Coptic Church itself; its depression is too great to render such efforts probable or even possible. Help must come from without, if it comes at all; and the help must be wisely and lovingly administered. On whom does the duty of supplying such help rest more clearly and more weightily than upon the Christian people of England?"

"In these circumstances it has been determined, with God's help, to establish in Cairo a high-class resident school for boys, in which an excellent secular education, together with careful religious and moral training, will be given. It is proposed that the school shall be open to all—both Christians and Mohammedans; it is believed, however, that it will be the Copts who will chiefly take advantage of it, and as the Coptic priests are selected from the general body of young laymen, without special preparation, it is pretty clear that the result of the school, if it succeeds, will be that improvement of the Coptic priesthood which the association have chiefly at heart. It is thought necessary that, though a distinctly Christian school, it should be open to all who wish to use it; and it need hardly be said that no unfair attempts will be made to proselytize.

"The above is a sufficient description of the scheme which has commended itself to the association as the best for Egypt of which existing circumstances admit. It is in no sense a humble scheme, but it is very practical, it does not involve any prodigious outlay, it is one which can be carefully watched by its supporters, and, moreover, it is one which can scarcely fail to be a blessing to Egypt, whether it realizes the hopes of the association or not. I have only to add that in considering what name they should give to their institution one name and one only suggested itself. What name should that be? but Gordon! Let it be distinctly understood that the association do not wish to use this name merely as one to conjure by; they proposed their scheme as one which they believe to be for the benefit of Egypt—call it by what name you please; but as they need a name for their institution they thankfully and with reverence adopt one which will be honored through the ages both in Egypt and throughout the civilized world.

"I commend the proposed 'Gordon College' to the judgment and the Christian feeling and love of Englishmen."

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—St. Andrew's Cottage.—The Rev. J. O. S. Huntington, Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, has addressed the following letter to the Evening Post, of this city:

"Sir: Last spring you very kindly noticed our plan of a trade-school for poor boys at St. Andrew's Cottage, Farmingdale. The plan has been put to the test this summer with marked success. We have received nearly one hundred boys already this year, and a number of them have been at the cottage for two or three months. The way in which some of them have dropped their city ways and talk and become healthy and happy country

lads, is as remarkable as it is encouraging. We write now to ask your readers to send us \$300 or \$3000 to enable us to carry through the work of this summer. We want to keep the cottage open until cold weather. The expenses this year have been necessarily large. We have had to buy stock, tools and fodder, and have not yet had an opportunity of realizing much out of the ground. It will be our first failure if we are obliged to close the cottage prematurely, but we do not think we shall be forced to do this. The very generous response of the public to our printed appeal last spring encourages us to hope that we shall not be left without the little help that we still need. We shall be glad to acknowledge any gifts in your columns, if you will kindly allow us so to do."

NEW YORK.—St. Mark's Chapel.—This chapel, in charge of the Rev. J. E. Johnson, is doing some excellent summer work, more especially in the interest of the older boys and the young women connected with the parish. As a rule, this class of persons are not wanted at the summer homes, and yet their exacting toil winter and summer makes a little respite most needed and most welcome. In some cases persons of this class or their families are so poor that they cannot afford to be absent in the country even for a week, though the visit costs them nothing.

The home to which the parties are taken is about three miles from Morristown, New Jersey. The place, which consists of a farm of about five acres, together with a large farm house, was put at the service of the Mission by the Van Buren family, connected with St. Mark's church. To this place it is the custom of Mr. Johnson, having made up a party of about forty persons, to take them on Saturday, bringing them back at the end of the following week and taking out others. Mr. Johnson, who also officiates at the chapel on Sundays, superintends the work, sometimes staying at the home through the week and looking after the welfare of the visitors. They spend the week in rambling about the fields and woods, gathering flowers and berries, etc. Some of them have never seen the country before, and the enjoyment, as also the benefit of their visit, is found to be very great. The cost of carrying on the work is about \$100 a week, this sum being largely provided for by St. Mark's.

This church is closed for the summer, and will not be reopened until October. In the meantime the church will be repainted and upholstered, etc., while a painting will be placed over the chancel. The work will cost between \$8,000 and \$9,000.

NEW YORK.—House of the Holy Comforter.—The House of the Holy Comforter, the Free Church Home for Incurables, at No. 18 East Eleventh street, which was founded as a work of faith by the late Sister Louise, is now without funds to continue its work. It has no endowment, and if speedy help is not received from the public, the hospital must be closed. The institution is under the care of the Sisters of St. John Baptist. Its inmates number, on the average thirty-six helpless women and children, who, as they are suffering from incurable diseases, cannot be received into other homes for the poor.

This institution's work is not by any means obtrusive, but it is effective, and it is to be trusted that the good work so quietly carried on, with such good results, will not be allowed to languish or die for want of support.

NEW ROCHELLE.—The Huguenot Society.—This association, formed of the descendants of Huguenots, will hold its first summer meeting on Monday, August 24th, the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's. New Rochelle has been chosen as founded mainly, if not entirely, by fugitives from La Rochelle,

and therefore emphasizing the historical associations with the early Huguenots. The morning meeting will be held in Trinity church (the Rev. C. F. Canedy, rector,) where appropriate services will be held, and an address of welcome from the descendants of the Huguenots and other citizens of New Rochelle will be made. Excursions will then be made to points of interest, especially Davenport's Neck on Long Island Sound, where the Huguenots first landed.

In the afternoon a meeting will be held, the president, the Hon. John Jay, presiding. A paper will be read by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Lindsay on "The Huguenot Settlement of New Rochelle," and one by C. M. Du Puy, Esq., on "St. Bartholomew's Day: Its Causes and Results."

SOUTH MIDDLETOWN—Grace Church.—This parish (the Rev. William McGlathery, rector,) has been steadily making improvements both in its church edifice and in its services. The church was recently remodelled and fitted up handsomely. A surplised choir of thirty chorists made its first appearance on Saturday, August 8th, at a memorial service for the late General Grant. The Burial Office, set to music by the choir-master, Prof. J. J. Miller, was sung. The rector made an eloquent address, which was attentively listened to by about one hundred members of the General Nathaniel Lyon Post, G. A. R., who attended the service in a body.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. Mary's Church.—In connection with the recent commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the rector of this parish, the Rev. Dr. D. V. M. Johnson, the Rev. W. C. Hubbard, rector of St. Paul's church, Brooklyn, paid the following tribute to his venerable brother: "There are many quiet lives, not blazoned abroad by ostentatious parade or swung aloft upon the wings of popular favor, but which, nevertheless, have shone brightly in the community which has known them and called them its own. One of these more retired lives is waning in your midst, my dear friends of St. Mary's parish. A life—in one short week to write after it—a half century of work for the Master! And what a wealth of meaning is summed up in that fact—fifty years an ambassador of Christ. And such an ambassador! Where can you find a more spotless record, where point to a more saintly service, where stand so worthily your generous and grateful praise? Almost two-thirds of this beautiful pilgrimage has been passed in your service. From the day of small things into the present harvest of great and glorious deeds for Christ a man of God has walked in and out among you, with willing feet, with outstretched hands, with loving speech, to guide, to greet, and to bless. In times of tribulation what comfort came from him to you! In times of prosperity what rejoicing with you! As a preacher, what earnest, holy, God-given truths have been uttered within your hearing! As a shepherd, what anxious care, what devoted solicitude have been unceasingly and unwearyingly lavished upon you! As a priest, how can I hope to express even in the faintest testimony to his holy zeal! Let the children who have been baptized at yonder font, let the host of confederates who have knelt before this altar, let the prayers of faith sent up to God from the side of the sick-bed, let the memory of your holy dead draw aside the veil which obscures the past, and let memory take you by the hand and lead you through the years that have been hallowed by his blessed work in St. Mary's."

In a letter written for the same occasion, conveying his congratulations, the bishop of the diocese said: "How few in this sacred

office, at the end of half a century of active and devoted service, have been preserved in such vigor of body and mind as you have. How few, whatever their term of service, have such a record of ministerial work. For twenty-five years, seventeen of them in the episcopate, I have had personal knowledge of your labors, and shepherding the sheep of Christ's fold, and during all that time I have known no one more faithful and devoted to a lofty ideal of 'the ministry of reconciliation.' Strong and earnest in the pulpit, and with an admirable method of liturgical ministrations, you have been preeminent in the gifts and graces always regarded as of foremost importance in the cure of souls. Christ's poor you have always had with you, and these you have never neglected. Christ's sick, and needy in soul and body, have always fallen under your pastorate in a singularly large proportion—to these how constant, how faithful, and loving you have been. What a multitude have you baptized; what companies of souls have you presented to your bishop for confirmation—in all, some 850 during my episcopate; what vastly greater companies have you fed with the bread of life and instructed in the riches of the word."

By the wide circle of Christian people who have known and appreciated the successful labors of Dr. Johnson, these tributes will be accepted as eminently fitting.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE CHURCH IN ALLEGANY COUNTY.—In Allegany County there are six parishes, Angelica, Wellsville, Belvidere, Belmont, Cuba, and Canaseraga. All of these are now without rectors, perhaps with the exception of Belmont, where the Rev. Mr. Scofield gives them a service once each Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Warner, after a faithful rectorship of several years, has been compelled to resign Angelica for the want of adequate support. During his rectorship the parish has been much strengthened, and the church building repaired in a churchly manner. The parish at Wellsville, by a most unfortunate debt upon the parish, lost their neat little church, which is now used as a meat market. For a few years past they have had such occasional services as could be given them by the rectors of neighboring parishes. Belvidere is rather a mission than a parish. During the short rectorship of the Rev. Mr. De Mille, at Belmont, he gave them occasional services. Mr. De Mille was compelled to leave Belmont for the want of suitable support, although much beloved by the people, and during his short rectorship a good work was done there, a rectory was bought and paid for; but as the parish received no assistance from the Diocesan Board of Missions, it was unable to pay a supporting salary to a resident clergyman. On account of failing health, the Rev. Mr. Goodhue was compelled to resign Cuba after a rectorship of three years. The parish has received the fostering aid of the Board of Diocesan Missions, and hence has been more fortunate than some of its neighbors. A heavy mortgage debt on their church building and a floating debt of several hundred dollars have been discharged during the rectorship of the Rev. Mr. Goodhue, and he leaves them united and already looking for another pastor. Canaseraga met with a severe loss in the death of their beloved rector, the Rev. Mr. Teller, who, as long as any strength was spared to him, wisely and faithfully cared for the interests of this parish. This leaves the Church field in Allegany county without any pastoral care from any resident clergyman—a most lamentable state of things in so important a field, a county that is rapidly increasing in population and wealth.

The small parishes in this county are constantly sending out families from their number to our cities to add strength and numbers to parishes already strong and large. This depletion of these parishes keeps them weak and depressed, but still of great importance as feeders to our city parishes.

There are also in the same county several places of importance where hopeful mission work has been done, especially in the "oil region" of Richburg and Bolivar; indeed, the whole county is still a missionary field, but there is a good hope that in the not remote future the parishes in Cuba, Belmont, Angelica, and Canaseraga will become self-supporting and independent parishes, though for a time they may need the fostering care of the Diocesan Board of Missions.—*Church Calendar.*

NEW JERSEY.

OCEAN BEACH—Church of the Holy Apostles.—This beach parish, of which the Rev. W. A. Newbold has the temporary charge, is prospering during the present season. The Sunday congregations are large and intelligent, and indicate that not all the Church people visiting the sea side are neglectful of their Church privileges. In addition to the regular morning service on Sunday, there is also a children's service in the afternoon, followed by the evening service. The Holy Eucharist is celebrated on the first Sunday of the month, and there is always a good attendance. On Sunday, August 2d, the services were conducted by the minister in charge, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Watkins, who preached and celebrated the Holy Communion. On the following Sunday, August 9th, the bishop of the diocese visited the parish and confirmed three persons, presented by the priest in charge. The morning service was said by the Rev. H. H. Cole, assisted by the Rev. Dr. W. F. Watkins. The bishop celebrated the Holy Eucharist assisted by the priest in charge, and preached. Prior to the sermon the bishop made a brief address, expressing his gratification that the parish was progressing so well, and that, spite of the absence of the large summer population, the services were maintained all through the winter. He then adverted to the subject of the missionary work of the diocese, stating that he had been surprised at learning from the treasurer of the convocation that but \$100 was in the treasury to pay \$700 of stipends due the missionaries on August 1st. The missionaries could not be left without their stipends, so he had borrowed the money, and trusted to the parishes in the convocation to help him meet the note. A large offering was the result of this appeal.

On Friday, August 14th, a lawn party was held on the grounds of one of the residents, on the south side of Silver Lake, in order to raise funds to decorate the chancel of the church, which is still undecorated, and to continue the services during the winter. Thanks to the energy of the resident parishioners, assisted by the visitors, a large tent was beautifully fitted up on the grounds of Mr. S. C. Force, who also threw open the lower floor of his house. During the afternoon sales were held, with amusements for the children, and in the evening, when the grounds were beautifully lighted up, there was an amateur concert, at which a programme of a high order was excellently rendered. The results were very satisfactory to all concerned, and it is hoped a sufficient amount to carry out both purposes was realized.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK—St. Barnabas Hospital.—The patients of St. Barnabas Hospital were given an excursion by the Sisters and friends of the hospital on Monday, August 10th. The party numbering about thirty, among whom were several sick and crippled children, took a train

at the Chestnut street depot for Jersey City and there embarked on the steamer Richard Stockton, going up the Hudson. They watched with pleasure the beautiful scenery and enjoyed themselves immensely. At noon they enjoyed a plentiful lunch, served by the Sisters, and were afterwards treated to ice-cream, candy, etc. The bright and happy faces of the patients, especially the children, were pleasant to see, and doubtless the Sisters felt themselves fully repaid for all their labor. The party returned to the hospital about 7 P. M. All agreed that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and that the occasion was one long to be remembered. The friends of the hospital who contributed toward the expenses have the happy consciousness of having cast a gleam of sunshine into many a sad life, and they will receive the approbation of the Master, who has said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

SOUTH ORANGE—Church of the Holy Communion.—This parish has sustained a great loss in the resignation of its rector, the Rev. H. S. Degen, who for twelve years has devoted himself to the building up of this parish and the promotion of its interests. He was a man of scholarly attainments, and his kindness of nature, and the performance of his duties as a parish priest, will long be remembered. A testimonial, bearing the signature of nearly every member of the congregation, and expressing their warm respect and regard for their rector, and their sorrow that the parish is so soon to be deprived of his ministrations, has been sent to Mr. Degen, who has also been made Rector Emeritus by the vestry, with an annual salary of six hundred dollars.

EAST ORANGE—St. Paul's Church.—The Rev. James P. Faucon, lately assistant minister at Trinity church, Newark, N. J., has begun his labors as rector of this parish.

St. Paul's, East Orange, was started in April, 1869, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Dr. William H. Carter, then rector of Christ church, Bloomfield. Later a lot was presented by Mr. Chas. F. A. Hinrichs, and on it a small chapel erected, which was opened for service January 30th, 1870. An afternoon service was held here regularly by Dr. Carter and his successor, the Rev. T. J. Danner, until August, 1875, when the lot was sold and the building moved to its present site on Dodd street, and considerably altered and enlarged. The rector of Christ church, Bloomfield, and his assistant continued for a year longer to conduct the worship, but at Easter, 1876, the relation to the parent church ceased, the Rev. William White Wilson was called, and in November of the same year, a parish organization was effected with admission to the convention. A further enlargement of the building followed, and an encouraging growth in membership and general church activity.

Mr. Wilson was, in 1880, succeeded by the Rev. George H. Edwards, who was assisted by his venerable father, the Rev. D. J. Edwards. These gentlemen continued in charge until the beginning of 1885. Mr. Faucon, who succeeds, finds a widely scattered constituency, the congregation at the present time being composed of people who reside in East Orange, Bloomfield and Glen Ridge. The building is ill adapted to the wants of the congregation, and is not favorably situated in relation to neighboring parishes. A new, larger and more beautiful edifice, differently located, is desirable, and will in due time be secured. A plot of ground on Prospect street has been generously offered to the church by a gentleman who contributed \$1,500 towards the present edifice. This would be an admirable site, being in an attractive quarter, and equally distant from Grace church, East Orange, Christ church, East Orange, and Christ church, Bloomfield.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CHURCH GROWTH IN THE DIOCESE.—A careful study of the journals of the diocese for the last ten years shows a most decided growth in all branches of Church work, so that they are not to be relied upon who say that it is not lengthening its cords and strengthening its stakes. In 1875 there were 20,906 communicants, there are now 29,362, an increase in ten years of 8,456, or more than 40 per cent. In that time there have been 36,810 baptisms, 19,516 persons confirmed, and 10,128 couples married. There have been 25 corporations laid, 29 churches consecrated. There were 101 churches and 11 chapels in 1875, now there are 121 churches and 30 chapels. The 47 Sunday school buildings have grown to 76, the 43 rectories to 68, the 41 cemeteries to 50, the clergy from 181 to 215. The seating capacity of the churches and chapels was increased from 59,952 to 70,760, or more than 18 per cent. The aggregate value of church property in the diocese in 1885 was \$5,973,300.00, in 1885, \$9,550,000.00, a gain of \$3,576,700.00, more than 60 per cent. The money receipts from all sources during the decade was \$7,309,227.71. This includes only what passed through the churches. The many magnificent gifts of individuals and the numerous lesser sums privately contributed form no part of this large amount. Besides the churches erected and reported, there have been very general improvements in the interiors, new chancels have been built, towers finished, larger organs have taken the place of large ones. Workingmen's clubs have been established, and a vastly greater life infused into the many details which go to make up a working parish in these days of activity. He who had been absent from the diocese for ten years would find great changes and improvements in the smaller and rural churches as well as in the larger ones in the centre of the city. Since the convention of the diocese adjourned early in May, the new Church of the Annunciation, (the Rev. Dr. Battersen, rector,) has been completed and opened for service. It has a seating capacity of 600, and replaces a small frame structure. Two large churches, the Church of the Evangelists and the Church of the Ascension, have been begun and will be rapidly pushed to completion, the parish building of the later will be erected at once. Contracts have been signed for the building at once of a school building and sexton's house for the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr. An addition to the Church of the Beloved Disciple, Columbia avenue near Twenty-first, is just completed, which will increase the seating capacity about one-fourth; this church has also just finished a building which serves as choir and infant school rooms. Two new missions are about to be started under the auspices of the Southwest Convocation, and several of the other convocations have committees considering the advisability of starting others within their boundaries. Thus there is every probability that the strong growth of the diocese during the last ten years will increase rather than diminish.

PHILADELPHIA—Death of Moro Philips.—Mr. Moro Philips, who died at Spring Lake, N. J., on Sunday, August 9th, was a vestryman of St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, and St. James the Less, Falls of Schuylkill. His remains were laid at rest in the churchyard connected with the latter church on Thursday evening, August 13th. His gifts to the church were large. He placed the first metal rod screen erected in America in the Church of St. James the Less, to the memory of his wife, where he also built a handsome stone altar. The very fine white marble reredos and east window in St. Mark's church, Philadelphia, are his gifts.

BRYN MAWR—Church of the Redeemer.—Contracts have just been signed for putting up immediately a parish building and a house for the sexton to the northeast of the church. The parish building is to be 70x80 feet. Part of it will be a large room for the main Sunday-school, with an open-timbered roof. The other portion will be two-storied, the lower of which will be fitted up as an infant school room; the upper, which will be approached by an open outside stairway, for parish purposes. It is to be built of stone. The architecture of the building is early English, in keeping with the church. The main entrance will be by an open wooden porch, the interior finish yellow pine oiled, the windows cathedral glass. The sexton's house is to be a two-story structure, 30x24 feet, also of stone, and adjoining the parish building. These will meet a long-felt want, and, with the church and rectory, form a fine group of buildings.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the Epiphany.—The work on the enlargement of the Mission House has been completed at a cost of \$2,000. A porch, new rooms, kitchen and other useful conveniences have been added, and the building presents an attractive appearance. \$500 of this sum were contributed by a member of the parish who has long been associated with the mission, and who has thus proved faith by works and sincerity of well-wishing by liberality in well doing.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—St. John's Church, Georgetown.—The report of this parish, (the Rev. Dr. J. S. Lindsay, rector,) given in the convention journal, and repeated in this paper two weeks ago, stated that the gross receipts for the year ending May, 1885, were \$4,257.08, and the expenditures in the parish \$358.70. It is proper to say that the report is incorrect. The sum collected in St. John's church during the year ending May, 1885, was over \$6,000, and the amount expended within the parish exceeded \$4,000.

St. PHILIP'S PARISH—St. Philip's Church, Laurel.—The new rectory which this parish (the Rev. A. C. McCabey, rector,) has erected, is creditable and a valuable addition to the property of the congregation. The joint value of church and chapel here is upwards of \$4,000, on which is carried an insurance of \$3,000. All Saints' Mission, Centralia, Annapolis Junction, has been furnished anew and practically enlarged by the addition of seats, made needful by the growth of the work at this point. \$3,000 have been raised in the year past for parish and other work. The rector is instant in season and out, and prayers and sermons are multiplied, and some forty communicants added to a list, which now numbers about one hundred and forty.

KING AND QUEEN PARISH—Christ Church, Choptico.—The memorial window lately placed in the chapel, in honor of the late Bishop Pinkney, is a fitting act and object, though not costly, it is a beautiful work of art. The chapel has been otherwise improved and decorated by an artist from Washington City, rendering the chapel of All Saints' churchly and pleasant to the eye. The old colonial church underwent improvement during the rectorship of the late rector, the Rev. Mr. J. G. Gantt, now of St. Luke's, Wheeling. The Rev. Mr. Theodore Reed of Baltimore has been chosen rector of this parish.

FORESTVILLE—Church of the Epiphany.—This parish (the Rev. W. Brayshaw, rector,) used to be called "the little Epiphany," but under the present rector it has ceased to merit the title. He has gathered sixty-five families since the commencement of his rectorship, numbering three hundred and fifty souls.

During the last year forty infants and three adults have been baptized, and one hundred services have been held; the church has been insured for \$2,800, repaired and improved, and the chancel and altar made churchly and seemly. There are one hundred pupils in the Sunday-school, and six teachers. A rectory has been built, on which there now remains only a small debt of about \$200; and the cemetery has been put in perfect order. The yearly gifts of the parish amount to \$750.

WEST VIRGINIA.

COAL VALLEY—*Catskill Church*.—The Rev. F. K. Lovell, rector of this parish, which is purely a mission field, writes, under date of August 6th:

"I am reminded of a friend's advice 'to keep my work before the public.' This seems to be the usual way with gleaners of the mission fields; so there must be something in it. I labor publicly and sounding the trumpet. It is to me the most trying thing in my work to be continually probed and held up for inspection, whatever good may result from it, as if I were a martyr or so. For seven weeks past my hands have been idle by reason of a fever, not violent, but slow and confining, and fatal to all my plans for pushing the work. So be it. If you see fit you will publish the following in the interest of my behind-hand rectory building, for which I have collected about one-half enough, and which must be built this fall, if possible.

"These are said to be hard times in trade and commercial circles. They must be adamant in the Church, and not wholly for the same reason. The Church papers picture an age of appeals and of clerical pauperism. Were Churchmen disposed to respond, many would be at a loss to know which was the greatest need, the best investment for their benefactions. Not by way of adding to the embarrassment of these good souls, may one be permitted to urge once more upon the Church benevolent the needs of the work among the coal miners and railroad men in the Kanawha Valley of West Virginia. For seven years this most appealing work has been carried on, growing steadily in importance (if possible) and interest, and not without God's blessing. Churches and school-houses have been built, mearer to the eye than any which the Spirit of Missions pictures; but paint and carpets and comfort are easily dispensed with. In the mission schools, largely dependent on outside aid as yet, some seventy children were instructed in Church principles last session, and many more in the Sunday-schools. The belief is held here—perhaps more than elsewhere—that all these people have souls. Was Archimedes a sort of missionary? He asked for a standing place in order to move the world. The missionary here asks for a standing, sitting, and sleeping-place to move some of the world, flesh, and devil from a teeming population of workmen. If this meets the eye of some Churchmen who have just been lavishing money on summer excursions and pleasure living for self, may I suggest that for His sake, who never did so much for Himself, they send the writer one August day's expenses for this purpose, and something more for the suggestion, if they like it. Only a few hundred dollars are needed to secure a cheap residence. Shall it be forthcoming?"

INDIANA.

NEWCASTLE—*St. James's Church*.—A little over a year ago the bishop of the diocese held the first service at this place. He was followed by the Rev. J. W. Birchmore, of Muncie, who held week day and an occasional Sunday service. After him and in December

last, the Rev. Willis D. Engle took charge, dividing the Sundays between this point and Columbus. There are but sixteen communicants, none of them of much financial ability, yet they have so successfully labored, that by the help of the Diocesan Church Building Fund an extremely neat frame gothic church was opened for service on June 24th, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Bradley preaching at the opening service on "An open door." There were present the Rev. J. W. Birchmore, who preached at the eucharistic service on the following (St. James's) day, the Rev. W. W. Raymond, and the Rev. G. B. Engle, of Indianapolis, and the minister in charge. The nave of the church is 20x37; the chancel, separated from it by a neat rood screen, 20x14, with all proper furniture (except chairs) and stalls for a choir of eighteen. A choir, properly vested, will at an early day be introduced into the public services. Mr. Engle, as a layworker, introduced into the Church of the Holy Innocents, Indianapolis, in 1873, the first vested choir in the diocese, which was maintained under his leadership for over ten years, before the second vested choir was organized, that of Christ church, Indianapolis, which led the music at the opening service. The Sunday school, numbering forty scholars, holds weekly sessions, and a woman's guild is actively working. On Saturday, August 1st, Mrs. Engle held the third service at Cadis, seven miles from Newcastle, and is to open work at Kennard's Station, eight miles distant, on August 13th.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS—*Memorial Services*.—Memorial services for General Grant were held in St. Mark's church, on Saturday, the 8th of August, at 10:30 o'clock, A.M. Owing to the absence of the rector, (the Rev. E. S. Burford) the discourse was delivered by the Rev. J. Rice Taylor; the Rev. F. De Rosset leading the service and the surpliced choir. The emblems of mourning (which had been present since the time of his death), together with the chanting of the burial service, accompanied by the deep tones of the organ, rendered the occasion solemnly impressive.

Memorial services were also held at St. Paul's, on the West Side, in the afternoon of the same day.

FOND DU LAC.

MARINETTE—*St. Paul's Mission*.—On Thursday, August 6th, the new parsonage of this mission (the Rev. William Dafter, missionary,) was formally dedicated with a service of benediction. The bishop of the diocese was present, and conducted the services. The mission is to be congratulated at having reached this point of growth. With a good church and a home for its minister, it is fully equipped for work. There was an early celebration in the church, at 7 A.M., with special Collect, Epistle (Isaiah xxxii, 13-19) and Gospel (St. John ii, 1-12), and a special prayer before the "Blessing of Peace." At 6:30 P.M., there was Even Song with special lessons, and the special prayer repeated. After which, the bishop, clergy and cloisters proceeded to the parsonage singing Hymn 190. At the door, the bishop gave the Salutation of Peace, with the *Gloria Patri*, and the versicles: V. This is the gate of the Lord. R. The righteous shall enter into it. V. O Lord, hear our prayer. R. And let our cry come unto Thee. The Lord's Prayer and a collect of benediction of the doors followed, after which, Psalm cxxi was sung. Entering the parlor the bishop then said, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." V. The Lord your God loveth the stranger in giv-

ing him food and raiment. R. Love ye, therefore, the stranger, for ye were strangers in the land of Israel. V. O Lord, hear, etc. R. And let, etc. A collect of benediction of the guest-chamber was said, followed by Hymn 291. Entering one of the sleeping-rooms, the bishop said: "Save us, O Lord, watching, guard us sleeping, that we may watch with Christ and rest in peace." V. I will lay me down in peace. R. And take my rest. V. O Lord, hear, etc. R. And let, etc. A collect of benediction of the sleeping-chambers was said, followed by three verses of Hymn 339. In the study the bishop said: "Every scribe which is instructed unto the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which brought forth out of his treasures things new and old." V. Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser. R. Teach me a just man and he will increase in learning. V. Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes. R. And I shall keep it unto the end. V. O Lord, hear, etc. R. And let, etc. Then was said a collect of benediction of the library or study, followed by Hymn 362. In the dining-room the bishop said: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand and fillest all things living, with plenteousness." V. The poor shall eat and be satisfied. R. They that seek after the Lord shall praise Him. V. O Lord, hear, etc. R. And let, etc. A collect of benediction of the dining-room was followed by Psalm xxiii.

The bishop then said: "Be kindly affectioned one to another in brotherly love, in honor preferring one another, not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves, for charity shall cover the multitude of sins." After a brief address and the singing of Hymn 454, a concluding collect of benediction of the house, and the Collect for St. Michaels and All Angels were said, and the bishop pronounced the Benediction "The Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, be upon his house and all who dwell within it, Amen." After which the clergy and cloisters returned to the church singing Hymn 317.

ONEIDA—*Hobart Church*.—The bishop of the diocese, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Ashley of Milwaukee, visited this church, on the Tenth Sunday after Trinity. The day was bright and the atmosphere delightful. As usual, the tribe turned out in full force to greet their spiritual father. The capacity of the church was too small for the occasion, and many had to content themselves on the greenward about the building. The Rev. E. A. Goodnough, the missionary, said Morning Prayer and the Litany in the Oneida tongue. The Rev. Dr. Ashley baptized two adults and an infant. The bishop confirmed twenty-six Indians, one of whom was a man of ninety-six years of age. The address was made by the Rev. Dr. Ashley. The bishop celebrated the Holy Communion and preached on the Gospel for the day, adding some words of encouragement about the building of the new church. A very large number received at the Holy Communion. The service, as to length, was very satisfactory to the Indians, being just four hours long. It will be remembered that these Indians, by the failure of a savings bank and other mishaps, lost the accumulation of the self-denials and labors of fourteen years just as the contract for the new church had been made in their behalf by the bishop and missionary. They have resolutely faced the exigency. Every Monday many of the men spend at their quarry, hewing the stone for the building. Three hundred cords in all are needed, of which two hundred are out and on

had loved, and with whom she had borne through her own happy married life, and whom Austin had cherished for her sake with more than a brother's patience?

And as it was with them, so it was with the boys. No need to hush their noisy footsteps and merry voices now, as the lady crept about the house bating their very breath for fear Aunt Belle should be disturbed. Aunt Belle, who had never won their boyish confidence, who had never tried to win it, on whose knee they had rarely clambered since their babyhood, and whom they had always held in an awe and reverence which their mother with her open arms and ready kisses had never inspired.

It was strange to see the lads waiting upon her; Guy especially, who was in reality her favorite, was very helpful and zealous in her service. It must have given Belle many a pang to remember how little she had interested herself in Mary's boys—their very affection was a reproach to her. Arty one day got into her lap and put his arms round her neck. "Dear Aunt Belle," said the affectionate little fellow, "why don't you get well when we all love you so? It makes mammy so unhappy."

"I don't think you can love me much, Arty," replied Belle, fixing her hollow eyes mournfully on the child. "I have not done much for you; I have been very selfish and wicked, Arty." And then, before the boy could answer, she pressed him to her closer than she had ever done before and burst into tears.

Mary, who was working at the other end of the room, hurried across and lifted her boy off his aunt's lap.

"Oh, Arty," she exclaimed reproachfully, "you must not tire poor Aunt Belle so." But Belle, struggling vainly with her emotion, said, "No, it is not that, dear Mary; let him stay—it is not Arty that tires me, it is only"—drawing her sister's face down to hers and kissing it remorsefully—"it is only because it makes me so unhappy, Mary, to think how little I have done for you and your boys."

Poor Belle! Always self-tormented and self-absorbed, worn to a shadow by consuming sadness, shedding bitter tears over a useless past, and fighting against the doom she feels is irrevocable—baffled, weary, and unconvinced—so did she drag on her heavy days. Willingly, right willingly, would Austin have ministered to her sick heart and soul, but Belle shrank from his loving counsel. "Ask Austin not to come and read to me," she said more than once to her sister; "it looks so as though I were dying. If I grow worse I will send for him." And the vicar, albeit with a heavy heart, forbore out of consideration for her morbid fancies. "It seems wrong, but what can I do?" he said once to Rotha; "her mind is harassing her body, and both are alike sick, poor soul! but she will have none of my healing." But Rotha only murmured quietly, "Leave her alone, Mr. Ord. Belle is like no one else; she is fighting it out with herself. By and by her weakness will overcome her, and she will cling to your every word as eagerly as she now repels them; but just now she only remembers that she is unhappy."

Rotha's unspoken sympathy, so intense and so delicately manifested, did much to win Belle's wayward confidence. Her soft voice and quiet ways were very pleasant to the sick girl, whose shattered nerves could

bear so little; she felt Rotha's presence a rest, and grew more reconciled to her sister's brief absences from her room if Rotha could take her place. In many ways she suited her better than Mary. Mary, oppressed with many cares, had lost much of her wonted cheerfulness; faint streaks of gray were plainly discernible in the mother's pretty hair, her smiling face had grown worn and anxious-looking; it was not always easy for her to conceal her uneasiness when Belle coughed or looked more than usually ill; and Belle, who disliked to be plied, would turn impatiently from her questions and caresses. She would have deceived them all still, and cheated herself too, if it had been possible.

But Rotha's face, grave only with reflected sadness, grew daily more necessary to her. She would watch for her coming every morning, and brighten perceptibly at the sound of her footsteps. She could always bear her to talk to her when Mary's voice fretted her into a fever; and her reading was a real refreshment during the long twilight, when she lay and waited for Robert.

Rotha did not always go home at these times. Robert always looked for her, and expected her to be there. Since the day of their reconciliation, when he had owned and acknowledged her as a friend, Rotha had no reason to complain of his manner to her. As far as she was concerned, he was an altered man.

He never met her now without a kind smile and a hearty grasp of the hand. If she stayed late at the Vicarage, however tired and jaded he was, he would always walk up with her to her own door.

Others beside Rotha noticed the almost deferential reverence with which he addressed her; it seemed as though he were always trying to make amends for his past injustice to her. The vicar openly congratulated her on his happy condition of things, but Rotha just now was a little silent over the whole matter. If the truth must be told, she felt somewhat oppressed by it all; in her humility it was almost painful to feel herself so watched and considered.

She was somewhat perplexed too at his sudden change of opinion; but at her first timid questioning on the subject Robert had stoutly denied that it was sudden.

"I had my doubts a long time before I would own to them," he said to her, with the rare honesty which had first won her esteem for him; "but I think it was that talk down on the sands that first shook my faith in my own judgment. I would not give in at the time—but it somehow conquered me; and then your giving everything to Gar; that did not look like covetousness—did it?"

"I wish he would come back!" sighed Rotha, touched by this reference to her lover. "How many days is it since he went away—hardly a week yet, Mr. Robert?"—turning to him half seriously, half playfully—"you had as much right to come up to Bryn and steal some of my property as to send away Gar."

She was afraid she had hurt him, for he did not answer. But a moment afterward she saw his eyes fixed on her with a strange, indefinable expression.

"Send him away? Yes, you are right. I am afraid it was my doing. Evil for good—not good for evil. Miss Maturin, I

wish I could have gone in his stead. Yes, I wish to heaven I could have gone in his stead!"

"And left Belle? Oh, for shame, Mr. Robert!"

"Yes, and left Belle. What is Belle to me or to her now? Shall we ever be man and wife? Oh, my poor girl! How little I knew when I gave up everything for her sake that we should ever come to this! Miss Maturin," turning on her abruptly, "do you believe in long engagements?—I do not."

"I don't know," faltered Rotha. "I think it is a great test; it was so in Jacob's case. Seven years is a long time, Mr. Ord?"

"Why will people always quote Jacob as an example?" replied Robert impatiently. "An exception is nothing to the rule. Did Rachel's beauty fade, I wonder? Did Jacob eat out his heart with that long waiting? Do you think it well that all freshness should wear off? Do Belle and I love each other the better for knowing each other's faults and learning painful lessons of forbearance for half-a-dozen years? Does not the heart grow old too sometimes?"

"No," replied Rotha indignantly. "If that be your man's sophistry I repel it entirely. 'Many waters cannot quench love,' we read, and many years ought not to exhaust it. Belle may try you, Mr. Ord—you see I am speaking plainly—but she never loved you better than she loves you now."

"I do not deserve it," he returned in an agitated voice. "Ifeel you are right—women always are. Never mind if I meant what I said just now. Heaven knows I would cut off my right hand if I could make amends to her for what she has gone through for my sake; and if she may only be spared to me for a few years I will guarantee that I will make her happier, poor child, than she has ever been before."

"I am sure of it," replied Rotha, and then the subject dropped. But she never forgot his words; they convinced her that her suspicions were true—that Robert Ord's remorse was greater than his love; that, however noble and faithful he had been in his allegiance to his betrothed, the engagement had been a hasty one; and that in spite of his warm affection Belle was not loved, never had been loved, with the whole strength and passion of his nature.

Rotha hardly knew whether she resented this for Belle's sake; but it was certain that this instinctive perception of his lukewarmness kept her a little aloof from Robert, and caused her to redouble her tenderness and pity to Belle; for she now watched jealously for every symptom of coldness on his part, but could not find the slightest fault with his manner. Never since the days of his early love, when her beauty and her too evident affection for himself had tempted him from his prudence, had he been so gentle, so devoted; and less keen eyes than Rotha's would have judged that his was the deeper affection of the two.

But alas! alas! though in his remorse and pity he would have cut off his right hand to have been allowed to call her his wife, her face was not the dearest to him, neither was her name the oftener on his lips. But those who saw his altered looks and marvelled at his sorrow never guessed Robert Ord's secret, and least of all she who

ART.

Recent progress in the multiplication of important pictures by photography suggests a most desirable extension of art-education, outside of costly private collections and handsome fortunes. Valuable art has remained quite too long an inaccessible luxury for the masses of our population. This may account in part for the rapid growth and popularity of illustrated journalism. Even an illustrated "daily" has wide currency, and while there is almost no end of weeklies and monthlies, some of the latter having achieved unprecedented circulation both at home and abroad. It is no disparagement to their brilliant literary quality to suggest that the publishers find their account rather in the brain of the engravers than in the brains of their contributors.

Unfortunately we have as yet few public galleries opened freely and conveniently to the public. And under the leadings of our form of government and in the absence of a decided public spirit, it is not likely that such collections will be made as are found in every considerable European city. The popular distribution of excellent pictures through the photographer is an immediate benefit, hardly second to the multiplication of standard, classic literature at popular prices.

There seems no reason why Raphael, da Vinci, Murillo, and Keulbaech should not be as easily accessible as Goethe, Dante, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth. Many of the great masterpieces have for years been "transcribed," as one might say, in photographic art, and distributed where original works in oil are never found. Also multitudes of popular compositions, as genre, Schreyer's studies of Arabian horsemanship, Meyer Von Bremen's and Jean Francois Millet's best productions.

Indeed the commercial enterprise developed in this direction is something enormous. Hanfstaengl of Munich, a leading house in this trade, it is said made thirty-five negatives of Erdmann's idyllic "Health of the Bride," producing from them two thousand copies daily. Of one of DeFrager's charming compositions forty negatives were made and fifty thousand copies have left Munich in a single consignment. Much of this is supplemented by water colors in sympathy with the originals, but the artistic gain is strongly questioned. Certainly some of the Schreyer Arabian subjects treated in this manner are exceedingly effective, having almost the force of original aquarelles. The cost of these copies is relatively very little, and there are reasons for believing that it will soon be considerably reduced.

There are several lines of suggestion growing out of the topic. There is first likely to be a steady supplanting of trashy, worthless, or worse than worthless, oil paintings with which inland regions are literally flooded—productions of the coarsest, most illiterate sort, swarming in New York—mostly pirated from some reputable work and artist, and caricatured in style, touch and color with detestable ingenuity. An uneducated eye is easily enough imposed upon by these fraudulent exploits, especially when half blinded with an abundance of meretricious gilt framing and the unscrupulous effrontery of a shrewd auctioneer. These new photographs have educational energy, and the eye once opened and instructed will have little pleasure or complacency in mediocrity or charlatanry.

Besides it is not unlikely that the ubiquitous chromo, which has rendered no dispensable service in its day, must also always give place to these photographs. For the artist and his inspiration are wonderfully preserved, and it is to be hoped that the work of reputable houses will prove as durable, in tone at least, as engravings and etchings.

Recently this beautiful industry has made a footing among American print dealers. And not a little pleasing grave from the more popular artists is now reproduced in excellent photography, and finding its way through the channels of trade side by side with the best work of the bookseller.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Darius Barber has removed from Flowerfield to Paw Paw, Michigan. Address Paw Paw, Van Buren County, Mich.

The Rev. Fletcher Clark has become rector of St. John's Church, Concord, and St. Luke's church, Chad's Ford, Pennsylvania. Address Ward, Delaware County, Penn.

The Rev. H. L. Gamble has taken charge of Christ church, Warren, Ohio. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Sydney G. Jeffords, recently ordained, has entered on his duties as assistant minister in Christ church, St. Paul, Minnesota. Address 155 West Fourth St., St. Paul, Minn.

The Rev. R. H. Shepherd has resigned the rectorship of Trinity church, Oxford, Philadelphia, and accepted that of the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, from the Rev. Dr. Johnson. Address 455 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Penn.

The Rev. C. S. Witherspoon's address is Christ church rectory, Warren, Ohio.

NOTICES.

DIED.

Entered into rest in Baltimore, Md., August 19th, 1885, ELIZA LEE BALDWIN, widow of the late Oliver P. Baldwin, in the 65th year of her age.

In Greensboro, Ala., August 7th, 1885, AUGUSTUS BROWN, in the 67th year of his age.

At Fargo, D. T., August 7th, 1885, JOHN LITTLE CATTLE, son of W. C. and C. E. Cattle, aged thirteen months. "Our baby is safe."

On Wednesday, August 13th, at his residence, 47 Sands street, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. EDWARD F. ROYARK. The funeral services were held at St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, on Friday, August 14th, at half-past 10 o'clock a. m.

Entered into rest at her home, Carlisle, Pa., July 14th, 1885, MARY CANNWELL, widow of the late Hon. James H. Graham.

Entered into rest August 10th, 1885, BENJAMIN SNOW GILL, of Towson, Del., son of the late Mary R. and Benjamin R. Gill, of Delaware City, Delaware.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Tuesday, August 4th, CHARLES T. LOOMIS, in the 41th year of his age.

Entered into rest, after a long and painful illness, in the blessed hope of everlasting life, at 3:15 o'clock, Monday afternoon, August 10th, 1885, at his late residence, 239 Broad street, East 10th street, Hillsburgh, SARAH A. EATLOW, formerly of Olean, New York. Her husband, father of E. G. Walker. Her remains were interred at Homewood Cemetery the following Wednesday. "There is rest for the weary."

Suddenly, at Wilmington, Del., on the morning of August 4th, 1885, from the effects of a fall, Miss ELIZABETH L. WHITTAKER, of Philadelphia, Pa. "Sorrow sudreth for the night, but joy cometh in the morning."

APPEALS.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES. Incorporated in New York City in October, 1872, to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of adult deaf-mutes, asks to be renewed for the year ending on Congregations or individuals on the 15th Sabbath Sunday, in the Diocese of New York, Long Island, Albany, Northern New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. The Society's missionaries are extending sign-services through these States, and those many deaf-mutes and their families to Baptism, Confirmation and the Holy communion. Offerings may be sent to the Treasurer, Dr. M. J. E. T. 107 Grand street, or the General Manager, Rev. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D.D., 9 West 14th street, New York City.

NABOTH'S MESSIAG.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Naboth. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of his people.

- Offerings are solicited:
- 1st. Because Naboth is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio.
 - 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land.
 - 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.
 - 4th. Because it is the best located for study.
 - 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the benefit of preparing candidates for the ministry.
- Address, Rev. A. D. COLE, D.D., Naboth, Weadecra County, Wisconsin.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

A CARD.

Appeal is made for the work of the Church Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, Auxiliary to the Board of Missions. Though Good Friday is customarily and specially recommended as a time for contribution, there is always need of constant and enlarged receipt of offerings, and this is especially true in the present season of business depression, when returns of giving are relatively slower and smaller than in other years.

The work embraces the circulation of the Scriptures and a Missionary literature, the maintenance of Missionaries and Missionary Schools, and the organized co-operation of parish clergy, reaching the Jews with encouraging results in 861 cities and towns of the United States. No temporal aid is given believers.

Missionary pledge must be met, Parish, Sunday-school, and individual offerings are earnestly requested.

Printed information concerning Jewish Missions and the growth of the work freely supplied on application to

The Rev. C. ELLIS STEVENS, F.R.S., Secretary, 87 Bible House, New York.
Offerings should be sent to
WILLIAM G. DAVIES, Esq., Treasurer, 87 Bible House, New York.

THE SYNOGOGAL EDUCATOR SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you."
Rev. ROBERT C. BAYLACK, 125 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: For Mission Relief Fund, from B. M. S. 85¢ for Church Mission to the Jews, M. M. W. Girard, Kan., 46 cents.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Secretary having resigned, all pamphlets, notices, and letters for the Diocese of North Carolina should be addressed to
Rev. GILBERT HOGG, Sec. pro tem., Warrenton, N. C.

July 30th, 1885.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

RESTORATION BY A STANDING COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Can the Standing Committee of a diocese, acting as its Ecclesiastical Authority, remit a sentence of deposition pronounced upon a clergyman of the Church? The Standing Committee of Southern Ohio have answered this question affirmatively, and have taken action accordingly. Thus, much we gather from the letter of its president, the Rev. Dr. Benedict, in your issue of August 8th. As is there stated: "This is the first case probably of [an attempt at] a restoration by such an Ecclesiastical Authority," (the words in brackets are our own, and we are not surprised to hear that the validity of such an act has been already questioned by three bishops. The subject is a most important one, and in its far-reaching and possible results may concern not only the Church in this country, but the whole Anglican communion. Such action on the part of presbyters and bishops is to be opposed to all the past history and traditions of the Church.

It has been generally believed among us that *none but a bishop could ordain, depose, and restore to the ministry.* It is a novel and a startling theory that a Standing Committee, acting as the Ecclesiastical Authority of a diocese, although not competent to confer Holy Orders, or to deprive, or to depose, or to restore from their use, may yet have the power to restore such an one to all his rights and immunities in the sacred ministry. Title II., Canon 11, § ii. is very clear and positive in this matter: "A bishop of this Church may, for reasons which he shall deem sufficient, *ordain and dedicate as usual to the episcopate, or degradation pronounced by him upon a presbyter or deacon; but he shall exercise this power only upon the following conditions.*" Here follow five conditions, all of which, no doubt, were duly complied with by the Standing Committee.

There is not the slightest indication, however, that "this power" could be exercised by any "other Ecclesiastical Authority," or by the clerical members of the Standing Committee. Restoration is placed upon the same level as ordination and deposition. Looking at the subject from our point of view, it seems as though the Rev. Dr. Benedict had misunderstood the meaning of the term "Ecclesiastical Authority," as used in the Constitution and Canons.

He makes it apparently equivalent to the word "bishop" in all places, except those which refer to ordination and deposition. But the former term has a broader and more comprehensive meaning than the latter. A careful examination of these two expressions, as they occur in the Constitution and the Digest, will reveal the existence of a very close discrimination in their use, and would seem to outline the powers of a Standing Committee acting as the Ecclesiastical Authority. As the term "Ecclesiastical Authority" is added to the word bishop, or used independently, it would seem to imply that the Standing Committee, when acting as such Ecclesiastical Authority, could perform the acts therein mentioned, and would lead us to infer that the term was a technical one.

As the clergy of the Convocation of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry VIII., acknowledged the king as the Supreme Head of the Church only "quantum per Christi legem licet," so the Standing Committee is constituted the Ecclesiastical Authority, "as far as it is allowable by the law of Christ," "for all purposes declared in these Canons." They cannot disapprove, or annul, or depose, or restore, or confirm, or to consecrate a church, because these acts belong to the episcopate alone, and no provision is made in the Canons for the discharge of any of them by a Standing Committee.

If a single committee, acting as the Ecclesiastical Authority of a diocese, can exercise the power of the bishop in remitting a sentence of deposition in the case of a priest, what is to prevent (the other conditions being complied with) a majority of the Standing

Committees acting as Ecclesiastical Authorities, (if such an event were possible,) from exercising the collective powers of the bishops as described in this same Canon 11, and restoring a deposed bishop to his office?

Such action would appear to be the logical result of the principle set forth by our reverend brother. The only use of the term "Ecclesiastical Authority" in the Constitutions occurs in Article 4, which says that "every bishop shall confirm the exercise of his episcopal office to his proper diocese, unless he is required to ordain, to confirm, or perform any other act of the episcopal office in another diocese by the Ecclesiastical Authority thereof."

Here we perceive clearly that the term may refer to the bishop or to the Standing Committee when constituted as such authority. When we read in Article 6 that "none but a bishop shall pronounce sentence of admonition, suspension or degradation from the ministry on any clergyman," do we not naturally infer the converse of this statement, viz., that "none but a bishop shall remit or terminate any such sentence?" and accordingly we find in Title II., Canon 11, § ii., the clause which we have quoted above. If such a canon there is not the slightest intimation given of this power being delegated to any "other Ecclesiastical Authority."

In all places where the word "bishop" is used in the Constitution, it refers exclusively to the possessor of that office. And now let us consider the use of the word in relation to the canons. Title I., Canon 2, relates to the admission of candidates for Holy Orders. The bishop is mentioned a number of times in the second section, and in paragraph 6 we are told that "a Standing Committee, acting under canonical provision as the Ecclesiastical Authority of a diocese, in vacancy, or for other cause shall be competent to receive and do all assigned to the bishop in the foregoing clauses." If it were already competent by reason of its position as the Ecclesiastical Authority, why should this clause be inserted? Under this same canon there are ten sections, and in § vii. we read that "in any case where the Standing Committee is the Ecclesiastical Authority of the diocese, such committee shall be competent to receive and do all assigned to the bishop in § iii., § iv. and § vi. of this canon."

In our view of the subject, unless these three sections were thus thrown open to the Standing Committee, they could have no exercise of the duties therein imposed upon the bishop, and by this provision they are shut out from taking the place of the bishop in § v. and § vii.

Canon 8 of the same title treats "of admitted candidates." The first paragraph of § 1, informs us that the superintendence of a candidate for Holy Orders, and direction of his theological studies, pertain to the bishop of the diocese." But the second paragraph goes on to state that "in a diocese vacant or otherwise canonically under the Ecclesiastical Authority of the Standing Committee, the clerical members of such committee shall exercise said superintendence and direction." If the church thus limits the superintendence of candidates for orders to the bishop or the clerical members of a Standing Committee, would it be natural to suppose that she would allow the committee as a whole to undertake the much more solemn act of restoring to the sacred ministry one who had been deposed therefrom by the bishop? We think not. Canon 7, § 1, on the other hand, states that "Every deacon shall be subject to the regulation of the bishop, or, if there be no bishop, of the clerical members of the Standing Committee for which he is ordained, until he receive letters of dismission therefrom to the bishop or Ecclesiastical Authority of some other diocese." Here again we perceive a much inferior act than the one we are discussing restricted to the clerical members of the Standing Committee.

From this canon, in Title I., to the close of the Digest, it would appear that whenever the duties assigned to the bishop can be performed by the Standing Committee, the term "Ecclesiastical Authority" is inserted after the words "bishop," or is used independently of it, or the proviso is added that if there is no bishop the Standing Committee can act. But in Title II., Canon 11, on the "remission or

modification of judicial sentence," as we have already said, there is not the slightest evidence that these sentences could be remitted by any other Ecclesiastical Authority than a bishop himself.

The action of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Southern Ohio, as stated by its president, is therefore very strange and startling, and the great interests involved in such action to the Church at large ought to be a sufficient excuse for any criticism of so novel a procedure on the part of a Standing Committee.

J. PHILIP B. PENDLETON,
Schenectady, N. Y., August 20, 1885.

THE WESTMINSTER REVISION OF THE OLD TESTAMENT—PSALM VIII. 5, VERSUS HEBREWS II. 7.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews. So St. Peter decides. "As [in his Epistle to the strangers scattered,] I Peter i.] also in all his Epistles hath our beloved brother Paul written unto you." (II. Peter iii., 15, 16.)

To no New Testament writer, except St. Paul, is this language of St. Peter possibly applicable. The apostle says that St. Paul wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews in the New Testament.

2. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews 1. 7, pronounces "angelis" the proper translation of the Hebrew word *Elohim*. (Psalm civ. 4.)

1. Having thus, Hebrews 1. 7, defined both *Elohim* and "angels," St. Paul, Hebrews ii. 9, employs these words in precisely the same sense; because he, retaining his previous definitions in Hebrews i. 7, and again, Hebrews ii. 9, defines *Elohim* by "angels."

4. But Hebrews ii. 9, thus defined by St. Paul, is the exact repetition and the binding application of the explanation which St. Paul in this inspired apostle, who "has the mind of Christ," (I. Cor. ii. 16.)

5. The Westminster Revision of the Old Testament translates Psalm viii. 5, "little lower than God," in place of the version in the Bible of King James I., both in Psalm viii. 5 and Hebrews ii. 9, "little lower than the angels."

6. The contradiction of St. Paul by the Westminster Revision, Psalm viii. 5, is the necessary conclusion from the present demonstration.

7. St. Paul, Hebrews i. 7 and ii. 9, not only fully justifies, but also authoritatively demands the translation of the common version. (Psalm viii. 5.)

SAMUEL FULLER.

A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Pending our efforts to secure the means to pay the salary of the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, and to build him a mission-house and home, the Rev. J. Roberts, the head of the Indian Mission in Wyoming, writes, of date August 4th, as follows:

"The —, by their bigotry and rashness, have lost Lander. The mission is abandoned, and the missionists sent to the Arapahoe camp of Wind River follows. All this happens through lack of policy and steadfastness of purpose."

I wrote to the — to ask him to sell the mission building in the Arapahoe camp down the river. He wants \$1,000 for it. It is a well-built house of two stories, and cost to build about \$2,000. I told Mr. Coolidge to offer him \$500—that is all he would get for the material if it were hauled away—\$250 to be paid down, the balance to be paid by the first of November; if not then paid, interest to be given at ten per cent. I believe we can buy it on these terms. We will know in two weeks.

Now, this mission building is just what the Rev. Sherman Coolidge wants. It is a location chosen with the proverbial wisdom of those who built it. Who will give \$500, or what two persons will give \$250 each, to enable me to take advantage of this rare and most providential opportunity? Will you who would aid me herein communicate with me at once!

J. F. SPALDING,
Prov' Missionary Bishop of Wyoming,
Denver, Col.

NEW BOOKS.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by J. Frederick Smith. (The Hibbert Lectures, 1863.) [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons,] pp. 358. Price \$2.

We will say in the outset that these lectures show a remarkable and, on the whole, a satisfactory grasp of the great controversy between Jewish and Gentile Christianity—a contest which is but too often kept out of sight in the desire to magnify the perfections of the Apostolic Church. But whoever reads these pages should do so on other points with great allowance. Dr. Pfleiderer, if he accepts (which is very doubtful) the doctrine of the Trinity at all, does so in a way which is open to very serious criticism. It is more than doubtful whether he allows any personality to the Holy Spirit. He uses language concerning the Sonship of our blessed Lord which seems to us precisely that of a high Arian, such as the early Unitarians were in the habit of using to explain away difficult texts. Again, he gives to the entire body of Christian truth a markedly subjective aspect, so much so as to all but deprive it of its character of a revelation. But that which most of all would vitiate its whole authority with English readers is that he adopts as conclusive the biblical theories of the Tübingen school. He regards the Pastoral Epistles, those to the Ephesians and Colossians, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Book of the Revelations as spurious—that is, as being the work of later authors. He does not say in so many words that St. John's gospel is of the same character, but he uses language concerning St. John's reputed authorship of the Apocalypse which is incompatible with a belief that he wrote the fourth gospel. He considers the accounts of the conversion of St. Paul contradictory (though two out of the three are in St. Paul's own words) and unhistorical. He will not say that there was no objective reality to the Lord's appearing, but he is strongly disposed to believe it a mere vision, and that the whole was the result of a mental and moral conflict in St. Paul's own mind. Of course we have no room here to take up and controvert these propositions. We have but one answer to make to the whole system of the neological German writers, and that is that it is based upon the tacit assumption of the impossibility of the supernatural. Their criticism is purely destructive, and when carefully weighed against itself is forced, contradictory, and sophistical to the last degree. Its theory of a Pauline, Petrine, and Eirenec literature of the second century, in which the names of apostles long before dead were forged to documents written in the interest of their supposed beliefs, is one which is too preposterous to need refutation. It is a theory which no critic has ever dared to apply to secular literature.

But where a more purely historical question has to be dealt with, the German mind and the German temper of dealing with Scripture is more successful. Where there is no secret work against the supernatural to be done, no covert motive for perverting facts, its speculations are almost always bold, ingenious, and often valuable. We cannot say that we altogether agree with Dr. Pfleiderer in his views as to the doctrinal differences which at first divided Jewish from Gentile Christians. We lay far more stress upon the matter of mere observances, the daily habits, the thousand and one little jarring points which must have made Jewish and Gentile equality and fellowship in the Church, so hard to bear. We recognize the tendencies which were then in the Church toward this or that form of essential doctrine, toward Ebonite asceticism on the one hand and Gnostic Platonism on the other; but we

hold that (unless human nature be utterly changed since then) the real burning questions were in matters of food, dress, speech, habits of practical morality, and familiar usages of the law. It was the white heat of persecution which welded all these conflicting elements into one. Through martyrdom the Church became catholic.

A COMPANION TO THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT. By Talbot W. Chambers. [New York: Funk & Wagnalls.] Price \$1.00.

"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.*" The apologetic tone of this book augurs ill for the success of the Revision. That has been better done in the case of the Old than that of the New Testament. But one cardinal principle was either ignored or lost sight of, and that was "that nothing should be altered which could possibly be avoided." It does not matter that the revisers could improve the Version. They had no business to try to improve, because change on its own account was a greater misfortune than it could possibly for any other reason be a benefit. Only in the case of manifest error had they the smallest right to touch the text of the authorized version. And for this reason, the text as it stood had acquired a power and sanctity not to be trifled with. The real purpose of this book is, no doubt, to defend the American Revision. We think, in some respects, the American was the better. In others the changes were almost puerile. To reject words as obsolete which are to be found in Milton, Tennyson, Lowell, is simply to pander to the corruption of the language. Out of the list of such changes here given, we should unhesitatingly reject one half as indefensible. For instance, "wanderer" for "vagabond," "spring" for "well," "splendid," "stately" for "gallant," are notable examples. We admit the value of the work done. We admit its necessity, but we are clearly of opinion that it has been needlessly, but thoroughly, wrecked by the effort to do too much. The Revised Version of the Old and much more that of the New Testament, will never be substituted for the present one. It must be itself revised ere it can be accepted. Moreover, the much vaunted method by which the revision was accomplished is really the strongest reason against the results. The product was a compromise—and a compromise means "consent in non-essentials for the sake of escaping conflict in essentials." We could point to some striking instances of this in the New Testament if we had space. For this book itself, "the Companion to the Revision," we are bound to say that it is a valuable and able work, and that Dr. Chambers has defended and explained the course of his associates with great skill. It will be useful to every one who studies the New Version. And therein we recognize the great, the true value of the work of the English and American revisers. They have not produced a substitute, perhaps not even the foundation for a substitute, but they have given a great help and impulse to the study of the Bible. We say this the more willingly because our sympathies are altogether on the side of revision, because we recognize its necessity, and our only regret is that it should have been accomplished in a way which defeats its end, and possibly postpones to a far off time the real work.

COLLECTED ESSAYS IN POLITICAL AND SOCIAL SCIENCE. By William Graham Sumner. Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.] pp. 173. Price \$1.50.

Whether the reader agrees with Professor Sumner or not, it is impossible not to enjoy his vivid and trenchant style. That these essays are controversial, is plain from the first page to the last. And we can predict that not a few intelligent readers will find themselves, if not before, at least after perusal, on Mr. Sumner's side of the controversy. The subjects of

these essays are "Bimetallism," "Wages," "The Argument Against Protective Taxes," "Sociology," "Theory and Practice of Elections," "Parts I and II," "Presidential Elections and Civil Service Reform," and "Our Colleges Before the Country." Professor Sumner has, we think, taken especial care to avoid writing as a mere theorist or doctrinaire. He endeavors to reach the common sense and practical conclusion, to shun sentiment, and to take facts as they are. If he is to be answered, it can only be some stronger array of opposing facts—provided such can be found. If not, one is obliged to write Q. E. D. after each of his positions. We hope this volume will be widely read. We are glad to see that political and social science is receiving more study than formerly, because the exigencies of the future are very great, and its perils portentous. Men of thought and men of wisdom are needed. The American problem is to be worked out without the practical dangers and safeguards of fixed institutions and controlling classes. If its elements are simple, there is the more fear lest these combine against good government. We are happy to find that Mr. Sumner makes short work of the right of suffrage theory and the equality theory. If we have any fault to find it is that he ignores too entirely the sentimental element in human nature. Men have fought and will again fight to the last drop of blood for an idea without a foundation apparent to practical men. Nevertheless, ideas with a foundation are the better reliance.

LANDSCAPE. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Author of "A Painter's Camp," "Life of J. M. W. Turner," etc. [Boston: Roberts Brothers,] pp. 40. Price \$2.

Less brilliant and vehement than Ruskin, Mr. Hamerton is perhaps more trustworthy as a critic on art. We do not mean that he has a higher sense of loyalty to absolute truth, but that he sees with a calmer and less prejudiced eye than the great author of "Modern Painters." Mr. Hamerton has written many delightful volumes, but hardly one more delightful than this. Its dominant idea is in general the influence of natural scenery on man, of course drawing very largely upon the twin topics of landscape in literature and landscape in art—word-painting and color-painting. There is an effect in all Mr. Hamerton's books, and not least in this, of breadth and fairness—an effect which leaves a very favorable impression on the mind. It is to this that is owing the evident restraint which checks him from writing as brilliantly as he might. Now and then, at the close of a chapter he has let himself go, and the result is a page of great beauty; but his main aim is to be clear and honest, and, knowing the dangers of impetuous and fervid language, he writes under a perpetual watch. We are reminded of the conversation of a well-trained and able man, who says nothing for effect, but is bent upon giving the best thoughts he has, and the most careful results of his knowledge. Another impression that Mr. Hamerton makes upon one is that of a man who respects other people's opinions, and is courteously disposed to give full scope to all proper differences—a gift which is sufficiently rare both to the artistic and the critical temperament to be the more welcome when found. We do not mean that there is anything commonplace or dull in his writing. "Landscape" is a very fascinating book, as well as a very instructive one. We only wish that he had given much more of his criticism on "Landscape in Literature," and included Browning in his studies.

PLATARCH ON THE DELAY OF THE DIVINE JUSTICE. Translated with an Introduction and Notes. By Andrew P. Peabody. [Boston: Little, Brown & Co.] pp. 78.

In spite of Lord Macanlay's contemptuous criticism, "Platarch's Lives" was once the favorite reading of not a few scholars and men of letters. Of these Dr. Peabody is one

who has kept his early tastes. He has here given not only a clear and graceful translation, but abundant and scholarly notes, and has done a good work in introducing to the general reader one of the most thoughtful and striking treatises of ancient heathenism. He has done this, we believe, in the true and reverent temper of a Christian writer. There are those who find Christian truth everywhere *velut in the New Testament*, and see in the *Vedas* and *Zend-Avesta* the originals plagiarized by our Lord and His apostles. But Dr. Peabody fully recognizes in Plutarch that teaching of the Holy Ghost which was not denied to wise and virtuous heathens, and admits the possible unsuspected leavening of Christian thought, though not its direct influence in his writings. The tone of this brief colloquy is high. It is monotheistic in its theology and the principles on which the delay of divine justice is vindicated are such as a Christian writer might have freely used. There is a very pleasing sketch of Plutarch's life prefixed to the colloquy, and a careful index and synopsis given.

FIRST WORDS IN AUSTRALIA. Sermons preached in April and May, 1861. By Alfred Barry, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of New South Wales, and Primate of Australia and Tasmania. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) pp. 37. Price \$1.00.

These sermons are fourteen in number. The first three were preached at the welcome and thanksgiving service on first landing, in the cathedrals of Adelaide and Sydney and at Melbourne. The fourth is a Palm Sunday sermon, on the day also of public mourning for the Duke of Albany. Then follows a series of six sermons on the Passion, preached on evenings of Passion Week in the cathedral at Sydney, an Easter sermon, one preached on the day of his enthronement, one at the dedication service in Goulburn cathedral, and one in Sydney cathedral on Ascension Day. Of course there is some necessary repetition in these sermons, but very little. They are very noble discourses, the series on the Passion as especially good, and there breathes throughout a deep sense of responsibility and, as it seems to us, there is displayed a very wise comprehension of the character of the Australian people. When one contrasts the action of the English Church to see how little more than a century ago, and see how much more wisely she has learned to treat colonial questions, one cannot but feel hope for the future.

TALKS APPLIED. About Plants and the Science of Plants. By L. H. Bailey, Jr. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pp. 178. Price \$1.

"The author," he says by way of preface, "has written this little volume for those who desire a concise and popular account of some of the leading external features of common plants." We take pleasure in saying that he has done what he has attempted. The work is clear, pointed, capably illustrated and apparently without a superfluous word or sentence. It is not a dull or dry book, as many botanical books are, nor is it one of those desultory studies which are pleasant reading at the cost of all method and precision. For any one who desires to make intelligent acquaintance with plant life, we think this book supplies an admirable beginning—to be followed up by actual open air work. We cannot resist adding here a word of our own as to the exceeding value of such studies for young people who have more time on their hands than they know what to do with, who find "summer resorts" dull without the aid of a constant recurrence of the winter dissipation. The advantage of any pursuit which leads one to familiarity with nature, is that it is hardly possible to be *diletante*. Nature will not yield her secrets except to patience and perseverance, method and order.

GRADED REVIEW; or, Helps to Teachers and Pupils in Arithmetic, Geography, and Language. Consisting of Carefully-graded Work in these Three Studies, Extending over a Period of Eight Years. By W. M. Giffie, Principal of the Lawrence Street School, Newark, N. J., and David Macure, Principal of the Camden Street School, N. J. (New York: A. Lovell & Co.) pp. 304. Price 40 cents.

We have only to add to the above title that it correctly describes a very useful and carefully-prepared little book; that by "language" is meant the English language, and that the geography seems to be something better than a mere table of the populations of a country whose towns usually double themselves with every decade. We are glad to see a fitting provision thus made for elementary studies which are the proper concern of public schools. Then if a foolish people demands that all the "dogies" be taught a little smattering of knowledge, there will nevertheless be something to show for the money and pains expended. Arithmetic will, of course, be learned, and well learned, by all American pupils, but in the other two studies—viz., knowledge of the land they inhabit and knowledge of the tongue in which they speak—the education of young people is more than haphazard.

GENERAL GORDON, THE CHRISTIAN HERO. By the Rev. Wm. A. Crowell, D.D. "New World Heroes," etc. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) pp. 376.

We are afraid that this book is a manufactured article. A biography, and especially the biography of such a man as Gordon, ought not to be written in haste. There is nothing we can discover in these pages which has not been given from other sources, and there is yet a great deal for which the public is impatiently waiting, and which will yet be told. The story of Gordon's life is a checkered one. There was an element of something very like madness in his composition, not downright irresponsible insanity, but "peculiarity," which left it always a little uncertain what he would do, and this undoubtedly deepened upon him in his last years. We do not mean by this that his life was not a very noble one, only that it was one which no mere book-maker is competent to handle. It requires the most delicate discrimination, as well as the amplest knowledge, to give a fit picture of the man who was unquestionably one of the great ones, perhaps greatest one of this century.

PRAYER AND ITS REMARKABLE ANSWERS. Being a Statement of Facts in the Light of Reason and Revelation. By Wm. W. Phelps, D.D., Second Edition, enlarged. (New York, Funk & Wagnall, 1885.) 12mo, pp. 456.

Dr. Patton's book is of the popular kind, as distinguished from the learned and profound; and it is not this which has carried it to its twentieth edition. Its obvious acceptableness is, no doubt, mainly due to its clear and comprehensive look over its subject, and the discretion and good judgment which render its conclusions reasonable and safe. It believes in prayer, fully and unhesitatingly, in prayer for all wants, material and spiritual; while, still, it is as well guarded against that fanaticism into which some persons at the present time run. In correction of two prevalent mistakes, the book will be found specially useful; the mistake, on the one hand, of great submission and little faith, and, on the other, of great faith and little submission; in other words, the mistake of that kind of prayer which lacks a distinct and trustful expectation of an answer, and of that kind which demands an answer and dictates what the answer shall be.

FIVE ACRES TOO MUCH. A Truthful Elucidation of the Attractions of the Country, and a Careful Consideration of the Question of Profit and Loss as Involved in Amateur Farming, with much Valuable Advice and Instruction to those about Purchasing Large or Small Farms in the Rural Districts. New and Enlarged Edition. By Robert Barrevelt, author of "Game Fish of New-America," "Superior Fishing," etc. etc. (New York: O. Judd Co.) pp. 329. Price \$1.50.

A sustained burlesque continued for three

hundred pages is a hazardous experiment. We think Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded as well as one could succeed. There are constantly recurring surprises, all of which are entirely within the bounds of possibility, and each one of which is probably founded on some one's experience. We presume that one who can write so well concerning rural mishaps would have the wit to shun them himself, but they have been the facts of other men's lives. Next to the inimitable "Sparrowgrass Papers," this is one of the most amusing books on country life we have seen. It is as its title implies, a good-natured set-off to the serious work entitled "Ten Acres Enough."

MATERIALS FOR GERMAN PROSE COMPOSITION; or, Selections from Modern English Writers, with Grammatical Notes, Etymological Explanations of Difficult Passages, a General Introduction, and a Grammatical Index. By C. A. Buckheim, Ph.D., Doc. &c. Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London. Examiner in German to the University of London. Ninth Edition. New York and London: U. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 298.

To know a language accurately, one should be able to write it as well as to speak it with ease and correctness. We are satisfied, from an examination of this book, that its use will greatly aid the German student. The examples are short, are taken from many authors with considerable diversity of style. German prose composition will be greatly helped, we may say, by an approach to English. The defects of German authors are frequently found in length of sentences, involution of style, and want of antithetical point. These are not essential characteristics of German, and no one need fear lest these English models should hinder a good and readable German style.

HERO AND LEANDER, A POEM. By Carl Robert Zache. (New York: Published by the Author.) pp. 56.

It is a little unsafe to say of any poetry of the new school that it is unintelligible. True, it seems often to be addressed to a new and sixth sense, the literary sense which takes no account of any hitherto accepted rules of expression. "Hero and Leander" may be full of meaning and be very fine poetry, but we fail to see it. The story is too familiar and too pretty for any treatment wholly to fail, but it certainly has met with hard usage on the part of Mr. Zache. We give a single quotation from the enamored speech of Leander, which we think will justify our criticism:

"Yet happy me, no, no, she'll ever say!
And if she say so, she will breathe a lie,
Whose legal tender value would be love's pay."
Or truth's endorsed and flat curacy."

TEN MINOR PROPHETS. With a Commentary, Explanatory and Practical, and Introductions to the several books. By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnall, 1885.) 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 495, 504.

This, the only American edition of Dr. Pusey's great Commentary, is, in form, more convenient than the English, in binding more durable, in appearance somewhat better, and in price a little less. On the other hand, it lacks the illustrations—few, indeed, but striking and valuable—which are in the English. In type, paper, etc., there is no noteworthy difference between the two editions. Of the Commentary itself, not a word need be said. Its place is recognized and established as the best Commentary extant upon the Minor Prophets, in any language.

LIVES OF GREEK STATESMEN. Select. Themiastokes. By the Rev. Sir George Cox, Bart., M.A., Author of "A General History of Greece," etc. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) pp. 27.

There is a good deal of matter in this book in spite of the limited number of pages. It is closely printed and in fine type. It gives a very valuable outline of Grecian history from the time it emerges from the era of myth and fable, down to the latter days of the republic. Sir George Cox follows the spelling of the names, which is now so common, but which is rather disturbing when applied to the friends

of one's boyhood, who were known than "Piastratus," "Aristides," etc., without the addition of the very proper, but decidedly Hellenic vowels.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON HYDRO-MECHANICS, with Numerous Examples. By Edward A. BOWEN, LL.B., Professor of Mathematics and Engineering in Rutgers College. [New York: D. Van Nostrand.] pp. 298.

As long as water-power is numbered among the aids to man's industry, the subjects of hydro-mechanics will be interesting. It is not one for which everybody cares, it belongs to a special department of engineering, but those who are interested will find this little volume clear, concise, and serviceable.

TALES FROM MANY SOURCES. Volumes III., pp. 367. This contains eight stories, four of which are from the Cornhill Magazine. Number two, by the author of "John Inglesant," is a very perfect story of the old French regime. The other tales are all good of their kind.

LITERATURE.

PEASE'S Singing Book, by F. H. Pease, is announced by Ginn & Co., Boston.

"As it was Written," a story of the Jewish race, by Sydney Lauka, of this city, is in press by Messrs. Cassell & Co.

"ROMANISM Refuted by Rome," a lecture by the Rev. F. N. Atkins, of Denison, Texas, is printed in pamphlet form.

THE Masonic Review for August, contains a paper by Rob. Morris, on "Images and Inscriptions of Christ upon Ancient Coins."

"THE Historical Associations of Riverside Park," the burial place of General Grant, will be one of the articles in the September Magazine of American History.

"THE History of a Legislative Shame" is a scathing review of the failure of the Gas Bill in the last Legislature, published by the Gas Consumers' Association of this city.

AMONG the proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar in Arkansas we notice the address of the Rev. T. C. Tucker, of Little Rock, delivered on Ascension Day.

THE Unitarian Review for August contains five articles besides the editor's Note-book and current literature. The first paper is a "Justification of Judaism" by Claude G. Montefiore.

THE Delaware College Review, in its July issue, gives a great variety of entertaining matter for the members of the institution and its friends. It approaches the end of its third volume.

"WORDS OF RECONCILIATION" is a monthly published in Philadelphia and devoted especially to a consideration of the Resurrection. The August number opens with "St. Paul on Retribution."

GOON Housekeeping for July continues its interesting papers on "Model Homes for Model Housekeeping," and has a variety of articles in the line of its title. It should be a boon to housekeepers.

THE August number of the Pulpit Treasury gives a partial list of its contributors for the current year. Among them are many notable names, and they are a guaranty of the value of the magazine.

"CREATION, Man's Fall Explained in the Light of Modern Science" is a pamphlet published by Lawrence S. Benson, New York. It shows skill and close reasoning in handling an abstract question.

FUNK & WAGNALL'S are to publish at once a subscription edition of Miss Cleveland's "George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies." The book is to appear in Russian, German, French and Italian.

THE article in the North American Review for September that will attract most attention is entitled, "Grant's Memorial: What Shall It Be?" It is a discussion of the subject, from an artistic point, by artists.

THE Bay State Monthly has for frontpiece in its August number a portrait of the late Governor Andrews. Besides other matter, it contains an account of the City of Worcester, with eighteen illustrations.

THE illustrations in the August Builder and Wood Worker relate, as suited to the season, mostly to cottages, giving plans and elevations. There is much in the number to interest non-professionals as well as wood-workers.

The literary gossip of the Art Age for August is especially interesting. There is a sketch of Bruce Crane in the number, with a landscape by him photo-engraved, and the number contains examples of decorative head bands.

In the Homiletic Review for August Dr. Herrick Johnson discusses the "Power of the Pulpit." Dr. John Hall, "Ministerial Education," and Dr. Daniel Curry "Prohibition," and there is much other valuable matter in the number.

THE July Contemporary, Nineteenth Century, Blackwood and Shakespearians, are at hand from the Leonard Scott Publication Co. In the Contemporary is an article on Catholicism and Historical Criticism, by Principal Fairbairn.

THE July American Antiquarian contains a very interesting paper on the ruins of Palenque and Copan, by L. P. Gratacap. The editor has an article on "American Symbolism." The magazine is mainly devoted to the prehistoric antiquities of this country.

THE Contents of "Good Housekeeping" for August are called a "Bill of Fare," and there is an editorial desert. All the writers but two are women, and editorially grasp is treated of as the "Bohon Upas" of the household. The words are emphatic and might be double leaded.

"INITIALS and Pseudonyms," by William Cushing, of Cambridge, who has been assisted by Albert R. Frey, of the Astor Library, will soon be published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of this city. It will contain 10,000 initials and pseudonyms, and 6,500 real names of the authors answering to the pseudonyms. It will be gladly welcomed.

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THE Church Review for July has dropped its superfluity of names, and wisely gone back to first principles. It makes a volume of more than 300 pages, and is a credit to our literature in the ability and variety of its contents and in its general make-up. There are in it fifteen articles, including the book notices. Three of them are of a historical character, and were written for Bishop Perry's "History of the American Episcopal Church," but were excluded, not for want of merit, but by the necessities of the book-making art. They are "The Church in Georgia before the Revolution," "The Wesleyans and Whitefields in Georgia," by Bishop Stevens; "Bibliographical Sketch of Clerical Members of the Seabury Family," by the Rev. W. J. Seabury, D.D., and "New York Indian Missions," by the Rev. W. M. Beauchamp. Among the other contributors to the number are the Rev. Drs. Van Densen, J. C. Smith, Cornelius Walker, E. H. Jewett, C. M. Butler and W. Stanton; the Rev. Messrs. Winslow and Cartwright, and Messrs. James Parker and J. B. Wood, and their papers touch upon important questions of doctrine, morality and science.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just Ready. Price 30c. net; by mail, 33c.

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

By Mrs. J. H. EWING.
Author of "Juckanaps," etc. With numerous illustrations by Gustav Knower.
"An exquisite pen picture."—*Publisher's Weekly*.
"All child lovers will run through it with delight."—*Evening Telegram*.
The book is written with a freshness and a subtle sympathy with childhood which gives it a peculiar charm for readers, young or old."—*Boston Journal*.

LETTERS ON DAILY LIFE.

By ELIZABETH M. SKWELL.
12mo, cloth, \$2.00.
"Wise, helpful, suggestive essays of the daily life of a Christian woman, which no one can read without advantage. The 'Letter to my Young American Friends' is an exquisite and most discriminating analysis of young American womanhood."—*Bishop Perry, in the Jones Churchman*.
"They impress us as being a wonderful array of clear common-sense with a high religious principle."—*Ch. Review*.

PLAIN PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

By the Rev. G. W. DOUGLASS.
With illustrations. 12mo, cloth, 40 cents net; by mail, 44 cents.
This little work will, we hope, fill a want that has long been felt, for a plain, earnest and practical book of prayers for children; for those who are too young to read, and for those not old enough to understand and use the many good manuals of prayer already published.
"It is an admirable compilation."—*Living Church*.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.,
Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue, New York.

Works of the Rev. Cunningham Geikie, D.D.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE. Completion of the Old Testament.
Six volumes, illustrated. Price, \$1.50 each.

"No such work as this, it may be said, could possibly have been written before the present century."—*Churchman*.
"This book will be found of value to ministers, as well as to all classes of thoughtful readers."—*Philadelphia Press-Tribune*.

OLD TESTAMENT CHARACTERS. One volume, illustrated.

"The author here gives us sketches of not less than 54 Old Testament Characters, from Noah to Nehemiah. These sketches show the master hand of the author, not only in the vivid portraiture, but also in the rich 'setting' of the picture. Each and every character stands amid the appropriate surroundings and circumstances of time and place; and often the best light falls upon the picture from these historical surroundings. Whoever turns and reads the book will enrich himself thereby."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

PRECIOUS PROMISES, or LIGHT FROM BEYOND. 16mo, cloth, red edges. Price, 75 cents.

"It is a plain, touching and forcible presentation of some thirty promises of the Scriptures. It is not a critical discussion; but rather a clear unfolding of each promise to the heart of the reader. Each brief study of a promise is preceded by an appropriate hymn, and followed by a suitable prayer. The promises selected cover a wide range of blessings. The author first gives a brief view of an important function of divine promises as light-bringers. Light from Beyond. Kindred in the promise of 'The Design of the Frontiers,' in which it is held that 'all good things are in that, for the joy that is set before us, we may live in the world as not of it, and confess that we are pilgrims and strangers that seek a city.' They unfold also God's gracious purposes towards us. They follow some thirty short chapters, presenting in tender, touching words some of the sweetest promises of God's blessed Book. The book is most excellent, and will bless every heart that reads it."—*Church Advocate*.

JAMES POTT & COMPANY, Publishers,
14 AND 16 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

23. Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
 24. St. Bartholomew.
 28. Friday—Fast.
 30. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SUNDAY EVENING BY THE SEA.

BY HENRY SARGENT BLAKE.

Hushed ev'ry sound—
 The earth prepares for sleep,
 For miles around
 Slow heaves the tranquil deep.
 By wavelets kissed,
 The sun sinks in the bay—
 The rising mist
 Weeps for the dying day.

Now sounds a bell
 From yonder chapel spire,
 That seems to tell
 Of pious hearts' desire;
 It seems to say:
 "O, ye who long for rest,
 Why do ye stray
 By doubt and fear oppressed?
 Earth's sun may set,
 But God's eternal light
 Shall glisten yet
 Though worlds fade out of sight!"

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Robert Ord's Repentance.

"How sweet is woman's love, is woman's care?
 When struck and shatter'd in a stormy hour
 We drop fortior! and man, with stoic air,
 Neglects, or roughly aids; then robed in power,
 Then nature's angel seeks the mourner's bower.
 How blest the smile that gives the soul repose.
 How blest her voice, that, like the gentian shower,
 Pour'd on the desert, gladdens as it flows,
 And cheers the smiling heart and conquers woes."
Gaily Knight.

The next day was a blank as far as Rotha was concerned.

It was daybreak before the vicar had taken her home; and then she had dragged herself wearily to her bed, too tired and dispirited with the evening's strain to do more than fall asleep with Garton's naue on her lips. She woke late the following morning, and opened her eyes on a wet cheerless prospect, on dripping trees, sea-fog, and all the depressing accompaniments of a hopeless rainy day. Her head ached too, and she felt stiff and jaded with the unaccustomed exercise of the previous evening. She would have liked to have been where she was another hour or two, reviving the bitter-sweet memories of last night, their happy evening together, the unlooked for interruption, and Garton's fond farewell. But, mindful of her self-imposed task, she roused herself with a strong effort and went out in search of Reuben.

It was already so late that she met him coming out of the Grammar School with a troop of boys at his heels, and conveyed him off to Byrn, where she kept him the whole afternoon. She had a little trouble with him at first, as Garton predicted. Reuben burst into a flood of indignant tears when he learnt that his friend had really gone. "He ought to have come and wished me good-bye," sobbed the boy. "I didn't think it of him; he might have thrown a little gravel against my window, as he did

once, and then I should have understood in an instant. It was cruel of him to forget me when I never forget him; and perhaps I shall not see him again for such a long time," finished Rube, to whom six months seemed an interminable period, and South America the very end of the world.

"He didn't forget you, dear. Have I not given you his messages? You must not be so hard on him, Rube." Perhaps the task of comforting Reuben was the best thing that could have happened to Rotha. Gar's shadow was next to having Gar himself.

She kept the boy with her most of the evening, and only sent him away because her head ached so that she could hardly bear it. It gave her an excuse for dismissing Meg too. In spite of her pain she felt it would be a relief to be allowed to sit quietly and speak to no one. She was glad that Mary sent round a kind little note instead of coming herself, for she began to feel so wretched that even her friend's society would have been irksome.

Rotha was almost surprised to find how she missed Garton. She had been very brave all day, and had succeeded wonderfully in comforting Reuben, and she had even astonished Meg with her cheerfulness. But toward evening the effort had been manifest; even while she sat and talked to Rube about his studies, a curious sick longing took possession of her—vague feelings of remorse for her neglect last night—a yearning to see him again and hear his voice. Not till he had really gone did Rotha discover how much she loved him, and what a blank his absence would leave in her daily life.

Six months—only six or seven months! Rotha scolded herself, and cried shame on her foolish cowardice; but the pain was none the less real while it lasted. She was spent, too, by physical exertion; and, though she hardly remembered it just now, her heart was very heavy about Helle: undefinable fears haunted her dreams; she had cried herself to sleep like a child, but even in sleep an uneasy pain pervaded her slumbers—all sorts of misty images chased each other across her brain. Garton's sad face seemed always before her; he seemed asking her for some help that she could not give. Once she had a terrible dream, but she could not remember it when she woke. Some haunting terror seemed upon her, and she woke with a stifled scream to find Meg bending over her, and watching her uneasy sleep. That soothed her; and afterwards she fell into a dreamless slumber, and woke no more refreshed this time to find Mrs. Ord by her bedside.

Robert had returned from London late the previous night, and had begged Mary of his own accord to go round to Rotha in the morning and give her the latest news of Garton—a fresh instance of his new thoughtfulness for her, which made the color come into Rotha's pale face.

Robert had seen Garton fairly on board, and had left him tolerably comfortable. Mr. Ramsay had accompanied them to London, and had expressed himself as much pleased with Garton's appearance and bearing. Gar seemed to have plucked up more heart about the whole affair, Robert added, and had entrusted him with loads of messages for them all; and among them a precious little scrap for Rotha, evidently

pencilled on the leaf of his pocketbook while Robert was still on deck, and thrust, half-crumpled, into his hand at the last moment.

How strange it was for Rotha to read that queer cramped handwriting for the first time when Mary had gone! She took it out of the folds of her dress, where it lay hidden, and read it over and over again. If only Garton could have seen the way in which she kissed it—though she did not know then that that crumpled paper would be one of her greatest treasures.

"My own Rotha," it began, "how many hours have we been parted! and I have been thinking of you every minute since then. I do not think you knew how full my heart was when I bade you good-bye this morning—farewell, I mean, you like that word better, you said; but perhaps I had better not speak of that now.

"I want to tell you that I have just read your parting message to me. I found it on the title-page of the little Testament, underneath your mother's name. Oh, how I should have loved her, Rotha, if I had known her!

"Dear little book! all marked and underlined, I shall carry it next my heart till God grant it so, we meet. Robert is waiting—they are going to drop anchor—the pilot has just come on board. God bless you, my darling! Yours, in every sense of the word,
 GARTON.

These few words from Garton made Rotha almost happy. She felt ashamed of the inactive misery of last night. "If Garton were here, he would tell me that I ought not to neglect my work," she said to herself, and, more because she thought it would please him than even from a sense of duty, she went down to the church with Reuben to help with the decorations.

It was rather dreary work in spite of her efforts—the church always brought Garton so vividly before her; she found herself starting at every footstep in the momentary notion that it was his. On all sides she heard whispered lamentations and regrets among the ladies concerning the absence of the young sacristan. The vicar was there and did his best to help and direct the workers; but Garton's taste and ready good humor were not easily to be replaced; he had always been the universal referee on these occasions, and it gave Rotha a heavy pang to see Reuben filling the flower-vases for the altar—a work that had always been his delight. She heard Nettie and Aunt Eliza talking in sympathizing whispers about his lonely Christmas on board, and how he would miss the services; and her eyes filled with tears as she twined long trails of holly and shining evergreens over the chancel-screens.

The vicar noticed her dejected look, and wanted her to leave her work to be finished by Nettie and come home with him; but Rotha quietly refused—it was not her way to shirk any duty, however painful, and she had Garton's work to do as well as her own. So she had a cup of tea at Nettie's and stayed on till everything was finished, and then joined in the even service.

She was glad afterward that she had done so, for it soothed and refreshed her, in spite of the pain it was to her to see the boys walk up to their places in the choir-stalls without Garton at their head. How sorely she missed the dark, earnest face, and the

clear, deep voice that had always led the singing! The lessons were read by a stranger; and after the service was over no tall figure went swinging to and fro across the chancel to extinguish the lights and cover up the altar. Reuben performed these offices very sadly and slowly, as though his heart for once were not in the work.

Two things had struck Rotha during the service—the vicar was not in his place, a very unusual thing on Christmas Eve; and the prayers of the congregation were requested for one travelling by sea; and after they had risen from their knees that beautiful hymn for those at sea had been sung. It was evident that some of the vicarage people had intended to be there; but, when Rotha had summoned courage to look round, no one was in the vicarage pew.

This puzzled her and made her rather anxious, and she was not the less so when she found Rufus waiting for her outside the church with a note from Mary.

"I have been all the way up to Bryn," exclaimed the boy, "because father understood that you were not going to remain to the service; and Mrs. Carruthers sent me down to wait for you here. I have been waiting for more than half an hour. I thought they would never have finished that last hymn."

"Why were you not in the choir, Rufus? Yes; was it not beautiful—so soothing, too? How pleased he would be to know we had sung it!" And, without waiting for the boy's answer, she carried the note down to the lich-gate and read it by the light of the street-lamp.

"Dear Rotha," it said, "please come to us. Mr. Greenock has been here, and we have had a terrible scene with Belle. She knows now what is the matter with her; but it has broken her down utterly to have her fears verified, and I dare not leave her. Austin has been obliged to stay at home to tell Robert. He is in a dreadful state, and no wonder. Do come to me at once."

"I ought to have had this note an hour ago," exclaimed Rotha; and, without waiting for Rufus to follow her, she set off for the vicarage at a run that brought the boy panting after her. "Don't knock," he cried, "I have the key; and it would disturb Aunt Belle. I will go and fetch mother." And, almost before Rotha could grope her way through the dark hall, Mary had come to her side silently, and, taking her hand, brought her into her own room and closed the door softly.

"Oh, Mrs. Ord, I am so sorry," began Rotha; "did Rufus tell you I was at church?"

"Hush! yes, I know. I have been wanting you; but it could not be helped, and she is quiet now. Oh, Rotha, what a day this has been!" And Mary began to cry, but in a subdued, patient sort of way that went to Rotha's heart.

"Dear Mrs. Ord, and you are so tired?" said the girl, in a sympathizing voice, at which Mary leant her head against her shoulder and cried more than ever. It was some time before she could recover herself to speak plainly.

"I didn't mean to do this," she said at last, in answer to Rotha's silent kisses; "but I think it has done me good. Oh, Rotha, I hope I am not rebellious, and I have Austin and the boys. But still she is my only sister." And the tears coursed more swiftly

down Mrs. Ord's face as her grief resolved itself into words.

"Perhaps it is better so. Oh, my dear, to think of her going day after day to that infirmary without letting us know how ill she was—and all to spare Austin! I cannot bear to think of it. And then for them to say that all this strain and anxiety has been killing her!"

"Who are they? Dear Mrs. Ord, would it not ease you to tell me everything plainly out? Is it Mr. Greenock who has been telling you all this?"

"Yes, Mr. Greenock and Dr. Chapman. Mr. Greenock wished a consultation when he found how things were, and then they told Austin, and he fetched me. They say one of her lungs is quite gone, and that she is in a very precarious state. Mr. Greenock said he could not understand how any one could have suffered so much and have done what she has done; and he declared if it had gone on—all this concealment and strain, I suppose he meant—that she could not have lasted three months."

"But I don't understand. Is it as you fear—is it—?" decline, Rotha was going to add, but she hesitated. Mary shook her head mournfully.

"That is what I cannot find out—neither of them would speak plainly. Mr. Greenock did not say much, but I could see he dreaded the worst. He would not exactly say that she was in a decline, but he owned that she feared it. Dr. Chapman took a milder view of the case. Both of them agreed that a warm climate should be tried without delay. But I noticed that, though Dr. Chapman spoke hopefully of Torquay now and Mentone next winter, and added his conviction that by these means a partial if not a complete cure might be effected, Mr. Greenock only looked grave; and it struck me afterwards that he had recommended it as a last chance, and that he knew it could only prolong her life for a few months; and I can see that Austin fears it too."

"But, Mrs. Ord, would not it be cruel to remove her if they know it is of no use?"

"That is what Austin said. He wanted Mr. Greenock to give us leave to keep her with us; but both he and Dr. Chapman agreed that the March winds would kill her. They want her to go to Torquay in about two or three weeks' time, but she must not undertake the journey this weather in the state she is in. One thing, we are not to allow her to break off her engagement—at least not yet, or we shall take away her last chance. But, oh, Rotha, I know they think that she will never be well enough to marry him."

Rotha sighed heavily. "I am afraid not; but they are right, and it would kill her at once. Oh, Mrs. Ord, how dreadful it will be for him when he knows it!"

"Hush! don't speak so loud—he knows it now. Austin has been with him all the evening. We have had hard work with him to get him to believe it; he fights against it so. I don't think he gives up all hope yet, though he knows he must go without her. He turned round quite fiercely on Austin when he said something about the engagement having to be given up. He declares he will come over in six months' time and marry her. Oh, Rotha, it is plain to see that he is half beside himself with remorse; it is more that than grief that is troubling him."

Rotha leant her head on her hand; she hardly knew what to say. "He ought to have sent her with me," she returned slowly at length; "he knows that himself now. Mrs. Ord, I don't quite know what to do, but I think I should like to go to him. He might listen to me now. Hark! what is that?" she continued, turning very pale. Everything started her just now, but it was only the dining room door opening and the vicar calling softly across the hall for Mary.

Mrs. Ord went at once, and Rotha followed her; the vicar held out his hand to her with a little surprise when he saw her. "Robert has been asking for you," he said. "I did not know you were here; I thought Rufus came in alone."

"I was at church, but I came directly afterwards. Did you say"—turning paler than ever—"that he was asking for me?"

The vicar nodded. "He is in there; he has been asking for you two or three times this evening. He wished me to tell you when you came in that he wanted to speak to you alone."

Rotha looked bewildered, as well she might—wanting to see her, and alone!

Robert was leaning against the mantelpiece, with his back towards her; but he started at her entrance and raised his head, and then, after a moment's hesitation, held out his hand. It was not taken for an instant; perhaps Rotha hardly perceived it, but a bitter smile wreathed his thin lips at what he imagined was her pride.

"You need not to have hesitated," he said sharply—the sharpness of pain, not anger. "I meant to have told you—but never mind, it will keep; the thing is, that I have sent for you. I suppose I ought to thank you first for your kindness in coming to me. Some women would not have acted as you have, but I confess I am in no mood for mere courtesy to-night."

"Neither am I," returned Rotha quietly. His harsh words, his pale face only inspired her with pity. With an involuntary movement she went up a little closer, and looked at him with straightforward honest eyes. "You are in trouble, and you have sent for me," she said softly; "and now what can I do for you?"

"Stop," he said hoarsely. "I don't want pity—least of all from you. Pity her if you will. Good heavens, to think how she loves me, and that I, blind fool that I am, have as good as murdered her!"

"Mr. Ord!" She is constrained to cry out his name, his violence is so terrible to her; and then, with a sudden pitiful impulse, she goes nearer and lays her hand on his arm.

"Have you sent for me to tell me this?"

"Yes, to tell you this—this, and anything else you like. Oh, you may humble me at your pleasure. I am a proud man if you will, but this is your hour of triumph. I would rather have you triumph over me than pity me. Why do you look at me like this, Miss Maturin? Do you think I am mad to-night?"

"I think you are," she returned softly. "God help you! Mad with pain and disappointment and remorse, you are cruel to yourself, cruel to me, to Belle, to everybody. Was it your fault that you were so blind-folded that you could not see the truth?"

"Yes," he returned, with a dogged sort of honesty; "it was my fault, I would not allow myself to be convinced. Is your

memory so bad that you have forgotten our conversation down on the sands?"

She dropped her head sadly; she could not help it. Why should he recall those bitter moments? Humiliated—ah, and had she not been humiliated then!

"Well, I see you remember," he continued, watching her; "you tried to convince me then. You would have saved her for me if I had only permitted it; and I let her fade before my eyes, brute that I was, rather than owe her preservation to you. No, do not stop me; if I had not known my motives then, I do now."

"No, no," she cried, putting out her hand to stop him. "Don't talk so—you must not talk so; it was this terrible prejudice against me that hardened you. I came between you and your happiness, and made you mad."

"More shame to me!" he retorted. But she put out her hand again to stop him.

"Ah, you are more cruel to yourself than you have been to me," she exclaimed. "If you mean that you have sinned against me, have I not forgiven it long ago? Mr. Ord, you have sent for me, but it is not Miss Maturin who has come to you now—it is the little sister, Gar's future wife, who prays you to be reconciled to her."

Her hands went out to him tremblingly as she uttered his name; she had forgotten everything at the sight of his terrible grief. If he had wronged her she did not remember it now. "Gar's brother! Poor Robert," he thinks he hears her say so softly. As he turns away and folds his arms over his breast something that would have been tears in other men glistened now in Robert Ord's eyes. Another moment and her hand rests on his outstretched palm.

"Forgive me if you can," he begins in a broken voice; but she stops him.

"Hush! I understand you. There is no need to say anything more."

"There is every need, you mean. Do you think I shall spare myself? You told me that I must never come and offer you my hand till I would own that I had wronged you. I own it now."

"I know it—I can see it. Please spare yourself this."

"Spare myself," he repeated scornfully.

"Oh, I have been so good to you—you may well ask me to do this. Because I envied you your possessions I must look upon your every act and word with a jaundiced eye. I must even sacrifice my poor Belle to my unnatural rancor. Oh, you were right when you said you would rather die than touch my hand."

"I am touching it now; it feels like the hand of a friend. Mr. Ord, these things are all passed and over. I have forgiven them long ago. Why will you recall them?"

"To do you a tardy justice," he replied vehemently. "Because, God knows, I have done you a bitter wrong; because you were as innocent as a little child, and I was cruel to you."

"Not cruel—only hard, and hardest of all to yourself. You were wrong to your better judgment, and now the scales have fallen from your eyes. Indeed it is all forgiven. You know me now, and you know I am your friend."

"My friend!" he muttered, "my friend!" A strange softness crept over his face, and then he turned it away and leaned heavily against the mantelpiece; but at that moment

something hard and bitter passed out of Robert Ord's heart forever.

By and by she knew why he had sent for her—not to tell her this, as he reiterates again and again, but to beg her on his knees, if he needs be, to take Belle away. It is her last chance—her only chance, he affirms sadly. And Rotha slowly and seriously grants the request. She cannot tell him what she has told Mary, that she believes it has come too late.

Mary came down presently to tell Robert that Belle was asking for him. "She is growing restless again and wonders what has become of you, dear. She knows now that Austin has told you everything."

Robert turned very pale.

"I did not mean to have seen her to-night," he said. "I am half afraid of what I may say. I think you had better come up with me, Mary." And Rotha was left alone.

She might have been alone about twenty minutes when she heard Mary calling her, and went up at once.

"Belle wants to bid you good-night," began Mary cheerfully as Rotha entered; but Belle's feeble voice interrupted her.

"No, not good-night. I want to speak to you, Rotha. Please come here." And Belle raised herself from Robert's arm, and held out her hot hands to Rotha. How beautiful she looked with that hectic flush on her wasted cheek and her eyes burning with fever.

"Dear Rotha, come here. Tell him—Mary will not—that it is all no use, and that he must not send me away. Tell him it will kill me."

"It will kill you to remain here, Belle. Mr. Greenock and Dr. Chapman both said so."

"That is what he keeps saying. Oh, Rotha, ask him not. He knows that he is going in less than three months, and yet he wants us to be parted. It is not enough that I am never to be his wife, but he will not even let me see the last of him," and Belle flung herself down on the couch again, as though her last hope were taken from her.

"For your own good—only for your good, Belle; it is your last chance. You know they said so."

"But they did not think so," she returned in a voice of despair. "Rotha, does he think that I shall care to live when I am never to be his wife? Tell him to ask me anything but this."

"I cannot," he returned in a low voice.

"Dear Belle, why will you persist in speaking as though there were no hope? Did not Dr. Chapman say that a winter or two at Mentone would set you up? Go with Miss Maturin in a fortnight's time, and I will come down to Devonshire to wish you good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she returned in a bewildered voice. "It is not you who have to say good-bye surely?"

"Yes, for a little while; but it will not be long, I promise you. Only do as the doctors tell you, and in six months or a year's time I will come over myself and take you home with me."

"Take me home! Only hear him," she returned in a faint voice. "He is deceiving himself still. Dear Robert, why will you not understand that we must give it all up? I am your poor friend, dear, but I shall never be anything more to you."

"Dear Belle, do not refuse him; he means it for your good," exclaimed Rotha. "Look at him. You are breaking his heart." For, overcome by her words, Robert had covered his face with his hands. In another moment Belle had flung her thin arms round his neck. Never to her dying day did Rotha forget the look of despairing love on her face.

"Oh, Robert, don't; anything but that. Dear Bertie, put down your hands, and let me see your face. Do you really mean that you wish me to go?"

"Yes, really and truly; for my sake—for the sake of your own love." He looked at her eagerly, almost hopefully; but there was no answering gleam in Belle's eyes.

"For your sake? Yes, I understand. Kiss me, Bertie. I will go. No, not that name—that is what I used to call you. It must be Robert now."

"I like the old name and the old ways best, Belle."

"Do you, Bertie? Ah, there it is again. Are we alone, or is Rotha there?"

"I am here," said Rotha, coming gently to her side. "I am waiting to say good-night, Belle."

"Good-night," returned Belle dreamily. "I thought I was alone with Robert, and that I was, oh, so tired! You will have to carry me upstairs to-night, Bertie. Where is Mary?" But, before her sister could be summoned to the room, Belle, exhausted by her emotions, had fainted away.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Under the Roof.

"To us,
The foals of habit, sweeter seems
To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling Hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;
Than if with thee the soaring wisp
Should fluff him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shelia."
In Memoriam.

It was the saddest Christmas Day that the inhabitants of the Vicarage had ever known. Uncle Gar's absence was loudly lamented by the boys who could imagine no holiday without their favorite playfellow and adviser, while it was felt as a very real loss by the other members of the family. Mary especially missed the bright unflinching spirits and helpful good-nature which had gone so far to make Gar's influence with the lads; she had always called him her eldest boy, and had been very motherly and watchful over him, claiming a right to lecture him on all his short-comings, to which Gar had submitted with a tolerable amount of patience. But even Gar's absence sunk into comparative insignificance beside the fact of Belle's failing health, and it was quite sufficient to note the vicar's grave looks and Mary's troubled face to see how heavily this new blow had fallen on them.

If Belle had lacked somewhat in gentleness and warmth to those with whom she lived; if she had been self-absorbed, reticent, and failing in that large influence that might have been hers, it was all forgotten now; and nothing was remembered of her but her sorrow, her passionate devotion to Robert, and the fortitude with which she had borne her ill health; or, if this were not sufficient to win their forbearance, was she not Mary's only sister—the sister whom she

roughs, and had toiled over the hills and struggled through the sands of Kent. Even the verger seemed to sympathize with our feelings. For a few moments he was silent; presently he continued—

"'Every the Height, when he was in Canterbury, took the bones, which they was laid beneath, out on the green, and had them burned. With them he took the 'oly shrine, which it and bones is here no longer!'

"Shrine and Tabard. Chapels and Inns by the way, all have gone with the pilgrims of yester-year."

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXIV.

When men are reminded of the shortness and uncertainty of life, they often say to themselves this shall not be to us; we will hope for better things; we prefer to found our calculations upon the expectation of long life, and venerable age and gradual decay.

Let us then indulge ourselves in this sup-

We need not trace particularly the changes that come over us in the progress of years. In our mature age we still exult in the consciousness of might, but our blows are not given with as hearty a good-will as when the arm was young. There is a jangling string within, which gives discordance to the sounds that float around us. There seems to be less sunshine, more dark and dreary hours than when we were children. But for all this, in the meridian of life, we are not without enjoyment and endurance and hopefulness.

But the evil days will come; the *evil days; and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them. The sun and the light, the moon and the stars shall be darkened.*

The old man's latter days are evil; they bring him pains and sorrows, but little else. He looks with apathy on that which would once have awakened all his enthusiasm. His life is a burden. Long custom disinclines him to surrender it; yet he has no pleasure in it. The sunlight no more dances along his path and glistens on the

When we become old, physical infirmities will accumulate upon us. In its prime and freshness the human body is the fairest structure which the hand of God has made, but it suffers much under the assaults of years. Under a variety of figures does Solomon describe its dilapidation.

Where are now the sinewy arms which once provided for the wants of the body and protected it from the invasions of every adversary? Alas! *the keepers of the house tremble*, their blows are feeble, their grasp is weak. If danger menace, they are no longer strong in defence, but must rather be raised in timid deprecation.

And *the strong men bow themselves*. The limbs which once bore the man proudly on his errand, whatever it might be, have lost their strength, the joints are stiffened, the back is bowed, the shoulders stoop; rigid nature must, in compassion, lend him a staff on which to lean, and he crawls uncertainly and slowly over the earth which once quivered beneath his manly tread.

And again, *The grinders cease because they are feeble, and the doors are shut in the*



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position; let us forget our insecurity, and look confidently to the filling out of three-score and ten or fourscore years. But before we array this closing period in the illusions of fancy, let us hearken to the teachings of experience; let us listen to the Wise Preacher, as with trembling voice and an utterance intensified by his own share in what he delivers he describes to us *the sorrows of old age*.

When we grow old, we must expect to lose our elasticity and cheerfulness of temper.

Look at a little child. What incessant activity; what restless gaiety; how happy a faculty of finding mirth in everything; how bright to him the sunshine; how sweet the music of the rippling water. He leaps and runs, and is happy in the very exuberance of life; he laughs aloud for the mere happiness of breathing, living, moving. His heart-strings are not yet fretted and out of tune; and because his soul is thus accordant with nature, the voices of nature do ever stir him to gladness. And if his sky be overcast, the cloud doth not long obscure the sunshine of his spirit; he forgets his sorrow, and is glad again.

green leaf; he views everything not as once, thro' the bright prism of hope, but thro' the dull sombre medium of experience. The moon no longer walks in silvery brightness, but is now the cold pale moon; and the stars, which were once to him as the eyes of angels, do now twinkle dimly and burn as the exhausted lights of some finished revel.

And *the clouds return after the rain*. Once these dreary days seemed few, and the clear shining after the rain seemed to be a recompense of nature for her tears. But now it rains all day, and when at evening he looks up to a little patch of sunshine the clouds gather, and as the sun goes down the chill winds whistle anew and tell him it will be dreary again to-morrow.

This is extreme old age but heaviness and sorrow. Happy as we may have been when we had energy to pursue and novelty to entice, a spirit to enjoy, yet, lingering over long, and with naught else to explore, the flowers are now all withered, and the gold seen to be all tinsel, and the gay laugh hath no mirth in it, and the heart whispers to itself, Man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself for naught.

streets when the sound of the grinding is low. It is a labor now to take his necessary food, for his cheeks are sunken and his teeth are gone; his lips once parted with the ready smile, and out of them, as from a portal, issued the quick answer and the cheerful word; but now the muscles have lost their play, and those doors it is labor to open, and the sounds which issue from them are faint and husky.

The senses, too, begin to fail: *those that look out of the windows are darkened*, Solomon mentions as the most excellent of all, that wonderful organ whose range knows scarce any limit, save that of space itself—the window of the soul, through which it scans the doings of the outer world, and through which, in turn, other men may discern the sparkling of the inward fire, the yearnings of affection, the outburst of generous thought. But now the films of age obscure and make turbid that crystal so serene, and its lids do droop, the sight has lost its keenness, and the old man gropes his way, as in anticipation of the land of shadows to which he is hastening.

Besides this loss of mental and bodily vigor, the Preacher specifies sundry

other infirmities which it is not easy to classify.

Sweet and sound is the sleep of childhood, and invigorating is the repose won by manly toil, but the old man's slumbers are light and easily broken. *He shall rise up at the voice of the bird*—the first crowing of the cock recalls him to consciousness, the chirping of a sparrow disturbs his rest.

All the daughters of music shall be brought low. His tremulous fingers have lost their cunning to awaken melody from the harp he loved, and the full chords of harmony fall upon a dull hearing. He says, like Barzillai the Gileadite, "I am this day fourscore years old, and can I discern between good and evil? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?"

And for such reasons *desire shall fail.* He has no appetite for pleasure, no ambition for greatness, which he has lost the capacity to enjoy; and thus old men may persuade themselves that they have forsaken their sins, when, in fact, their sins have forsaken them.

Courage and endurance, too, give way. *They shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way.* He avoids the height from which he might fall, and covets the safety of the arm-chair and the fireside. He is afraid of risk and exposure, and little inconveniences such as the noise of an insect are overmuch for his fortitude. *The grasshopper shall be a burden.*

FROM THE RED SEA TO SINAI.

Marah and Elim.

Exod. xv. 20-27.

Verse 20. "Miriam." The same name as Mary, Maria, Mariamne. "The prophetess." Hers was a true prophetic gift. She was apparently the eldest of the Levitic family, as she watched over the ark of her infant brother Moses, and led Pharaoh's daughter to select the mother of Moses, (Jocbebed) for his nurse. "The sister of Aaron." She is so-called because henceforth she is to rank with Aaron, but below Moses, who was henceforth at the head of Israel. "A timbrel." Doubtless the same instrument as is now known by that name. It was used probably partly by itself and partly as an accompaniment to mark the time in chanting the strophes and alternate choruses of the song. It is probable that this chorus was given antiphonally by the women in response to each verse of the song of Moses. "Went out after her." That is, followed her perhaps in a sort of processional march. The word "dances" here indicates a rhythmic movement accompanying the chanting. It was a religious ceremony and usually confined to the women, and at any rate was performed separately from the men.

Verse 21. "Answered them." This applies to the previous part of the chapter, viz: the song of Moses. To this Miriam and the women replied antiphonally, repeating the first strophe of the song, slightly varied in the person and number of the verb. "Sing."—"He hath triumphed gloriously." Literally "highly exalted is He." The sense is the same, but expressed a little differently. To triumph is to be "made high," exalted, lifted up. The one refers to the manifestation, the other to the result of the manifestation. "The horse and his rider." For many ages the Hebrews seem to have

had the same feeling of terror at the horse as an aid to war as the Aztes of Mexico had at the first coming of the Spaniards. The infantry of Israel found it hard to stand against the chariot and cavalry-using races. Therefore these are put as representatives of the whole army of Egypt. No doubt they were its principal part.

Verse 22. "The wilderness of Shur." The upper portion of the desert now called Deschifer, which stretches from Egypt to the south-western part of Palestine. It is also called the desert of Etham, from the town of Etham which stood upon the border. The spot where the Israelites probably encamped is supposed to have been the present *Ayun Musa* (the springs of Moses.) There are at present several springs there which yield a drinkable water, though dark and brackish, and a few stunted palms. Unquestionably the water supply of the desert was greater than now, before the wholesale destruction by the Bedaween of all the trees for the purpose of making charcoal to use in preparing gunpowder. It was always desert no doubt, but this character has been heightened within the limits of the modern era of history.

Verse 23. "Marah." They went three days in the wilderness and found no water. This identifies Marah, in all probability, with the well of *Hawara*. This is the first place where water can be found, and is thirty-three English miles from *Ayun Musa*. Its water is disagreeably bitter and salt, and the Bedaween consider it the worst water in the whole neighborhood. It is objected that the size of the well of *Hawara* is too small to answer the requirements of the story—but it is very evident that the spring is partially choked up from neglect. The people had taken, no doubt, a supply for the three days' journey. The name Marah signifies bitter, and that was given to the spring from the character still preserved by its waters. The three days is always understood as meaning either parts or whole days as the case may be. As soon as the third day is reached, the three days are reckoned, and the beginning may be any where in the first day. Still thirty-three miles would be a fair three-days' march for a people so burdened.

Verse 24. "The people murmured." This expression probably covers a wide range, from sullen discontent, to active complaint and rebellion. The Hebrew people had been accustomed to drink the sweet and pleasant waters of the Nile, which is considered particularly potable, and is even exported to Constantinople. They were hence unfitted for any such harsh experience as this. They show too, their truly childish character by breaking out into complaints at the first touch of hardship, as they had done before at the first threatening of danger. It does not say "appealed to Moses," which would have been natural and right, for the trouble was a very real one, but murmured *against* Moses.

Verse 25. "The Lord shewed him a tree." The Hebrew word is one which leaves it indifferent whether it be considered a living tree or a dead. The word used by the Septuagint is *σφοδρ*, the same that St. Peter uses in speaking of the cross, and hence many expositors have considered this a type of the cross. It is clear that this was miraculously done, since there is no tree or plant in the neighborhood which has any such quality.

It was probably a prophetic parable in action, intended to show how out of the bitterness of the Law the "wood of the cross" was to bring sweetness. "Prove them." Put a trial upon them, a proof or test.

Verse 26. The covenant of obedience is here set forth. "None of these diseases." This is taken in its larger sense of plagues, viz., the visitations which had been shown upon Egypt. It does not mean here or elsewhere, the bodily infirmities to which Egypt is peculiarly subject, but the afflictions which were the ten plagues of Egypt. Hence these may be symbolically connected with the ten commandments. Not necessarily in the order of each, but as a whole to a whole.

Verse 27. Elim is found in the Wady Gharandel, about six miles south of Hawara. The number of the wells and palm trees shows the fertility of the spot. There was a well for each tribe and a palm tree for the tent of each of the seventy elders. Their numbers have always been understood as symbolical. This was their next halting place, probably for several days at the least.

VIA DOLOROSA.

BY MRS. IONE L. JONES.

Not o'er beds of roses rare,
Not o'er pathways void of care,
Where sunlight falleth everywhere,
The way of the cross lies hidden;
For the journey is long, and thorns abound
In the narrow path; and rough the ground,
Where, as a ladder, round by round
We reach and climb, God-bidden.

What though cloud-rifts dark and gray,
Hide the face of the sun to-day!
To-morrow the veil will be torn away,
And we grieve no more our loss;
Thus cares and troubles lighter grow
As we bend toward Heaven and wish it so,
And sorrows prove steps as we upward go
On the journey—the way of the cross.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.*

By the courtesy of those to whom the arrangement of this service has been committed, I am here to-day in ready compliance with their request, to speak a word for the South, the land of my birth, and as one who by an actual service in arms, may fitly represent the Confederate soldiers in their hopeless and hapless struggle of the civil war. I am here to stand side by side with you about the open grave, claiming a substantial share in the tribute you seek to pay to the genius, the transcendent moral greatness, the brilliant achievements in war and in peace of that man whose death excites a sorrow that knows no sectional limitation, but enwraps the hearts of this whole people as the heart of a single man. I am here to weave into the garland this city would lovingly place upon his bier twigs of cypress and myrtle gathered from the forests of the South. Nor is it in language of merely conventional propriety that the South asks leave to add her tribute of respect and honor, but from a genuine and natural impulse. True it is that by the consummate generalship of Grant, their gallant, if mistaken efforts were baffled and broken, but now when the

*From an address made by the Rev. Wm. B. Buckingham, rector of St. James's, New London, Ct., at exercises in the hours of General Grant's funeral.

echoes of that war have died away and the passions which led up to it have subsided, they have gained by their very sufferings and sacrifices and the awful discipline of military defeat, the power to acknowledge and do honor to those qualities which constitute his greatness. They know him as a prince in the mighty brotherhood of valor. But again the South seeks recognition in the obsequies of to-day because of his national character. Whatever may be the name of the State that claims to hold his birthplace, whatever the name of that which will receive this day his mortal remains, whatever may have been the associations, political and social, that gave particular direction to his destiny; yet underneath them all, and more powerful than any local influence in shaping his character, were the forces that were generated when the foundations of this republic were laid in the common sacrifices of North and South alike. His greatness is national. His character is American, the product of ideas and principles that began the princely line of American heroes in the person of Washington, and which will never fail, so long as we be true to them, to produce a man for America in the hour of America's need. But once more the Southern soldiers demand an assignment in the funeral cortege because they have a debt of gratitude to pay; because within their memory there is framed the living portrait of the great general who, in the dark hour of their need and humiliation which was at once the moment of his brilliant victory, could turn his back upon resentment and hardness "as the greatest only are, in his simplicity sublime" extend to them the hand of a restored brotherly kindness. You know the tender story of Appomattox—how, when all was done the heart of the great conqueror went out in sympathy to the hearts of his brothers, who had shown themselves fomen worthy of his steel. I remember in those last days, at my post of duty, remote from that scene of action, when the soldiers of Lee's army came stragging home bearing the tidings of the great surrender, how their message was distrusted, because they came, not as prisoners, but bearing an honorable discharge and riding on their horses. You have heard the story in these later days how, in the capitulation, the mighty general said: "They must keep these, for they will need them for their spring planting." And so they went away from wasting and carnage, from riot and bloodshed, riding over mountains and valleys seeking their homes, their wives and their children. They went away in that month of April back to their "spring planting." And now, twenty years gone by, in the midsummer of this year of grace, now in their harvest season, they have been sending to him in this hour of mortal agony, the fair fruits of that spring planting, garnered sheaves of affection, admiration and gratitude. To-day bearers of his pall, Johnston and Buckner walk with Sherman and Sheridan in sorrow and pride beside his bier, and the Southern soldier in honest sympathy, resumes his place beneath the old flag, and as we listen we catch the strains of a common eulogium borne from east and west, and north and south, unmarred by a single discordant note. The salvos of artillery are thundering forth the homage of a mourning people, a splendid pageantry is

telling out their pride, yet who can doubt, if from their resting place departed souls are permitted to hear the praises and cries of earth, that his noble spirit will exult as it hears beneath all our noisy demonstrations the sweet and tender undertone of Peace.

DESIRING NOT THE DEATH OF A SINNER.

BY THE REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

I am glad that you have again written me. Do not fear to do so at will, and I will try, in turn, to do my part, as you request. I am glad that my other words, you assure me, have been of help to you. The greatest compliment I ever had was from a parishioner, who, in leaving my parish, said, with tears, "Your sermons have helped me so!" Not fine, not learned, not "eloquent," and all that—"helped me so!" Now, let me go on trying to help you (and through you others, perhaps), for, as I wrote you, I shall print some of my letters to you. You are troubled about the "forgiveness of sin." All are sinners. Whether original sin has been acquired in just the supposed and interpreted way, while I care less for mere opinions than most men, and think the truth far more important than the human definitions in which men have attempted to explain it, or the arguments by which they have tried to enforce it, and whether—as you suggest—sin be an evil principle, or an inherent taint of our whole nature—whatever it be, and however it may have befallen us, that we sin, no one can doubt or deny. . . . Now, any act of sin puts the soul at once out of harmony with the rest of God's universe. His purposes in the moral world are like a perfect piece of music. Sin jars and breaks the harmony. The man who sins feels this, too, not always at once, but in time—if he be not blinded and his conscience seared and "past feeling."

The moment he has this consciousness of having, by his sin, become out of concord with the vast and glorious oratorio of God's moral plans and purposes, he is smitten with shame. His better nature is shocked. Tho' he may shed no tear and utter no cry, he is, in a degree, a penitent man. His penitence may deepen, and of course should always be in proportion to the degree of his fault, but penitence he is from the moment that he realizes that he is a discordant note or bar in the symphony. Now, this act and state of repentance has a restorative effect. It is like the hand of the master correcting the blunder of the pupil in music. It repairs the broken harmony, and restores the missing quality to the chord. . . . In other words, if his contrition be really such, if it is true and sincere, such an one as, in the sight of Him who alone can forgive, since He is the only one against whom we can sin, and who alone can judge us or of us, since He alone is perfect, then, the man is pardoned, his sin is forgiven, and his iniquity is hid. He has been replaced in the sight of his Father in heaven. For he has despised his act, repudiated it, condoned it so far as he can, spat upon it, and trampled it under foot. He has put himself again in harmony with God's moral universe, to which he belongs.

Of course the act and the fact of the sin remain, and he is that much less of a man than he might have been, he has built up a that much more defective personal character, but, so far as human power can ameliorate his condition, his penitence does change for the better his frame of mind, and the relation of his soul to his Maker, and God his Father will not disown him as His son, and will not remember against Him the sin for which he is now contrite. He is forgiven from the moment he is acceptably penitent.

If now your friend has been brought up to regard confession to God, before some officer of the Church, as helpful, let him, by all means, enjoy the benefit of that help. Compulsory confession is one thing, voluntary, another. The former has been a source of great harm, the latter may be of great comfort. Our Church allows the latter as the occasional and exceptional mode of relief, and has never forbidden it. Yet this fact does not stand in way of a complete forgiveness of sin without any such resort. For, if the sinner be not penitent, there is no remission. If he is, and his God knows it, while a formal official, authoritative declaration may help the sinner to realize it, may touch his feelings, impress his religious nature, comfort him, and as an occasional exceptional and purely voluntary act and mode of relief be, to a certain class of minds, vastly helpful (tho' ever liable to misuse), if I say, the sinner is sincerely penitent, and his Maker knows it as fully as he, and even infinitely more fully, why, as there can be nothing greater than the whole, and nothing higher than that which is perfect, then there is remission, and while the soul that sinneth, if it repent not, shall die, yet the soul that sins and repents shall live, and does live in the sunshine of restored favor and Divine pardon.

Your thought—"am I truly forgiven?"—is a common one. I hope I have "helped" answer it. Read this to the others of the household, and believe me, as ever, your friend.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE STORY OF PETER.

After the German.

BY K. C.

The little Peter belonged to an aspiring family.

His grandfather, and afterward his father, had been chamois hunters, and when all the chamois were gone from the mountains, Seppel, who could not be contented upon level ground, became a guide and showed strangers the mountain paths.

So little Peter was much alone, for he had no mother.

The father, when he went out, always left him something to eat, and when this was gone he trotted away to the next house. This was indeed more than half a mile distant, but the widow woman who lived there was kind-hearted and motherly, and did all she could for the lonely little boy.

She was herself often away, at work in the fields or at the village across the valley, but Mareili, her little lame daughter, was always there, sitting by the stove with her knitting, or on the bench before the door if the day was fine, and she always had a handful of dried beef, or a piece of bread for the hungry Peterli, and the two lonely children were a great comfort to each other.

The little girl's pale face would brighten when she saw her friend's ragged jacket coming along the stony way, and as they sat there in the sunshine she would tell him wonderful stories, which she had spelled out from the few books she possessed, or teach him the little prayers which she knew, and, for his part, Peter tried in every way to please her.

He brought her brilliant stones, and sweet scented herbs, and the rare Alpine flowers his father gathered for him upon the highest peaks, which they valued highly and pressed between the leaves of the mother's Prayer Book.

One treasure they had which Peter was envied for far and wide, a little book bound in red, with gilt edges, and colored pictures of elegant fraus, and knights on horseback, and stately houses.

It had, perhaps, been lost by some traveller, and, picked up by Seppel upon the mountains, was received with great exultation by the little Peter, and taken to Mareili for safe-keeping, and they often thought as they turned over its creamy pages how beautiful it must be to exist in this great world, where such fine men and women lived.

"When I am a man, Mareili," said the little boy one day, "I will climb upon the mountains, like the father, until I am so high that I can see the whole world, and wherever it looks best I will go down, then when I have made a great deal of money, I will bring thee a fine golden hood."

"Before that," said Mareili woefully "I shall be in Heaven; that is still higher above, and one can see the whole earth, but it is so beautiful there that one would not care to look often."

So the children comforted each other, and were at peace with their ragged frocks and miserable food; and Peterli's only care was that he might soon grow large and strong enough to climb upon the mountains with his father.

It was a sad day for him when the good-natured, rosy-faced Seppel, did not come home as usual, at twilight, and some sober looking men came slowly down the path, and told him that his father had fallen upon the rocks and was dead. True, he did not understand much about it at first, and only knew that it was lonely and cold in the little hut, and his father did not come home to bring him any more bread and cheese, or fire-wood.

It was not long now that he stayed

here, for the authorities of the district decided that he must be placed where he could be taught to earn his living, so poor little Peter must take care of Mareili and all his friends, and go, bewildered and sorrowful, across the mountains with the old peasant who had consented to take charge of him.

Here it was more lonely than ever, for the peasant was old and his wife was deaf; but he was a bright boy, and soon learned to make himself useful to the old woman, who would nod and smile at him, and find time for him to study the spelling-book Mareili had given him at parting. The prayers she had taught him he soon nearly forgot, and he did not yet understand that he could pray without learning words by heart.

As he grew older he was sent to school and made good progress; but he liked better to work in the frau's garden and take care of her corn-flowers and larkspurs, or to roam about in his spare time and seek for stones and plants.

He still looked longingly up at the mountains, and wondered what was on the other side of their snowy peaks; and the time for this came at last.

There was a dry summer, and the goats, Peter's especial charge, did not thrive upon the lower ground. It was thought best to send them upon the mountain in search of food.

Now the boy was indeed happy. Upon the eventful day he arose long before light to prepare for this Alpine journey, and proudly arrayed himself as a senuerherd, with an old horn bound round his waist and a staff in his hand.

How beautiful the mountains seemed to him as he looked upward toward their green slopes and snow-capped peaks in the fresh, dewy morning, and followed his goats as they bounded and scrambled before, feeling much concern lest they should stray away.

Higher and higher they went, and after a long time, when they had nearly reached the top, the goats, having eaten their fill, grew tired and lay down to rest.

Peter was tired too, but he could not linger yet. He kept eagerly on, to the top of a projection, from which he hoped at last to see the world.

Yes, there it was; and how wonderful it looked to the mountain boy. He seemed to be gazing, not into the world but an open heaven.

Far below lay the deep blue sea, whereon distant sails shone like white doves; the mighty mountains mirrored themselves in its clear waters, friendly villages stood upon its shore, and here and there a solitary church. Around rose the mountain chain, and far above gleamed the great glaciers and peaks, white against the deep blue heavens.

It was too much. A strange feeling came over the boy. He folded his hands and prayed.

"Oh, dear Lord, Thy world is so beautiful and so great! Give me only a little place therein."

Al! it was glorious. The sunshine warmed him, fresh mountain air streamed over him, and it seemed to Peterli the finest thing in the world to be a herd-boy and roam over the mountain all day long.

When he was a little calmer he sat down and ate his provisions, but again and again he sprang up to look and shout aloud for joy.

In the solitude and stillness he recalled the little prayers Mareili had taught him long ago, and wondered whether, when there were so many rich and great people upon earth, God would listen to a poor herd-boy.

It gave him much to think of in the long, quiet days, and the summer passed quickly away.

After a year or two more his master, who did not like his thoughtful ways, let him engage himself as senuer-boy to a rich peasant who had many cows, and now his life was quite upon the mountain.

He still spent much time in seeking plants and herbs and collecting strange stones, which he kept in excellent order in a hidden grotto, often wishing he could show them to Mareili and tell her all he had thought and learned in these years of separation; but this was not to be just yet.

One day, however, as he lay on the green slope before his little senuer-but, looking wistfully toward the distant world, he saw two men coming toward him, and though strangers are no rare sight among the Alps, they seldom came upon Peter's mountain, which was neither high nor remarkable; so he rose somewhat shyly in answer to their call, and looked at them curiously.

The first carried a hammer, with which he struck the rocks as he passed, and his pockets were so full of stones that he kept dropping them. The other often stopped to pull up the plants and herbs and examine them through a microscope.

Peter was astonished. It had never occurred to him that any but ignorant boys like himself cared for stones and grasses; but they were hastening toward him, and the one with the hammer called out as they drew near,

"Good friend, have you anything rare upon your mountain?"

Peter immediately resolved to show them his grotto, and led them by what they seemed to find a neck-breaking way to its entrance. Here he stood back, and looked on while they examined his treasures in evident delight.

"Look! look! friend Braun," cried he with the hammer. "The lucky boy!

Where has he found this quartz, this crystal, this erab's claw in a slate?"

"Ah," thoughtfully returned the other, who had made his own discoveries on the opposite side of the cave. "This wonder of an Alpine peasant is, it appears, a botanical genius also. Here are samples of the Alpine plants I have sought for years, only sadly pressed and arranged; sadly."

"And this petrification," cried the first, and he smiled radiantly upon Peter and patted him on the shoulder.

Peter smiled in return, but did not attempt to answer, for his Swiss dialect seemed not altogether familiar to the gentleman of the hammer.

He sat upon a stone and waited contentedly, while they looked at everything in the place, and held a long consultation in their native German, of which he had learned enough from the guides about, to make out that they were old friends, and professors in some university, spending their vacation in wandering about in search of specimens, but he was thoroughly astonished when the plant collector, whom he had heard the other call "Braun," suddenly turned towards him, asking if he would like to go with them and help to collect the plants and stones, of which he seemed so fond.

Peter could hardly believe that he heard aright, but his face lighted up at these unexpected words.

What a glorious opportunity for going out into the world; this world that he had so longed to see.

"But, but, my master. I cannot leave the cows," he stammered.

"Oh, the cows," cried Dr. Braun, impatiently, "there are cowherds enough to be had upon these mountains. We will see thy master, boy;" and making him point out the path, they trudged away together, talking as they went.

That was a day of excitement to Peter, but at night when he went home with his cows it was all settled, his master had agreed to release him from his engagement, and he was to go the next morning to the inn in the valley, to meet his new friends.

He rose, therefore, before sunrise on the following day, and went gleefully down the mountain road to find his patrons; and the new life began.

A pleasant life it seemed to the boy in these first days. Nothing to do but to wander over the mountains in the fresh air, finding here a stone and there a plant, to eat his luncheon on the soft grass, and rest in the comfortable little inn at night.

At last the summer ended, the stones were packed, and sent by post; the places were taken in the diligence, and now Peter's heart grew heavy at the thought of leaving his native mountains.

He remembered his first glimpse of the world, and his prayer that the good God would give him only a little place therein. Now the prayer had been answered, yet he began to fear that in this world it would not be so easy to find God. And he feared, not without reason, poor Peter.

At the first large town in which they stopped he went out to buy a present for Mareili, whom he had longed to see once more.

What should it be? A fine cloak and hood? He knew that she never went



LITTLE PETER.

out, and did not care for finery, and, after pondering a while, he remembered her love for books.

Stopping at a book-store, he bought a little black volume, knowing not, indeed, what was within; but he had made no bad choice, for it was Thomas à Kempis.

This was wrapped up and sent to Mareili, with a note in which he told her of his good fortune, and of his sorrow in not being able to bid his friends farewell.

So the holidays were ended, the journey was completed, and the professors and Peter, the plants and the stones, all safely arrived in the great Northern city, where the boy went about for a day or two like one in a dream.

He was overwhelmed with amazement at the handsome houses, the broad streets, and fine gate-ways; but he

could catch no glimpse of his beloved mountains, and this made him sad. Yet there was little time for homesickness, for the new specimens must be unpacked, and places found for them in the cabinets, and he must learn the names of the many, many stones and minerals, that he might know how to arrange them properly, and he proved very quick and capable.

In his hours of leisure he often slipped into the room where Professor Braun's classes were reciting, and, seating himself in a corner, would listen intently to whatever was going forward, thus learning much about the plant-world, and many other things.

After a while, too, he began in his spare time to ramble out of the big noisy city into the surrounding country, and often brought home specimens of stones and plants, which gained him more than one silver piece. These thoughtful Dr. Braun laid aside for his benefit, and, after watching him quietly for a while, made a new suggestion to Dr. Glimmes.

It seemed a pity so bright a lad should not have an opportunity for improvement. What if they let him join the classes?

The two professors consulted together, and the matter was soon decided. He was to live in Dr. Glimmes's house, while Dr. Braun undertook to provide his wardrobe, and he could still make himself useful about the cabinet in his hours of freedom.

And now was Peter happy indeed. Though much embarrassed the first time he appeared in a short coat and student's cap, he soon learned to feel at home in them, and resolved to do his best to deserve these great kindnesses.

It was hard of course, to begin with the little boys, and see their wondering looks as the great lad came among them, while others of his own age stood so far above him, but this could be borne for awhile.

He resolved soon to take his proper place in the classes, and studied so diligently that he made surprising progress.

Dr. Braun looked at him in amazement when he found it necessary to promote him higher and still higher, and unhappily he was flattered and praised, until he grew a little vain and self-sufficient, and the thoughts of the good God who had seemed so near in the mountains, were fading away in this life of excitement.

His mind felt empty, and weary, and discontented, "but this," he thought, "is because I have not distinguished myself; when I shall have become a man, and gained riches and honor, all these feelings will leave me," and the foolish boy forgot that God gives honor to men as

they deserve, and began to indulge in the wildest dreams of fame and fortune.

What astonishment and enthusiasm would be excited, he thought, when he, the untaught mountain boy, should pass a brilliant examination, and what would they do with him after? make him a professor? they could surely do no less, and he spent too much time in dreaming when he should have been working.

With increased standing too, came harder tasks. He began to find it more difficult to keep up, and to relax his efforts a little, until at length the long-expected examination time drew near, and in the general excitement he aroused to the fact of his wasted time, and applied himself harder than ever.

The important day drew on. Peter found matters quite other than he had anticipated. He knew so much, why would that stupid examiner keep asking questions which he did not know?

The sorrowful lack of thorough foundation, which indeed was not the boy's fault, told against him, and, oh, poor Peter! He passed it is true, but among the lowest, and only in consideration of his early disadvantages, and the zeal and capacity which he showed.

He might, they told him, by continued application and industry become a good physician, but could expect no more.

It was a hard blow, and Peter took it without much resolution. His patrons, too, were disappointed, for they had hoped more from his apparent abilities; and his future was a puzzle.

Peter had by this time saved from his wages and specimen collections quite a little sum, but not enough to provide for future studies; and he utterly refused to be apprenticed to a physician, where he might learn to do some good in the world.

"Be a doctor," he said impatiently to himself, "and enter a hospital or some miserable village to die of starvation." A brilliant prospect truly for one who had confidently expected to fill a professor's chair.

It seemed a great injustice to the foolish, angry boy, and just then happening to meet Bruno, a great friend of his, who had been away from the university for a while, he opened all his sore heart to his fellow-student.

It did not afford him much comfort, however, for Bruno, who was a heedless fellow, only laughed at his grief, called him a simpleton for minding what the professors said, and urged him to come with him and two companions on a tour through the Tyrol. They had hired a wagon and two horses, he said, and should be a gay party, and Peter's future could be settled after; and in the bitterness of his spirit the boy promised to go, not once reflecting that Bruno's father was in comfortable circumstances, and

could afford to indulge his son occasionally, or thinking of his own folly in wasting his little savings, or of his ingratitude to his kind patrons.

He at once went with Bruno to inspect the wagon and meet the two lively lads, who were very glad to see him and find their party made up so readily, and they agreed to start the next morning at dawn; so in the half darkness Peter slipped from the house which had been home to him for so many months, and climbed into the big wagon which was waiting in a stable yard not far away.

They were soon outside the city and rattling along past cornfields and river and little villages, and the three friends were full of life. They talked and laughed and made the air ring with student songs, but Peter did not join them. His heart felt heavy, and he wondered how they could be so gay, and so several days glided by.

It was evening when they came among the mountains, and Peter's heart beat as he saw them dimly looming up before him. He could not sleep that night, though the little inn where they stopped was quiet and comfortable, but rose long before light and went out to look about him.

Yes, the mountains were there, looking down upon him like old friends, and not far distant, while in the bright moonlight, the pathway towards them was plainly to be seen.

Forgetting his companions the boy started eagerly towards them, and was soon climbing upwards in the stillness which seemed to him like home.

The way was easy, and the distant sea shimmered in the waning moonlight, the birds awoke and began to twitter among the trees, and the air grew fresh and cool.

As the sun rose Peter stood upon a high rock, and gazed into the dewy distance, and the words came into his mind, "And the spirit of God moved upon the waters."

As he stood and looked about, his soul trembled. The fresh morning air swept far from him the troubles and disappointments of the last days, and he seemed once more a child.

The bells in the valley rang out, and he knelt and stretched his arms towards heaven and prayed once more his old prayer. "Oh, Father in heaven, give me only a little peace in Thy beautiful world."

Below, in the inn, the students wondered and waited. Towards night someone brought them a note in which their friend took a kind leave of them, but Peter himself was far away, trudging energetically towards his old home, and when at last he came in sight of the familiar peaks, he was, though weary and foot-sore enough, happier than he had been for years.

His father's hut he found occupied by strangers, and though he looked longingly at the windows and the low roof, he did not stop, but turned into the path which led to the widow's cottage, and here he knew every turning, almost every blade of grass. Here was the spring from which he drank, the stone upon which he sat down to rest, and here the point from which he could first see the house. It had seemed to him once a long journey, now it was scarcely two hundred steps.

Soon he turned the corner of the garden. The sun shone full upon the house and the gilly flowers and balsams which grew before the windows, and there upon the bench sat Marelli, looking as if she had never moved from the old spot, but so much changed that for a moment he did not know her.

Her face was paler than of old, but there were the same soft, gentle eyes, which gazed curiously at the tall lad for an instant, then lighted up with joy.

"Peterli!" she cried, "have you come once more to see us?" and held out her hands in welcome, and soon they were sitting side by side upon the bench chatting as in old times.

Marelli had not become strong in all these years, but she had now a crutch with which she could help herself about, and she brought her old friend coffee and omelet and bread and cheese, and showed him the embroideries and artificial flowers with which she earned a comfortable sum, admired over and over again the presents he had brought them, and told him how well her brothers were doing at the fisheries on the seashore, and how glad her mother would be to see him again when she came home from her work at the neighboring farm.

And for his part, Peter told her all about his life in the peasant's family and in the great university, and all his hopes and fears and disappointments, while Marelli listened wonderingly. It seemed to her so strange that one who had received so many benefits should be angry because he could not be favored still more, and she gravely reminded him of the days when they were little and weak, and had hardly enough to eat, and of the great changes since then for both of them.

"Yes, Marelli," said Peter, humbly, in reply, "I have, indeed, reason to be grateful to the good God and to my professors, and I am going back to them to learn to be a doctor, as they wished. I can perhaps do a little good among the poor and needy, if I cannot become great."

"Yes," smiled Marelli, "and that is surely best, for the good God puts us into the world to help one another."

And then the sun went down, and the mother came over the hill and waved her hand to them in great delight.

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SIGMON M. STERN, Director, Author of "Studien und Plaudereien," Prin. Stern's School of Languages, 27 E. 44th St., N. Y. City.

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1885.

It is quite impossible to read Bishop Ferguson's report, written "at sea," on the steamship "Adriatic," and not feel that there is a man who understands his business, and is earnestly intent on doing it. He sets forth with equal intelligence and clearness what has been done and what ought to be done. His knowledge of the country and of the people entitles him to speak, and he speaks in a way which, we think, will commend itself to the Church's attention. His recommendations in the matter of opening new stations on the Cavalla river, and building at each one a house to accommodate the school and teachers; to strengthen the old stations and increase the present number of boarding-scholars; his suggestions in regard to theological and medical education, manual labor schools, female education, etc., are those of a wise and wide-minded man who has carefully thought out everything as the result of long experience and observation. No wonder that the bishop asks, with evident concern, "What will the Church do?" He sees clearly what he proposes to do, if the Church will but give him the means of doing it. We trust that the leaflet embracing this report, which may be had of the Secretary for Foreign Missions, may have a wide reading, that the Church at large may judge for itself whether it can afford to do less than is here proposed by its newly-consecrated bishop.

THE PAPAL OBEDIENCE.

It is a surprising thing that Churchmen, and clergymen even, should persist in using phrases which insinuate, even if they do not directly inculcate, false doctrine. As, for example, why habitually speak of the Roman Patriarchate as the Holy See? That a papalist should be so expected, but we may well wonder why a Churchman should, save as a mere matter of convenience, when speaking of distinctively Latin Christianity. Popular usage justifies it.

Yes, and it justifies also the common but misleading use of the word Catholic. But popular use does not justify a wrong and partisan use of that grand old word. Shall men who, from their youth up, have in every service of the Lord's house said: "I believe in the holy Catholic Church," the moment they leave the church door, empty this word of its rightful meaning? It is an indirect, but all the more effectual way of acceding to papal claims. It is indeed well to "speak gently of our erring sister," well to speak generously of the Church of Rome, however ungenerously and often

contemptuously its adherents speak of us; but ordinarily to speak of Rome as the Holy See is practically to admit that it has a supremacy which no true Anglican will for one moment allow. As certainly no well-informed person will speak of Rome as the Holy See, meaning to imply that any exceptional sanctity has characterized the long line of prelates who have been bishops of that city.

That the See of Rome has been administered by saints, scholars, soldiers, and statesmen goes without saying. That there have been bishops of Rome who were heretics and a great many more who were worldly and even wicked men is equally well-known. Whatever the habit of Romanists, or even of such masters of rhetoric as Macaulay and Froude, certainly no Churchman has occasion to assign to the Roman Patriarchate any such pre-eminence as is involved in calling it the Holy See.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Though Archdeacon Farrar is well down the list of distinguished English ecclesiastics who have visited the United States within the last twenty years, he is perhaps better known than any who have preceded him. Bishop Selwyn came as the great missionary. Charles Kingsley came with the *éclat* of literary fame. Dean Howson's fame as a biblical writer had preceded his personal appearance. Canon Fremantle made his visit under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance. Dean Stanley came on a sort of historical pilgrimage to the shrine of Younger England. Like many others, Bishop Thorold came to lend a hand during vacation in the cause of temperance. Dean Plumtre came to enjoy the hospitality which Dean Stanley had not time to exhaust.

Archdeacon Farrar is the last in this goodly list, but by no means the least. His fame has rapidly increased, and he is principally known as the writer of popular critical works on the life of our Lord and on the early apostolic and post-apostolic history, and as a leading social reformer within Church lines; but it is not a cheap or ephemeral reputation that has preceded him. It is justified by the scholarly, if not profound, character of his writings, and by the large spirit in which he has understood, as an English clergyman, his duty to society.

He has been one of the foremost in the English Church to advocate the cause of temperance, and to promote those social reforms by which the Church influences for good the masses of the people. Americans owe much to him for his warm recognition of the claims of their great

chieftain to universal honor in England's mausoleum of her departed heroes, and there is in him much of that international spirit which should exist and increase between both the two Churches and the two nations. It is this double relation to an American public, the interest in his writings, and his interest in things American, which awakens sympathies toward him on his first visit to the United States which are peculiarly warm and hearty. It is not necessary to endorse all his opinions in order to extend the hand of cordial welcome to him. It is his manly Christian spirit, his large interpretation of the duty which the Church of Christ owes to modern society, which has awakened their sympathies, and it is these cordial visits of appreciative Englishmen to this country which is doing much to make the peoples of the two countries one in the political, social and religious life. In this light, Archdeacon Farrar's visit is an important visit, and in the extension of these international appreciations much is to be gained by both our guests and ourselves.

SINGULARITIES IN THE WESTMINSTER REVISION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

Error travels in cycles, and would seem to be intermittent like a malarial fever, disappearing in one century, and breaking out again with new virulence in another. It is not only many-headed like the hydra, but no sooner is one head stricken off than a similar head appears in another place, and the work is all to do again. Error has so long counterfeited the truth and masqueraded in its lineaments that it seems to have acquired something of its immortality, and we can no longer say:

"But error, wounded, writes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

Dr. Schaff, in his work upon the *Didache*, tells us that "the local churches or individual congregations are ruled by bishops and deacons, elected or appointed by the people." He must, we think, have had before him Field's folio edition of the Bible, printed by the Puritans in 1660, in which, to gain a point, the text, Acts vi: 4, "whom WE may appoint over this business," the we referring to 'the apostles, is slyly changed into 'whom YE may appoint," thus giving the appointment to the people. It was a very small change of only a single letter, like the iota of the Creed in the Arian period, but was a change full of significance, and it would have been wide reaching in its influence but for the fact that there were other students of the Bible besides the Puritans,

and the corruption of the text was soon discovered and exposed.

The Westminster revisers would seem to have been engaged in the same sort of work, and one is almost compelled to say with a similar motive. In Acts xxiii. 14, they render "when they had ordained them elders in every church," by "when they had appointed for them elders in every church," a change without any good reason or necessity. The word is not the same word which is rendered appoint in the sixth chapter, and Dr. Schaff himself admits that ordain was its ecclesiastical sense, but holds that in that sense its use was later as his theory requires him to do.

In the same spirit in Acts xv. 23, the revisers have undertaken to change the constituents of the first council of the Church held at Jerusalem. It has always been supposed to consist of the apostles, elders or presbyters, and the brethren or the laity. By the omission of two little words from the text, the revisers would entirely eliminate from the council the presbyters and have it composed of "apostles and the elder brethren," a translation which the American revisers declined to accept, as justified neither by the text nor the grammar. The revisers elsewhere had no difficulty in reading apostles, elders and brethren, but in this model council they would fain make some place for an order of lay elders, and so adapt their translation to a theory. But happily for the truth there are more Greek scholars than the revisers, and every day shows new reasons for thankfulness that the Westminster revision as a substitute for the version of King James has miserably failed.

In a recent article the Rev. C. C. Grafton makes the remarkable assertion that "the Religious Life was instituted by the Lord Himself." The assertion needs no refutation. Almost simultaneously with this article by Mr. Grafton appear a few wise words from the Rev. J. Carpenter Smith, D.D., on Monasticism and Monastic Vows. As every scholar knows, Dr. Smith keeps within the bounds of the facts of history in saying: "It is important to keep in mind the significant fact, alluded to by Clement of Alexandria, that, strictly speaking, monasticism was not the offspring of Christianity. It was an adaptation. The monastic life, *i. e.*, a life of solitude spent in religious exercises and contemplation and discipline, has its history in ages long anterior to Christianity, and prevailed in religions other than Jewish or Christian. . . . Monachism then is not peculiar to the Church. It came from Oriental influences and was adopted by the Church with but little authority from the precepts and still less from the life of our

Lord and His apostles. It must be viewed, then, not as the offspring but as the adopted child of the Church." No cause can be helped by claiming too much for it. Historic accuracy well becomes believers in the historic Church.

THE MERCERSBURG MOVEMENT AND CHURCH UNITY.

II.

The most interesting results of the Mercersburg movement are to be sought in connection with worship. It not only strengthened the liturgical tendency which appeared in the German Reformed Church, as elsewhere, about the middle of this century, but gave it a new direction. The continental Præsteyterians, unlike the British, had never wholly abandoned the devotional forms of the Reformation period, and the German Presbyterians had in the Palatinate Liturgy a prayer book as old as their catechism. It might have been expected that this would, like the catechism, have been restored to its old honors, and at first little more was thought of. But most of the committee to which the matter was entrusted in 1848, discovered that the Reformation divines were not as skillful in liturgics as in theology. They discovered, too, as Dr. Nevin tells us, that they were themselves "brought more and more under the power of an idea, which carried them with inexorable force its own way." This was the idea of worship as having its root "in the mystical presence of Christ in the Holy Supper." Thus they were led by degrees toward an "altar service," as distinguished from a "pulpit service," and far beyond the Calvinistic formularies of the sixteenth century. As in theology they had found their true point of departure in the Apostle's Creed, so in worship they went back to the earliest known liturgies. The defects of the Palatinate service-book made the development more striking in worship than in theology, but as in each case there was an effort to enter into the catholic life of all ages, so in neither was there any conscious repudiation of their own denominational life. That sufficiently declared itself, indeed, in the perfect freedom of congregations, which none thought of abridging, to use or reject whatever might be offered them. The thing aimed at seems to have been to make Catholic worship possible under the conditions which history had imposed on them. It was nine years before even a "provisional liturgy" was set forth, in 1857. This was far from satisfying its compilers, but they generally believed it to be a true altar service. On the other hand, its fidelity to the principles of the Reformation was attested when the most Protestant of them all declared that it was "what the original framers of the Palatinate Liturgy would have made it had they lived and labored in such a period as ours."

But men to whom the Reformation had always appeared to be a reproduction of primitive Christianity, and a finality, and who especially valued the inorganic pulpit form-books of the continental Calvinists for their repudiation of "the pope and his idolatrous mass and demon worship," must sooner or later resist such tendencies as were perceptible in the provisional liturgy. When,

therefore, the work of revising and perfecting this book was undertaken by the Eastern Synod in 1861, a hopeless diversity of views was soon manifest, though the advocates of an altar service were largely in the majority. The union between the Eastern and Western portions of the Church, effected in 1863, made the strength of the two parties nearly equal, and while the newly formed General Synod recommended the completion of the revision, it authorized the Western Synod to prepare a liturgy of its own. The former task was accomplished by the old committee in a manner agreeable to Dr. Nevin and his friends, resulting in the production of a book called "The Order of Worship," in 1866. Having been provisionally authorized by the local judicatory, this liturgy was laid before the General Synod, where it encountered a strong opposition from the Low Churchmen of the West and their Eastern allies. By a very small majority, however, it was declared a book "proper to be used," and appeared as a liturgy "for" the Reformed Church in 1867. This action did not put an end to the struggle. In 1869 the General Synod even took a vote on the question of final dissolution, a step for which many were prepared, and for several years longer a disruption seemed imminent. It will be observed that the opponents of "The Order of Worship" were not resisting the imposition of obnoxious phraseology upon themselves, for that had never been attempted. What they sought evidently was to free themselves and the Church from responsibility for formulas which embodied, as they thought, unscriptural and dangerous doctrine. They were trying, like certain other conscientious and zealous men, to extirpate "Romanizing germs." Their position, even though mistaken, was both intelligible and respectable. As long as Christians suppose that toleration implies approval, and that any opinions which a believer in Christ can hold are "soul-destroying" or heretical, they must be intolerant sometimes. The fact that the position in question was maintained so resolutely no doubt proves that alternative forms in worship are not a sure preventive of dissensions. But, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that they did in this case prevent schism, and a schism which would have been an almost unmixable calamity. The old territorial division would not have been reproduced, but numerous congregations, East and West, would have been divided and weakened, while the Mercersburg movement would have been obstructed by a new sectarian barrier. Nor could the Protestant Episcopal Church have seemed to the Mercersburg Catholics a safe refuge from sectarianism, for it was torn by the same dissensions, with an actual schism impending. And the vigor of denominational life, which held the Reformed Church together through these violent convulsions, suggests the thought that Christian societies of such strong vitality may have a contribution to make to the Catholic Church by means of their corporate character, and enforces the wisdom of not acting as if unity depended on their disintegration.

The conflict was practically ended not far from the time when the crisis in our own communion was passed. The Synod of 1875, as we are told by Dr. E. V. Gerhart, Theological Professor at Lancaster, (now the

seat of the old Mercersburg Seminary,) was "comparatively calm and harmonious." In 1878 the Synod, frankly recognizing the existence of parties, constituted a "Peace Commission" representing both sides. The commission reached a unanimous result, which was "unanimously adopted by a rising vote" at the Synod of 1881. Undoubtedly the old opponents still differ, but we have their joint testimony that their controversies have brought them, as a body, "to a deeper apprehension of the truth." And in the explicit repudiation at once of the Roman and the Pietistic conceptions of the Church, in the clear statement of the doctrine that "in the use of the holy sacraments the grace signified" is imparted to believers, though to them only, and in the assertion that the Christian life exists beyond and beneath consciousness, we find evidence that the Mercersburg movement has influenced the whole Church, without prejudice to its essentially Protestant character. But, after all, the real triumph of Catholicity lies in the "amicable adjustment" made for the sake of Christ and the Church, by men who continue to hold in many respects the relative position of High Anglicans and Evangelicals.

The value of this adjustment was promptly tested. The Peace Commission recommended the preparation of a new liturgy, and the task was put into their hands. At the triennial session of the General Synod, in 1884, a "Directory of Worship" was submitted and approved. It must now be acted on by the classes (corresponding to presbyteries, and fifty-two in number), and the result will be declared in 1887. Favorable action by the necessary two-thirds of the classes is hoped for, with the gradual adoption of the book by the several congregations. The new liturgy is confessedly a compromise. Two or three examples may serve to show how much has been yielded on one side, and how much has been accepted on the other. In the Communion Office, the Invocation, as it now stands in the "Order of Worship," had to be defended by Dr. Nevin, in 1867, against the charge of teaching transubstantiation. It appears in the "Directory of Worship" without essential change. The next prayer was said by an opponent to imply the sacrifice of the mass, and here we have a change. The prayer begins in the Order as follows: "And be pleased now, O most merciful Father, graciously to receive at our hands this memorial of the blessed sacrifice of Thy Son; in union with which we here offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, the reasonable sacrifice of our own persons; consecrating ourselves," etc. In the Directory we find, "And be pleased now, O most merciful Father, to accept our sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise, which we here offer unto Thee, in union with this memorial of the blessed sacrifice of Thy Son; consecrating ourselves," etc. The implication that the "memorial" is itself an offering to God is obscured, if not removed. In the Baptismal Office substantially the same blessings are asked for in both liturgies, but the later one expresses less distinctly the assurance that they will now be bestowed. The prayer of thanksgiving is in both books to a large extent identical with ours, though both avoid the use of the word, "regenerate," which Dr. Nevin, not unreasonably, thought ambiguous. He,

however, wished the Office clearly to set forth the grace of baptism as being always, to infants, "a real Divine gift and power of sonship." Accordingly, the prayer in question begins thus, in the Order: "We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased Thee, through the mystery of Thy holy Baptism, to deliver *this child* from the power of darkness, and to translate *him* into the kingdom of Thy dear Son, in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." The Directory has simply "to vouchsafe unto *this child* Thy holy Baptism." The High Churchmen of the Reformed Church have here made a concession which those of the Protestant Episcopal Church found impossible. They have not, however, renounced their theology; they merely admit that, for the purposes of worship, the expression of the essential Christian dogma is enough. And their sacrifice is made in the interest of (voluntary) uniformity as an aid to unity, and is, so far, their testimony to the value of uniformity. Nor do they regard the concession as wholly on one side. In the unanimous opinion of the classis of Lancaster, of which Dr. Gerhart is an influential member, and within the limits of which Dr. Nevin himself is resident, the new book is characterized "by both the distinctive life and the devotional language of the older production," and "is far in advance of any liturgy on which the whole [Reformed] Church, East and West, has ever united." If so, the lofty conception of worship for which Dr. Nevin contended is, in his lifetime, virtually approved by his communion as a whole. To have accomplished so much without a schism, is a large compensation for sacrifices in matters of detail.

It is, however, noteworthy that in spite of a liturgical tendency, powerful, persistent and nearly universal for almost forty years, free prayer, except in the sacramental office, appears still to be the rule in the (German) Reformed Church. So hard a thing is it to lift a whole denomination to the liturgical standard in practice, and so idle is it to await for the general adoption of any prayer book before grappling seriously with the problem of unity. And on the other hand, as has more than once been proved, notably by the American Methodists, the descent to extemporaneous worship is easy and rapid. Arbitrary legislation in either case would only make matters worse. But legislation in behalf of a prayer book already in use, legislation supported by the general sentiment enforced with due regard for scruples of conscience, and, while requiring the use of the forms provided, not absolutely excluding free prayer, may be of real service in checking individual aberrations. Such a check we Episcopalians are practically unanimous in desiring; we do not desire to begin that downward course from which return is so difficult. Now this has a most important bearing on the question of unity. Could that be achieved by the simple comprehension of other Christians within our communion, the result would be to revolutionize our legislature, the General Convention, and might lead to canonical and constitutional changes which would be followed by a new schism. If unity is to come soon it must come by some method which will reserve to us, and therefore reserve to others, what

we may call the right of municipal legislation. Such a method was proposed in the Muhlenberg Memorial.

WM. G. ANDREWS.

LETTER FROM ROME.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

ROME, August 8th, 1885.

The holding of a consistory at the end of July for the creation of new cardinals, which involves a series of fatiguing ceremonies lasting well on to a fortnight, and this when the sun is in the Lion, when the heat is even in mild summers excessive, when every one flies from Rome, and when repose is absolutely necessary to avoid the effects of the most unhealthy season of the Roman year, is a thing altogether unparalleled. I have searched the records of previous consistories during many years past, and can find none held later than the month of June, or earlier than the middle of September.

But the circumstances in this case were altogether exceptional. While the contention regarding the nomination to the vacant Archbishopric of Dublin was at its height, and while the Irish bishops were still assembled here, the pope summoned Archbishop Moran from Sydney to Rome. It was asserted that Leo XIII. intended to solve the difficulties connected with the Dublin archbishopric by passing over the three names sent in and translating the Archbishopric of Sydney to that see. This aroused a storm of Irish opposition. Dr. Walsh was the favorite nominee of the Irish clergy and of the National party. They would have Dr. Walsh, and no one but Dr. Walsh. But at the same time it was denied that the pope intended making Dr. Moran Archbishop of Dublin, and as to his having been summoned to Rome, the Vatican, it was declared, knew nothing whatever of any such summons. That he was summoned is now proved beyond the possibility of dispute by the facts that he left Sydney at once for Rome, and that he arrived here on the 16th of July; but what he was summoned for will continue to be a matter of dispute. He was certainly not sent for only to be made a cardinal in Rome at the end of July, at more or less the risk of his life. Consistories, as I have said, are not held at this season of the year. Moreover, he would have been informed on the subject before starting, instead of learning it by telegram from the Irish College on arriving at Suez. We should have known of it in Rome, for no secret is made as to the pope's intentions regarding new cardinals from the moment he has formed them. And again, there was no necessity whatever for summoning Dr. Moran to Rome to make him a cardinal. At almost every consistory the pope creates new cardinals in the persons of ecclesiastics, archbishops, or bishops, who at the time are distant from Rome, in their respective dioceses, and who do not come to Rome until months, and even years, afterward.

On the 29d of June the Osservatore Romano officially announced the pope's intention of conferring a red hat and the dignity of cardinal upon Monsignor Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. This was a surprise, but it was at once looked upon by those qualified to judge, such as diplomats accredited to the Holy See and ecclesiastics of high standing, as affording proof of the assertion that the pope intended to make him Archbishop of Dublin, and that His Holiness in order to give, in face of the outcry for Dr. Walsh, greater dignity to Dr. Moran, had determined to send him to Dublin cardinal archbishop at once, rather than wait to confer that higher dignity upon him until some time after he had occupied the see, as in the cases of Archbishops Cullen and

McCabe. But only two days later another and greater surprise was given—though not publicly announced through the press—namely, that the pope had appointed Dr. Walsh to the archbishopric of Dublin. The morning after this appointment was made I met one of the best-informed among the ministers plenipotentiary accredited to the Holy See. "Well," I said, "and what do you think of the pope's nomination of Dr. Walsh to the See of Dublin?" "This," he replied, "is the first I have heard of it, and, to speak frankly, I fear you have been misinformed." So much surprised was he that I could not induce him to believe that my information was authentic. The pope's decision was a very sudden one. He had taken this matter of the archbishopric of Dublin entirely into his own hands. During the long time the appointment remained in suspense he had never once given the slightest indication to any one as to what his decision was likely to be, and, when he had finally decided, the authorities of the Propaganda, in which department the naming of foreign archbishops and bishops lies, were by no means the first informed on the subject, and were as much surprised as others. But great pressure had been brought to bear on the pope. He had been unwilling to displease the British Government by appointing Dr. Walsh against their wishes, but when the Gladstone Cabinet fell he was informed that the objection among the members of that cabinet to Dr. Walsh had been by no means unanimous. Messrs. Dilke and Chamberlain being "amuzzed," took means, it is stated, for letting the pope know that they had been in favor of Dr. Walsh. This, of course, was a bid for the Irish vote at the approaching elections. Moreover, the pope was informed that a monster meeting was to be held at Dublin, at which a resolution was to be passed calling upon him to appoint Dr. Walsh, and expressing their determination to have no one else. This would have placed the pope in a false position, whichever way he decided, and such a meeting had to be prevented. Finally and simultaneously Cardinal Manning who, with other members of the Roman Catholic Episcopate in England, has strenuously supported the candidature of Dr. Walsh and the views of the Irish National Party, wrote a letter to Leo XIII. on the subject, couched in the strongest terms—they were described by the diplomat who gave me the information as violent—and they set forth that if Dr. Walsh was not appointed a schism would follow. This turned the scale, and the pope there and then decided to give the Archbishopric of Dublin to Dr. Walsh, and to confer the purple on Dr. Moran and a cardinal on Australia, for there is every reason to expect that in the same way and by long usage the appointment to the Archbishopric of Paris, or Vienna, or Madrid on the Continent of Europe, or by more recent usage that to the Archbishopric of Dublin includes a red hat and a seat in the Sacred College to the new possessor; so will the Archbishopric of Sydney, as it is perfectly understood is to be the case with regard to that of New York. The burning question, then, of the appointment to the vacant See of Dublin is finally settled for, it may be hoped, a long time to come. A good deal more importance has been attached to this matter than it merits. The Archbishop of Dublin, whoever he may be, is no doubt a personage who can by his position exercise considerable influence, but with all that, by no means so much as can afford a justification of the choice of him being made, as in this last instance, a question of such high and vital political importance.

It is reassuring to note, however, that the appointment of Dr. Walsh is already considered, by many who opposed it strenuously,

as likely to turn out much more satisfactory than was anticipated. Undoubtedly he has strong views regarding Ireland's wrongs and Irish rights, but he is by no means the firebrand he has been represented during the fever heat of the contention over the see he has been called to fill, and no sooner had he arrived in Rome for his consecration than again a surprise awaited us in learning that before leaving Dublin he had called upon Lord Carnarvon, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that perfectly good relations existed between them.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

That old standing ecclesiastical suit Wright vs. Synod of Huron, which has now been before the courts for over two years, is to be carried to the Privy Council of England. Of the five Judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, whence the case was carried, four were evenly divided, while the fifth was undecided, but finally cast his vote against the plaintiff. Rev. Mr. Wright is endeavoring to raise funds among the clergy and laity of Huron to enable him to carry the case to England. The bone of contention is whether our synods have a legal right to vote away an annuity once granted to a certain class of clergymen. Another contention of the plaintiff's sets forth that the canon was informally passed in synod, and is therefore intrinsically invalid.

A correspondence has commenced in the Toronto Mail, started by the Rev. G. B. Morley, of West Mono, Diocese of Toronto, on the decadence of the Church of England in Canada. Several letters have appeared, written from varying standpoints, some attributing the present state of affairs to "sacerdotalism," others to the lack of training, etc., etc. Mr. Morley had given notice of a motion on the subject at the last Toronto Synod.

While I by no means admit the fidelity of the very gloomy picture drawn by Mr. Morley, there is no use denying that the Church of England has not been as prosperous in Canada as the circumstances of the case have warranted, or rather demanded. With all the prestige of the old land to back her up, in possession of at least three-fourths of the "upper" or wealthy classes, and generously aided by all the great English missionary societies, she should have been, by all odds, the strongest non-Roman body in the dominion to-day, whereas she stands fourth (Roman Catholic, 1,750,000; Methodists, 750,000; Presbyterians, 600,000; Church of England, 300,000). And it is safe to say that she has lost, within the last fifty years, at least half a million of her members to various forms of dissent.

Now the cause of this in bygone days is plain enough. The superior elegance of the Methodist system enabled them to cover the ground and to follow the settlers into the backwoods, while the Church, bound hand and foot with red tape, and perfectly helpless to accommodate herself to the peculiar circumstances of the case, was left hopelessly behind. So much for the past. The present trouble consists in the almost total inability of our people for self help. Accustomed for so many years to the generous assistance of the mother Church, and never as yet having had forcibly brought home to them the fact that the Church in Canada, to use a homely phrase, must henceforth stand upon its own bottom, our people, in the matter of self-organization, are as helpless as children, and in that of giving are at least ten degrees behind every other denomination in the country. And till they learn

this, till they realize that the Church's welfare, nay, her very existence, is dependent upon them and upon them alone, till they learn that their own shoulders must bear their own burden, the present unhappy state of affairs will remain, and the Church in Canada will lag in the race.

The next Canadian Church Congress will be held in Montreal, October 20th, 21st, and 22d. The opening services will be held on Tuesday, 20th, when Bishop Harris will preach. The programme is unusually long and interesting. Papers upon "Sisterhoods," "The Unity of Christendom," "Personal Religion," "Foreign and Domestic Missions," will be read. The proceedings will be participated in by Bishops Harris, Littlejohn, Hugh Miller Thompson, Baldwin, McLean, Sullivan, and Lewis, the Rev. Dr. Courtney, Canon Dumoulin, Messrs. S. H. Blake, q. c., Professor Johnstone, and others. Judging from its agenda paper, this congress promises to be by far the most important and representative of the three yet held in Canada. We may congratulate ourselves, moreover, that the congress has evidently become a permanent institution.

At a recent meeting of the Fredericton Diocesan Church Society it was announced that the S. P. G. had decided to withdraw \$1,700 of their annual grant. It was also decided to endeavor to raise a "Bishop Medley Scholarship Fund" in commemoration of the fortieth anniversary of the consecration of the metropolitan, who with the coadjutor are at present engaged on a confirmation tour.

The Rev. Dr. Lobley, late principal of Lennoxville College has returned to England. The enormous parish of the Rev. Mr. Bliss, one of the best missionaries in the Canadian Church, situate on the Upper Ottawa River, is to be divided at once and a clergyman of the diocese of Algoma will take charge of the western half. The result of this arrangement will be that three new stations will be opened for Sunday service.

ENGLAND.

THE LIVERPOOL RITUAL PROSECUTION.—In the ritual prosecution case against the Rev. J. Bell Cox, perpetual curate of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, Lord Penzance, on Friday, July 31st, after a *pro forma* hearing of evidence, held the articles all proved, and ordered a motion to issue, returnable on September 24th. Lord Penzance stated that "should the defendant fail to obey the admonition, and neglect the suspension which must follow, there would be nothing for it but that the defendant must go to prison." The whole affair is regarded with increasing contempt in England. It is very doubtful if the judge's threat will ever be carried out.

AN OLD HISTORIC CHURCH.—The old historic church of Bellingham, North Tyne, with its unique stone roof, so well known to the antiquaries of the North, was recently reopened. The building has been the witness of many a border fray, and according to the old chronicler it was one of the spots where the monks rested awhile with the body of St. Cuthbert when they fled from Holy Island. It has now been thoroughly renovated, but not altered. The stone roof and pillars are seen to perfection. Open seats of the best pitch pine have been placed in the church, and the floor laid with tiles.

MEMORIAL OF GRACE DARLING.—The vicar of Bamfborough, the Rev. A. O. Mead, pleaded about two years ago for aid to enable him to restore the monument in Bamfborough churchyard, erected by public subscription to the memory of Grace Darling, by the substitution of a new effigy of the heroine for that which the sea and wind storms have so considerably fretted away. He has now accomplished his

aim, under the guidance of Mr. F. R. Wilson, Diocesan Surveyor, Alnwick. Fortunately the sculptor of the first effigy, Mr. Raymond Smith, is still living, and from the same model has carved a second figure, identically the same as to the attitude of repose on a plaited mattress, with her ear by her side, and maidenly simplicity of raiment, but differing in the kind of stone. A stained glass window by Messrs. Clayton & Bell, glass painters to the Queen, has also been placed in her memory. This is the three-light window at the north end of the north transept of the venerable parish church. The subscriptions, which come from all parts, including nearly £30 in pence at the Fisheries Exhibition and a contribution from Mrs. Wilson, the Grace Darling of America, covered the amount of the architect's estimate for the restoration of the monument—namely, £100.—*John Bull*

GRIEVANCE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCHMAN.—The English Churchman and St. James's Chronicle, the organ of the extreme Low Church wing of the Evangelicals, still continues to be grieved at the actions of some of its once favorite bishops. In its issue of July 30th, it descants "more in sorrow than in anger" on certain appointments made by the Bishops of Rochester and Exeter, with whom the English Churchman is grievously disappointed. Bishop Thorold "passing by trustworthy and excellent clergy-men with claims on him for promotion, has again and again bestowed livings and dignities on men whose chief delight is to upset the Protestant faith in the Church of England." The special offence of the Bishop of Rochester is the appointment of a member of the English Church Union as Rural Dean of Clapham. "And yet," The English Churchman plaintively says: "Dr. Thorold promised to be a decidedly protestant bishop." Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter has grieved the soul of The English Churchman by appointing an advocate of toleration to a prebendal stall in Exeter Cathedral. A few weeks ago the bishop gave an archdeaconry to a High Churchman, and this second offence causes The English Churchman to remonstrate in touching terms: "When an Evangelical bishop promotes to posts of honor clergymen such as Mr. Tudor, he must expect, by such acts, to give pain and grief to his Evangelical friends, and cause High Churchmen to rejoice that Mr. Gladstone appointed him Bishop of Exeter."

THE REV. DR. C. R. HALE'S ADDRESS TO THE CENTRAL COUNCIL.—At the meeting of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences, held on Wednesday, July 23d, the Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale of Baltimore was present. The council was discussing the question of the Church and Emigration, and Dr. Hale was invited to address the council.

Dr. Hale said he was secretary of the commission of the General Convention on Ecclesiastical Relations with Foreign Churches, but he did not regard his office as placing upon him any special duties with regard to the Church of England, for he could not treat the English Church as a foreign one. His belief was that if the policy of the government in the last century had allowed the American Church to be properly constituted with an episcopate of her own, instead of having to send her candidates for orders to England—a voyage at that time so perilous that out of every hundred who crossed the Atlantic only eighty returned—the two countries might in the providence of God have parted; but the separation would have come about in a friendly manner, and not as the result of a long and bloody war. Happily any bitterness of feeling which that war had engendered had long since been forgotten, and now American Churchmen felt almost as if we were all of one country and of one Church. Indeed the kindness which as an

American clergyman he had received in this country made him feel not less an American but almost an Englishman. That he knew was a very common feeling. He deeply regretted that, partly from ignorance and partly from carelessness, American Churchmen had been led to acquiesce in a title which the Church of Ireland was now protesting against—that of the "Protestant Episcopal Church," but whatever their legal name might for a little while longer remain (and he did not think it would be for long) they really were the Church in America. A title of that kind was not merely a great honor, but it involved a great responsibility. If they really were the Church of America, it would be shameful to them if they did not strive to the very utmost in their power to gain the position which such a title laid on them. And that they were trying to do. They were doing their very best to help emigrants, and they were meeting with some success. Thus in New York the service was said nine times every Sunday in some other language except English, whereas he was told that in London the only foreign languages in which it was said were French and Italian. In Philadelphia it was also said in several foreign languages, including Chinese. Thus they were trying to do something for the foreigners who came amongst them, and he prayed God that he would help them to do more. They felt bound to it by a sense of the gratitude which they owed to the Church of England, and especially to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to whose nursing care they owed so much when they were themselves strangers in a strange land. They were also actuated by a conviction that their immigrants, if a source of strength, were also a source of danger to their country. People came to America and were invested with a political power which they did not know how to use, and which they often used badly. Persons sometimes asked America why she did not manage her Irish better, but when England learned how to manage her five millions and a half of Irish population, America might learn how to deal with her six millions. At present those six millions were Roman Catholics; but what would they be in the next century! God alone knew. The danger was that the Union might have to deal not with six millions of Roman Catholics, but with ten or twelve millions of infidels. Therefore it was that Americans had a distinct interest in the spiritual care of her immigrants; and the general adoption of the system of commendatory letters would be the greatest possible help. His old friend, the Bishop of Iowa, had expressed a wish in his diocesan paper that persons coming to live in that State should write to him, and he promised to do his best to find some one to minister to them. In a few days he (Dr. Hale) would be going to Sweden to request the clergy there, on behalf of Bishop Perry, that when their people came to his diocese they would give the commendatory letters to the clergy.

SCOTLAND.
THE COADJUTOR-ELECT OF MORAY AND ROSS.—The election of Bishop Kelly as Coadjutor-Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness, seems to have excited some opposition, both within and outside that diocese. There does not seem to be any objection to Bishop Kelly personally, but the feeling is growing against the election of any more persons in purely English orders to fill Scottish Sees. While it is probable that the election will be confirmed by the College of Bishops, appeals have been made to the bishops to disapprove the choice, chiefly on that ground.

AUSTRALIA.
CHURCH PROGRESS IN MELBOURNE.—Of the Diocese of Melbourne, in the colony of Victo-

ria, the Church of English Messenger remarks, that "from 1870 to 1883 there has been continuous and steady growth, and last year a decided 'spring forward' was taken in every direction." The number of clergy in 1870 was 103; in 1883, 121; in 1884, 131. Churches in 1870, 185; in 1883, 231; in 1884, 257. Persons confirmed in 1870, 1,286; in 1883, 1,797; in 1884, 2,339. Communicants in 1870, 7,305; in 1883, 11,136; in 1884, 13,342.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE MAORI MISSIONS.—There are at the present time fourteen Maori churches in the diocese of Wellington, with two English clergymen and four native deacons, whose time is devoted to ministering to the natives, while there are about thirty-five lay readers assisting these. There are many places in which, though there is no church, divine service is regularly held.

VERMONT.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We gather the following statistics from the journal of the ninety-fifth convention, there being no table of diocesan statistics besides the abstracts of the reports: Clergy, including the bishop, 35; parishes and missions, 51; baptisms, 337; confirmations, 185; communicants, 8,650; Sunday-school scholars, 1,699. The address of the bishop is confined to matters of diocesan interest.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—Clerical Retreat.—The annual retreat of the clergy, which for some years past has been held in Haverhill, will this year be held in or near Boston about the middle of September, and will be conducted by the Rev. A. C. A. Hall. Full particulars in regard to the retreat will be given as soon as possible.

RHODE ISLAND.

APPOINTEE—St. Barnabas's Church.—This church for the past few months has been in charge of the Rev. Percy Barnes, previously connected with Zion chapel, New York. Notwithstanding the depressed condition of business, the parish is in a prosperous condition, and the congregation has much increased. The wood-work of the church has been oiled and re-stained, adding much to its appearance. In a recent visit to New York Mr. Barnes purchased a large bell, which will soon be hung in the belfry and doing its appointed work. Mr. Barnes has also made himself active and successful in starting a library.

CONNECTICUT.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We find statistics as follows in the journal of the last convention, 1885: Clergy, including the bishop, 193; parishes, churches, chapels and missions, 169; ordinations, 18; candidates for Orders, 24; churches consecrated, 1; baptisms, 1,866; confirmations, 780; communicants, 22,033; Sunday-school scholars, 15,958; offerings, \$428,970.47. Besides the address on diocesan affairs, the bishop's historical sermon at the opening of the convention is published with the journal, and it has appeared in our columns.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Church of the Holy Cross.—For several years the clergy of the Holy Cross, who have been doing an important missionary work among the poor people of the East-side tenements, both German and English-speaking, have held regular Church services in the neigh-

borhood of Tompkins Square, using such rooms as could be obtained. The St. John the Baptist Foundation, a corporation of this city, of which Mr. Francis H. Weeks is treasurer, began last May the erection of a new church on the west side of Avenue C, between Third and Fourth streets, to be used for these services. The building is now nearly finished, and it will be consecrated on the 14th of next month. Mr. Henry Vaughn of Boston is the architect. The lot measures fifty three feet front on the street by ninety feet in depth, and is almost entirely covered by the building. Owing to the nature of the ground, piles had to be driven for the foundations to rest upon, and there is no more basement than is sufficient to accommodate the coal vaults and heating apparatus. The style of the building is English-gothic, the materials of the front being brick and light sandstone, and the interior being sand-finished. It will seat six hundred persons, and will cost, exclusive of the ground, between \$35,000 and \$40,000. With the exception of about \$10,000 subscribed by outsiders, this money has been given by members of the Foundation.

It is expected that the church will be incorporated under the Free Church Act, and will then be deeded over by the Foundation to the church corporation. The name of the church will probably be the Church of the Holy Cross. Father Huntington, the superior of the order of that name, will take charge of the work. As the parishioners are all poor people, the church cannot be self-supporting, and it is hoped that the public will contribute at least a part of the \$6,000 a year needed to carry on the work. The members of the St. John the Baptist Foundation, having given the same field, wish to beguile other laborers in the same field, and cannot assume the permanent support of the enterprise. The work is among a class of people who are not reached by any other organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and who stand in urgent need of Christianizing influence.—*Evening Post.*

NEW YORK — Grace Parish Summer Home.—This parish some weeks since opened its summer home at Far Rockaway. The house is a delightful one, having an air of comfort and cheeriness which gives it indeed every feeling of home. The average family is about seventy, the stay of the children being from three to six weeks. The number of children provided for in the course of the summer is about two hundred, the ages ranging from a few weeks to ten or twelve years. The children have various amusements, such as games of different kinds, swings, croquet, and bathing.

In addition to the children, the house accommodates from twenty-five to thirty adults, who remain from two to three weeks, as their necessities require. The general good health, contentment, and happiness of the household speak for themselves of the benefits of the home. The house is in charge of Miss Wiltzie, who has so long had the care of the children in Grace House, in this city. It may be added that parties of children from the parish are two or three times a week taken down to Coney Island for a day's excursion.

NEW YORK—The Aneke Jans Suit against Trinity Church.—This old and spasmodically-reviving attempt to wrest from Trinity parish the value of a tract of land of about one hundred and thirty acres lying west of Broadway, between Chambers and Christopher streets, and stretching from Broadway to the Hudson River, has again been temporarily galvanised. A meeting of the New Jersey heirs of Mrs. Aneke Jans Bogardus was held in Newark, N. J., on Wednesday, August 19th. There were about thirty or thirty-five persons present, among them Mrs. Eunna H. Wallace, who is to be the

plaintiff this time, and her counsel. The object of the meeting was to see whether the New Jersey heirs of Mrs. Bogardus would unite with the New York heirs in prosecuting a suit that has been begun in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York by Emma H. Wallace against the Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen of Trinity Church, New York, to recover the value of the tract of land above mentioned. Trinity church claims title by virtue of a grant from Queen Anne in 1704, and the descendants of Mrs. Bogardus claim that she had prior grants from Governors Van Twiller, Stuyvesant, and Nichols. Mr. Hutchins, Mrs. Wallace's counsel, stated that Trinity church's grant in 1704 was never signed and sealed, and Governor Nichols of New York, the English governor, had given Aneke Jans a confirmatory grant. He said Trinity church had no legal title to the Jans property, and he thought he had hit on a plan to recover that property that will hold. Just what that plan was he did not care to say. He had advised Mrs. Wallace that the best way to proceed was to form a combination of the heirs, and if they were successful the property should be divided pro rata among them. He proposed that each heir should pay \$50 per year, and he thought that in three or four years the matter would be disposed of. He did not say that the effort would positively be successful, but there was a large representation of the heirs, and if Trinity church could get a release from these heirs that corporation would be willing to give a large sum for that release. He believed that such an effort would get a very large compromise from Trinity church, as she would be willing to give a large sum to get valid title to that to which she now has no title except what arises from adverse possession. The plea that now is filed will have to be withdrawn, as it is verbatim copy of a plea that was filed in a suit in the New York State Courts, and decided some years ago, and it would be simply folly to go on under this plea.

Mr. Hutchins also said he had agreed with Mrs. Wallace that he would take her case and examine into the validity of her claim and give an opinion for \$300, and then \$150 per month for all actual work. While he was idle he did not ask for any pay. He would be two or three months in preparing his bill, and during that time would expect \$150 per month, but while he was waiting for the decision of the court he should not expect any pay.

The enthusiasm of the meeting was not very great, and very few of those present seemed hopeful of success. The meeting was adjourned for two weeks, when it will probably be concerned whether or not the New Jersey heirs of Mrs. Bogardus will consent to support Mrs. Wallace in her suit.

NEW YORK — Calvary Parish Summer Home.—This parish, (the Rev. Dr. H. Y. Satterlee, rector,) opened its Summer home at Far Rockaway on the first of July, the privileges of the home being granted to sick children, to mothers with sick infants, to poor children, as also to aged and poor women, to girls and young women who cannot afford to pay the usual high prices charged for board in the country or at the sea-shore, and to those not connected with the parish, but recommended by parishioners. Of the others, all are required to be connected with the parish. Persons able to do so are expected to pay some thing for board. The price for adults, above sixteen is, including travelling expenses, \$4.00 per week, and \$2.00 for children. These prices, however, are modified by the pastor. Those unable to pay anything are taken free. According to the rules of the home no boys over fourteen are admitted unless in special

cases of sickness, while no gentlemen are taken under any circumstances. The regular time of stay is from Saturday to Saturday. Whenever possible and desired, however, the time may be extended two weeks, and in case of sickness even longer. The parties start at twelve o'clock on Saturdays.

According to the matron's rules, which must be observed by all, old and young, family prayers must be attended morning and evening by all, as also service at St. John's church at least once on Sunday, unless prevented by sickness. No bathing is allowed on Sunday, and no one must leave the grounds without the consent of the matron. "There must be love and kindness on the part of all, and an unselfish spirit which will seek to help others for Christ's sake."

The parish first rented a small house at Far Rockaway last year, which was opened for three months, the total number of residents being one hundred and eighty-one, and of visitors for the day, forty-five. The house could only accommodate twenty-five all told, and the result was much inconvenience. This year a larger house has been rented, the number of persons accommodated being from forty to fifty weekly. The parish has a building fund amounting to \$2,700, and hopes in time to have a building of its own. The work embraces a relief department and includes the members of all the parish. It is under the immediate charge of the Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, Jr., minister in charge of Calvary Chapel.

NEW YORK—Visit of Archdeacon Farrar.—The following statement appears in one of the New York daily papers as coming from the Rev. Dr. Wildes:

Dr. Farrar will probably arrive at Quebec on or about September 11th. He goes thence to Montreal, Niagara, and Chicago. Returning eastward, he visits Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, at the latter city delivering lectures in the course known as the Griswold Lectures. He will be in New York on Saturday, October 17th, passing the interval between that and the 20th at Riverdale-on-Hudson, as the guest of the Rev. Dr. George D. Wildes, rector of Christ church. On Monday, accompanied by Archdeacon Vesey, of Huntington, England, he goes with Dr. Wildes to attend the annual session of the Church Congress in New Haven, Conn.

On Tuesday, October 20th, Archdeacon Farrar will be one of the speakers in the Congress on the topic "The Christian Doctrine of the Atonement." On Wednesday, the 21st, he, with Archdeacon Vesey, will probably take part in discussing the topic entitled, "The Grounds of Church Unity." If remaining during the entire session, which closes on Friday afternoon, he will then return to New York as the guest of Cyrus W. Field until the 30th, when he goes to Boston by invitation of the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks.

Dr. Wildes expresses the hope that during Dr. Farrar's stay in New York some opportunity will be afforded, at either the Academy of Music or the Metropolitan Opera House, to offer a testimonial of public respect to one who in all ways, and notably in his recent eloquent utterances at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Grant memorial service, has conspicuously shown his Christian manliness and equally his cordial sympathy with all that is best in the social life and civil institutions of the United States.

LONG ISLAND

BROOKLYN—St. Ann's Church.—The funeral of the Rev. Edward F. Edwards, who died at the age of eighty-six years, was held in this church on Friday, August 14th, the Rev. P. L. B. Cross officiating.

Mr. Edwards was a graduate of Oxford

University, England, and had been rector of churches in Albany and Cold Spring, N. Y. For a considerable period he has been retired from active duty in the sacred ministry, and during the last ten years has resided in Brooklyn.

NEW JERSEY.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We find statistics as follows in the journal of the one hundred and thirteenth annual convention: Clergy, including the bishop, 100; churches, missions and chapels, 115; candidates for orders and postulants, 11; ordinations, 3; lay readers, 32; baptisms, 1,187; confirmed, 641; communicants, 9,304; Sunday-school scholars, 8,317; parish school scholars, 191; offerings, \$288,498.00. Besides diocesan topics, the bishop in his address treats of "The Book Annexed" and the White Cross movement. Appended to the journal is the memorial of the centennial of the organization of the Church in the State of New Jersey.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK—Grace Church.—The organ now in use in this church (the Rev. G. M. Christian, rector), has got very much out of repair, and a new one is to be constructed by L. C. Harrison, New York, successor to Erben & Co., only a few choice registers of the old organ being retained. The new organ will have thirty-eight stops and all the modern improvements, and will be placed in the gallery where the present one now is. The present organ will be used until about the 1st of October, when it will be taken down and the work of putting up the new one will be commenced soon after. In the meantime, a small organ will be put up in the choir to be used until the new one is completed. It is expected that the new instrument will be ready for use by Christmas. The new organ will be unusually strong, both in voicing and mechanical arrangements. It will be much larger, with more pipes and changes in the stops. The keyboard will be arranged as the present instrument.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON—St. John's Church.—Thursday, August 13th, was appointed as the day for laying the corner-stone of a group of new parish buildings for this parish, (the Rev. Dr. T. Gardiner Little, rector). There were present at that date the rector of the parish and the Rev. Messrs. A. A. Benton, P. B. Lightner, J. T. Wright, and S. F. Hotchkiss. A violent storm having come on an hour before the time fixed, it was determined to postpone the service of the laying of the stone to the following Saturday, August 15th. Many of the congregation and the choir being present, however, Evening Prayer was said, and an address delivered by the Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss. He reviewed the history of the Church in Wilmington, referring to its Swedish origin, to the founding of St. John's by Mr. Alexis Lrude du Pont, of French descent, and the ministrations there of four clergymen of English descent, the Rev. Drs. Charles Breck, Stevens Parker, Leighton Coleman, and the present rector. He gave many exceedingly interesting historical facts, thoughtfully drawing from them practical lessons. He appealed to the laity to give their aid gladly to all departments of parish work.

The corner-stone was laid on Saturday, August 15th, at 6:30 P. M. The procession formed in the Sunday-school building and passed around the church in the following order: The vestry of the parish, visitors from neighboring parishes, the vested choir and other singers, followed by the clergy—viz., the

rector, and the Rev. Messrs. A. A. Benton, C. E. Murray, Jesse Higgins, and P. B. Lightner. The service was that appointed by the bishop, comprising appropriate psalms, verses, prayers, and hymns.

A list of the contents of the box was read by Mr. Francis G. du Pont, a son of the founder of the parish, as a similar act had been performed by his father, nearly twenty-seven years before, at the laying of the corner-stones of the church. The rector then received the box from him, placed it in the cavity, and striking the stone three times, in the Name of the Holy Trinity, repeated the usual formula. An address was made by the Rev. P. B. Lightner, who spoke earnestly of the great importance of the work. A large congregation manifested great interest and joined heartily in the service.

MARYLAND.

DIOCESAN STATISTICS.—Convention fund, \$5,538.28; Committee of Missions, \$7,301.34; Committee of Religious Instruction, \$892; Supernannated and Disabled Clergy, \$1,228.12; other objects within the diocese, \$17,303.78; Domestic Missions, \$7,488.91; Foreign Missions, \$4,831.18; Education for the Ministry, \$2,340; other objects without the diocese, \$4,817.02; communion alms, \$24,021.66; other contributions, exclusive of clerical salaries, \$501,962.79; grand total (salaries excepted), \$225,984.45; expended "within the cure," \$253,900.92.

Parishes, congregations, &c., 183; reporting 127; baptisms, adults, 253, children, 2,484, total, 2,736; burials, 1,394; confirmed, 1,197; communicants gained, 1,536; lost, 1,170; present number, 22,705, or possibly by estimating the strength of the eleven non-reporting parishes, 24,211, a gain of 544 over the year 1884; marriages, 689; parish school teachers, 242; pupils, 2,414; Sunday-school teachers, 1,671; pupils, 16,300; clergy, 163, 8 being deacons. There are ten licensed lay-readers whose licenses terminate, except in special cases, on the first day of June of each year, subject to renewal, on proper application. The bishop has issued regulations for the lay-readers of the diocese, authorizing their use, during ministrations of the sacrosanct, or the academic gowns.

BALTIMORE—St. Luke's Church.—The question is agitated here for making St. Luke's church the cathedral for the diocese, the Rev. Dr. Rankin, for now so many long and useful years its efficient and indefatigable rector, having resigned on account of the infirmities of his honored age, and become, by the unanimous and heartfelt vote of the vestry, the rector emeritus. The Rev. G. W. Harrod is the assistant in this parish, which now numbers over 800 communicants, and raised during the last year the sum of \$21,271, twenty thousand of which were necessarily expended within the parish itself. It has, besides the mother-church, which is capable of seating 1,500 people, two chapels, which, with the church, are worth some \$135,000, and carry an insurance of \$45,000. Parish and school buildings are valued at \$15,000. There is an endowment of \$14,000. The voice of prayer and praise daily ascends from this most lovely and beautifully appointed church. Sermons last year, 165; celebrations of the Holy Communion, 275. One hundred and thirty parochial school and between five and six hundred Sunday-school pupils make a goodly array of young under constant and vigilant instruction in the Church's ways and mind. No church in the city offers so rare an opportunity, or so rich advantages for becoming the cathedral as St. Luke's. The character of its services, its finely drilled choristers, grand and elegant organ, stately chancel, noble exterior, past

traditions, and present outlook mark it out as beyond all question the church for this purpose, if one is to be selected. The Chapel of the Nativity, under the Rev. Mr. Briscoe, is encouraging, and merits the fostering aid which it has received.

BALTIMORE—Grace Church.—The rectorship of this church, vacant since the death of the Rev. Dr. George Leeds, has been filled by the election of the Rev. Channey Bruce Brewster, rector of Christ church, Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Brewster has signified his acceptance of the election, and is expected soon to enter on his duties.

BALTIMORE—Extra Parochial Duty of the Clergy.—Besides parochial duty, a number of the clergy of this city do large outside work: the Rev. A. Harding at Avalon, the Rev. Drs. Stokes, Fair, Gibson, Hall, and Lawrence at the Bayview Asylum, the Rev. J. S. Miller at the Church Home and Infirmary, the Rev. W. S. Jones at the McDonough Institute for boys, and others in other places, as opportunity offers. In some of the most degraded points of the city efforts have been made to reach such as may be reached, and the needs of the seamen, who in this city are numerous, are not neglected.

BALTIMORE—Church Work in Baltimore and Baltimore County.—The Church is everywhere here on the alert. Besides the forty churches there are twenty-five chapels, which aggregate seating capacity for at least 25,000 persons, and are valued at \$1,500,000, one congregation (that of the Ascension) having no less than four chapels, all filled and well cared for in all points. Parsonages, 15; value, \$210,000; land, school-houses, and other Church property, \$45,000. Several congregations enjoy endowments, one of \$8,000. Thus is this city, with its "suburbicarian" strength, a diocese, as it were, of itself, and well merits a cathedral.

BALTIMORE—The Colored Work.—St. James's African church rejoices in the number of ninety-two communicants, St. Mary's in four hundred and sixteen. The former church seats one hundred and seventy, the latter several hundred. Some \$2,000 are raised yearly at these points for Church work. At the Vinton Memorial, South Baltimore, a Sunday-school is maintained, having one hundred and twenty-five pupils and a small corps of teachers.

CHURCHVILLE PARISH—St. James's Church.—Though no less than three other congregations have in recent years grown out of this, the old congregation of this parish, (the Rev. E. A. Colburn, rector), St. James's, still holds its own, with a steady though slow growth. The Church here owns property to the value of \$4,000, including church, rectory and glebe. Each of the congregations which have separated from this the parent church is now larger and stronger than the one from which it withdrew.

CHURCHVILLE PARISH—Holy Trinity Church, Churchville.—Here the rector (the Rev. E. A. Colburn), ministers to a flock of several hundred souls, including eighty or more communicants embraced in some forty or fifty families. Church and chapel aggregate property worth at least \$8,800, several acres of valuable land being included. The parish or Sunday-school buildings may be considered as nearly \$1,000 to the real estate of the vestry. A parish school is conducted, having about fifteen pupils, while in the Sunday-school there are about fifty. A parsonage with six acres, valued at \$3,000, adds greatly to the effectiveness of the rector's work in this community.

ST. ANN'S PARISH—St. Ann's Church, Annapolis.—This venerable parish and church holds the even tenor of its way, nearly 5,000

having been the last year raised and applied to its Church work. Three hundred and fifty-five communicants are now enrolled. The superannuated and disabled clergy are not forgotten by the sympathetic rector, and the sum of \$46 was raised for that fund. Nearly four hundred pupils are in the Sunday-schools, and a corps of forty teachers aid in this important branch of parish duty. A parochial school of forty pupils is carried on. The property owned by this parish cannot fall very far short of \$50,000. The church and chapels accommodate one thousand attendants.

ALL HALLOWS' PARISH.—*All Hallows' Church, Davidsonville.*—In this parish the rector (the Rev. D. A. Bonnar) effectively carries on a work amongst a wide-spread flock, having a church, which, with the chapel, affords room for about five hundred persons, who, according to ability, give of their means to the amount of about \$400, most of which, being needed in the immediate work, is expended therein. A parsonage with three acres of land, of the total value of \$2,000, and parochial and Sunday-school buildings, worth in all some \$600 or more, adds to the effectiveness of the parish and its work. Distant Nashotah is remembered now and then in the almsgiving of the people. There are about one hundred and fifty communicants included in the numerical strength of this parish.

ANN ARUNDEL COUNTY.—*Church Notes.*—Christ church, West River, (the Rev. N. P. Dame, rector), St. Peter's, Guilford, (the Rev. O. Marbury, rector), Severn Parish, (the Rev. T. C. Gambrell, rector), St. James's, Tracey Landing, and St. Margaret's, Westminster Parish, (the Rev. Dr. S. Ridout, rector), aggregate about one thousand souls, of whom three hundred and fifty-five are communicants, and by whom are yearly raised some \$2,000 toward the work of the Church. The total value of Church property among these five parishes is about \$30,000. Three of the parishes possess endowments—viz., St. James's, \$2,500; Severn, \$1,000; St. Margaret's, \$10,000; two have parsonages, one (St. Margaret) has a glebe of seven acres, value \$200. These outlying points aggregate one hundred and sixty Sunday-school pupils. One has a missionary supply from a neighboring parish, the rector of Queen Caroline, a parish which lies in the two counties of Ann Arundel and Howard.

CUMBERLAND.—*Emmanuel and St. George's Parishes.*—About \$3,000 were last year raised in these congregations, which aggregate one thousand souls, of whom are four hundred and twenty-five communicants. The Church property here is generally valued at about \$40,000, of which Emmanuel is about one half in valuation. This estimate includes churches, chapels, Sunday-school and parish-school buildings, parsonages, and land. The Rev. Messrs. P. N. Meade, and A. C. Haverstick, and the Rev. Dr. J. W. Nott are rectors, and the Rev. Wm. L. Braddock, missionary.

For the new rectory of St. John's, Frostburg, \$250 was during its erection obtained from beyond the limits of the parish, the remainder of \$700 within. The insurance on the church has been increased from \$600 to \$1,000. Value of new rectory, \$2,300; all Church property is kept under safe insurance.

SILVER SPRING PARISH.—*Grace Church, Sigo.*—Grace Church, St. John's chapel, Norwood, St. Mark's chapel, (memorial) and St. Mary's, are the points held by the Church in this parish, the Rev. Mr. Averitt, rector. The property of the Church here can not be far below \$13,000, where but a short time ago not even a church edifice was to be seen; so grows the Church where it will be let grow. Two hundred and twenty or thirty communicants gladden the heart of the faithful priest who is

in charge of these works, and no less than at least 7,000 souls are included in his wide-spread care. Four Sunday schools, embracing over a hundred scholars, each school situated so as best to reach the greatest possible number, aid as parts of the parochial machinery, while frequent catechisings and unremitting preaching testify to the indefatigable industry and fidelity of him to whose charge this portion of the field of the Church has been providentially committed.

ST. PETER'S PARISH.—*St. Peter's Church, Poolsville.*—Desirous of testing its own strength, this parish, (the Rev. H. Thomas, rector), at the commencement of the last missionary year, concluded to relinquish all claim upon the missionary stipend which had been appropriated for it by the Committee on Missions. Though expending the most of its strength for this reason within the parish, yet foreign missions were not forgotten, nor even the Jew neglected. Such sums as could be raised for several diocesan objects (save the Diocesan Missions) were raised. The churches, two in number, and parsonage with three acres, are valued at nearly \$7,000. Over one hundred communicants are enrolled, and regular catechising help to give vigor to the Sunday-school work of this parish.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH.—*St. Bartholomew's Church, Brookville.*—In this parish, the rector, the Rev. Wm. H. Laird, administers the affairs of the Church among a population which is daily increasing in a knowledge and appreciation of the Church and her services. Under his care are St. Bartholomew's parish, St. John's church, Mechanicsville, St. Luke's church, Brighton, and Unity chapel, Unity. He has care of about seven hundred souls, about one hundred families, with about one hundred and ninety communicants. The vestry owns at these points property valued at \$7,500, one church, three neat chapels, and four acres, with a \$2,700 parsonage. The mother-parish from time to time distributes garments to the Children's Hospital, Washington, to the Home of the Friendless, Baltimore, as well as within the limits of the parish itself.

FLORIDA.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We gather from the journal of the forty-second annual council the following statistics: Clergy, including the bishop, 37; parishes and missions, 48; baptisms, 281; confirmations, of which 325 were in Cuba, 413; communicants, 2,178; Sunday-school scholars, 1,850; parish-school scholars, 168; value of Church property, \$947,506; contributions, \$83,083.22. Bishop Young's address is mostly taken up with matters pertaining to his own diocese, but he devotes a portion of it to an account of his labors in behalf of the mission in Cuba.

ALABAMA.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The following statistics are given in the journal of the fifty-fourth annual convention: Clergy, including the bishop, 30; parishes and missions, 42; deaconesses, 37; candidates for orders, 1; lay readers, 16; ordinations, 1; deaconesses instituted, 1; baptisms, 339; confirmations, 374; Sunday-school scholars, 2,001; offerings, \$64,433.21. Bishop Wilmer in his address confines himself entirely to diocesan matters.

MISSISSIPPI.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—From the journal of the fifth-eighth annual council we give statistics as follows: Clergy, including the three bishops resident, 39; parishes and missions, 64; candidates for Orders, 2; ordinations, 1; baptisms, 265; confirmations, 212;

communicants, 2,620; Sunday-school scholars, 1,403; offerings, \$39,443. Addresses are given by both Bishop Green and Bishop Thompson, and they relate especially to the affairs of the diocese.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.—*Church Notes.*—In this city of nearly one hundred thousand inhabitants the Church has three parishes and three missions. Christ church is the eldest parish, and has a creditable history. It has a substantial stone church accommodating a congregation of six hundred, with chapel and parish rooms attached, and is valued at \$70,000. It numbers four hundred communicants. The Rev. Dr. E. A. Bradley, the present rector, has been thirteen years in charge. This parish has under its care St. George's Mission, with a substantial chapel of stone and wood. A Sunday-school of two hundred children, Mr. R. R. Parker, superintendent, and a flourishing mothers' meeting in charge of Mrs. Parker, are connected with this mission. A Sunday evening service is maintained by lay readers from Christ church, and the rector holds a Thursday evening service there. Christ church has a vested choir of thirty men and boys, weekly communion, and frequent week-day services. The Sunday-school numbers about two hundred, and an industrial school of one hundred and fifty girls meets on Saturday afternoons during the winter in the chapel. It is a live and working church. Contributions the past year \$9,295.

St. Paul's church (the Rev. Dr. Joseph S. Jencks, rector), has a large brick church, with commodious chancel and beautiful interior, capable of seating nine hundred people, and a fine large brick chapel in the rear of the church. The property is valued at \$35,000. It reports a communicant list of three hundred and seventy-nine, and contributions amounting to \$5,678 for the conventional year. Its congregations are steadily growing. The Sunday-school under the superintendence of Mr. Aquila Jones, Jr., enrolls one hundred and twenty-five children. St. Paul's church cares for St. James's Mission, with a Sunday-school of one hundred and fifty children, Mr. J. M. Winters, superintendent, meeting on Sunday afternoons in the neat frame chapel. The rector of St. Paul's holds a Sunday evening service there. An industrial school is also connected with this mission.

The third organized parish is Holy Innocents, in the southeastern part of the city among the working-people, formerly a mission of Christ church. It has a neat wooden church building that will accommodate three hundred people. The Rev. W. W. Raymond is rector. There are sixty-six communicants, and a Sunday-school of one hundred and fifty children, a vested choir and orderly service. The congregation is composed of plain, earnest people. Contributions last year amounted to \$1,432. This is the only parish in the city having a neat and comfortable rectory. The property is valued at \$10,000, on which is a debt of \$1,500.

Last comes Grace chapel, with which was formerly connected a flourishing congregation and Sunday-school. The chapel will seat three hundred, and has school-rooms and chapel attached. By misfortunes and financial embarrassments the parish became defunct, and its property came into possession of the diocese. The church was closed for years, and the congregation scattered. In October, 1884, the bishop opened it as his chapel, appointing a pastor, the Rev. A. Prentiss, to gather a congregation and minister to them, assuming personally his support. The chapel is well situated, and already a congregation numbering fifty communicants has been gathered, a

Sunday-school of sixty children and a vested choir. The congregation contributes liberally to the support of the work. It is the bishop's intention to have weekly communion and daily service. Two guilds, St. Mary's of women and St. Agnes's of girls, have been working during the year with commendable earnestness, and the outlook is hopeful. A school for girls, it is hoped, will be opened at an early day. Thus it will be seen the Church has six church buildings in Indianapolis, with property valued at \$140,000. It has about nine hundred communicants and nine hundred and eighty-five children in its Sunday-schools, ministering also to several public institutions, insane asylum, poor farm, etc., besides holding service in several adjacent towns.

CHICAGO.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The statistics as given in the journal of the forty-eighth annual convention are as follows: Clergy, including the bishop, 68; parishes and missions, 76; ordinations, 3; churches consecrated, 3; postulants and candidates, 8; lay-readers, 24; baptisms, 1,253; confirmations, 742; communicants, 8,836; Sunday-school scholars, 8,011; contributions, \$214,066.54. The bishop in his address, besides diocesan matters, discourses at some length the Book Annexed.

FOND DU LAC.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The following are the chief statistics as given in the journal of the eleventh annual council: Clergy, including the bishop, 28; parishes and missions, 38; baptisms, 325; confirmations, 279; communicants, 2,382; Sunday-school scholars, 1,307; churches and chapels, 40; rectories, 11; offerings, \$32,833.29; value of Church property, \$16,136.83. The bishop's address is confined to matters of diocesan interest.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS.—The *Sheltering Arms.*—The Sheltering Arms of the Diocese of Minnesota, through its president, sends in the following report of its month's work to the August diocesan paper:

"It is with feelings of peculiar pride and joy that we send in our report this month. The transformation at the home, owing to the persistence of the ladies who took the matter in hand, has been very thorough and complete. Order and cleanliness reign supreme in every part of our home, and we ask and invite a visit of inspection from all who are interested in our work. The children are as healthy and happy as only children can be, responding quickly and entirely to the gentle rule and we care of our excellent matron, and no happier sight can be found than our nursery with its beautiful and well-cared-for little inmates. We have room and accommodations for more children, both babies and older children, and would be glad to see the benefits of our home extended to its utmost limits. We find our new system of work very admirable in its details, laying upon each member of the board her own peculiar share of the duties and responsibilities. Thus the talents of all will be called in requisition, and so borne the labor will be more easy and the burden more light.

The long list of donations bears witness to the readiness and fidelity with which our friends have sprung to the relief of our necessities when such help was needed, and we go on with our work with joyful and confident heart, thanking all these for such encouragement.

Since last month we have been favored with two visits from our beloved bishop, one at the home and one at a meeting appointed for the

purpose. His words of advice as to our aims in this diocesan work and our methods in conducting it were most Christian and timely, and his commendation and encouragement very heart-cheering.

Our annual report was sent to the council and read by the bishop, who assigned it an honorable place in the convention journal, and recommended that it be printed as a leaflet to be circulated throughout the diocese.

The number of children at present in the home is thirteen. Others are expected in a few days.

We have had no sickness and no deaths during the month, for which exemption we are very thankful."

ST. PAUL.—*St. Paul's Church.*—This church, (the Rev. E. S. Thomas, rector,) which was closed for repairs, has been reopened. A new roof has been placed upon the church, and the walls painted. The interior decorations are very pleasing. The ceiling is paneled. The sides are a solid gray. The windows are decorated with piscine scrolls. The colors of the chancel are olive green, dark red and bronze. Around the chancel are medallions in gold leaf bearing the emblems of Christ and the apostles. Over the chancel arch is the inscription, "Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." The floor of the sanctuary is laid in tiles. The altar has been raised a third step, the steps thereto tiled in mosaic. A new memorial credence table has been placed on the south side of the altar, and a brass altar rail separates the sanctuary from the choir. A new carpet in dark blue and old gold was presented by the young ladies of the parish. Other parishioners have contributed memorial windows, colored altar cloths, and the proper vestments. A new corona illumines the sanctuary.—*Minnesota Missionary.*

TEXAS.

CALVERT.—*Church of the Epiphany.*—The young people of this parish (the Rev. Harry Cassil in charge) gave a lawn fête in the rectory grounds on the evening of Friday, August 14th. A good sum was realized, which, with money from future fêtes, is to be used to defray the expenses of the Christmas tree, for which, heretofore, a begging canvass has been made. The large rectory grounds, nicely adapted to such occasions, were beautifully lighted with Chinese lanterns and reflectors, and were visited during the evening by a large number of people.

On Sunday, August 16th, at 4 P.M., the minister in charge said Evening Prayer and preached on Captain Garrett's convict farm. The Texas convict system is a peculiar one. Not one-half of the unfortunates sent to the penitentiary are confined within the walls, but are hired out to railroads, wood dealers, and planters. Temporary hut strong jails are built by the contracting parties, in which the convicts are confined when not engaged in labor. Work is done in gangs, under guards armed with shot-guns and revolvers. No religious services are held, and all day Sunday the men are kept inside the jail. On Sunday, August 16th, the choir and members of this parish to the number of thirty-three went, with the minister in charge, to hold services on Captain Garrett's plantation. A temporary pulpit had been erected under an old oak tree. Benches were placed in the shade of two other oak trees, a space of about thirty feet separating the seats on the left, occupied by the convicts, from those on the right, occupied by the visitors. A small organ of powerful tone had been brought by the parishioners. The service was the evening service of the Church, except that Psalm cxxx. was sung in place of the *Cantate Domino*, and the proper

prayers from the Office of Visitation of Prisoners were inserted. The hymns were "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus, Saviour of my Soul." The men were, more than anything else, affected by the first hymn. Many of them now listened to the Church service for the first time, but all of them, perhaps without an exception, were familiar with "Rock of Ages," and before the organ prelude was finished some of them were weeping, and as the grand old words of the hymn fell on their ears, nearly all of them seemed to be carried back to other days, when, in the innocence of boyhood, their voices had joined in the beautiful words of this prayerful hymn.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO.—*Grace Church.*—Thirteen years ago this church had as bright a future, humanly speaking, as any parish had. Entirely free from debt, with money in the treasury, with a crowded church and an increasing congregation, with an income that enabled the payment of a \$6,000 salary, and with a popular and eloquent rector, the outlook seemed most promising. But there came a change. For some reason or other things went wrong. The parish began to fall behind in its finances, a debt began to accumulate for current expenses, and this, in due course of time, ripened into a full-blown mortgage for \$10,000. As a result the congregation began to disperse, and dwindled to a mere handful. The rector became disheartened and resigned, and the opinion prevailed universally that the magnificent church, costing \$112,000, which is one of the best specimens of a pure Gothic cathedral in the country, would soon be sold, and pass into the hands of the Chinese for a Joss house. To make matters worse, the parish was without a rector for nearly two years, and all interest seemed completely paralyzed, if not dead. This was the state of things when the vestry determined to make one more effort to save the church. To this end they elected the Rev. R. C. Foute, then of St. Philip's church, Atlanta, Georgia, to the vacant rectorship. After some hesitation he accepted, and in the spring of last year entered on the duties of his new charge. The trials, discouragements, and difficulties with which he had to contend can be better imagined than described; and yet, nothing daunted, he addressed himself zealously and patiently to the herculean task before him. With no thought of self, he devoted all his energies to reanimating the parish. As an evidence of the great transformation that has been wrought in the condition of the parish, may be mentioned the facts that there were forty-nine persons confined at the first confirmation, the income of the parish rose to \$12,000 the first year, the amounts contributed to Diocesan Missions exceeded that from any other parish in the diocese, and last month, on the occasion of the celebration of the bishop's golden wedding, the parishioners presented him with a purse of \$2,700. But besides, above, and better than all this, the rector at a recent Sunday service announced that the mortgage of \$10,000 had been lifted and every dollar of debt paid, and paid by the honest gifts of the congregation, without resorting to fairs or kindred abominations. This has all been done in six-teen months. This is a record of which any rector or congregation might be justly proud.

WYOMING.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—From the journal of the second annual convocation we gather statistics as follows: Clergy, including the bishop, 6; parishes, 6; baptisms, 89; confirmations, 18; communicants, 272; Sunday-school scholars, 356; offerings, \$8,900.72.

Bishop Spalding in his address, besides matters pertaining specially to the jurisdiction, makes some judicious suggestions upon methods of parochial work.

PARAGRAPHIC.

The next total eclipse of the sun takes place in 1909.

STEAMERS on the Suez Canal move under the control of the pilot, and must tie up at the bank at night.

THE bones of Pizarro lie in the crypt of the grand cathedral at Lima, built in 1540. It is said to have cost \$9,000,000.

During forty years \$300,000,000 have been expended by members of the Church of England in building and restoring churches.

THE subjects of the Queen of England number 315,000,000, of whom 45,000,000 are Christians, and the remainder the adherents of various false religions.

THE certificate of incorporation of the New York Circulating Library for the Blind has been duly filed. It will be a library of books especially printed for the blind.

THE population of Africa is estimated at 200,000,000—a large missionary field. The notion that the climate is very fatal to the white man is becoming exploded.

It is reported that at Seneca Falls, N. Y., there was a single electric light exhibited of 50,000 candle power, and from a tower 75 feet high; it illuminated the entire village.

Late shopping lies largely at the root of protracted hours of labor, so injurious to the health of employees in the shops. Buyers must be enlightened upon the subject.

A key weighing three ounces has been constructed by an English lockmaker which will open 22,600 patent lever locks, all of which differ in their wards and combinations.

MR. QCARBUTCH, at the sale of the Thorold Library, paid the sum of \$24,750 for the "Psalterium Codex of Fust and Schoeffer," 1549. Only nine other copies in vellum are known to exist.

A SUICIDE, and in attempt an axicide, in Cleveland, Ohio, who left \$50,000 behind him, was refused Christian burial by the priests, who had excommunicated him, and was hurried in Potter's Field.

THE Bishopric of Jerusalem, established by Prussia and England in 1841, is likely to be abandoned. That was an entangling alliance, which it was scarcely wise for the English Church to enter into.

THE new Sunday observance law in Vienna prohibits every kind of work from 6 A. M. Sunday, to the same hour on Monday. If rigidly enforced there can be no morning newspapers on Mondays.

THE city of Baltimore has come into possession of the original copperplate from which was taken the picture of the Baltimore oriole. It represents the nest of the oriole, with three of the birds and some foliage.

SHAKESPEARE'S church at Stratford-on-Avon is to be restored at a cost of \$60,000. The tower, which is early Norman, is to receive the first attention. The doorway near Shakespear's tomb will be opened, to give access to the new street.

THOMAS LE CLEAR painted two life-sized portraits of Gen. Grant. One is in Chicago, and the heirs of Mr. Le Clear are desirous of selling the second to the Government for \$10,000. General Grant was to have had it but for his financial troubles.

Of one hundred and twenty daily newspapers established in the life-time of a man still living, only six are now in existence, and he estimates that during the time \$25,000,000 have been sunk in the vain efforts. The weekly papers could tell very much the same story.

MONEY has been raised in this city sufficient to erect a portrait statue of the Hebrew philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore. It is to be hoped that it will be creditable not only to the liberality of the Jewish residents of New York, but to art as well.

THE strongest wood in America is the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest is the West Indian birch. Tamarac is the most elastic, and the *ficus aurea* is lowest in specific gravity. The highest in specific gravity is the blue wood of Texas.

A PICTURE at the Salon, by M. Henri Gervex, represents a jury of the Salon sitting in judgment on one of the artist's own pictures, a nude figure. The picture, which is a large one, contains a large number of portraits of the distinguished artists of the day.

ST. ANNA'S Guild of the Church of the Transfiguration, with its eighth annual report, has published the address of the rector, the Rev. Dr. Houghton, and an Office for the admission of members. The guild would seem to be composed entirely of working bees.

THE Bank of France has a studio behind the cashier's desk, and at a signal a photograph is taken of any suspected customer. The camera is also used to detect frauds, a word or figure that seems to be entirely obscured being clearly reproduced in the photograph of any document.

AN ancient, 3,000 years old, found on a mummy in Egypt, is now in the British Museum. It is strongly religious in character. The days are in red ink, and it gives probabilities of the weather. It establishes the date of the reign of Rameses the Great. It is written on papyrus.

SOME Jewish Rabbis, present at the funeral of General Grant, could not ride because it was the Sabbath day, and they walked the whole distance, some Christian ministers keeping company with them by turns. It was a tribute not only to General Grant, but to principle and duty.

A BRONZE statue of Hercules, in a good state of preservation, has been discovered near the Gardens of the Colonna Palace, Rome. The only defect is a fracture across the legs. It is more than six feet in height, and probably belonged to the Baths of Constantine, or to Hadrian's Temple of the Sun.

SEVERAL of our bishops were afoot on the staff of some general in the Confederate army, as Bishops Galleher, Elliott and Harris, and a number of our clergy, some of whom have become clergymen since. Quite a list of clergymen could be made who have entered the clerical ranks from West Point.

A SERVICE of Benediction for the new parsonage of St. Paul's church, Marinette, Diocese of Fond du Lac, was performed August 6th. The Bishops of Fond du Lac and Wisconsin, the Rev. Dr. Ashley and the Rev. Mr. Dafter, the missionary resident, were present. It was a glad day for the friends of the mission.

In the Paris Salon this year there were 5,034 works, of which 2,488 are oil paintings and 1,067 sculptures. There are many American exhibitors, and no objection was made to them on account of the duties placed by Congress upon works of art. A number of artists are from this city, and some with notable pictures.

THE American Historical Association, not yet a year old, has 281 names on its roll, with

41 life members. It meets this year at Saratoga, September 8th to 10th, and will hold three, possibly four, sessions, at which valuable papers will be read. The society has published three parts of its first volume, in all 347 pages.

THE Art Agencies that any white paper may be made transparent by moistening it with benzine, and then used for tracing paper. The benzine after while evaporates and disappears. A design can thus be transferred to any part of a sheet of paper without the use of tracing paper, which is often a very great convenience.

In the last Andover Review a Congregational minister is quoted as saying, "I teach that Congregationalism is a transient form of Puritanism, that Puritanism is a transient form of Protestantism, that Protestantism is a transient form of Christianity." It seems to be a sort of rapid transit, but the Church is steadfast and immovable.

THE number of communicants and the amount of offerings in the Diocese of Chicago are greater now than they were in the undivided Diocese of Illinois eight years ago. With a loss by death and removal of 850 communicants last year, the net increase for the year has been 913. It would seem to be a good rule to divide and conquer.

It is now said that the English school of painting is like to lose its national characteristics in its imitation of European and Asiatic styles. It is a good while since any original English painting worthy of remark was produced, and in this country the fatal facility of imitation is doing a world of mischief. It is easier to copy than to originate.

A GOOD deal of dignity hedged in the college magnates in the old times at Yale. An undergraduate could not wear his hat within ten rods of the president, eight rods of a professor and twenty-seven yards of a tutor, and a freshman must remove his hat when speaking to any of his superiors, including the classes above him, and not put it on until hidden to do so.

A PRETTY fan was modeled after a begonia leaf. It was made in stout Bristol board, covered with olive-green plush, the veining being done with delicately tinted paints, reproducing the veining of the natural leaf. After joining the edges and twisting the handle with green satin ribbon, a bunch of small begonia buds of the natural leaf were added, and the fan was much admired.

THESE seem to be a falling off in the emigration to this country. Since the first of January about 30,000 fewer emigrants have landed at Castle Garden than in the corresponding period last year; the totals being 217,388 for 1884, and 188,070 for 1885. Germany leads the way, and there is a decrease from Ireland and Italy. The best class of emigrants are from the Scandinavian countries.

ROBERT LANGLAND wrote "Piers Plowman's Vision" somewhere about 1363, and in it he refers to pews in churches as follows:

"Among wives and wedowes I am wont to sit,
Y-paroled in paves. The parson knowe it,"

Or, in later English:

"Among wives and widows I am wont to sit,
Y-parked pews. The parson knowe it."

Like many other evils, pews boast of a long antiquity.

M. FAYOL ascribes spontaneous fires in coals to the absorption of the oxygen of the atmosphere by the coal, and this is aided by the high temperature of the mines and the finely-divided state of much of the coal. Lignite, in the form of dust, ignites at 150°, canal coal at 200°, coking coal at 250°, and anthracite at

300' and over. Another theory attributes the spontaneous combustion to the presence of pyrites in the coal.

While Prince Albert Victor of Wales was with his militia regiment at Bermonth, Wales, he was ejected from a pew in which he had taken a seat by the owner. We can imagine the severity of the punishment to the owner when he was made acquainted with the name of the victim of his rudeness. A similar incident once befell the Duke of Wellington, and after the service was over he sent his card to the uncivil person.

M. V. BURD, after thirty years of investigation, regards copper as a preventive and curative of cholera. Absorbed into the system it is, he says, a prophylactic. He recommends the external application of copper in the metallic form, the burning of dichloride of copper in alcoholic lamps, and the use of vegetables rendered green by sulphate of copper. One might well fear the remedies suggested would be more fatal than the cholera itself.

The French Academy awarded the prize of \$8,000 for a test to prevent persons being buried alive to a physician, who demonstrated that, if on holding the hand of a supposed dead person to a strong light, a scarlet tinge was seen where the fingers touch, his life was not extinct. No scarlet is seen if death has occurred. Dr. Max Busch says, if a muscle is contracted by electricity, the temperature will rise if life remains, but otherwise will remain unchanged.

SULPHURIC acid lemonade was freely used in the insane department of the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, as a prophylactic during the prevalence of cholera in 1866. Within twelve hours after the lunatics were put upon the free use of it all signs of cholera disappeared, and when its use was foregone for two days new cases broke out. Twenty drops of dilute sulphuric acid were mixed with four ounces of water and sweetened with white sugar. Some oil of lemon and a few cut lemons assisted the diuine.

Archdeacon Farrar will visit this country about the middle of September, and will be heartily welcomed as well without as within the Church. His recent tribute to General Grant has endeared him to many hearts, and he is recognized as one of the voices of England. He will go as far west as Chicago, and will visit most of the Atlantic cities. It is said that he will preach during his brief visit but few times, perhaps but twice, once in this city and once for Dr. Phillips Brooks in Boston, but will lecture in several cities.

MINERAL VEINS do not require as long time for their formation as is generally supposed. Dr. Fleitmann filled a trench with common clay containing iron, and found that in two years the clay had changed its character and become white, and was traversed in several directions by fissures 1-25 to 1-16 of an inch thick, which were filled with compact iron pyrites. The oxide of iron in the clay, the doctor supposed, coming in contact with water impregnated with sulphate of ammonia, became transformed into sulphate of iron.

The Wilson Industrial School of this city furnishes a "School Sewing Box, with a Sewing Primer," in eight graded lessons. The box contains 400 basted sample patches and a complete outfit for a sewing school of forty girls for three months. Illustrations accompany the box, and it will be readily seen how useful it may be to parishes organizing sewing schools. The Wilson School is at 125 St. Mark's Place, in this city. The box will most likely be as popular as the "Illustrated Sewing Primer" of the same school, which is used in China, Japan, Africa, etc.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN, who has recently been at the borders of death, has said many things, some wise and some otherwise. Among the former may be included his contrast between the beatitudes of Christ and those of modern free thought:

CHRIST.	FREE THOUGHT.
Blessed are the Poor in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.	Blessed are the Rich in Spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of the Earth.
Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.	Blessed are they that laugh, for they shall be in the most.
Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.	Blessed are the proud, for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which hunger for righteousness, for they shall be filled.	Blessed are they which hunger for righteousness, for they shall be filled with manure.
Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.	Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain filth.
Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.	Blessed are the foul in heart, for they shall see God.
Blessed are the Peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.	Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be called the children of men.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. W. Colwell has accepted the position of headmaster of Shaker School, Fairbault, Minn. Address, after September 1st, Fairbault, Minn.

The Rev. H. V. Degen's address, until further notice, is Aubury Park, N. J.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law from the University of the South.

The Rev. W. W. English, rector of Kirtley, England, was given the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity by the University of the South at the recent commencement.

The Rev. Dr. David Pise has received the *ad eundem* degree of Doctor in Divinity from the University of the South.

The Rev. Ell D. Stouffle has accepted an election to the rectory of St. Andrew's church, Brewster's, Putnam County, N. Y. Address accordingly.

The Rev. J. P. Taylor's address is Plainfield, N. J.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

In Grace church, Windsor, Conn., Aug. 22, by the Rev. B. H. Tuttle, the Rev. ALONZO G. SHEARS of New Haven, and Mrs. MARY E. PALMER of New York City.

DIED.

In New York City, on 17th inst., ISABELLA W. CONANT, wife of John G. Baker.

Entered into rest, August 18th, 1885, at Orleans, Mass. ANNA M., widow of John N. Bates of Canton, N. Y., and daughter of the late Colonel Timothy Upham, U.S.A.

In Raleigh, N. C., on Friday morning, Aug. 21st, FANNY AUGUSTA, wife of the Hon. William B. Cox, and eldest daughter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lyman, aged 36 years.

Entered into rest, Sunday morning, August 23d, 1885, at Alken, R. C. ANNA MARIA, wife of Captain Brockway Leonard, Kansas, and daughter of S. Cushman of Pawtucket, R. I., at the age of 33 years and three months. "So He greets His beloved."

In Manistowick, Mich., August 17th, 1885, TREADWELL, infant son of the Rev. W. S. and M. J. Hayward.

In Newport, R. I., August 19th, DANIEL LEROY, in the 47th year of his age. Funeral services were held on Friday, the 21st, at Trinity Church, Newport, R. I. Burial was in St. Mark's church, in the Bourne, New York.

On Sunday morning, August 23d, 1885, after great suffering, CATHERINE A., wife of the late Henry Owen of New York. The remains were interred in St. Matthew's Churchyard, Bedford, N. Y.

At Locust Valley, L. I., on Sunday, August 23d, Mrs. ANNETTE HUNT, widow of William Prentiss of Brooklyn. Funeral services were held at the South Congregational church, Brooklyn, (corner Court and President streets) on Wednesday afternoon, August 26th, at three o'clock.

Entered into rest, on Tuesday, June 16th, LOUISA E. widow of Milo B. Root, in the 74th year of her age. Formerly of Hudson, N. Y.

Entered into the life of Paradise from Beaufort, C. Friday evening, August 14th, 1885, Mrs. JOHN A. youngest and beloved son of the Rev. V. W. and Amelia E. Shibley, of New Berne, in the second year of his earthly life. "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and hast revealed them unto babes."

Entered into the rest of Paradise on Monday morning 17th, at Lake Geneva, Switzerland, after a lingering illness, EMMA WILLIAMS, only daughter of William L. and Hannah W. Valentine. "For so He greets His beloved sleep."

APPEALS.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashota. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the aid of the Spirit of Orlans. Offerings are solicited: 1st. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary. 4th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything that is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination. Address, NASHOTAH, WAUKESHA COUNTY, WISCONSIN.

GENERAL CLEVER BELIEF. (Shorter title of "The Trustee of the Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm, and Disabled Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.") This charity is not local or diocesan. It seeks to relieve the destitute in fifty dioceses and missionary districts. The Treasurer is WILLIAM ALEXANDER SMITH, 60 Wall Street, New York.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount of funds for the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK, 1254 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. KATHA WHITFIELD, Corresponding secretary, 57 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned, in behalf of Nashotah Mission, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following offerings during the month of July, 1885: For Daily Bread, \$1.00; St. Mark's, Mason Church, Pa., \$2.25; Missionary Guild, Gettysburg, Pa., \$1.00; St. Jude's, Philadelphia, \$1.00; Mrs. J. S. Carpenter, \$2.00; Susan E. Babcock, \$2.00; R. F., New York City, \$1.00; A. V. R. of CHURCHMAN, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary P. Satterlee, \$1.50; St. Peter's, Philadelphia, \$1.00; From a Graduate of 1872, \$1.00; An Old Friend, \$1.00; Trinity, Hamburg, Mo., \$4.25; F. K. Collins, \$3.00; "Da," \$1.50; St. John's, Carlisle, Pa., per Domestic Committee, \$4.00; Trinity, New York, per Domestic Committee, \$5.00; Christ, Pomfret, per Domestic Committee, \$5.00; Grace, Orange, N. J., per Domestic Committee, \$1.50; B. F., New York City, \$1.00. A. D. COLE, President of Nashotah Mission, Nashotah, Wis., August 9th, 1885.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: For the Rev. Dr. Kevin, for the Reform movement in the Church in Italy, from O. R. \$250. For Monignor Savarese, from M. M., Long Island, \$50.

Bishop Spalding thankfully acknowledges the offering of \$3 from "G.," Geneva, N. Y., for the Rev. Sherman Coolidge's house.

A acknowledgment for church near Dagers Springs, Va., from F. T. Gobour, Canada.

MAIE PETTIGREW, Treasurer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Rev. Clarence Buel, secretary of the Committee on the many Diocesan Claims, having sailed for Europe on the 23d instant, with the intention of being absent about six weeks, desires that all communications for the committee be addressed to the Rev. Octavius Applegate, D.D., Newburgh, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Secretary having resigned, all pamphlets, notices, and addresses for the Diocese of North Carolina should be addressed to Rev. GILBERT HIGGS, Sec. pro tem., Warrenton, N. C. July 29th, 1885.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

The publishers of THE CHURCHMAN are always glad to receive the names and addresses of persons likely to be interested in it in order that they may send specimen copies.

The Churchman.

Reading Cases, 75 cts.; postage, 15 cts
Binding Cases, 50 cts.; postage, 15 cts
Two Binding Cases, post-paid, . . . \$1.75
Good Shepherd, post-paid, . . . 1.50

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP.

Right Reverend Father in Christ:

In common with some of my venerated brethren in the episcopate I feel very deeply that a conference of the bishops (in council) is very desirable at this time, and in view of the recorded vote in council (October 26th 1883.) I venture as one of several to call your attention to the subject. As our Presiding Bishop you have been authorized to invite us to such a conference, if a majority of the bishops unite in requesting it, at a given time. Now, it has been suggested to me by a greatly respected brother that the preliminary missionary meeting in Philadelphia (on November 18th and 19th) will necessarily call many of the bishops together, and there informal conferences touching important interests of the Church, over which God has set the episcopate as one solid body, can and must naturally take place. But, as has been often urged, such conferences, if "informal," might seem to rob the episcopate of its solid unity, if not to divide it into cliques. On that very ground it was urged that no one-sided conferences should be held on such occasions. The whole body of the episcopate should know of all conferences touching the common welfare, and, if not present in person, should be heard by epistle touching any concern or subject dear to his official heart. The fact that many of the bishops must be unable to attend was felt to be no reason why their brethren should not consult together, provided, first, that all should have full knowledge of the conference beforehand, and second, that no vote should be taken on any subject other than those of routine (adjourning, etc.) necessary to the sessions of any "conference" whatever.

Now, can any one doubt (after the experience of October, 1883,) that the bishops ought to have some chance to know one another personally, and to see "eye to eye" and speak "heart to heart" on their common duties and anxieties. Just now, a crisis in our missionary system is upon us. The subjects of "Theological Education," of the "Revisions" (Scriptural and Liturgical); of Canons elaborated in our House which the other House had no time to entertain, in 1883; and many questions arising as "The Work among the Blacks," which we had no time to consider, are surely of such importance as to deserve matured consideration before we meet (D. V.) amid the confusions and pressure of business in 1886. By "taking sweet counsel together" beforehand, and knowing something of the trials and anxieties of brethren upon matters which are especially with some, we can all become prepared for our work, when we meet for legislation. I write this "open letter" to elicit responses (addressed to you, privately or publicly) because if we are to meet in November no time should be lost.

With great respect, I am, Rt. Reverend Father, yours in Christ,

A. CLEVELAND COXE,

Bishop of Western N. Y.

To the Rt. Reverend the Presiding Bishop.

Buffalo, Aug. 21st, 1885.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

RESTORATION BY A STANDING COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I do not mean to discuss the action of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Southern Ohio in remitting a sentence of deposition. It was done in full conviction of our canonical power, as the Canons now read. It will, however be brought up as soon as possible for re-consideration, out of deference to the views of the bishops, some in a minority, who question our power under the Canon.

Bear in mind one thing, as a fact in this action. The bishop of the diocese requested us to act. We acted for him. If he had been inaccessible we should probably not have acted. If he had been dead we should, for it was not a question of power but of decorum toward the bishop who pronounced the deposition, and who was soon to return.

There is constitutional law, article 6, that none but a bishop shall pronounce sentence of admonition, suspension, or degradation. Restoration is not mentioned. There is canonical provision how, in a vacant diocese, the sentence of admonition, suspension, or deposition shall be pronounced. There is no such provision for pronouncing a sentence of restoration. Parity of reason may suggest a similar course, or critics say, *But, mentio unitus, excoctio unitus, a legal maxim.* This is the meaning of "admonition, suspension, and deposition," and the omission of restoration, excludes restoration from this operation of both the Constitution and the Canons.

If we distinguish between orders and mission, the case is simplified. Orders conferred in ordination are not taken away in deposition. The exercise of them is forbidden. It is a matter of mission or jurisdiction. Sovereigns exercised the power in England, a commissary in colonial times. Ecclesiastical Authority, constituted under the Canons, and limited by Canon, exercises it in the United States.

The writer thinks an additional section in Title II, Canon 11, desirable. It would make the restoration of a presbyter a more noticeable proceeding, and harmonize it with the action in case of deposition. See Title II, Canon 5, § 1., and Canon 10, § 11. [1] The added section should read somewhat as follows:

§ 11. "If the bishop who pronounced the deposition be deceased or incapacitated, his successor or some bishop invited by the Ecclesiastical Authority, and consenting to act, shall, in the presence of two or more presbyters, pronounce such person restored to the ministry. Notice of this restoration shall be given to every minister and vestry in the diocese, and also to the Ecclesiastical Authority of every diocese of this Church."

The word restoration too should be inserted in Article 6 of the Constitution.

SAMUEL BENEDECT.

Cincinnati, August 21st, 1885.

SOCIETY OF THE TREASURY OF GOD.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

This, among societies lately organized to advance the Church's work, commends itself to all parishes and to all rectors. Its agency, accepted and applied, directly assists the solution of all questions of Church finance and clerical support.

We owe this society to our Canadian brethren in the diocese of Ontario, Canadian bishops, and many of our own, are its patrons. Its appearance is timely, for the subject of "Tithes and Offerings" now engages all Christian bodies.

Should not our Free and Open Church Association make an alliance with this society, the purpose of which gained, removes the objection to free churches; for, when parishes receive and distribute the tithes, neither clergy nor worship will require assessments or merchandise for their support. Without a similar society, or branch, among us, this society will lack what it greatly needs, but everything that unites us in good works promotes unity and increases strength.

The Rev. C. A. B. Poccock, Brockville, Ont., Canada, is Secretary of the Society of the Treasury of God.

I earnestly ask the Free and Open Church Association to lead us in furthering this good work of Canadian Churchmen, and trust that brethren everywhere will seek the help which this society offers.

If we must honor the Lord with our substance, and if one in ten is a unit, then we cannot offer Him a true and fair portion, unless, at least, we tithe.

Why should faithful Christians, sons of faithful Abraham, withhold from their Divine Melchisedec, tithes of all? These are the "meat of His house;" let us gladly give them.

CHARLES E. BONNELL.

Lock Haven.

"N. OR M."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In THE CHURCHMAN of AUGUST 23d it is stated that N. or M. in the Catechism may refer to the various first names of one child.

Bishop Nicholson, in his invaluable "Exposition of the Catechism," (p. 19) adds to "What's your name?" "A. B. C., etc." Does not this refer to the various children who are to give their names!

In Bishop Charles Wordsworth's "Catechism; or, Christian Instruction Preparatory to Confirmation and First Communion," he gives this note (p. 105) to "N. or M.":

"Probably designed to represent Nicholas and Mary. See Calendar, December 6th and 8th."

Is it not pleasant to think of the good boys as bearing the name of St. Nicholas, while the girls were honored by the name of the Mother of our Lord! S. F. HORCIKIN.

CRITICISM AND OBJECTION OF "THE BOOK ANNEXED."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

It is quite true that a liturgical service cannot be written down that must every little criticism and objection. This would mean and narrow. Like the artist who made two fac simile paintings, placing one at the door, and screening himself from view, he listened to what the public had to say. According to the tenor of their objections he used his brush, until the picture was beyond all recognition a monster. First, I do not like the verbiage and put it alongside with the placard, "This is my picture; the other is yours." The Joint Committee may feel so disposed to say, as the critics and objections of individuals and diocesan committees come flooding in upon them, "This is our book; the other is yours." Nevertheless, I will, for a change, use verbiage. First, I do not like the phrase "Oh, Lord, save our souls." Nor do I like "The Beatitudes," a sort of litany not at all necessary. The Decalogue, too, and the Summary of the Law should be made alternative. In the Prayer of Consecration, also, the word "whosoever" should not take the place of "we and all others, who, if a change were necessary, this word, which has a doctrinal savor, copied from the so-called Scotch Communion Office (from the Scotch Prayer Book of 1637 and from the Prayer Book of 1549) should not be employed, but rather the words from the English Prayer Book, "all we who are partakers of this feast." More especially to say is in reference to "The Transfiguration of Christ." Why, as is alleged, conform the Collect of Mary Magdalene to this feast, when that from the Roman Missal is so ineffectively more suitable! Let me place these collate side by side:

Collect from Roman Missal: "O, God, who by the testimony of the prophets didst confirm the mysteries of our faith in the glorious Transfiguration of thy Son, and by a voice from heaven shewest to us that we are thy adopted children, mercifully grant that we may be permitted to behold the Transfiguration of thy Son, O, Father, and thee, O, Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God, with thee without end. Amen."

Collect from B. A.: "O, God, who by the mount didst reveal to chosen witnesses thine only-begotten Son wonderfully transfigured, in radiant white and glorious glory, and gloriously appearing: Mercifully grant that we, being delivered from the darkness of this world, may be permitted to behold the Transfiguration of thy Son, O, Father, and thee, O, Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God, with thee without end. Amen."

The first, liturgically speaking, is incomparably more suitable.

The epistle II. St. Peter i. 13 is taken from this Missal, though the latter begins at the 16th verse instead of at the 13th verse as in B. A. The first three verses, namely 13, 14 and 15 of the B. A. have no particular reference to the statement of fact made in the next verse, but refer to the Missal of Peter i. 16-19 which would be liturgically more correct. But why not take the Gospel as it is in the Missal, St. Matthew xvii. 1-9 instead of St. Luke ix. 28-36.

I modestly assume that it would be unwise to adopt "The Book Annexed" as it is. If the Prayer Book is to be revised, enriched and restored in its new form, as the subject of it should be done not hurriedly. Unlike the year 1785 we have a Prayer Book, one consecrated with the blessings of a century, one simple in its outline and endeared in its use. It will harm no one to let it continue as it is until 1880, when perhaps its enriched proportions will receive an great accession, as it itself from Oct. 10th, 1790. J. BRYAN PURCELL. Mount Washington, Md.

"AIDS TO REFLECTION."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The Bishop of Long Island, in his sermon commemorative of the late Dr. Schenck, has some remarks on the relation of the Church to the Gentiles. It is to be regretted that no significant word should be entirely supplanted by "Heathens" or "Pagans"), and on the constraining motives of her divine mission to them; and the Rev. Dr. Courtney afterward commented upon them somewhat unfavorably in a letter to you. His gave expression to a wish that the subject which is to be now discussed the common one; but the statement of which seems, to those who do not find it possible to accept it as harmonizing either with reason or Holy Scripture, to be justly classed with those of which St. Paul says, "Their word will eat as doth a canker (gangrene)."

The following extract from Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," is worthy of careful consideration in connection with this subject; and it is hoped that it may induce our clergy and thoughtful laity to read the entire work, which is helpful toward a solution of some of the perplexing questions of to-day:

"Every doctrine is to be interpreted in relation to those to whom it is to be revealed, or who have, or have had, the means of knowing or hearing the same. For instance: The doctrine that *there is no other name under heaven by which a man can be saved, but the name of Jesus*. If the word here rendered *name* may be understood—as it will may, and as in other cases it may be understood to be power, or originating cause, I see no objection on the part of the practical reasoner to our belief of the declaration in its whole extent. It is true universally, or not true at all. If there be any redemptive power not contained in the power of Jesus, then Jesus is not the Redeemer; not the Redeemer of the world; not the Jesus that is Saviour of mankind. But if with Tertullian and Augustine we make the text assert the condemnation and misery of all who are not Christians by baptism and explicit belief in the revelation of the new covenant—then, I say, the doctrine is true to all intents and purposes. It is true in its very truth, in which any practical, moral or political interest or end can be connected with its truth. It is true in respect to every man who has had, or who might have had, the Gospel preached to him. It is true and obligatory for every Christian community and for every individual believer, wherever the opportunity is afforded, of spreading the light of the Gospel and making known the name of the only Saviour and Redeemer. For even though the uninformed heathens should not perish, the guilt of their perishing will attach to those who not only had no certainty of their safety, but who are commanded to act on the supposition of the contrary. But if, on the other hand, a theological dogmatist should attempt to persuade me that this text was intended to give us an historical knowledge of God's future actions and dealings—and for the gratification of our curiosity to inform us that Socrates and Phocion, together with all the savages in the woods and wilds of Africa and America, will be sent to my company with the devil and his angels in everlasting torment—I should remind him that the purpose of Scripture is to teach us our duty, not to enable us to sit in judgment on the souls of our fellow-creatures." J. W. HYDE.

St. James's Rectory, West Hartford.

NEW BOOKS.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Pronouncing, Etymological, and Explanatory, embracing Scientific and other Terms, and a copious selection of Old English Words. By the Rev. James Stormonth. The pronunciation carefully studied by the Rev. H. H. Phelps. [New York: Harper & Brothers, 1885.] pp. xiv., 1,038.

This English dictionary is not as large or as costly as the great imperial of Worcester or Webster, but it is scarcely inferior in value, and in its fresh publication we have the benefit of the most recent investigations in all branches of its subject. A living language is all the while undergoing changes, portions of it become obsolete, new words are added and old words revived, new light is thrown upon its

etymologies, and an old dictionary loses its character, as does an old almanac, by the mere lapse of time. We keep our Bailey as a curiosity of dictionary-making in former generations, but for any useful purpose it is hardly worth shelf room.

The Rev. Mr. Stormonth has been for many years engaged in philological studies, and in 1871 first published his "Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary." It at once took high rank, and has passed through seven editions in England. An edition with larger type has long been called for, and the author has taken advantage of it to give to his work a thorough revision, and it may be said that the addition of ten years' labor has been bestowed upon this volume, so that it may be fairly called a new work. Not only many new words have been added to it, but "the wells of old English undefiled," Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, the English Bible, and the Book of Common Prayer, have yielded up new stores of old words that are still in use. Another advantage is given to this edition in the full recognition of the progress which is constantly making in the language of science and art. They are constantly inventing new technical terms which hitherto have had meaning only for experts, and ordinary readers have looked in vain for the terms and for the definitions of them. Science and art are no longer confined to the few, but are rapidly spreading among the people, and dictionaries of the language cannot afford to ignore them. The daily and the religious press devote no little space to articles upon some branch of science and art, their numerous readers desire to understand what they read, and the dictionary must help them, so that these branches of knowledge may be something better than a jargon of sesquipedalian words, and the better to insure correctness the scientific terms have all been revised by a distinguished scientist. The greatest pains have been taken with all definitions in the work to make them accurate as well as concise both as to the primary and the derived meanings, and, while precision is aimed at, it has been thought better to err by excess of definitions than by defect. In etymology the most recent philological writers, such as Skeat, Max Müller, M. Brachet, M. Littré, Wedgwood, Dr. Farrar, etc., have been freely consulted and used, and the subject is treated in an exhaustive way. There may be new discoveries hereafter, but Mr. Stormonth has presented us with the past results entire of etymological science. In orthography and orthoepy the work follows the English rule, and is the better and not the worse for it. This portion has been carefully revised by the Rev. Mr. Phelps, who bestowed the same attention upon the original edition. It can hardly be expected that the pronunciation and spelling will meet with universal approval, especially in this country, where, taking Webster for precedent, every man is his own law; but the endeavor has been to follow the best usage—the *fas et norma loquentium*. In the appendix can be found the tables of the postfixes and prefixes, abbreviations, foreign phrases, and proper names, scriptural and classical. The words of the dictionary are in bold, black letters, in groups or single entries, the groups containing the words naturally derived from the key-word, those intimately connected in etymology or signification, and some words grouped as a matter of convenience. The dictionary is thus convenient to consult, and while it might point out some defects, such as that to which we recently alluded in our editorial column, which is only to say it is not perfect, or that Homer sometimes nods, we have learned by experience, on the whole, to place a high value upon it, and we commend it to our readers.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATED WOMEN. By Helen Kuhn Barrett; and Mrs. WOODS AND MOREY. By Frances Kalm Allen. [Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co.] pp. 75. Price 50 cents.

These two sisters have here contributed their share to the literature of the "Woman's Emancipation Movement." These papers are well and temperately written, which is more than can be said of much of the writing in the same behalf. Without claiming, in so many words, the absolute right of suffrage and office-holding, it is sufficiently indicated as the future aimed at. Without discussing that point which involves the larger one of the right to suffrage and the desirableness of its indefinite extension, we can only say that the real issue is herein avoided, as it always is. The tacit claim which is set up is that woman should retain all the immunities of the one sex while sharing all the privileges of the other. It is a singular characteristic of the average feminine mind to regard matters in this way. Perhaps it is the fault of the "slavery" in which woman has been hitherto held. But the logical issue remains severely the same. If all human beings are to be regarded simply as individuals, irrespective of sex, then it will be just as impossible for one position of them to obtain any respite from the obligations of the other, as for one part of a line of soldiers coming under fire to escape the chances of being hit simply by virtue of wearing a different uniform from the other part. If a distinction is to be made, then we simply ask who is to have the benefit of it? The formula thus expresses itself, "Woman is by nature the equal of man, therefore she ought to have all the rights he has. Man is by nature the inferior of woman in certain particulars, in all these she should have the preference." We suppose there are women who, confident in their own special powers, would gladly waive the claim of femininity, but we can only say that they are not the ones to whom it would always be well to confide the fortunes of their weaker sisters, and that it would be especially unfortunate for the masculine element were they to lose their sense of obligation to the (so-called) "weaker vessel." If there is one thing more than another which has elevated the human race, it is the feeling of deference, the duty of protection toward the female part of it.

There is just one fair illustration of the absolute, impartial equality of the sexes. It is in those English collieries, where boys and girls were harnessed to trucks to drag the coal out of the workings. It may be hard for women that they must remain dependent in order that men should learn to become manly, considerate, and gentle; but, considering the immense importance of the work, we fear that the "fair sex" must be content to be worked for a little longer, lest, in providing for themselves, they force back the rougher sex into the place of mere rivals. If this is not the true issue of the question of woman's rights, then what we have said before must be—viz., that women expect to retain their privileges, but to acquire those of men in addition. This, by the very nature of things, is impossible, not to say hardly equitable. The theory of these ladies is that the whole business of domestic or household care will soon be adjusted on a new scale—that is to say, with public laundries, bakeries, etc., dispensing with all private family cares. This will release woman from the drudgery hitherto her lot and enable her to freely compete with man in the field of business. This may be so; but we predict that if that day comes the chief end and aim of woman will be to have an establishment of her own, and the indispensable mark of *ton* will be for a lady to have her own servants, and to leave the public conveniences severely alone. But before this or any "reform" is reached the point aimed at must be clearly defined. If woman is to be man's competitor she must

be so on the usual terms of competition, loss and trouble to the weaker. If she is to be man's helper and companion, it is scarcely wise to make the terms of partnership too elastic.

ANNA OF A SPORTSMAN. Leisure Hour Series, No. 164. By Ivan Turpinoff. Translated from the Authorized French Edition by Franklin Pierce Abbott. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

Turgeneff is a writer of great merit, so terse and at the same time descriptive in his language, thoroughly in love with his subject, which is always Russia and her people. The "Annals of a Sportsman" are a series of adventures and singular people met with during long tramps after wild fowl. The chapters describing his wandering into the encampment of the boys' guarding the horses of their village during the night is a perfect picture, with all the lights and shadows, for the boys laugh and tell stories, are brave and timid, while the stranger lies in the fire-light and listens to their babble. We advise every one to read the book if only for the pleasure of happening upon this charmingly told incident.

NORFOLK IN THE NORTH: OR, HUNTING AND FISHING ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS. By Frederick Schwatka, Laureate of the Paris Geographical Society and Imperial Geographical Society of Russia; Honorable Member Bremen Geographical Society, etc. etc. Commander of the Longest Sledge Ride in the World, 3,300 miles, 1878-79-80, and Commander of the Longest Raft Journey in the World, 1,200 miles, 1881. (London, Paris, New York and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Limited.)

A book from the pen of a man with Lieutenant Schwatka's experience and many adventures cannot fail to prove interesting. This gorgeously bound and profusely illustrated volume consists of a series of sketches of Lieutenant Schwatka's adventures in search of game in the arctic zone. From polar bears to eider ducks nothing comes amiss to the Nimrod of the nineteenth century, and the description of these adventures, together with some account of the curious people who live in this frozen region, make up the book.

SWEET MACE. A SUSSEX LEGEND OF THE IRON TIMES. By G. Manville Fenn. (London, Paris, New York and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Limited.)

The story is laid in England years ago, in the reign of King James. The heroine is the daughter of an inventor of cannon, who is regarded by his neighbors as one having an evil eye. Her lover is a freebooter, or pirate, properly speaking. Several court gallantries are also her humble admirers, and the book abounds in adventures, in most of which the lovers fare badly. There is a witch in the story, too, who barely escapes burning at the stake for her supposed crimes, and there are many minor characters who play their little parts ably. Good summer reading.

CARRIBTON'S GIFT AND OTHER TALES. Leisure Hour Series. By Hugh Conway (F. J. Fargus), author of "Called Back," etc. With a Portrait of the Author, and other Illustrations. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

Apart from its literary merits this volume will have a melancholy interest from the fact that these stories have been collected in book form since the death of their talented author. Whatever Mr. Fargus's literary faults were—and he had many—no one can deny him the quality of being an interesting, forcible and very original writer. The present volume fully confirms this view of the man.

THE OLD FACTORY. A Lancashire Story. By Wm. Westall, author of "Larry Lobengron," etc. (London, Paris, New York and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Limited.)

This story has its plot and scenes laid in Lancashire during the time of the labor riots, when machines were taking the place of hand-laborers. The story is the life of a determined and not very scrupulous man fighting his way to wealth and power, of his numerous adventures, and also of the adventures of his children. Very readable and handsomely bound.

MARIE DE PRENEL. Leisure Hour Series. By E. Frances Popper, author of "My Little Lady," etc. etc. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.]

The book bears for its title not the name of the heroine of this pleasing little romance, but that of the fairy godmother, who smooths the lovers' rough road for them. The plot is quite original, the scene laid in Rome at the present day, and the author shows himself familiar with the ways and lives of Roman society people.

SUPPLY A LOVE STORY. By Philip Orme. (Boston: Cappel & Co. Old Corner Book Store.)

This book is exactly what it professes to be—a love story; but the sayings and doings of the young people in love during the one summer in which we are supposed to share their pleasures and misfortunes, are naturally and pleasantly told. The book is capital reading for August weather, as it is full of the savor and breath of the sea. A description of a storm is very good.

LITERATURE.

THE REV. DR. H. R. HOWARD'S "Address at the Funeral of Mrs. George H. Norton" of Tullahoma, Tenn., has been printed by request.

THE REV. M. P. LOGAN, Wytheville, Va., has published a little tract, "The Churchman's Historical Sketch Book," which will prove useful.

An excellent notice of "H. H." (Mrs. William S. Jackson) can be found in the Critic of August 23d. Her recent death has called out much sorrow in the world of letters.

DR. LABBERTON is preparing a series of thirty maps to illustrate English history. He is also writing a text for his "Historical Atlas." He is an authority in cartography.

BISHOPS W. PAKENHAM, Walsh, and Beck-with and Canon Liddon are represented in the September number of the Pulpit Treasury. There are several illustrations in the number.

THE September Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine is filled with solid reading, both original and selected, and would seem to be indispensable to the class to which it is chiefly addressed.

"THE Ground and Transfer of Suffering," by L. W. Mansfield, is printed in pamphlet by E. & J. B. Young & Co. Mr. Mansfield is a deep thinker, and the author of "Traces of the Plan of our Being."

IN the August Musical Herald, Boston, among the nine pages of music is a Miserere by Palestrina, and a Domine Deus by Himmel. The words are in Latin and English, the English version being by Laura M. Underwood.

FUNK & WAGNALLS have in press "The Wit of Women," by Miss Kate Sanborn. There are many who have thought that wit and humor were just what women did not excel in, and they will be curious to see Miss Sanborn's demonstration to the contrary.

"A BAND OF THREE," by L. T. Meade, "Hester Tracy, a School-Room Story," by A. Weber, and "The Children's Sunday Hour," by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, are among Mr. Whitaker's forthcoming juvenile books. The latter will have sixty-five wood-cuts.

"CHURCH Principles the True Basis of Christian Unity," a sermon delivered by the Rev. W. R. Richardson at the consecration of St. Stephen's church, Galid, Texas, appears in pamphlet form. Mr. Richardson is dean of the Cathedral of St. Mark, at San Antonio.

THE Rev. Dr. John H. Elliott read a paper before the alumni of the Theological Seminary in Virginia on "The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures," and it is deservedly printed in pamphlet form. Dr. Elliott believes

that the old is better, and is not carried away by the new theology.

H. T. KNAKE, Pittsburgh, Pa., has published "General Grant's Funeral March," by L. P. Kleber, and Perry & Noble, New Bedford, Mass., has issued a song and chorus by Walter A. Perry, "Gone, Brave One, Gone," of which the music strikes us more favorably than the poetry.

IN the August Eclectic, Rev. J. H. Barn begins a series of papers on The Three Creeds, and the Rev. A. S. Crapsey writes in defence of Altar Lights. The selections are full of interest, and in the summaries the editor vindicates his excellent judgment. One of the beauties of the Eclectic is that it never gives an uncertain sound.

"SUNDAYS," the new annual of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. is meeting with great success, and at half the price of the old volume is placed within the reach of all Sunday-schools. The same house has brought out in book form a full and complete report of Archbishop Farrar's sermon on General Grant, as delivered in Westminster Abbey.

THE Christian Guardian, No. 2, "Occasional Papers," is largely devoted to Mexico and the Church work in that country. Its papers are illustrated and replete with facts, and they enable the reader to understand the condition of things there, concerning which there has been much ignorance, not to say misrepresentation. A portion of the number is devoted to the missions in Spain and Cuba.

"ERRORS of ROMANISM," a series of lectures by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Graham, have been published in a pamphlet by the Brandon Printing Company, Nashville, Tenn. They will be read with interest. The same author has issued, by request, the Otey sermon on "The Divine Constitution of the Christian Ministry," delivered before the Convention of the Diocese of Tennessee, in a second edition.

"BABYHOOD" is more necessary in August than in all the year beside, and it shows its appreciation of the fact by Marion Harland's article, on "The Baby that must stay in Town," and Dr. Robt's paper on "Prickly Heat." Marion Harland also continues her "Nursery Cooking," and "Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal" are bright with good sense. "Babyhood" has interest and power in all its pages.

A MOST interesting paper in the August Macmillan is one on popular songs of the Scottish Highlands by John Stuart Blackie. Mrs. Ritchie's (Miss Thackeray) "Mrs. Dymond" reaches its twenty-third chapter, and R. Mackey gives an interesting account of the "Recent Rebellion in North-west Canada." There are several other notable papers, and among them the conclusion of a "Walking Tour in Landes."

CASSELL'S Family Magazine for September, with its delightful articles and fine illustrations, is promptly at hand, and shows how well it deserves its growing constituency. The second paper, by C. F. Gordon Camming, "The Postmen of the World," is as interesting as the first, and its pictures of early letter-carriers are very curious. There are seven-teen papers, besides the fashion gossip and the Gatherer.

CHRISTIAN Thought for July and August contains "Is Prayer Reasonable?" by Prof. Davis, "Capital and Labor," by Bishop Harris of Michigan, and "The Vicarious Principle in the Universe," by the Rev. Dr. Bradford. The Letter Book, Memorabilia, Notata, and About Books are all full of interest. The magazine is well named—it is Christian and it is Thought. Bishop Harris treats a very important subject vigorously and without fear.

THE QUIVER for September is one of the best of the magazines, and all the more so because in much it is so well suited for Sunday reading. There is in it a very curious paper, with illustrations, on "Gargoyles," showing the grotesqueness of some portions of ancient art. The frontispiece represents a young girl tripping across the fields, with the long-expected letter just received from the post-man pressed to her bosom. It illustrates a short poem in the number.

LIPPINCOTT'S for September opens very reasonably with a paper on "The Truth about Dogs," by F. N. Zabriskie. Just now in the cities they are being destroyed by thousands. The closing paper, "The Story of an Italian Workwoman's Life," by Marie L. Thompson, is said to be an *o'er-true* tale. Between these two papers are many others full of life and interest, well calculated to preserve the high favor with which Lippincott's is regarded by its many readers.

The colored plate in the Art Interchange for August 13th is a study of Golden-Rod and Cardinal-Flower, and the number has a supplement of its valuable Notes and Queries. The colored plates are copyrighted, and that might raise a question in the minds of amateurs as to how far, by way of experiment, they would be justified in their private studies in reproducing them. The Art Interchange is especially helpful to students, but it will cease to be so if it puts restrictions upon them.

THE Nashotah Scholiast, with the July and August numbers, closes the second volume, and hereafter will be known as the Church Scholiast, and will be edited by the Rev. H. B. St. George. The Scholiast has been very ably conducted and has deserved to win its way to favor, if for nothing else by its preservation of many historical documents and reminiscences. Every number has been illustrated, and there are four illustrations in the July and August numbers, of which one is a photograph of Dr. DeKoven. There are copies bound and unbound of volume II. for sale.

ART.

A MUSEUM of Christian Antiquities is to be founded at Athens, Greece, and it will be of great interest to Christian scholars.

Is a handsome art catalogue, printed out West, the facts in the life of Benjamin West are given under the name of Gilbert Stuart.

SINCE 1860 the National Gallery, London, has expended on art \$1,350,500, but no single picture was purchased for a larger sum than \$50,000.

CARL MARR, a Milwaukee artist, has gained a prize at Munich for a painting of one of Napoleon's battles. The piece contains more than a hundred figures.

AN American artist in Paris has received \$11,000 for two *genre* pictures. The artist, Humphrey Moore, who is deaf and dumb, was a pupil of Gerome.

A GERMAN artist is reproducing, in clay, hard-baked and tinted, the little Tanagra figures, and so accurately that it is difficult to distinguish them from the originals.

Two broken tombstones of the Roman period have been found near Carlisle, Wales. They are to the memory of soldiers of the first cohort of Nervii which served in Britain in the time of Trajan, A. D. 105.

THE criticism on Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna" at the National Gallery, London, oftenest heard is, "Seventy thousand pounds! Seventy thousand pounds!" That tells the story to a commercial people.

EYES Homer sometimes nods. The Louvre purchased in England for \$50,000 what was

supposed to be a Raphael, and it is now said to be not the best specimen of Perugino. The picture is worth about \$2,500.

THE fragments of the celebrated Carian Mausoleum are now gathered in a new hall of the British Museum. The chariot of Mausolus has been reconstructed, and everything has been done to reproduce the past.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Western paper having said that an artist in Munich could live on \$250 per year, ten American artists have written that it would be only by very close pinching that \$500 a year could be made to suffice.

THE Chinese decorative slabs, that under the name of pagoda stones are often seen, are sections longitudinally of a fossil orthoceras, a shellfish that has left its mark in the rocks as a long straight horn. The kosmos stones are also fossil bivalves.

THE attempt to restore Titian's "Trihnte Penny" has not proved satisfactory. By using too thin a coat of varnish it has been unduly heightened in several places. The experiment made at Dresden with the "Madonna di San Sisto" was entirely successful.

IT is not every picture bought in Paris that is genuine. The counterfeiting of old masters, and even of living artists, is a great and flourishing trade. There are up for sale every year 8,000 Corots, 2,500 Theodores, Rousseaus, 1,800 Rosa Bonheurs, 1,400 Diazes, 1,200 Daubignys, and so on. It is said there are 75,000 Daubignys now, and some one says a century hence there will be 1,000,000.

THERE are existing more than forty Egyptian obelisks; many of them are fallen and broken. There are seventeen of them in Italy, seven in England, two in France, two in Constantinople and one in this country. The smallest is at Berlin, which is twenty-five and a half inches high. An unfinished one in the quarries at Syene is estimated to weigh 1,500,000 pounds.

IT is a matter of general interest that photography in its relations to artistic reproduction is being developed in New York with the best promise of success. Hitherto the work has been mainly experimental. The prevailing impression that the Germans had "appropriated" the process having stifled domestic enterprise in this direction. Now and then photographs of imported photographs happily executed seemed to encourage systematic efforts towards production from originals. Among the firms interested in photographic work from American pictures, Klackner, Keppel and Nichols and Handy deserve mention. Wood in the Bowery has, however, executed most of the work. In estimating the importance of this pioneer stage it must be remembered that special technical skill and experience are demanded, that paper properly adapted is not produced, as yet, in America; and that our home workers were literally dependent upon the German houses at every stage, from the skilled operator to the sufficient camera, and the plate-paper. Photographs are now successfully produced of the largest dimensions imported, *i. e.*, about 28x38 inches. Indeed the most expert and exacting dealers are forced to admit the absolute equality between domestic and imported work.

BUT in the unlimited replication of American pictures for popular distribution, several important considerations arise. The value of important pictures, it has been held, is either diminished or destroyed by repetition. In this conclusion the photographer is more to be dreaded than engraver or copyist, and his rapid processes are the Nemesis of art values. If the ultimate value of a picture consists in the fact that it is unique, by all means shut

out the photographer with sleepless diligence. But a better logic insists that any art work intrinsically precious suffers nothing by reiteration. It would be a starveling criticism that turns the key on the only copy of a great poem in order to protect or enhance its value. It does not appear that Lycidas, a Lament, loses any of its divine fragrance as it reappears in endless editions. Indeed, the perpetual influx of new editions enriches millions who otherwise would be poorer without their Shakespeare and Milton and Tennyson, while in the multiplication of copies there is no subtracting from the fascination and inspiration of the great master-singers. It is left only to a half-insane king of Bavaria to exemplify the old spirit of individual proprietorship in the art-world. Indeed, it may be fairly urged that any picture that would suffer aesthetic deterioration under any process of multiplication deserves it, and that such a result demonstrates its intrinsic weakness. It is a crucial test, and it is indisposable in reaching sound conclusions of aesthetic values. The world's accepted poems have undying melody, and the world's accepted statues and pictures have imperishable beauty.

The Dresden "Madonnas," the "Last Supper," the "Crucifixion" of Durer, the "Christus Consolator," and "Christus Remunerator," and the "Angelus," can never be less than they now are and have been from the first.

Only the photographic reproduction of any favorite composition accelerates a verdict, and conclusions are quickly reached that formerly lingered. It is a winning process, and in the end invaluable. The photograph is inexpensive, and the occasional displacement and replacement in a collection is a slight matter. The same process, however, is sometimes very costly and almost ruinous when applied to galleries of paintings as it now and then must needs be.

The picture that has a life in it suffers no dilution or enfeeblement in the widest possible distribution. It is safe to assume that the last rose and the last lily will repeat the fascination of the first. So a spiritual energy is in the true picture which is perennial, and we need not distrust the copyist or the photographer any more than does the poet the printer.

But is there no protection for the artist or purchaser which shall in turn serve property and the people? Next week we will seek a solution in copyright.

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CALENDAR FOR AUGUST.

30. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

4. Friday—Fast.
6. Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
11. Friday—Fast.
13. Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
16. Ember Day.
18. Ember Day—Friday—Fast.
19. Ember Day.
20. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
25. Friday—Fast.
27. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
29. S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

REPENTANCE.

BY J. O. M.

Low at Thy footstool, Lord,
Bending in mute appeal,
I bring my troubled heart,
In sorrow, sadly kneel:
"Forgive," my soul cries out to Thee,
Oh! Saviour, be Thou Christ to me!

I come; but cannot plead,
I knew not the right way;
For light from Heaven was shed,
To guide me day by day;
I turned aside and would not see,
The narrow path, made plain by Thee.

I cannot plead that Thou,
Did'st ere my griefs deride:
No! from Thy patient brow
Forgiveness pours its tide.
In silence Thou did'st bear each wrong—
In gentleness; oh! make me strong!

Radiant in light I see,
Thy kindly form appear,
The world beneath Thy feet,
The cross, the crown are near!
I hear Thee call and offer me
Hope, pardon, immortality.

If I the cross will take,
Help me uplift it, Lord,
Cross-bearer for Thy sake,
Thy favor my reward.
This troubled heart accepts the cross,
Counting all else beside it loss.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

It was almost a week since Garton had left—a long week as it seemed to Rotha, sitting so patiently in Belle's sick room day after day.

Rotha flagged a little in the heavy atmosphere, as was natural, but she never complained of its dullness. It seemed a dreary exchange for the free happy life of the last few months, when Mary and she sang and laughed over their work, and Garton and the boys came and teased them out of all propriety; how she missed their boating excursions and their happy rambles, and the grand teas which Meg prepared to surprise them on their return! Now hour after hour she sat listening to the faint click of her own and Mary's needles, broken now and then by low-voiced conversation while Belle dozed. Here was daily suffering to be witnessed—suffering borne patiently indeed, but without the cheerfulness of real submission. Here was the languid body and unquiet mind acting and re-acting in-

mentably on each other—suffering which Rotha strove to lighten, but without success. Still it was something that Belle liked to have her, though it did seem a little hard for Mary that Rotha's was the only absence ever noticed. Not that Mary's unselfishness ever wasted a sigh on this; she would sigh sadly over this new infatuation of Belle's, but only remonstrated when her exactions were likely to be injurious to Rotha.

"Has not Rotha come yet? How long she is!" was often the querulous complaint of a morning. Rotha would come up presently with all sorts of pretty excuses for her delay, in the shape of tiny baskets embedded with moss, with rare hot-house flowers or choice fruit daintily nestled in the greenery. Sometimes it would be a picture, or a new book, or a portfolio of engravings from Bryn—all sorts of little surprises to cheat the invalid's new day into brightness. It was a sign of changed feelings on Belle's part that the Cashmere shawls were in their old place. One day she made some sort of mention of them in a shamefaced way, and the next afternoon she woke up to find them covering her. Belle drew them over her face and shed a few silent tears underneath their soft folds. It was so like Rotha's magnanimity.

One afternoon Rotha had left her somewhat unexpectedly, in obedience to a summons from Meg. Mrs. Carruthers wanted her up at Bryn on some domestic business. Belle was a great deal better, and she could leave her comfortably, especially as Guy promised to be on guard when his mother was not there. It was a lovely afternoon, and even these few steps were a refreshment to Rotha, and so was her quiet talk with Meg. She had promised to be back again as soon as possible, but by the time her letters were written and tea was over it was getting late—almost time for Robert to be back from Thornborough, and then she would no longer be wanted. She said something of this to Meg as she put on her hat.

"I shall just say 'good night' to Belle and see she is comfortable, and then I shall come away. You shall not have another lonely evening, Meg, if I can help it. We will have one of our home-evenings—music and a little reading. How delicious it will be!" And Rotha ran off with one of her sunny smiles.

It was moonlight, and the sea looked just as she loved to see it—all black shadow, save for one broad pathway of silver ripples. Down by the bridge lay a stretch of shining sands. The whole scene, so full of fixed shadow and gleaming light, the white road, the dark wintry sky, soon here and there with stars, seemed full of a new beauty to her, and a sense of her unworthiness and littleness suddenly smote upon her as she remembered the pleasant lines that had been appointed to her, and how from "If needs be" she had learnt to say, "It is well."
"God is very good," said the girl softly to herself, "and I am, oh, so happy!" And as she looked over the moonlight haze she thought of Garton, sailing farther and farther from her, but without any mournfulness. "What is, is right," she thought.

It was about the time when the family were generally gathered round the tea-table—the most sociable hour of the day, as the mother called it—but, to Rotha's surprise, the meal remained untasted on the table, and only Laurie and Arty were in the room

—Arty sitting disconsolately on Laurie's knee with his finger in his mouth, and his small round eyes fixed on the cake; both were rather incoherent in their answers to Rotha's questions. Arty opined that somebody was cross, Deb was for one, and they weren't going to have any tea at all, at all. "Do be quiet, Arty," interrupted Laurie, giving him a shake; "here I have been telling you Jack the Giant-Killer for the last half-hour, and it is all no use."

"I don't want Jack Anybody. I want my tea," returned Arty, beginning to whimper. "If nobody's cross, why can't we have some, Laurie?"

"Where is everybody?" asked Rotha, bewildered by the children's disconsolate condition, so unlike the mother's ordinary care. Arty's hair was rough and his collar tumbled, and Laurie's hands were covered with ink.

"Where's everybody?" repeated Laurie, slowly. He always meditated over his words. "Oh, I don't know. Guy's up with Aunt Belle and Rufus has gone to the telegraph office, and mother is shut up with father in the study, and Uncle Robert is there too, and—do be quiet Arty! Deb has just been in, and is going to bring us our tea; and it is so dull all alone," finished Laurie, running his blackened fingers through Arty's hair, at which Arty, being cross enough already, fairly roared.

Rotha could learn nothing from Laurie's drawled-out sentences, so she betook herself to Belle's room, but Belle had fallen asleep, and at first sight she thought Guy was asleep too, for he was curled up on the easy-chair with his head on his arms, but she started at her light footstep and held up his hand.

"Hush! Aunt Belle is asleep, and mother says we must be very careful not to wake her; she had such a bad night." And Guy, having delivered his message, seemed inclined to put down his head again, but Rotha knelt down and put her lips close to his ear.

"What's become of the mother, Guy? Is she busy? Why, Guy, you have been crying."

"Oh, hush!" implored the boy. He sat up quite straight now, and looked very frightened. "If you wake her what am I to do, and mother not here? Don't ask me any questions," he continued, with quivering lips, and trying hard not to burst out crying. "I must not tell you anything; they told me I must not."

"Not tell me? Is anything the matter? Oh, Guy, if you love me don't keep me in suspense. There is not anything the matter, is there, dear? You have only tried to frighten me."

"I haven't," returned Guy indignantly. "I wouldn't be so wicked. Oh, dear Rotha, do go downstairs; I can't bear it," cried the boy, trying to swallow his sob—"I can't bear it, when we all love you so, to see you looking at me like this."

"Oh, Guy, don't." The lad's rosy face was quite pale now, but it was not so white as Rotha's as she rose stiffly from her knees. Why does she put her hand to her side as though she had been struck there? why do her thoughts fly to Garton instantly? "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water." "We beseech Thee to hear us good Lord." Why do these clauses rise unbidden to her mind

as she leans for a moment over the sobbing child? Guy, who never cried—who, his mother said, had never cried since his babyhood—and Guy loved Garton; she remembers that.

"Do go down, Rotha; they are all in the study," groans out poor Guy. Rotha makes a gesture of assent and goes slowly down, not hurriedly, but dragging one foot heavily after another, as though they were suddenly weighted with lead. When she had got there she paused in the dark hall and said two things to herself—or rather the two things got themselves spoken unconsciously in her mind. "Whatever happens, God is good, and I must remember that. And if anything be wrong with Gar—my Gar—I would like to lie down and die before life is a long misery to me." But she never knew that she spoke thus within herself; she had a notion instead that she was standing for nearly half an hour trying to turn the handle of the study-door with her nerveless hand, and listening to Mary's low sobbing inside, and yet five minutes had hardly elapsed since she had left Guy.

If she had gone in quite unprepared she would have known at once that something had happened. The vicar was sitting in his usual place at his writing-table, just opposite the picture of the Good Shepherd, with his head bowed down on his hands, and Mary was kneeling beside him with her arms round his neck, and Robert—but Rotha saw nothing beyond the vicar's motionless figure and Mary's tear-stained face.

"Oh, Austin, here is Rotha! Why, my dear, my dear, who has sent you in here just now?"

"Nobody sent me. I came of my own accord." How strangely her voice sounds! Her lips have become suddenly dry, her strength fails, and she leans heavily on Mary's shoulder to support herself. There is a deep-drawn sigh behind her, and then some one, she fancies it is Robert, places her silently in a chair.

"Mary, I was not prepared for this. Robert—Mary, what shall we do? I am becoming weak with all this suddenness. I must have time." Was that the vicar's tone, so broken, so irritable? Who was it that said Garton was his favorite brother, his pupil, his— No matter, the strongest man will give way under a sudden shock.

"Some one must tell her, Mary; this is a woman's work," says Robert, still from the background. Through it all Rotha fancies his voice comes from a distance—miles away—muffled—sepulchral. She shudders away from it.

"Yes, Austin, I will tell her; dear husband, dear husband, as though I would not spare you this ten times over." When did Mary Ord consider herself when Austin was in trouble? But, with a sudden terror, Rotha put out her hands as though to ward off her approach; she would stop up her ears if see could, she knows it all; why need they trouble her with words? But Mary, pressing the cold hands to her bosom, falters out "that she loves her, she loves her, and that she must be very patient, for their heavenly Father had afflicted them all. Do not look at Austin, my dear, do not look at my husband, he is not himself just now, he cannot help us. Look at Robert, Rotha darling; he is so brave and thoughtful for

us all." But Rotha, moving her dry lips, shakes her head and fixes her eyes still on Mary.

"When our dear boy left us only a week ago—"

"Only a week ago!" repeated Rotha; then suddenly: "Oh, Gar, Gar!"

"When our poor boy, our dear Gar, sailed last Tuesday night, Heaven knows how little we expected such bitter tidings, how much need there would be for our prayers: 'That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water.' 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.'—The two little hands locked together on Mary's bosom struggled hard to be free.—'We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee, good Lord.'"

"Oh, Mary, the cruel seal the cruel, hungry sea! Oh, Gar, Gar!"

"Robert, what shall we do? She guesses, but she does not hear me. She looks blind and deaf—stupefied almost, poor darling." But Rotha only repeats again and again, slowly, "Oh, Gar, Gar!"

"When our poor Gar," began Mary again, this time very slowly—"when our poor Gar left us never to return again—"

"Never to return again!" repeated Rotha, and then stopped suddenly with a low moan.

"He little thought what would happen so near home. They were fog-bound, Rotha; and on Sunday night," said Mary, speaking as though to a little child, "when they were quite near home, and all but the helmsman were asleep, a great vessel ran on to them and sank the ship, and they were all—oh, pitiful God!—all lost but a few men and two or three women."

"And Gar was not among them—speak louder, Mary, louder; the waves seem to drown your voice! The waves! Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy!"

In the many mansions she knows it now—no need to tell her more. Somebody behind her says, "That will do. Open the door, Austin, and give her air." Cold, fragrant waters splash on her forehead. She has a notion that Mary has taken her in her arms and is crying softly over her. The vicar's massive figure seems to block up her vision, but he does not say much. She tries to tell him that she is not faint, that he must not be so sorry for her, because it is his loss too; but breaks down at her first word and hides her head in Mary's bosom.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," said the vicar, solemnly. His voice reaches Rotha. She can hear him, oh, so clearly! "Dear wife, I have been very weak. I ought not to have left this to you. It is not poor Gar, it is happy Gar now, and she will think so by and by." And as he lays his hands on her head pitifully, yet in silent blessing, Rotha suddenly looks up at him with wild eyes and prays him to take her home.

But it is not the vicar—it is Robert who takes her; but she hardly knows it, for she is looking up at the starlit sky, where her saint is—her lover, her Garton. She has no idea of the strong arm that is supporting her all the way, or of the looks of anguish that he casts on her pale, uplifted face. She scarcely knows what he says as she totters into Meg's arms, but she wonders with a dreary wonder why Meg cries so. Mary cried too, and Guy; but she has no tears, only a hot, choking pain. By and

by, when she lies down on her little white bed, and Meg extinguished the light and leaves her, by her own desire, to the friendly darkness, Rotha turns her face to the wall with an exceeding bitter cry, "Oh, Gar, Gar, I loved you so! Come back to me, Gar!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

An Errand of Mercy.

"I hold it true, what'er befall:
I feel it, when I sorrow most:
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
—In Memoriam.

"Oh! 'twere to see unbroken light!
That watched me as a seraph's eye,
And stood between me and the night
For ever shining sweetly bright."

"And when the cloud upon us came,
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray,
Thou purest spread thy gentle flame,
And dash'd the blackness all away."
—Byron.

Never till she had lost him did Rotha know what Garton had been to her, and how their brief engagement and the loss of his great love would influence and sadden her life. For a little while she seemed utterly broken.

It was not that she rebelled against his cruel fate—cut off in such an awful way in the midst of his youth; it was not that she failed in meekness and submission, or complained that her lot was unduly hard. She was far too humbly and sincerely a Christian for that. It was only that the spring of her energy and life seemed broken by the suddenness of the shock, and that for a little time she seemed so crushed that it was difficult to rouse her.

All the next day she lay on the couch in her own room, with her face hidden from the light, as she had hidden it on the previous night; just ill enough to be soothed by Meg's attentions, but neither asking for nor needing sympathy, and keeping perfect silence in the midst of her grief.

But, as hour after hour passed on, Heaven only knew the bitterness of that girlish heart as the tide of recollection swept over it, recalling Gar's tenderness and sad farewell. Once, toward evening, when the tide was rising, the low surging of the waves seemed to break the stillness of the room. Meg never knew why she suddenly buried her face in the cushions and tried to stifle her sobs. Many and many a night for long afterwards she dreaded to go to sleep for fear that sound should mingle with her thoughts, and so the awful scene be reproduced in her dreams. Often she started in affright, thinking she heard the crash of the broken timbers, the angry rush of the water, the despairing cries of drowning men, and amongst them one dark figure, steadfast, yet with a look of mortal agony on his young face, calling on his God as he went down into his yawning grave.

Oh, no marvel if she brooded silently over her trouble, and shrunk from the least mention of any of the facts; not for many a long week did she learn any of the distressing details, though she must have known that the papers were full of them, and that the country was ringing from end to end with news of the sad disaster. Meg put them all carefully aside in case she should ask for them, but she never did; by and by she heard all the particulars from another quarter, when she was better fitted to bear it.

From the moment they brought Rube to her they ceased to be seriously uneasy, for

at the sight of her favorite the white strain on Rotha's face relaxed; and though she wept bitterly, anything was better than the numbness and apathy for the last few hours, and tears, as they knew, would ease the overburdened heart.

Rotha was more herself when she had seen Rube: the boy's sorrow seemed to arouse her to the conviction that others were suffering as well as herself. She did not try to comfort the poor child—that would have been impossible; but she stroked his curly head as he knelt beside her, and whispered to him that he was her boy now, and she would love him—oh! so dearly—for Gar's sake. And then she called to Meg faintly to take him away, for he would make himself ill with crying, and she could do nothing to help him.

But the next day she had him again, and the next day after that; and Meg found that she would do anything that Rube asked her, and that she seemed always more restless and unhappy when the boy was away. After his second visit she roused herself to inquire after her friends at the vicarage, and found that, to her surprise, Robert had been every morning and evening to inquire after her.

He looked very ill, Meg added, and he had told her that the vicar had been far from well too. Mrs. Ord had sent all sorts of affectionate messages to Rotha; but she had not come round herself, as Belle was fretting so sadly that she could not leave her.

Rotha was greatly disturbed when she heard this. She felt as though it were selfish for her to be sitting alone and feeding on her grief, while Mary had her own and her husband's trouble to bear, and was worn out besides with attending on her sister. She thought how Gar would have acted in her place, and wept and prayed that she might have strength to do what he would have done.

She tried, and not ineffectually, to make some sort of beginning that same evening, and sent Meg round, laden with good things, and with a little pencilled line to Belle, in which she told her that she had not forgotten her, that she was thinking of them all from morning to night, that she sent them her dear love, and that she would come round very soon, when she felt she could help and not distress them.

It so happened that as Meg left the house, charged with Rotha's commissions, she met the vicar coming slowly toward Bryn, bound on much the same errand as herself. Meg turned back and let him in with her own key, so that he went in, as he wished it, quietly and unannounced. Rotha was sitting by the fire in her black dress, looking white and weak, as though she had had an illness, but trying to interest herself in some work Meg had wished her to do. She started up when she saw the vicar; her composure visibly left her, and she trembled violently. But he sat down beside her with his old kind smile—a little graver, perhaps—and questioned her so tenderly about her health, and what she had been doing with herself, that her agitation soon subsided, and she found herself talking to him, soothed in spite of herself by his calmness and sympathy.

And yet the vicar looked worn and ill, and there were dark lines under his eyes, which betokened sleeplessness and pain. He

looked like a man who had battled through some great sorrow and had attained peace. He could think now for others besides himself, and very tenderly and skilfully he set about performing the work which he had in hand—which was not only Rotha's consolation, as she found out afterward.

But just now he seemed to have no thought but for her, and indeed the weary young face smote him with strange feelings of compassion.

"I have been thinking of you so often, Rotha," he said. "I have thought of the little sister as one whom I have loved and chastened, and who will always be dearer to us than ever now, because Gar loved her."

Ah! she has not heard the name since, and her tears fall fast.

"Do you remember what I said that night about our dear boy—that he was not poor Gar, but happy Gar now? Ah! Rotha, think of it literally, not figuratively, 'drawn out of many waters,' and so brought into the haven where he would be."

"I know," she returned; "but so young, and to die so terrible a death!"

"Is it terrible, I wonder?" mused the vicar. "They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths, it may be their soul is melted because of trouble. Let us hope that bitter baptism, that weary chrisom, were less terrible than our imagination paints them. Oh, Rotha, never forget 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.' What if the angel of healing went down with him into the troubled waters? Are not the darkness and the light both alike to him?"

"He was fit to die," said the girl, weeping; "none more so—I know it."

"He would not like to hear us say so, and yet we may console ourselves that 'this our brother rests in sure and certain hope.' When I speak of Garon I always think of some trusty young soldier of the cross. If any one loved his Lord, he did. It seemed to me," continued the vicar solemnly, "at least in my poor human judgment, as though he always strove to follow the advice of the Wise Man, 'Let thy garment be always white, and thy head lack no ointment.' He was not worldly-wise, Rotha, hardly as clever as most men; but it may be that of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Rotha still wept, but more silently. These premises of her lost love were like a sweet solemn dirge. "Oh, if we could only be like him!" she murmured out of a full heart.

"Yes, indeed," returned the vicar; "he has taught me many a lesson, has my poor boy, when he only thought he was learning from me. Once, when he was a very little child, Rotha, a mere infant at his mother's knee, he asked if he might not pray to die young; and only a few years ago he told me that he always missed out that clause in the Litany, 'From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.' I had some difficulty in persuading him that it merely meant 'sudden unprepared death.' Oh, Rotha, when I think of his hidden life among us, a life so different from other men's, I feel sure that the Lord's mark was on him."

"I always said he was good," faltered Rotha. "When all he were against me, he was kind to me. Even that dreadful evening at Nettie's he came up to me and wished me good-night. Do you think I shall ever

forget it? He was my best friend, the kindest, the truest, and he loved me. Oh, Mr. Ord, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

He waited quietly until the pent-up feelings had had their vent, and then he took her hand and told her—what she knew already, and yet what it was always good to hear—how the sinless One had wept beside an open grave, and how since then the tears of all mourners had been hallowed. He told her that she was right to weep for Garon, for a nobler and a braver heart had never gone to its rest. And then when he had said this he asked her to listen to him, for he wanted to tell her about some one who was more unhappy than she, and when she looked at him inquiringly he told her that it was Robert.

"Robert?" repeated Rotha doubtfully. She was a little confused as to the vicar's meaning. "Robert more unhappy than she?" Her sad face seemed to add "impossible."

"Yes, Robert; my brother, Rotha. When I saw him just now I was almost shocked at his appearance. He looked as though he had gone without food or rest for days; his eyes were bloodshot, his face quite haggard, and his hand felt almost as weak as yours. I could hardly speak to him, he started me so."

"But why," asked Rotha, quite bewildered. She began to feel rather frightened at the vicar's description. "Surely it could not be Gar's loss only? I did not know he loved him so," she said, with quivering lips. "I thought he could not quite understand him; that he made him impatient?"

"Perhaps so," returned the vicar; "but, Rotha, do not your very words give the clue to Robert's misery? If he felt he had always been kind and patient to the poor boy, do you think his grief would be so unbearable? You know the tenacity with which Robert clings to one idea. Well, he has got it into his head that it is all his fault that this has happened—that, but for him, Gar would never have gone away. He tells me that you said so, and he says that he never means to see you again."

"What!" exclaimed Rotha, sorely troubled, "not see me—Robert! Mr. Ord, surely you misunderstood him, he could not have said that?"

"He not only said it, but I am afraid he meant it," replied Anstin. "He says he has injured you past all hope of forgiveness, and that you will not care to see his face again. He was terribly vehement over it. You know Robert's way. What with this hopeless engagement of his and Gar's death, and all his morbid feeling, I am afraid he will torment himself into a fever. He looks ripe for anything to-night, and Rotha, we can hardly bear any more trouble just now. My dear child, where are you going?"

"I am going to Robert, of course. Come, Mr. Ord."

"But now, at this late hour of the evening?"

"Why not? There is no time to be lost. Did you not mean me to go and see him?"

"Yes, certainly, when you are stronger. I only hoped you would volunteer, but not to-night. You are not fit; and it is so cold and damp outside, snowing hard too."

"Do you think the snow ought to prevent my going to Gar's brother? Oh, Mr. Ord,

how can you think such a thing; Would not Gar have gone?" And the vicar, secretly overjoyed at this unlooked-for success, offered no further objections.

It was a bitter night. The wind had subsided, but the air was full of the driving snow. The roads were already covered with it, and Rotha shivered and clung closer to the vicar's arm, for it seemed to her excited fancy as though the whole place was one great winding-sheet, and she was being pelted by frozen tears. She had no idea she was so weak till she stood at the vicarage gate with trembling limbs waiting for him to go in.

"Not there!" exclaimed the vicar. "Robert is in his own house. He never stops long with us of an evening now." And, opening the door, he looked back and beckoned her to follow.

Rotha was a little staggered when she found it was Robert's house that she was to enter, but she took courage when she remembered it had been Garton's home too. She followed the vicar through the dark hall and up the narrow staircase, wondering how she was to account for her intrusion, but perfectly convinced she was doing the right thing all the same. She waited while the vicar tapped at the study-door, and followed him closely when the impatient "Come in" gave them a right to enter.

"I have brought a friend to see you, Robert," began the vicar cheerfully. "Rotha heard you were far from well, and she wished to accompany me and judge for herself. Well, my dear fellow, what's the matter?"

"Miss Maturin here—in this house!" burst out Robert. But Rotha stepped forward and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Yes, I have come to see you, Robert," speaking his Christian name for the first time so naturally. "I could not bear to think that Gar's brother was ill, and I might do him good and yet keep away. I am very weak. May I sit down?" she said softly, taking the seat next to him.

Ah! there was no need to question the vicar's account when she saw his face.

He had been sitting, or rather crouching, over the fire when they had entered, and had hardly raised his head till Rotha's name was mentioned; a more desolate figure, amid more desolate surroundings, it was scarcely possible to see. The fire had burnt low, and was merely a mass of reddened embers; a candle guttered on the table by the side of a smoky reading-lamp, and a solitary meal, untempting and untouched, was spread amidst a mass of books, inkstands, and heterogeneous rubbish. Cinders lay curled up on Garton's empty chair, and beside her was his old felt hat, still left as he had last flung it down. How tenderly the vicar took it up, and lifted the favorite cat on his knee!

"Don't touch it," said Robert savagely; "he left it there." He had made no sort of response to Rotha's friendly pressure—unless the weary stare he gave her may be called one; only, when she took that seat beside him, he turned away his face with a sort of groan. If this had come to him, if her reproachful face were to haunt him, let him die, for what good was his life to him?

"Will you speak to me? I am not very well, and I have come to see you. Dear Mr. Ord, ask him not to turn from me when

I am so sorry for him—so very sorry for him."

"Do not waste your sorrow upon me," returned Robert hoarsely, addressing her for the first time. "Austin, why did you bring her when you knew that I never intended to see her again? Have I not darkened her life sufficiently without bringing her here?"

"He did not bring me; I came of my own accord," returned Rotha, trying bravely to restrain her tears. "I heard that you were ill and unhappy, and tormenting yourself; and I said, 'If Gar's brother wants me he will never send for me; I must go and tell him that it is all right—that it will never be wrong again between him and me.'"

"Rotha, are you mad? Do you hear her, Austin? Right between her and me when she knows that but for me that poor boy would never have gone away—would be happy now—yes, happy, and sitting where you are!"

"God would have it otherwise," replied the weeping girl. "Do not make it too hard for me to say, 'His will be done.' I will not blame you—no, not for worlds; because you had pledged your word, and thought it right for him to go. Could you know that he would never come back again—that we should see his face no more?"

"If I thought you could forgive me—" he began; but she interrupted him.

"There is nothing to forgive—nothing," she said hurriedly. "To think I could cherish bitterness against his brother when he loved me so dearly, and wanted me to be his wife! Oh, put away those terrible fancies; they are not worthy of you. Dear Mr. Ord, tell him that I will love him and be his sister if he will only let me."

But the vicar, making her a sign, moved quietly away; he thought it well that, for a moment at least, he should leave him to her woman's tenderness. It was well he did so, for he had scarcely left the room a minute before Robert, overwhelmed by his conflicting emotions, and worn out by sleeplessness, broke into those convulsive tearless sobs which are so terrible to hear—a man's agony finding sudden vent, but giving no relief, and tearing his frame to pieces with useless throes.

Rotha lost her courage when she heard those terrible sobs.

"Do not; I cannot bear it. You are hurting me. Do not make me sorry that I came. Oh, Gar, Gar, if you were only here to help me! What would you say to see him like this?"

"Have I frightened you, Rotha? Give me your hand a moment—there, it will pass directly. Oh, forgive me! I know you do. I feel you do; but if you knew what I have suffered! There, say something more to me; call me Robert again; it may exorcise the demon within me."

"Poor Robert! There, you are better now. You were ill; you could not help it. You have not slept for nights, perhaps, and that has shattered your nerves."

"I think I prayed not to sleep," he returned, shuddering. "Have you not seen it all, Rotha? I have, over and over again. I dare not shut my eyes, for fear that poor boy's face should haunt me. Last night I saw him clearly; he had his hands clasped on his breast, and his dead eyes seemed to look me through and through."

"Hush!" said the girl, trembling. "It

was only a dream. When I see him I always fancy there is a halo round his head."

"I cannot get his voice out of my ears. How long ago is it? hardly a fortnight, since he said: 'Good-bye, Robert; I hope you will not miss me much. Take care of yourself.'"

"Are you doing as he said?" returned Rotha gently. "The vicar tells me that you eat nothing. I can see you have not tasted anything this evening. No wonder your nerves are unstrung if you neglect yourself like this."

"What does that matter? What good am I to any one! Oh, if these three months were but over, and I could get away somewhere—anywhere out of this place."

His agitation began to return, but she laid her hand on his arm and called him brother softly, and then put aside her cloak, and told the vicar, when he came back, that she was not going to leave him just yet, and begged him to help her to put things a little comfortable for him.

Did she guess what she was doing for him when she laid aside her own trouble and weakness to minister to the stricken man who a little while ago had been her greatest enemy? Years afterward he told her that she had saved him from brain-fever, for sleeplessness and want of food, and the morbid dwelling on one diseased idea, had driven him well-nigh mad. "A few hours more, another night of that terrible solitude would have done for me," he said, and Rotha, as she recalled the fierce fire of his eyes and the strangeness of his manner, felt within herself that he was right.

Some one besides Robert blessed Rotha as she moved softly about the comfortable room. In a little while she had coaxed the sullen embers into a cheerful blaze, the smoky lamp was re-trimmed, and the little black kettle sang merrily on the hob, the cricket came out with a premonitory chirp, and Cinders, rousing herself in the belief that something was going on, jumped uninvited on Robert's knee and purred loudly as she whisked her tail in his face.

The vicar knew how to be useful, and had the table cleared in a trice. Old Sarah toddled up with more tempting-looking viands; and then he and Rotha sat down to break bread at Robert's table.

When had Robert ever failed in his duty as host before? But he failed now. He let Rotha bring his cup to him, and, though he loathed the very sight of food, he ate and drank to please her. The vicar told Mary afterward that he almost shuddered at the haggardness and beauty of Robert's face, and that, as Rotha sat beside him in her black dress, she looked, but for her un-covered hair, like a young Sister of Mercy.

Rotha did not say much till tea was over. She began to look somewhat spent, and the vicar told Robert that he must take her away; but before she left she told him that she should be at the Vicarage to-morrow, and that she hoped he would be there. And then she whispered to him a few words, and that he must never hurt her so again, for that it was all right between them—that she prayed for him every night, and pitied him from her heart.

Later on, just as Robert was beginning to relapse into his dreary brooding, and the cricket had gone in, and the fire had

began to burn very low, the door opened, and a round boyish face, very sleepy, and no longer rosy, thrust itself into the room.

"Please, Uncle Robert, it's nearly eleven! Aren't you going to bed? There's such a jolly fire in your room, and mother's muddled some wine, and it's all so comfortable. Do come and see."

"A fire in my room! Am I ill? Good gracious, Guy, whatever brings you here at this time of night? Go home, lad, and go to bed, do."

"I am not going to bed till you do," maintained Guy sturdily. "I've come to keep you company, Uncle Robert, and to see that your fire does not go out, and that you have proper food to eat, and that Cinders does not drink up all the cream. Holloa, Cinders, come here."

"But, Guy," remonstrated his uncle feebly, but cheered unconsciously by the lad's sleepy face, "this is all nonsense. I am not ill—at least, not very. Who sent you to me?"

"Who sent me? Oh, father and Rotha. I was asleep when they came in; but it was so jolly getting up. I heard Rotha tell him that you must not be left alone to feed on your own thoughts. Mother came in, and got all comfortable; but she is gone now. Come along to bed, Uncle Bob, there's a good fellow; for I am awfully sleepy, and I won't budge an inch till you do."

Rotha knew what she was about when she persuaded the vicar to wake up Guy, for the boy dearly loved his uncle, and for his sake would be ready to sacrifice anything. He sat on the bed and chatted till the muddled wine, and the warmth, and the company had made Robert drowsy. Half-a-dozen times in the night he turned out of his warm bed, roused by Robert's restless murmurings:

"Is that you, Gar. I didn't mean it, Gar. I wouldn't have sent you away for worlds."

"No, of course not. Go to sleep, Uncle Bob. It's only Guy."

"Only Guy! My dear lad, are you sure of it? I thought it was Gar. Give me your hand, boy—there." And Robert, turning over on his side, and muttering still, would fall into another short moaning sleep, and so on, until with the dawning day he slept soundly for a few hours.

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXV.

The perusal of the Book of Ecclesiastes leaves upon the mind of a thoughtful reader impressions of profound melancholy. Human life is there sketched in most sombre colors. As we listen to some wild, sad piece of music, wherein amid much variety there ceases not to be heard, now faintly and now with heavy distinctness, the toll of the funeral bell, even thus do we listen to this story of human sorrow, with its ever recurring theme, Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.

The Preacher gives, as we have seen, a mournful account of the progress of decay as we reach old age. And then the curtain falls.

We may think of life as a cord woven of many silver strands, easily severed at its best, and sure in the end to rust and break. Or let it be as a lamp supplied from a golden reservoir, and that fed by unseen hands; a light apt to be put out by violence or accident, and sure to flicker and die when its supplies are exhausted. Or, regarding especially its wonderful mechanism and ceaseless circulation, we may compare it to an Eastern cistern: its waters will pass away until but the dregs are left; its overworn machinery will finally give out, and the dilapidated wheel and broken conduit tell that its work is done. "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

In silence is the worn-out frame borne to its last, long home; for a few days the mourners move in melancholy procession through the streets; and nought remains but for the thoughtful survivor to exclaim, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun; but if a man live many years and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity."

Such is the prospect which bounds the view of mortal man; this is the wine which the world keeps for the last. Leave the unseen out of the question and indulge ourselves with the hope that earth shall treat us as favorites, that no sudden disaster shall overwhelm us, nor unexpected summons shall call us hence; and what does it all come to? Languor and imbecility, joylessness and fatigue; the members stiffening slowly for the shroud, the earth withdrawing from us day by day, and at last to die; a thing of course; and the event next in natural order.

There is a bright side to this picture; but unless Faith directly or indirectly gilds these closing scenes, the darkness is without relief. And if this be a fair summary of man's history: he is born, he sports, he labors, he is disquieted, he is merry, he rears children to tread the same path a little way behind him, he grows old, he dies; then no pathos is too deep, no words too sad, no dirge too mournful to suit the end of his profitless career.

Observe that Solomon is describing the sorrows of an old age which knows no God, and founds on it all the argument for early piety: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh," whose manifold woes he so touchingly describes. He would impress upon us that as in old age we most need the consolations of a reconciled God, so, also, it is almost hopeless to reconcile us to Him then, if we have spent our lives at variance with Him.

If in early age the Creator be remembered, then is there implanted in us the germ and principle of another life, which spurs the limit of threescore and ten, and whose years are the cycles of a vast eternity—a life which is not fed on meat and drink, and whose property is to thrive and grow in the midst of ruin and dilapidation.

As the eye and ear grow dull to things of sense, this life quickens them to see the radiance of the heavenly city and to hear

the music of its eternal song. As the things of time do cease to please and active labor is suspended, it fills the memory with sweet recollections of the past, and invests the future with holy hopes. Let the outward man perish, the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong ones bend, the inward man is renewed day by day, and the faculties of the soul are invested with immortal youth.

This memory of the Creator sits like a halo of glory upon the gray hairs of age, and makes the Christian warrior most honorable as his warfare approaches its end.

And when at last the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken, when the pitcher is broken at the fountain and the wheel broken at the cistern, howbeit all may seem wreck and ruin, the useless remnant of a fallen house, that soul that dwelt therein while yet its tenement was new and strong, shall haste away to be clothed upon with its house which is from heaven, and to dwell where time makes no invasion, where sickness comes not to destroy.

"Then," as Seneca has said, "that day which men call our last shall be our birthday into eternity."

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH TRAVEL.

York and York Minster.

BY M. MEDLICOTT.

From Ely to Peterborough is only a short railway ride, and we did not like to pass by this city, even though the visit must be a brief one. So on our way to York we decided to stop over at Peterborough for a few hours, and felt repaid for the visit, though we saw the cathedral under great disadvantages, indeed very imperfectly. The great central tower was torn down, and all the middle of the cathedral filled with scaffolding, only the eastern end of the choir being boarded off for use, so that we could get but faint impressions of what must have been, and would be again, the beauty of the whole. What chiefly interested me here was the brass lectern, dating from the fourteenth century, which had been buried in a garden near by, to preserve it from the vandalism (as we may well call it) of Cromwell's soldiers. The feet were broken off in this hiding, and the mending so roughly done that the soldering still shows plainly. The roof of the nave is painted in a similar style to that of Ely, but under the circumstances we could not so well appreciate the beauty of the building, and hope sometime to visit it again. Outside, the quiet enclosure was thickly strewn with grave-stones, and beautifully shaded as it was, seemed to afford a favorite resting-place for persons passing by, or nurses with their juvenile charges, for I noticed many such here and there seated on the ground or the stones.

The restoration of Peterborough Cathedral has been unfortunately delayed by differences of opinion among those who have charge of this noble work; but we trust all vexed questions are now happily settled, and that the tower will rise again ere long in more than its former beauty, and in perfect strength and fitness for its place.

It was late in the evening that, arriving in the ancient and venerable city of York,

we found ourselves comfortably housed in the Royal Station Hotel. As is the case in many towns in England, the hotel adjoins the railway station, so that we could pass directly from one to the other, following the smart looking porter wheeling our luggage. Too late for anything but supper and bed, glad were we of these and of a night's rest.

York at last! Thought was busy with all we had heard and read and hoped to see. Not alone for its famous minster is this place interesting, its history and associations command our deepest respect, nay, reverence. Way back in the times of the Roman's, Eboracum, as it was then called, held high rank, being of more importance than London. It was the usual resting place of the Roman emperors on occasions of their visits to Britain, and was conquered and occupied by the Romans (being then a British town of some importance) about A.D. 70, and indeed was made by them the metropolis of their empire in Britain. Since then what changes it has seen! Occupied in turns, as we see, by British, Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, all of whom have left more or less of their own impress on the place. One of the most interesting episodes—if we may so call it—must have been the baptism on Easter Day, A.D. 627, of the Northumbrian king, Edwin, who, under the teaching of the good priest, Paulinus, had embraced Christianity, having married the daughter of the Christian king, Ethelbert of Kent. To the latter, under the direction of St. Augustine, we owe the Cathedral of Canterbury. To Edwin, under the direction of Paulinus, who was made its first bishop, we owe the cathedral church of York. For though the original building in which the king was baptized, reared in Saxon fashion chiefly of wood, was soon replaced by a larger stone church enclosing this small temporary one, in its turn to be rebuilt or replaced, wholly or in part, again and again. From that time, on this spot, for more than twelve hundred years has been uplifted the voice of prayer and praise to the glory of God.

So much to see, one hardly knows where to begin! As all roads are said to lead to Rome, so here all streets lead to or centre at the minster. But on the way thither, how much of interest! Across the river Ouse, (though a different stream from that at Ely,) and outside the walls enclosing the old city, as our hotel stands, we have to pass through heavy arched gates, or "bars," as they are called, the "gates" meaning streets, to gain admittance to the town. High and broad the walls are, and we must walk around them, or part-way at least, for they are broken and taken away in places. But now let us go through the nearest "bar," and across the fine bridge, at the end of which a man comes out of a little house, demanding the toll of a penny. Having inquired our way previously, there was little difficulty in knowing where to go. York is not a hilly town, and the minster is shut in very much by surrounding houses, though many of these have been removed of late years. Grand and noble in its massiveness, it rises soon before us, and we do not realize at once its great size, any more than we can realize its exceeding beauty. Perhaps beauty is scarcely the word to use, for majesty and dignity seem more in keeping with all its proportions.

How stately is the west front rising directly before us, with its rich Gothic arched doorways, a deeply-recessed, beautifully-ornamented double one in the centre, smaller ones under the towers that flank the sides. The beautiful window above the central doorway, the dignity of the towers on either hand—all combine in grand effect. Let us walk around the outside of the minster before we enter, so shall we gain a better idea of its majesty. Note the height of the walls of nave, the walls of aisles only about half as high; the clerestory windows nearly as large as those in the side aisles, the massive, gabled transept, with the rich doorway and window above on the south side; the high window in the choir transept breaking the line of wall; the east end, so striking in all its detail of strength and beauty; the grand chapter-house, with its conical roof running so steeply aloft; and the length of north side with the gabled end of transept so totally different from the opposite one; and around and below all the lovely rich green of the velvet turf, and overhead the soft, fleecy clouds tempering the brightness of sun and sky. 'Twould be hard to find a fairer or nobler picture than this.

Within, as we enter at the west door, the better to gain our first view of the glorious harmony of nave and pillared aisle, involuntarily our steps are hushed, our voices stilled. We cannot talk in such a spot as this, we can only gaze and wonder, and treasure up in our minds to recall when far away the hallowed memories of the place. Hallowed indeed, as we think of some who have worshipped here and loved to tell us of this famous minster. So often described as this has been, we will not repeat the attempt. We will only in thought dwell upon the grandeur of the lofty nave, with its stately pillars separating it from the aisles, the exquisite carving on the capitals of these pillars, the beautiful, richly colored windows of both aisles and clerestory, the central tower open to such a height, with its windows on every side, adding richness to the whole, the massive screen, dividing choir from nave, consisting of fifteen compartments or niches, each holding a life-size (though they do not look so) statue of kings of England, ending with Henry VI. Then on either side, opening from the central tower, are the great transepts, the north one ending with the window so well known as the "Five Sisters," interesting to study in detail as well as exquisite at first glance, the south transept ending with a magnificent doorway, to which steps lead up from the floor, and rose-window above, with the same exquisite carvings to be seen here as elsewhere. From this doorway, too, how fine the view across the cathedral, unequalled by similar view in any other building for extent and grandeur, while the choir is in keeping with all the rest, and what more can be said of it, and the east window beyond, the largest in England, and one of the most beautiful.

Sunday in York! How much the words convey to one who has had such a privilege! To begin the day, looking out across the gardens and river and houses, to the grand old minster beyond, listening to the music of the bells chiming out for early service, ending with the full chime of twelve bells, was inspiring in itself, and a fitting prelude to the worship that was to follow, and

which is not to be described in words. Such music I have never heard surpassed, and but rarely equalled, and though no musician. I can now recall the pathetic, entrancing notes of the anthem, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee," etc., and see the almost heavenly face of the young chorister in his white robes as he seemed to lose himself in his singing. Also the sweet words, "O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire," forming the anthem at evening service. Here, too, we heard the "reading in," as it is called, of a newly appointed canon, giving another feature of interest to the day, and his sermon was a well-presented argument in favor of an established Church. Memorable services these were, and who could engage in such without feeling that it was indeed worshipping God "in the beauty of holiness." Then to end all, the organ pealing through the vaulted arches, and echoed back from wall and pillar and fretted roof, the thunder of its melowy would have been overpowering elsewhere. For half an hour or more we sat and listened, entranced to the glorious harmony, long as it lasted.

Later on, when the heat of the day had abated, we went out on the walls of the town, striking the portion of them surrounding the minster on two sides at a short distance off. From here the effect was very beautiful, for the western sun shone through the windows of the great tower from one side to the other, and gave such a strange impression. For there one stood almost betwixt heaven and earth, looking across the high roofs of the minster, through the richly colored windows of the tower, and down on the houses of the town below. One of the finest views can be had from this point, and especially worth seeing at such an hour. Perhaps even then few are so fortunate in obtaining such a unique picture as we had.

Of course there is much to interest one in York. So many old streets, narrow and crooked, and with overhanging houses, the upper stories projecting beyond the lower, till two persons could sometimes touch hands across the street from those upper windows. Some houses have old timber fronts, with odd little projecting windows; in such funny little court-yards opening out from the street, with houses surrounding them in turn. The market-place, running the length of two streets at right angles, with awnings stretched overhead. And more interesting, perhaps, still, the old walls of the city, wide enough for two or three to walk abreast on, with a battlement on one side and small towers at intervals, also here and there wide recesses with seats around them, forming pleasant places for rest and outlook.

The ruins of the old Abbey of St. Mary are very picturesque, almost jutting on the river, and the grounds about them are lovely, included in the Gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. This Abbey was one of the earliest founded in Yorkshire, and a colony of monks from here afterwards founded the famous and beautiful Fountains Abbey. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, under Henry VIII., this Abbey of St. Mary's was one of the richest, not only in Yorkshire, but in the north of England. Only portions of the walls now remain, but these are well cared

for. There are also some interesting old churches to be seen in York. Indeed, one could pleasantly spend many days in exploring this quaint old city, but further account must wait for another time.

A HYMN TO HOLY SPIRIT.

BY JOHN CULLEN.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Self-control."—GAL. v. 22-23.

Blessed Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Now as at the Pentecost!
Fill us with Thy light and love,
And all graces from above.
Make us true in thought and word,
Pure and meet to serve the Lord,
That our life may ever be
Wholly ruled, O Lord, by Thee.

We are dark, be Thou our light,
We are weak, be Thou our might,
We are sinful, make us pure,
We are wavering, us assure,
We are dying, give us life;
Calm, O Lord, our weary strife.
Let Thy love fill every heart,
Holy joy to each impart.

Give us peace, O Spirit blest,
Lead us unto Christ, our rest;
Let Thy gentleness divine,
In our lives in patience shine,
Lead our faith from strength to strength,
Till we reach our home at length,
There the praises we shall sing
Of our Saviour, God and King.

Meekness guide Thou in Thy way,
Goodness strengthen every day,
Power to bear, give us, O Lord,
Self-control in deed and word.
These the graces freely given
Unto all who thirst for Heaven!
On us shower them, Lord, that we
May live only, all, for Thee!

INDIVIDUALISM AND COMBINATION IN THEIR RELATION TO PURITY.

BY ELLICE HOPKINS.

The Church of England identifies herself with the Church of England Purity Society, of which her two archbishops are the presidents, and all her bishops are the vice-presidents, and she agitates for coercive legislation in the form of greater protection for the young from those who would betray their weakness or make a profit out of their corruption.

In reality, all who think deeply on the subject are inclined to consider both views as true, intense individualism and powerful combination being complementary to one another. Do not the curiously opposite decisions that thoughtful people arrive at on this vital and complex problem arise from their regarding it from two opposite sides? One mind contemplates the sins of impurity as they have their source in the individual will, and proceed from the evil heart of man. From this point of view it seems as absurd to combine against them as it would be to form a society for keeping one's temper or subduing one's pride. Intense individual dealing with souls and bringing them to the fountain of all healing, he sees as the only remedy.

Another contemplates it more in its external aspect. He sees it as a great organized evil, with its thousands of active emis-

saries, in its sadder aspect of the systematic degradation of woman, probably the most extensive and highly-organized trade in the world, and he is impressed by the wild absurdity of meeting it in any other way than by counter-organization. All individual effort he sees but too clearly will shatter itself in vain against these organized forces of evil. Take but one branch of the trade—the trade in bad literature. That one society has in little more than ten years suppressed in New York 130,000 pounds of bound books of an evil character; 194,000 bad pictures and photographs; 14,900 pounds of stereotype plates for printing 145 different obscene books; 22,000 names of persons catalogued and sold to dealers in bad literature as persons likely on receipt of circulars to send orders; that of evil books of the cheap kind, sold from twenty-five to fifty cents, there are one hundred and nine varieties, besides a large number of items that cannot even be specified; and that this does not represent more than one-tenth of the output of sewage that is being poured on New York, do we not feel the utter hopelessness of meeting so gigantic an evil by any amount of isolated, individual effort? Mere preaching the Gospel and saving individual souls will be as powerless against this traffic as it proved itself against the drink traffic till we learned to combine against it. Here, if anywhere, men must learn to stand shoulder to shoulder, if they are not to be swept before this muddy torrent. And are merely repressive measures sufficient in moral any more than in physical therapeutics? What should we say of the physician who merely repressed the fatal abscess he had to cure, and took no steps to strengthen his patient's constitution to throw it off by pouring in food, and tonics, and pure air? Besides your repressive agencies, do you not manifestly want some organization like the White Cross for the systematic circulation of good sound teaching on the whole subject, an organization with its members everywhere, and penetrating into your workshops and counting-houses, into your clubs and smoking-rooms, where the foot of the parson never comes—men banded together to strengthen one another's hands and hearts, and everywhere maintaining a higher and a purer standard and spreading sound teaching, till the outflow of sewage is met by a river clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God?

Or take again the state of public opinion. What hope is there while public opinion is where it is? Take the utterances of some of your own public papers at a recent election, or take the utterance of a peer, last year, in the English House of Lords, when, in opposing a measure for protecting virtuous girls in the streets, he said: "We have, all of us, been guilty of immorality in our youth, with very few exceptions, and I beseech you, my lords, to pause before you pass this law, lest our own sons come under it." Would he have said, with the same engaging frankness: "We have all of us cheated at cards or forged cheques in our youth, with very few exceptions," or have confessed to anything that men hold to be really disgraceful; but while the degradation of woman is not thought disgraceful to the men whose money alone makes this trade in the souls and bodies of their fellow-creatures possible, what hope is there?

Or take the evidence of those great truth tellers, words. Take the word *virtue*, and look it out in Chamber's Dictionary, and you will find as one of its meanings, "female purity." But the word originally meant *manliness*. Why then do we apply it to women? Why do we never speak of a man losing his virtue as we speak of a woman losing hers? Or the purely sexless word *virgin*, from the Latin *virgido*, to be fresh and green, how is it that it has come to mean an unmarried woman, and not equally an unmarried man? Whilst a young man going into business is met on the very threshold by the lie that chastity in men is a mere hypocritical pretence, whilst public opinion is where it is what hope is there? Have you intense individualism? get your regenerated individual. But will not his first action be to combine with others to get a sound public opinion? Is not the first want some ready-made public opinion on the side of right that you can quote? An ounce of fact is worth a ton of talking. Let us be able to point to the fact that men are banding themselves together to reverence womanhood, and live high, pure lives themselves and our young men will no longer feel themselves alone when they try to do right and will catch the inspiration of a high ideal.

On the other hand, I do not think in England we are blind to the need of intense individual effort, as well as of combination. We have only to remember that "individual" and "atom" are the same word, to be reminded that the nature of the combination depends on the qualities of the atom.

We must get rid of that "tradition of the elders" which makes it impossible for the present race of fathers to speak to their own boys, and makes the law of God by which the father is constituted the natural moral teacher of his own son of no effect. We must shatter that other "tradition of the elders" which has made it a received code that there must be an unclean land of mystery in her own son's life from all knowledge of which the mother is excluded, and mothers must be led to look on themselves as especially the guardians of their boys' purity. Such White Cross papers as "True Manliness" * I trust will prove helpful to parents in showing how the positive teaching of purity may be given without the difficulty that must always attend negative warnings against vice. School-teachers must be energized to watch over the purity of the children committed to their care far more than they have done. I do not know whether a little tract called "A Word to School-mistresses," † containing some helpful suggestions, is known in America. Educated women must lovingly take their working sisters by the hand and help them up to a far higher standard of care and decency in the training of their children. And the ministers of religion must make up their mind to give far more definite teaching as to the body being the temple of the Holy Ghost, and the life-giving functions the very shrine of that temple; and that purity is that which differentiates us from the beast, and is the very eye of the soul, without which, all divine vision, all high-seeing of duty and self-sacrifice and lofty endeavor becomes impossible, losing which, we lose the power of

* Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

† Hatchard's, London.

"seeing God" in the humblest of His redeemed creatures, or reverencing the sacred weakness of the divine in women and little children.

When the "intense individualism" of home teaching passes men on to the old order of knighthood for which that home teaching has been one long training—and let it be remembered that the White Cross movement is nothing more—when the standard of the White Cross is publicly raised, and men's "strength is as the strength of ten, because the heart is pure;" when they use that strength to protect woman from all that lowers and defiles them, and makes them unfit to be the mothers of our noble race; when of every man in that noble brotherhood, the poorest and most unprotected girl can feel, as of King Arthur:

"That all the time he by his side her bore
She was as safe as in a sanctuary."

Then through intense individualism and noble combination we may attain to a higher and a purer manhood and womanhood, and the strength of our race will be as the strength of ten, because the heart of England and America, her men and her women, will be pure and will "see God."

DUTY--GENERAL GRANT.

It is alone the military key which unlocks his character. He was not pre-eminently great as a statesman, nor as a political manager; and as a man of affairs in the business world he was simply a child. His ideals throughout were of that simple, frank, and faithful sort which belong, characteristically, to soldiers and sailors; and his faults, by so much, were those of one whom circumstances, in the hour of triumph, most unfortunately dragged beyond (or below) his sphere. For it was General Grant's very camp-bred simplicity of manhood—and, I believe, never the smallest tincture of dishonesty—which made him such an easy prey to the gross selfishness of those who surrounded him, first politically and afterward financially. And remember, there is grandeur, after all, about this kind of simplicity, which, in our American worship of the brilliant, and the smart, and the dexterous, and the shrewd, we are seriously in danger of forgetting. This is one of the lessons of this great death, to teach us that manhood alone is great, and that "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God," and, in the end, with all good men as well! Brethren, there is in the long run a vastly greater foolishness in the swindler, however smart, than in the victim, however trustful. It needs a death like this, perhaps, to beat this in upon our numbed national sensibilities. For we are not quick to see it.

Two contrasts are suggested by this death. The first is historical, as between Grant and Napoleon. Think of it! The one represents the superiority of Duty above Ambition. The other represents Genius above Everything. The one sacrificed his thousands for the Imperial personality; the other, his tens of thousands for a principle! And oh! how just is the logic of events, and how sweet its poetry, too! Napoleon dies on the island of St. Helena, surrounded to the last simply by his military household. Grant dies upon a mountain of his native land, with his loved and loving household close beside him, and with his last thought completely saturated with the homely love

of a husband for a wife and of a father for his children! Surely, we are great, and great is the republic!

The second contrast is not so flattering to us the nation over. It is the contrast which will be presented on the burial day between the two ends of the metropolis; for at the one end will be the most glorious and solemn interment that our nation has ever known. And at the other there will be Ludlow Street Jail. At the one end will be gathered the greatest men of the nation to honor the stern, rugged, self-sacrificing dutifulness of the dear old soldier-hero. At the other there will be the "Napoleon of finance." But wait! The antithesis is intensely moral as well as dramatic. For who is Ferdinand Ward, after all, but the single fruit of a vast business system of unmanly duplicity and selfish evasion which is producing Ferdinand Wards every hour? We can't avoid personalities at this sacred moment. No more can we afford to make the contrast merely personal. God goes deeper. He is no respecter of persons. With Him the antithesis forms the condemnation of no particular swindler. It rebukes the spirit of covetousness wherever found, which goes on prostituting genius and entrapping greatness every day among us. Oh, let us learn something of noble usefulness in this our hour of keen bereavement!—From a sermon by the Rev. C. W. Ward.

BISHOP WHIPPLE MAKES APPEAL.

In all the dark story of our broken faith with the Indians, I recall no instance of greater wrong than that done to the Chippewas. They have, as a people, always been our friends. A large part of Minnesota's goosly heritage belonged to them. The lands which have brought us untold wealth and on which are now builded our villages and cities were once their hunting-grounds. It was an Indian paradise. The lakes and rivers were filled with fish, the forests and prairies abounded with game and the wild rice was God's manna for the red man. The amounts which were promised to them for the sale of their land were sometimes wasted or stolen, and the deadly fire-water and the evil example of bad white men dragged them down to a depth of sorrow their fathers had never known. At a time when their annuities have nearly ceased, when their game has been destroyed, and hunger and disease stand at the door of the wigwam, we have done this poor people the greatest wrong in their history.

We needed more water for our manufactories and for our river commerce. Without regard to the rights of the Indians, Congress authorized the building of dams on the upper Mississippi. They have cost several hundred thousand dollars. They will overflow over fifty square miles of land on the Leech Lake Reservation. It will destroy their rice fields from which they gather over two thousand bushels annually. It destroys part of their sugar orchards from which they gather a large yield of sugar. It destroys their main supply of fish. They depend for winter food on a species of white fish, "the tull bee," which comes in vast numbers on the shoals of their lakes in October, and they say when the lakes are raised fifteen feet they cannot take their annual supply of fish. For four years these Indians have sent appeal after appeal for redress. The Depart-

ment of the Interior asked their agent to report the facts, and his statements were received with incredulity. Captain Blakely and the Rev. J. A. Gilliland were appointed a commission to assess the damages, and their report shared the same fate. The Government has offered the Indians less compensation than the value of the millions of feet of their pine used in the construction of the dams.

There is hardly a month that I do not receive some pitiful appeal from these poor, wronged men.

I have hoped against hope that at last justice would be done to them. I fear the words of Secretary Edwin M. Stanton to me are true: "Bishop, your pleading at Washington is useless. The United States Government never redresses a wrong until the people demand it. When the heart of the nation is reached, then, and not till then, will the Indian receive justice at our hands." If the plea of justice is unheeded by us, we may be sure we shall receive justice at the hands of God.

COURTESIES AND DISCOURTESIES.

There are many courtesies which a gentleman should render to a lady, the absence of which is at once felt, and causes people involuntarily to remark inwardly to themselves, "Oh, not aloud to their friends; 'That man has not good manners.'" I passed that judgment the other evening when I was sitting with a friend by her fireside. A gentleman was ushered in who was well-known to my friend, but a comparative stranger to me. He shook hands with her first, which was, of course, the right thing to do, and then, while speaking to her, he shook hands with me. The breaker of this law of courtesy was a young professional man, well endowed with this world's goods. I should not record this little rudeness if it was only of rare occurrence, but I often notice people guilty of this discourtesy—namely, that of shaking hands with one person while they are speaking to another person. If you wish to say more than "How do you do?" to your hostess, or to any one else whom you greet at first, it is less discourteous to continue your conversation with her for a few moments before taking notice of any one near her, than it is to stretch out your hand and shake that of her neighbor while your face is turned away and your lips are addressing another person.

The discourteous young man to whom I have alluded gave me another reason for my verdict, and as in this respect also he is by no means the only offender in general society, I shall mention the little rudeness. There are three, if not more, separate syllables and sounds which some people utter or make when they have not heard what has been said to them, or when they wish to express assent. These are: What? Eh? Uh! and a guttural sound of the letter m, which cannot be expressed in writing. "I beg your pardon," or "What did you say?" are sentences which should certainly be said when a repetition is asked for; and "Yes" should not be replaced by a grunt when an assent is given.

There are numerous little acts which a man of courtesy will perform. While he is calling at a house, he will rise and open the door for any lady who leaves the room, even

if she is an entire stranger to him; in his own house he will not only open the door of the room, but accompany the lady to the hall door, and open that, if there is no servant at hand to do so, for a departing guest, whether lady or gentleman, should not be left to find their way alone. Neither should they be allowed to find their way into a room. When you act as a host, and your guest accompany you into the drawing-room, do not say, my dear sir, follow the practice of some forgetful or neglectful men, who walk in and march straight up the room, leaving their one guest, or a train, as the case may be, to follow and to close the door. A host should open the door, and shut it after his guests have entered the room.

Amongst other small courtesies a gentleman will rise from his chair, however luxuriously comfortable, and offer assistance, if need be, to a lady if she goes to put coals on the fire, or if she tries to open or close a window. When he escorts her into a room, he will see that she is seated before he looks for a chair for himself; when he escorts her to a table, he will wait to arrange for her comfort, hold the chair, or push it backwards or forwards, as required, before he takes his own seat. And during the meal he will see that she is provided with all she is likely to want. The lady ought not to be obliged to ask for salt, for water, for another cup of tea, or, in fact, for anything that is on the table.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for September.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

BY ETHEL SAUNTON JULIAN.

"It'll be a capital place for hare and hounds."

"Yes, won't it though, just think of those big fields and the woods!"

"Is there anything else?" Mrs. Brown asked, "smiling, this is not more than the twentieth game you have proposed, so I really think we shall have to stay all the year that you may manage them. I know there is excellent skating on the pond."

"What a shame, mother, you are teasing us; of course we want to think of all these things beforehand."

"Certainly, I was only suggesting the skating."

"I wonder if those English fellows will know of any new games."

"Yes, heaps, likely: don't you think so, mother?"

"I daresay, dear; Tom, hand me that shawl-strap; and Charlie, I wish you would let Alice lie down on the seat."

The train whirled along, and the merry party that had been chattering since morning, subsided into silence. No wonder every one was very happy and talkative, for at last they had started on the journey that had been anticipated for a whole year; Mother, Ella, Tom, Charlie and Alice.

Mrs. Brown felt relieved to think that all the trunks were packed, and better

still, locked; Ella was thinking of the strange cousin, and a little bit about her dresses as well; "girls always thought of such silly things," the boys said contemptuously; and their heads were full, yes, more than full, of the lads from over the sea.

Surely nowhere was there a more charming place to spend the summer than at the farm. Such boating, fishing and bathing as any boy's heart could desire, and this year it would be doubly pleasant, for Aunt Fanny and her flock were coming across the Atlantic to join them.

The sun sank lower in the west, throwing bright beams across the car and revealing the smut on the travelers' faces, but no one minded dust or cinders when they were so near their destination.

As the train slackened speed at the last station a pair of eager faces were thrust out of the window, soon however to be drawn back in disappointment.

"I don't believe they are here, mother, there are lots of people, but no one we know."

"I am sure the carriage must be behind the station, bring those parcels, boys, and Alice, take my hand."

"Here they are surely, Hugh, come and speak to them."

"Wait a minute, Rolf, be quiet till we see."

"There isn't a doubt, what nonsense."

The younger of the two boys on the platform stepped forward and laid a hand on Mrs. Brown's bag.

He had unusually broad shoulders, and a comical twist about his wide mouth that made Ella inclined to laugh.

"You must be our aunt," he said, "let me carry this."

"And you are Rolf, I am sure," Mrs. Brown replied, stooping down to kiss him.

Then Hugh came forward, and after hasty greetings they all got into the carriage and were driven rapidly to the country.

It is wonderful how quickly boys become friends. Before Ella and Mary had overcome their shyness the four were firm allies, and scouring the country in search of adventures, which they generally succeeded in finding; for if Rolf did not tumble into a pond, Charlie was almost sure to be thrown from a colt's back, so it was fortunate "the mothers" had no nerves.

They were all sitting about the dining table one damp evening, and an unusual silence prevailed, as "Old Maid" had lost its charm and no one could suggest a pleasanter game.

"I wish we had some corn to pop," Tom said, looking meditatively at the grate, where a little fire had been kindled.

"Yes, wouldn't it be prime?" assented Rolf, stretching himself on the hearth

rug in an unmanly position that Hugh would have scorned.

"Or apples to roast."

"Yes, it's the wrong time of year," Charlie replied forlornly, and they were beginning to think themselves ill-used and much to be pitied when Aunt Fanny changed the current of their ideas.

"What are you going to do on Saturday, boys?"

"Nothing particular, I think. Oh, it's Rolf's birthday, isn't it?"

"And Saturday always ought to be jolly."

"We've talked a great deal about hare and hounds," Charlie said, looking up from the "Old Maid," whom he was adorning with a mustache and a horrible squint.

"Let us have that," Hugh replied, with unusual animation. So of course no one could be happy until a basket and some newspapers were found, and they all fell to tearing scent—forlorn no longer.

"If only it is a fine day," they all said, as if Saturday were the only day in all the year that the hounds could chase the hare.

But a fine day it was, with a fresh little wind to temper the sunshine, and some fleecy white clouds in the sky.

It had been arranged that Rolf and Tom should be hares, and soon after eight o'clock they were off, leaving the hounds by the home gate.

It was just the day for a brisk run, and the soft grassy wood-path was pleasant to the feet.

"We may as well scatter it pretty thick here," Rolf said laughing, as he threw out a handful of the torn papers. "But we'll give them more trouble to find it by-and-by."

They had turned into the fields and hardly thought of their route until they reached the third fence, where they stopped a moment for breath.

"Which way had we better go now?" "I don't know, down by the brook? or we might take those turnip fields."

"Then we'll get on old Barry's land," Tom said as they went along, going rather slowly to be in good order for the long home run.

"They'll have some trouble to find the scent here," Rolf chuckled as the paper fell under the broad turnip leaves. Then on and across a brook, where they jumped from stone to stone, letting little white boats float down the stream.

"Hark! I hear voices."

They stopped suddenly, trying to hush their loud breathing.

"They *couldn't* have struck us the wrong way," Rolf whispered reassuringly, and as there was no more sound they went on cautiously, stepping softly through the dry underbrush, taking the thickest paths and doubling a good deal to deceive the hounds.

Meantime the other party were on the

path, and had little difficulty for some distance.

"I have an idea of the way they will take," Hugh said, loftily, going a little in advance of the others; for the girls had joined the chase, and held on bravely over ploughed ground, ditches, and stone walls, though their progress

was somewhat impeded by helping Alice over the fences and hedges. The boys were nearly a whole field ahead, when the scent turned, bringing them back to the same spot from which they had started.

"Oh, do help me, Charlie," Alice begged; "I'm stuck, and the girls have gone away."

Charlie stopped a moment, and lifted her from the fence.

"It's dreadful hot. Couldn't you take me home?"

"Oh, I say, pussy, that's too much," he said, but kindly, for the little girl was a great pet of his.

"I'm so very tired; please do, Charlie."

"It would take me a good half hour," he said, considering, "and the others would get miles ahead. Both the girls, where did they go?"

"Way over to get fowers," Alice replied, trying to keep the tears back, and lifting such a weary, warm little face, that Charlie's heart melted, and he lifted her over the fence again.

"You must come pretty fast, pussy," he said; so the little maiden struggled

bravely over the upturned furrows, which were as mountains to her small legs, and made no murmur about the gravel in her slippers.

"I don't care much 'bout hare and hounds or Rolf's birthday, do you, Charlie?" she panted, as they gained the last field.

So they went on together, the little one slowly, and he holding his impatience in check with a strong hand.

"What brought you back, Charlie? Alice isn't ill?"

"Oh, no mother; but she was tired, and the girls had gone off."

"My dear boy," Mrs. Brown said,

bestowing a motherly kiss on his warm forehead. "Wouldn't you like an apple turn-over?" Aunt Fanny suggested, her admiration taking a practical form that was not to be despised.

The commendation, turn-overs, and a glass of milk having had a good effect on Charlie's spirits, he set off with renewed vigor, taking another direction, as he reflected that the hares must make a circuit to reach home.

He went on for several miles without meeting a hound or seeing the trail of the hares; he had watched closely, and could not have crossed their path; so they had



THEY WERE OFF, LEAVING THE HOUNDS BY THE HOME GATE.

"It might be good enough," he replied, trying to speak graciously and smother the selfishness that rose in his heart.

"You could go on alone from here, couldn't you?"

"Yes," Alice answered, doubtfully. "I'm not ticularly fond of that turkey cock."

"Neither you are, pussy," he said, smiling.

taken a wider range than he had expected.

The sun was high in the heavens, and had it not been for his lunch he would have felt that it must be nearly time for dinner.

On one side was a long tract of open country, with some heavy log-fences that would have furnished capital covert for the hares, and on the other a deep, unbroken forest.

"Woods are nasty a hot day like this," he muttered; "plenty of mosquitoes and flies, then that underbrush to fight against; but I guess I'll try it."

He tightened his belt, gave his face an extra polish, and swung himself over the fence.

Something made him pause just then, it was a long sound like a far-away whisper borne down by the wind. He listened again, holding his breath to catch the tone. It might be the sigh of the wind through a swaying tree or a cry for help.

Once more it reached him, and he started off in the direction from whence it came, battling his way through the thick branches. It was a belt of cedar, and the bare under-boughs switched about his face and neck.

He paused once more to listen for the halloo when he reached the heart of the forest, where there were old paths that looked as though they had been trodden centuries ago, when the giant trees were but saplings.

Then it came again, still far away, but perfectly distinct, a cry for "Help! help!"

Just then Charlie caught sight of a bit of paper, another, and then another, he had no difficulty now in following the trail, and went on faster, his heart beating uncomfortably, for it was evident the cries must come from the hares. What could have happened to them?

The scent took a roundabout path, and there were fresh marks of hoofs on the leafy brown earth.

Then the halloo rang out above his head, so close as to startle him, and looking up among the thick maple branches, he saw a white face peering down anxiously.

"Halloo! Who's there?"

"Charlie, I say, Charlie, is that you?"

"Yes, what's the matter? What are you doing there?"

"Rolf's hurt," Tom answered softly; "don't speak loud, for that brute must be somewhere near. Come up, and I'll tell you."

"Why don't you come down?" Charlie asked impatiently.

"I can't. Come up," Tom said impatiently.

So Charlie shinned up the smooth bole after several ineffectual attempts, and gained the lower branches, where Tom sat, holding Rolf's head on his knee.

"He's bleeding dreadfully," he explained, "and we must have help at once. That beast of a bull chased us, so we managed to get up here, and would have been all right, only Rolf fell as we were getting up to the top to call for help. It was lucky the lower branches were so thick and caught him, for he would have gone down on the bull's horns."

"Not old Barry's bull?" Charlie asked, growing white. "Why the men are afraid of him."

"Yes, I know. I say, Charlie, what shall we do? One of us ought to go for help, or shall we try to carry him?"

"We couldn't," Charlie said, after considering for a moment. "Think of those thick bushes; let me see him."

Tom lifted the coat, and showed a spot of deep red staining the shirt-sleeve, and oozing down the side.

"His arm ought to be tied up, shouldn't it?"

"I did try to, but we might do it tighter between us. Shall you go, or will I?"

"I will," Charlie replied promptly.

"Well, old Barry's is over there, I know, but if you should meet that bull; he used me up dodging round trees."

"Poor old chap," the boy said as tenderly as if he had been speaking to his mother or Alice. "Never mind me, I'll be all right and back in no time."

He dropped down the tree, and set off at a quick run in the direction Tom had indicated, which brought him in a short time to the outskirts of the forest.

Here there was a stretch of pasture, where a herd of cattle were grazing, and no doubt the boy's enemy among them, so it would not be safe to cross the open, and he had to make his way through the bushes. An unwary step on the dry sticks caused the cattle near at hand to lift their heads when he was obliged to pause and wait till they went on grazing.

It was slow progress, terribly slow progress as he thought of Rolf lying white and senseless with the life-blood oozing from him, and his aunt's face seemed to rise before him. "Why did you think of your own safety when my bright, merry boy was dying?"

He felt like the veriest coward and inclined to dash across the fields, but this would have ruined all their hopes, so he was obliged to go on slowly with that sickening fear at his heart whose only relief seemed the agonized cry for help that rose up above the forest to the sky.

Never before had Charlie felt so utterly helpless, nor such comfort from the thought of One who was Almighty.

After a time he could go on more rapidly, and half an hour of breathless running brought him to the old farm-house where there were men at work.

His story was quickly told, and seizing a pitch-fork the farmer bade his man follow them, taking the shortest cuts and reaching the place in a very short time.

"He's just the same, not bleeding so much though," Tom reported.

And then the boy was lowered carefully from the tree and carried with gentle hands by the sun-browned men.

"Come from Mr. Doran's, do you? That's a good bit round, we'll go to my place and I'll send you round in the

wagon. A little English lad, you said? Poor little fellow! he's in a bad way."

To the boys it seemed hours before the journey was accomplished, though the old farm horse was whipped into his swiftest trot, but the nice birthday dinner had grown cold, and the mothers anxious before they appeared.

The jolting ride had partly restored Rolf to consciousness, so that he looked a little less limp when he was carried in and smiled reassuringly at his mother's anxiety.

"Only a sprained arm, and a pretty bad cut from the fall," the doctor said when he was called. "It might have been worse."

"Yes, it might have been much worse," they all echoed with thankful hearts, thinking of the danger the boys had escaped.

So the day ended more pleasantly than could have been anticipated a few hours before. Rolf was propped upon the sofa, looking very white but quite cheerful, and the others were ready to do full justice to that long-delayed dinner.

"I agree with Alice, I don't care much about here and bounds."

"Oh! I say, that isn't fair, the first part of the day was jolly, wasn't it, Rolf?"

"Prime," Rolf assented weakly.

"And the last part isn't bad," Charlie added, helping himself to a chicken-bone.

"I was a donkey to take the girls over that rough ground; I'm glad you knew better, Charlie," which was a good deal from Hugh, "and I'm precious glad I came home with Alice."

"So are we," echoed the mothers.

"It will be cool this evening, so we'll have pop corn, roast apples—and stories," concluded those indefatigable boys.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885.

It is pleasant to record here that the closing of the fiscal year of the Domestic Committee shows that the contributions are almost exactly the same as those of the year standing second in the scale of contributions, and that five hundred more parishes contributed this year than during the preceding year.

COPIES of the proposed Excise Bill for the State of New York will be sent to all the ministers, editors, etc., in this State, in the hope that the bill on being presented to the Legislature at Albany, may become a law. The bill has been drawn with the greatest possible care by committees appointed by the Church Temperance Society and the Society for the Prevention of Crime. It has had the advantage of the best legal talent, as, also, of such revision and re-revision as mature thought seemed to call for. If it is not the best excise bill that has ever been drawn, it is not that other measures have not been largely consulted and drawn upon by way of suggestion, in addition to the original conceptions and improvements by the committees having the work in hand. For licenses of the first class in cities of more than 300,000 inhabitants the fee is not to be less than \$1,000. In all other cities, towns and villages, the fee is to be not less than \$500. There are also licenses of the second class, and down to the sixth, the fees ranging from \$500 to \$10. The undoubted success of high license in several of the other States would seem to make the passage of the proposed bill in this State a matter of great expediency. In a State embracing such large and so many cities, no other form of restraining the liquor traffic is to be hoped for. That the measure will meet with strenuous opposition goes without saying. On the other hand, the very grounds on which the bill will be opposed may make its passage the more desirable.

"THE RELIGIOUS LIFE."

A position that could not be maintained by open advocacy has time and again found favor by an assumption, and all the more readily if skilfully covered by a shrewd imposture in the use of words. A case in point is taking it for granted that preeminently the religious life is a celibate conventional life.

The time was when the famous religious orders did so largely attract the most devout and noble souls throughout Christendom, that by common consent the "Religious Life" came to mean the

conventional life. But it is not the case now, and has not been for hundreds of years. It is a vain thing, then, to think that the mediaeval conception of the ideal life can be brought back by a use of mediaeval terms. Are the best, highest, noblest examples of Christian living to be found to-day in the celibate life of religious orders? Manifestly not. There is, then, no longer any propriety in calling the conventional life *the* religious life. To do so is now an anachronism. It is an assumption notoriously in conflict with the facts of the present Christian civilization. It is, too, one which cannot but be, now as in the past, in every way hurtful. If not a reflection upon the Christian character, it is at least upon the Christian ideal of the great body of the faithful, who, in the common vocations of life, are trying to serve God in that state unto which it has pleased Him to call them. It is to assume that such lives, however useful, are inferior in purpose and attainment, and, in fact, are not worthy to be compared to those of a higher ideal, namely, the celibate, the conventional. Such life—that is the inference—is so much higher in aim and end that it is to be termed *the* religious life. This is an assumption without any foundation in fact. It is one, too, that must now, as in the past, have a very unhappy effect upon the minds of those who belong to celibate orders or associations, because it is one which, however unconsciously to them, must minister to spiritual pride; and that, as all Church history is witness, has been a most unlovely characteristic of the so-called religious orders.

It is to be expected. Human nature being the same now as in the past, it is as likely to be a characteristic of community life to-day as heretofore. That such spiritual pride is a danger of modern brotherhoods and sisterhoods, will, we think, be the testimony of not a few who not only have no prejudice against them but gladly recognize their value and even necessity to the work of the Church. It is far from our purpose to foster an unreasonable prejudice against such orders, but we do think that the old assumption that pre-eminently the religious life is the conventional life is not only untrue but one in every way hurtful. Let men say all that is to be said in favor of brotherhoods and sisterhoods, but let that morbid mediaeval notion never obtain again that the ideal Christian life must be sought in the community life of celibates. The religious life is not one of orders or associations. It is the life lived unto God, in that state—whatever it may be—unto which it has pleased Him to call His child.

ACTIVELY AT WORK.

May it not be fairly said that denominational Protestantism has largely come to believe in a far-off Saviour, a Lord who has been here and may be again some day, and yet a Lord who, having once taught and wrought, has gone away, not intending to have over-much to do with men until He shall come again? This is indeed His world, and yet has He not largely left it to its sins and sorrows? Has not, we say, some such undefined, unexpressed belief settled down over denominational Protestantism? And is it not a hopeful sign that Churchmen are coming more and more in this day to apprehend the present working of the Lord, the risen living Saviour, performed by the Holy Spirit in and through the Church which is Christ's Body? The earnest soul, the honest inquirer, may then now as of old come, saying, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" And the answer now as then must be, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

If, as Churchmen hold, the Lord's life is perpetuated in His Church, must it not be characterized by unmistakable signs of His power? The works which He did of old shall not His followers do, and, as He said, greater works, because of the aid of the Holy Spirit? What evidence can the Church bring as witness to her Divine mission and message? Shall it not be the very proof that her Lord Himself gave: "The works that I do they bear witness of Me." Amid the manifold trials and difficulties with which she has to contend, the Church Militant can still make this answer. The works of the Lord in His Church are the seals of her mission, witness to the fact that God is in the midst of her.

Few are aware of the manifold instrumentalities which the Church is now making use of in her efforts to minister to the bodies and the souls of men. There is a vague though inadequate appreciation of the fact that in large cities, such as New York and Philadelphia, Churchmen have done and are doing very much to which they can point with thankfulness, but the widely extended field of the charitable work is not appreciated by even well-informed Churchmen. Still the diocesan journals show that the charitable work of the Church is not confined to large centres of wealth and population. Thus, for instance, in the appendix to the recently-

issued Journal of the Diocese of Central New York may be found interesting reports of St. Luke's Home and Hospital, Utica; of the House of the Good Shepherd, Binghamton; of the House of the Good Shepherd, Utica; of the House and Hospital of the Good Shepherd, Syracuse; of the Shelter for Homeless Girls and Women, Syracuse; of the House of the Good Samaritan, Watertown, and of the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, Binghamton.

What a goodly list of noble charities, and this, be it remembered, in a new diocese, largely made up of small country parishes.

A ROMAN MARTYR.*

Not a Sebastian, not a Rienzi nor a Cairol, this Roman martyr of whom I have to tell, and yet he endured a longer, and, as it seems to me, a far harder trial of faith than any of these. His body lies in a newly-made grave in the crowded commonplace cemetery of S. Lorenzo, where strangers in Rome bought a modest place that his bones might lie in piece beyond the ten years which is the time of rest in the grave allotted to the poorer Romans. On a simple slab set in the wall above his grave is the following inscription, which was written, I may say, by a prelate of high rank in the Roman hierarchy, one who had known him well from his early manhood:

"To the dear and venerated memory of Paolo Panzani, late Brother Andrea d'Altagene, of the Capuchins; a priest without spot, strong and unconquerable, hungering after righteousness and truth; he lived only for God and for his country, persecuted by man, well pleasing to God; strengthened by the Holy Sacraments, called for with ardent longing, amidst the pitying comforting of friends in this City of Rome, where he suffered such great things, in the 65th year of his age; he breathed out his great and generous soul on the 28th of November, in the year of his Lord 1884."

He came to Rome in 1820, from Corsica. His parents were small proprietors in the village of Altagene—poor as all their neighbors were, but independent, patriotic, and intensely religious. Two of the sons devoted themselves to the monastic life. Paolo was twenty years old when his feet carried him within the gates of Rome, a devout pilgrim full of faith and enthusiasm. He entered as a monk in the Capuchin convent in the Piazza Barberini, under the name of Fra Andrea d'Altagene, and looked forward, doubtless, to having his turn in due time in the holy earth from Jerusalem which fills the convent crypts, and finally to decorating its ghastly walls with his dry bones. He gave himself to study with hungry eagerness, and reading with unremitting diligence soon acquired an immense mass of un-systematic learning. He was ordained to the priesthood as soon as he was of legal age.

But his learning, he thought, ought to be used; was not something for his own intellectual gratification simply, but was to be brought to bear on the life about him. And his duty was the clearer in the case, because few of his brethren had or cared to have any

learning at all. Before he studied from books, too, he had learned in his Corsican boyhood to observe closely the men and things about him. So as he drew breath from the first eager rush forward in the fields of written knowledge, and began to take in more of the life about him in Rome, he was startled and dismayed by what he saw of the state of his Church. Instead of the "city of God" that he had read and dreamed of, instead of the Bride of Christ, without spot or blemish, nursing the souls of men, he saw a great ecclesiastical despotism, in which all the great spiritual interests of mankind were held wholly secondary to the material interests of the wretched temporal sovereignty of the popes, and were freely bartered for place or gain; and in which the clergy, from the highest to the lowest, were almost universally abandoned to dissolute living. The distress and pain of this awakening was terrible. His whole soul was shaken with tremendous doubts. It could not be otherwise to one of his intensely truthfulness and simple honesty. He pressed, however, came off conqueror in this inward trial of faith; and strengthened thereby with might in the inner man was made ready to meet the singularly hard outward trial of faith that was before him, and which ended only with his life in the flesh.

He set himself then to observe carefully the situation, and study the causes that had led to the grievous corruption and abuses which afflicted the Church; if so be by God's grace they might be withstood and corrected. The temporal power he felt to be an evil, as well as the whole system of ecclesiastical imperialism which had grown up about the Vatican. But the thing to be reached was that which had made such corruptions possible; and this root evil he found in the law of clerical celibacy and the vows of perpetual chastity required by the Roman discipline.

He wrote out a lengthy and exhaustive argument on this subject, and without giving his name, sent it to the pope (Pius IX.), begging him to submit it to the examination of the Catholic episcopate, that they might by their united wisdom find some remedy which would serve for the purification of the Church and the pacification of the world; for this poor monk had seen with alarm the growing estrangement between the Church and society, and foreseen with prophetic insight the evils that would follow to religion if the Church, refusing to reform herself, should provoke the civil power to open antagonism and trying to reform the more intolerable abuses by the clumsy and violent hand of the civil law. This was in 1854, when the bishops of the Roman obedience had been summoned to Rome to carry out the pope's will in the matter of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The only result of this letter was to alarm the pope, always jealous of the episcopal claims to the teaching power. It even led him to forbid at the episcopal gathering any discussion of the needs of the Church, and to shorten it as much as possible. Twice again in the following year Panzani urged the pope, with new letters and arguments, to give his attention to this matter; but the latter thought that he had found a remedy for all possible evils by hribing the Blessed Virgin to his side by the personal flattery of his solemn

decees in her honor, and that with her aid he was far more than a match for modern society.

But Panzani's conscience would not let him rest. The bishops after all were the teaching body of the Church; and if he could not reach them through their recognized head, he would reach them through other channels. So he betook himself to those who were foremost for learning and character among the doctors of his Church, that their influence and reputation might gain a hearing for the truth and open a way for the entering of reform—to men like Perrone, Patrizi and Passaglia. They heard him, admitted the sad truth in regard to the evil state of the Church, agreed with his general views, but told him to be silent. He could do nothing. The mountains were too great for him to move by any efforts or any suffering. But this man could not be silent. He felt himself responsible for the light he had received, and that no woe could be so great to him as failing to shine it forth to men. "I have never known," said to me this winter a Roman Catholic archbishop, "a soul so passionately in love with truth and righteousness. It consumed him, and made him, who ordinarily was one of the gentlest and most submissive of men, terrible and at times even violent in his denunciation of wrong." So he would not yield to the advice of these who intended to be his friends. He worked his way to Paris, and managed to get a copy of his book into the hands of Napoleon III. He visited Turin and himself placed a copy in the hands of Cavour. He hoped through them to get a hearing from the French and Italian bishops. This poor Capuchin brother began to be alarming with his intense beliefs and his awkward readiness to do and dare everything for them. Manifestly the dungeons of the Inquisition were the safest place for him. Still he had done nothing worthy of bonds. He was quite within his right in writing of the evils that afflicted the Church and threatened her with greater losses, and in appealing to the recognized heads of the Church to find and apply a remedy. Nay, all that he had done was only that which every good son of the Church was bound theoretically to do.

Finally in 1859, all other means having been tried in vain, he determined to print his writings, in the shape of a cry to the Catholic episcopate, and send them to the several bishops. The false friend to whom he intrusted their printing turned informer and carried them to Cardinal Antonelli. Fra Andrea was forthwith seized in his cell at midnight and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. The frightened monks were powerless to help him, but stood by watching the police ransack his cell with closest search and carry off every scrap of writing. The Father General of the order appeared on the scene, and protested warmly against the violation of his convent, but to no purpose. He however insisted on a minute inventory being taken of the papers and other things that were carried off, which was thereupon made and witnessed by several of the monks.

For six months Panzani was kept in the prison of S. Michele, badgered through a long and a secret trial by the Inquisition. But no charge of *heresy* could be made out from his writings. He was found, after the closest examination, "perfect (*integerrimo*)

*Reprinted from the *Andover Review* for September.

as regards the faith." Neither had he been guilty of any act of *schism*. His life had been without reproach, and his obedience in his order without fault. He was highly esteemed and much loved by his Capuchin brethren. The judges, as well as they might, hesitated to condemn him, and the president carried the case to the pope, proposing to recommend his release. But the latter, with his ambition already reaching forward to the definition of the papal infallibility, felt this monk to be a very dangerous man. The appeal to the Catholic episcopate was, to his thinking, in itself the most damnable of *trésies*. There was also a chapter in the unpublished book which touched the self-stilting pope to the quick. It is entitled "How the pope would be more glorious covered with a sack, in the heart of the Catacombs, than clad in brocade and shining with gold, in the midst of soldiers." Pius IX. cut short the very beginning of the recommendation for *elemency*—or justice rather—saying, "You know what I think in the case. Do your duty." He added that he prayed daily for Fra Andrea's conversion. So by the pope's arbitrary order, this perfectly guiltless man was sentenced to twelve years of forced labor, and to perpetual suspension from his priestly ministry. Guarded by mounted gendarmes, he was marched off on foot as a common malefactor to the galleys at Corneto, where for more than two years he suffered a merciless imprisonment.

Among the papers seized in his cell when he was arrested was a sealed packet addressed to the French emperor. His brother monks conveyed information of this to the French ambassador, who was all powerful at a court whose only real support at that time was the bayonets of French soldiers. The ambassador demanded this packet for his emperor. The pope denied its existence. But the monks were able to satisfy the ambassador that at least it had existed. The result of this was that after long and unsatisfactory negotiations the French ambassador at last peremptorily demanded the release of the prisoner Padre Andrea d'Altagene as a French subject. Under these circumstances this was promptly effected. The pope himself went to the Capuchin convent, and gave to the Father General the order for his release. But, indeed, it was to pass from one kind of imprisonment to another. He was sent under special surveillance to a convent near Viterbo, where he had no friends, and was looked on as a disgraced and degraded monk; for the part of his sentence that deprived him of his priestly faculties had not been remitted. Here an object of prejudice and suspicion to the bigoted brethren, and unable under pain of again falling into the hands of the Inquisition to say a single word in his own defense or justification, the situation became so intolerable that after five months of suffering he fled with the connivance of the abbot, who was afraid that his life would be practiced against, out of the papal dominions to Leghorn, where under the Italian government the Inquisition was powerless to follow him with material persecutions. This act was the first breach in any way on his part of the discipline of his Church.

He joined himself to a convent of his own order at Leghorn, and took upon him the lowest menial duties of a lay brother. The papal enmity, however, followed him here,

and he was called on to retract what he had written. Refusing, his superior was forced to put him under the ban. He betook himself then to his native Corsica, and joined himself to an extremely poor convent as a lay servant, and in this capacity he was allowed a short period of rest. Sadly needed it must have been, for his mind had been strained almost to breaking, not so much by the wrongs put upon him personally, but because through all these trials he had been forced to see Christ, as it were, deuded and sold and bound in the person of his truth, and found himself utterly powerless to help his Lord and Master.

Presently came upon him here a new trial of faith that few could have resisted. The pope, moved by what compunction I know not, sent the message that he should return to his convent in Rome, and that he should be fully rehabilitated in his priesthood, a ministry dear to him as life itself. His friends in the order urged him to accept this truce. No retraction was asked of him now; only outward submission and silence. He answered that the evils against which he had cried aloud had not ceased in the Church and that only when they were remedied could he be silent. Upon this his poor Corsican brethren, who to this day hold his name in unfeigned respect, were forced to drive him from their company. He went to Turin, and now for the first time giving up his conventual habit, which had not been stripped from him even in his imprisonment, he supported himself working with his own hands as a gardener. But he ceased to work for the Church as little as St. Paul did when reduced to a like necessity. He sent a general letter to the Catholic episcopate urging them to raise the standard of reform, and claiming that his book should be recovered from the Inquisition and given to the light, or rather to the knowledge of the bishops. No result, of course, came from this; and so, with infinite pains and patience, he rewrote from memory—for all his notes had been sequestered—the work which the Inquisition had suppressed, and added to it many like words; and with what he could save from his scanty wages, and some help from his brothers, he published this, with some introductory documents, under the title of "The Public Confession of a Prisoner of the Roman Inquisition, and The Origin of the Evils of the Catholic Church." 660 pp. Turin, 1855. The work was diffuse, going over much ground that had already been worked, and was somewhat rugged in thought, and uncouth in style; but it is the work of a profound and powerful thinker, and there are parts of it that are as fine gold tried in the furnace. It took no hold of the popular mind in Italy. The writer saw his work fall on barren ground. The Italian people, excited to the last degree with political hopes and ambitions, were quite indifferent to religious issues. They were utterly sick of everything ecclesiastical; wanted to hear nothing about such things, to have nothing to do with them.

But Panzani's courage was equal still to this reverse. He had done his duty, had given to the world the truth that he had in charge. He could wait now with patience for the precious fruit, even until the latter rain. So he went on with his work in gardening in Turin, hoping even against hope, until at last the freeing of Rome in 1870

opened the way for his return thither with safety to his life and conscience, and gave him the occasion for renewed efforts for the reform of the Church. The Vatican Council had turned men's thoughts for the moment toward ecclesiastical matters, and the Old Catholic movement seemed to herald the dawn of a reawakening of conscience in the Church. He came into relations of correspondence with various leaders of this movement, and of particular friendship with M. Loyson, who was that winter in Rome; but this movement, too, disappointed his hopes. Instead of turning the Vatican toward reform, it rather drove it to the extreme of more defiant self-assertion.

I first met Panzani in 1871. He came to me introduced by a Capuchin friend, who told me "This man is of the very salt of the earth." He was eager to see a newspaper or review started in Rome which should advocate the cause of reform within the Church. He never asked any help for himself. He never, indeed, thought of himself. His mind was wholly taken up with the needs of the Church and of the times. He saw the former driving madly on to certain final wreck, and the country looking indifferently on, and no one would heed his desperate signals of danger. He had found work in an iron-dealer's shop at six dollars the month, and later, when this work became too heavy for him, in a small fancy store in the Corso at eight dollars a month. On this meagre pay he lived for the twelve years following his return to Rome, but he never spent it all on himself. Out of it he always put apart something wherewith to publish pamphlets that might help the times, and all his spare hours went to study and writing. He produced during these years a great store of manuscripts, with painful diligence, for he was not a ready writer. Whatever he did in this way cost him hard and real work. One unusually cold winter, seeing that he was insufficiently clad, I got him twenty-five dollars, and told him to get himself some warm clothing. Ten days later he brought me the first copies of a new pamphlet. Twenty dollars of that given him had gone toward printing this pamphlet, and five had been used for clothing. Later, when I wanted to help him in the same way, I took the precaution to make him order the clothing, promising to pay for it when I saw him in it. He came presently in a new suit and overcoat, showing almost a child's pleasure in the unaccustomed physical comfort it gave him, but not quite easy in his conscience about his right to such luxury at a time when there was so much that the world ought to hear waiting to be printed. For twelve years I have known this man endure hardness thus in Rome, depriving himself of sufficient food and clothing, in order to lay by his pennies to publish writings that contained truth which he thought it was his duty to bring to light. What wonder that men who had never cared or suffered for truth could not understand him, and began to think him insane! In all this time I never knew him to lose faith or courage. He looked inexpressibly weary at times, but when spoken to by a friend his worn face would lighten up with a smile so beautiful that it revealed a soul kept in perfect peace. He was a very simple-minded man, notwithstanding his powerful intellect, possessed of that long-suffering—I had almost said dumb—patience, which we see often in

the peasantry and in domestic animals. He could never understand why other men did not see and care for the truth as he did. He saw that they did not. He knew that some men had no power to see truth; but it was wholly inflexible to him. This he knew, however, whatever others could or would not see, his duty was clear; and though many were blind or false, still God could bring light out of darkness and order out of confusion, and would somehow in the end shape all things far better than he, Fra Andrea, could. So the years went hardly by, seen as through a glass very darkly; but still with him abided *faith*—yes, and I think, too, *hope* of a certain kind, and *always* charity, the never failing.

Two years or so ago, seeing that he was failing in health under his hard life, I undertook to provide for him a small support as priest-sacristan in charge of the rooms of St. Paul's Italian Catholic Mission started a short time before, under the Count di Campello. Partly to insure his taking proper food, partly from some mistrust of what his later writings might be, I made it a condition that during his service in this capacity he should publish nothing whatever without my express consent. He accepted the condition with a sort of patient wonderment, and kept it faithfully; but he went on writing all the same, working about nineteen hours a day, and, as I found out afterward, putting always aside from his small pay something to send to the poor children of his brothers in Corsica, to repay, in some measure, the money which the latter had put with him into the unsuccessful venture of his first book, published in Turin in 1865. So, in spite of my precautions, he deprived himself of the food which his advancing years required.

On returning to Rome, in October last, I was startled to notice a great change for the worse in his health. It failed rapidly, so that in a few weeks he was unable to take his place in the choir. The able and estimable physician of the German Embassy, Dr. Erhardt, kindly undertook his case as a labor of love, and did all for him that medical skill could do. It proved, however, that he was suffering from an internal cancer, brought on by long use of very coarse and insufficient food, and that his days were numbered. The ever-charitable heads of the American Legation in Rome supplied him with the best that their kitchens and cellars afforded. Two nurses from St. Paul's House for Trained Nurses volunteered their efficient help, and this poor man found himself, at his end, surrounded with a care and with comforts such as he had never by any chance known in all his long life of hardness. He appreciated this keenly, when he thought of others and their goodness; but when he thought of himself—his unworthiness—it disquieted him. As he simply expressed it to me, it seemed to him "in some way not right that he should find such unlooked-for kindness, and be so well cared for in his last hours, when his Lord had been denied and deserted and cruelly tortured as He entered the valley of the Shadow of Death."

I have been called on to see many men die, in circumstances the most varied, but never to whom death came more as a victory. His only care was for the writings—a great mass—that he should leave behind him. In some way he conceived the idea

that his death would bring all these before the world; that by his death attention would be challenged to the truths which he had tried in vain to set clearly before men all through his life, and that so at last they would all be published, and accomplish their work. "We must die," he said to me one night, "to conquer, as the Lord did;" and so up to the very last he worked over his writings, arranging them and giving such directions for their disposition as he thought would make them most serviceable in the cause of reform.*

I found him one evening apparently at the last gasp. The physician warned me that he would not pass the night in the flesh. He felt himself to be at the very threshold of death, and was troubled lest he should cross it before he received the sacrament, there having been some little delay in bringing the priest who was to give it to him. When this was assured, I left him about eight o'clock. Toward midnight I called in again, supposing it would be to consult in regard to his funeral. But as I came near his bed, he opened his eyes wide, and said with a firm voice, "The sacrament has raised me up." And so it was. Some change had been suddenly wrought which gave him a great accession of strength and nearly two weeks more of life.

Both at this time and just before his death, the last ministrations of the Church were given him by Monsignore Savarne. An archbishop in full standing in the Roman communion supplied the consecrated oil for extreme unction; another sent him his solemn benediction *in extremis*. This archbishop told me of this himself, saying that Panzani had wished it, but adding, "Panzani had no need of my benediction; I needed his far more." Both of these prelates would have given much to stand by his dying bed, but were afraid of compromising themselves with their Church by doing so. And both of them recognized in this poor monk—for had they been as true to their convictions of truth as he was to his, they, too, had both long since been outcasts from the papal synagogue—their spiritual superior. And as his long struggle to die went on, all about him were forced to recognize the spiritual greatness of this poor man. He was rugged in appearance and in speech. He had always been poor. A large part of his life had been spent in hard manual, often menial, labor. Not only the world had not known him, but even those about him in the mission chapel in which he filled the comparatively humble position of priest-sacristan, but not known what was in him. Now it was as if their eyes had been suddenly opened to see the greatness of him who had been walking among them in such humble guise.

His end was not like an approaching death. It was as of one under orders to report for special duty at headquarters. A friend said to him, as he spoke with dying inspiration of the glory of the truth, "Well, you will see the Christ to-night or in the morning. You will tell Him that even in Rome there are still some who love His word as He spoke it, and would, if need be, die for it, even as so many of his first followers did here." And he accepted the words, with a

* The greater part of these he left to be Count di Campello, who watched over his last hours with the devotion of a long and tried friendship.

glad light in his eyes, simply, as a message which he had no doubt that he should presently deliver. He seemed to be moving in a world of the sublimest truths inspired by the Holy Scriptures, and the writings of the Fathers, whose best words were constantly in his mouth, not as empty forms of speech, but applied with living reality to the circumstances through which he was passing. And at last he departed, recognized by all who had looked on these things as one that must needs be very great in the kingdom of God. Certainly I have met no man, bishop, priest, or layman, in any nation, of any Church, who, as far as human eye could teach, has better endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never entangling himself with the affairs of this life, careful only and always to please Him who had chosen him to be a soldier.

By one of those providences which we call strange coincidences, over his dying bed, in the long school-room, to which I had had him carried one night to have the benefit of a better ventilation than was possible in his own small room, was the illuminated text in Italian, "*Fight the good fight of faith.*" The disciple to whom these words were first addressed finished his course, it is claimed, in Rome; at least, his ashes are preserved there now as the object of a superstitious worship that he himself would have utterly repudiated; but I do not believe that Timothy himself fought his fight better, kept the faith more firmly, was in any way more truly a martyr for Him who said "I am the Truth," than Paolo Panzani.

He was buried, as I said above, in the cemetery of S. Lorenzo. Within the church itself are deposited the remains of the valiant pontiff who had hunted him down with unjust persecution. Of the two men—the persecutor and the persecuted—the latter has, as so often happens, unquestionably come off the conqueror. The temporal power of the papacy, one of the great evils which Fra Andrea attacked, and which to Pius IX. was dearer than life itself, came to its just end fourteen years before, and is remembered now but as a hideous nightmare of past darkness. The body of Pius IX. reached its last resting-place in headlong flight before an angry rabble, who heaped mud and curses upon it in its midnight course through the city where he had played the tyrant for over a quarter of a century; a rabble led by men who had suffered cruel wrong—bondage, imprisonment, banishment, the loss of all but their lives—at his hands. Fra Andrea, the prisoner of the Inquisition, was buried openly, with everyrite befitting his Christian and priestly character, and the benediction over his grave was given—without a hand raised to resist their right to do so—by Catholic priests who have dared to take their stand in Rome in brave and open protest for the faith once delivered unto the saints.

It is true the "Society for the Promotion of Catholic Interests," which represents everything that is most papal in Rome, has already set itself to prepare the apotheosis of Pius IX. The plain sarcophagus, in which after the loss of the temporal power he directed his body to be placed, is to be enshrined in a special chapel of rarest marbles, enriched with a great wealth of mosaic. And besides this material glorification, it is understood that his early canonization has been fully determined upon. Rumors of

miracles worked at his tomb are already in the air. The "Pray for him," now written in it, will be changed presently, by the authority of the Church which he did so much to corrupt, to "Pray to him." But what might, suppose you, will the decree of the Vatican recognizing him as a saint have when the "witness" Fra Andrea d'Altagna is called before the throne of God?

R. J. NEVIN.

St. Paul's Church, Rome.

ENGLAND.

RITUAL CASE REVERSED.—A case in which the ordinary proceedings in ritual cases have been completely reversed, has been decided in the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol, and this time it is the evangelical rector who is made to feel the smart. In the Parish of Tisbury, the vicar, appointed in 1881, removed in February last, just after the death of one of the vicars, a cross, which stood over the altar, and candlesticks and flower vases from the altar itself. When the removal of the ornaments became known, a memorial was sent, signed by about one hundred and eighty persons, to the bishop (Dr. Elliott), protesting against it, and the bishop wrote to the vicar pointing out that the removal of the ornaments without a faculty was illegal, and advising him to apply for a confirmatory faculty, evidently highly approving of the vicar's action. The application was made, but a consent was entered by a member of the parish, who is magistrate and land owner, and the matter went before the chancellor of the diocese for decision, whether the faculty applied for should be granted. The case resolved itself into the legality of the removal of the cross and candlesticks, and whether the structure on which the cross stood was attached to the altar. After hearing evidence on both sides the chancellor gave judgment not only that the faculty should not issue to the vicar confirming what he had done, but that a faculty should issue to him to replace both cross and candlesticks within a fortnight, failing the performance of which, the same faculty should issue to the protesting parishioners. The chancellor, while expressing his sorrow for the vicar, decided that he must pay all the cost incurred.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SALISBURY.—The rumor is mentioned in some of the English papers that the Bishopric of Salisbury, before being offered to the Rev. John Wordsworth, was offered to Canon Liddon, and that he asked for time to consider before giving his final answer, and finally declined it. Prior to the appointment of Mr. Wordsworth, the clergy and others in the diocese were complaining of the long vacancy.

THE OLD CHURCHES OF YORK.—The Archbishop of York has written to the Daily Telegraph, stating that, as far as he knows, "there is no intention whatever on the part of any one to destroy several of the old churches of York." He also says that three schemes for the consolidation of York benefices have been put forward by himself, and in none of them is any favor asked or taken to remove any church.

IRELAND.

DIOCESAN SYNODS.—The diocesan synods of the Dioceses of Ferns, Ardferd, and Killaloe, were held in their respective cathedral cities, on August 6 and 7. There was not much of general interest transacted at either of them. The Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin, in his address repudiated the implication that had been made by certain liberalists, protesting a speech of his in England, that he was an advocate of disestablishment; and stated that his

argument was that the Diocese of Ferns had prospered, not because of disestablishment, but in spite of it, and that the prosperous condition was owing to the warm, generous, and self-denying efforts of the people who had, even beyond their means, "maintained the interests and finances of their robbed and plundered Church." A resolution protesting against the dismissal of a government inspector because of remarks made in the general synod "as an unwarrantable interference with freedom of debate, and a direct blow against liberty of speech," was carried by a large majority. In the synod of Killaloe the bishop in his address repudiated the idea that they should change the title of their Church at the bidding of any government. He hoped "no matter what others might chose to call them, they would always call themselves by that title."

MEMORIAL OF BISHOP BERKELEY.—A commission has been issued for the erection of a memorial of Bishop Berkeley in Cloyne Cathedral. The memorial will be a recumbent figure of the bishop. The work has been subscribed for both in England and Ireland.

DEATH OF CANON MCLWAIN.—The Rev. William McLwaine, D.D., Canon of St. Patrick's, and rector of St. George's, Belfast, died on Wednesday, August 12th. Canon McLwaine was ordained in 1833, and was one of the oldest clergy of the Irish Church. He was well known and highly respected in Ireland. He was an enthusiastic antiquarian, and possessed until within a year one of the most perfect collections of editions of the Holy Bible extant.

GERMANY.

OLD CATHOLIC CLERGY.—The present number of the Old Catholic Clergy in the German Empire is officially stated to be fifty-three. There are six students for the priesthood under the Old Catholic faculty at Bonn University, three of whom are from Austria.

MAINE.

BAR HARBOR.—St. Saviour's Church.—The season at Mount Desert this year, far surpasses that of any other in its brilliance, its gaiety, and in the number of people present. Especially has it been unusually interesting as regards church matters. St. Saviour's Church, (the Rev. C. S. Leffingwell, rector) a little stone edifice, unplastered in the interior, and giving seating capacity for perhaps three hundred people, has been, on Sundays, the center of attraction to large congregations. Especially at the 11:00 A.M., service has the church been crowded. Since the second week in July, that service has found it literally so packed that every seat was taken, three rows of chairs up the aisle were entirely filled, the platform outside of the chancel was almost filled with chairs, the vestry-room was thronged, as were the porches, and many persons stood outside the windows to listen. This is generally the case, until, perhaps, the first or second Sunday in September, when a marked change is observed. The Rev. C. S. Leffingwell, rector for the past seven years of St. Saviour's, is obliged to hold five services a day to accommodate the number and wishes of the worshippers. Early Communion, at 7:30 A.M.; Morning Prayer, at 9:30 A.M.; full morning service, at 11:00 A.M.; Evening Prayer, at 5:00 P.M.; full evening service, at 8:00 P.M. In addition to these a Sunday School session is held at 3:00 P.M., and every other Sunday Mr. Leffingwell holds a service at Hull's Cove, distant about four miles. Of course, if there were no visiting clergy, the task would be too great for the rector. But as there are always many of these, the latter is very much relieved by their

kind assistance, although he himself is always present at each and every service.

The offerings have been quite up to the average. The church is entirely dependant upon the liberality of summer guests; the rector's salary, the cost of fuel, lights, etc., all being paid from the offerings of the previous summer.

At no other resort are the responses, the singing, and the general interest in the services so hearty, so genuine, and so inspiring as at this little stone church. It seems to be a general pet and favorite of all visitors, and everybody is, and always has been, ready and eager to assist in every possible way.

The only drawback is its small size. However, a building fund has been started, and has now reached the sum of at least \$5,000. The plan proposed to and accepted by the building committee, composed of Boston, New York and Philadelphia gentlemen, is such that the old church will furnish wings to a large addition that will be built toward the west, thus placing the chancel almost due eastward. It is hoped that work will be begun upon this addition in the coming fall. Owing to some slight misunderstanding, the work was unavoidably postponed from the spring.

The summer choir is composed of visitors to the island. The organ, a one-banked instrument, of the Hook & Hastings make, is the gift of Mr. Montgomery Sears of Boston.

St. Saviour's and St. Margaret's-by-the-Sea, Bishop Doane's delightful little chapel, at Northeast Harbor, are the only church edifices upon the island, and are both, especially the former, in the most flourishing condition.

CONNECTICUT.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS, P.M.

SEPTEMBER.

- 13, Sunday, A.M., Trinity, Milton; P.M., St. Paul's, Danbury; Evening, St. Michael's, Litchfield.
- 14, Monday, Christ church, Roxbury.
- 15, Tuesday, St. John's, Salisbury.
- 16, Wednesday, Trinity, Lyme Rock.
- 17, Thursday, Christ church, Sharon.
- 18, Friday, St. Andrew's, Kent.
- 20, Sunday, A.M., Trinity, Torrington; P.M., St. James's, Winsted.
- 22, Tuesday, St. Paul's, Brookfield.
- 23, Wednesday, A.M., St. Mark's, Bridgewater; P.M., Christ church, Roxbury.
- 24, Thursday, A.M., St. John's, Washington; P.M., St. Andrew's, Marlfield.
- 25, Friday, First Cong. Hill.
- 26, Saturday, A.M., Christ church, Tashua; P.M., Christ church, Easton.
- 27, Sunday, A.M., Christ church, Stratford; P.M., St. Paul's, Fairfield.
- 28, Monday, Christ church, Greenwich.

NEW LONDON.—St. James's Church.—This parish has extended an invitation to the rectorship to the Rev. Alanson Douglas Miller. He has not yet signified his acceptance of the election.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—American Church Building Fund Commission.—At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of this commission the following loans were voted to aid in the building of churches: Mission at Clifton, California, \$300; mission at Waycross, Georgia, \$250; St. John's church, Butte, Montana, for a rector, \$3,000; mission at Perham, Minnesota, \$500; mission at Norwood, Virginia, \$800; mission at Sierra Madre, California, \$500; Trinity parish, Scotland Neck, North Carolina, \$1,000; North Branch Mission, Lapeer, Michigan, \$300; St. James's church, Greenville, Mississippi, \$1,000.

NEW YORK.—Grace Church, West Farms.—Ground was broken for a new church at this place in the latter part of July. It is to be a frame building of a very tasteful design, and will cost about \$8,200. Mr. William A. Potter is the architect. It will be about eighty-five feet long and thirty-two feet wide, and when completed will seat two hundred and fifty

people (250). The chancel will be twenty-three feet long and twelve feet wide, the windows of which will be given by Mr. John Simpson, Jr., in memoriam of his father, who was connected with this parish as vestryman for a long time. The parish is largely indebted to Mr. Simpson, not only for his gifts, but also for the earnest and kindly interest which he is taking in this work. Too much cannot be said of the hearty sympathy and help which the assistant bishop has extended to the parish, and also of Miss C. L. Wolfe, who has been remembered the parish by a munificent gift.

The corner-stone will be laid (D. V.) by the assistant-bishop on the afternoon of September 21st, (St. Matthew's Day).

It is very gratifying to note the interest which the people have taken in the new church, the more so because of the discouragements which they have had in the past; and it is earnestly hoped that this interest is indicative of more earnest and loving work in the future. The lots upon which the new church is being built are paid for, and about \$3,200 has been raised towards the building fund. But much has yet to be done, and we trust that God's blessing will rest upon the work.

NEW ROCHELLE—*The Huguenot Society.*—On Monday, August 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day, the Huguenot Society of America celebrated the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in Trinity church, New Rochelle (the Rev. C. F. Canedy, rector). There were representatives of the society present from South Carolina, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and from various parts of New York, and the citizens of New Rochelle made ample arrangements to entertain them while there. Services were conducted by the rector, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. John Bolton, C. W. Bolton, W. S. Coffey, E. O. Flagg, and A. V. Wittmeyer. The rector made a brief address of welcome to the large company of those whose kindred founded the parish. The Rev. C. W. Bolton then delivered an address.

After the morning service a collation was served in the Presbyterian parlors, at which none but descendants of Huguenots waited on the guests. The guests were then conveyed to points of interest in the vicinity, including Davenport's Neck, where the Huguenots first landed. This is now called Bancroft's Point, and nearby a rough stone slab marks what is said to be the burial place of the first child that died in the Huguenot colony.

In the afternoon a meeting was held, at which the Hon. John Jay presided. A cable despatch was read from the newly-formed Huguenot Society of London, of which Sir Austin Layard is president. A suitable answer was returned. In the opening address the president said that in no part of the country could the descendants of the Huguenots more fitly recall the solemn memories of the day in connection with the wrongs and sufferings of their ancestors. He spoke of the refugees from La Rochelle, who brought with them the dauntless courage and spirit that marked the history of that city, and who gave its historic name to their new home in another continent. A brief account of the massacre of the Huguenots and their flight to this country, concluding with a detailed account of the causes and result of the movement against the Huguenots in France was given by Mr. Charles M. Du Puy. Addresses were made by the Hon. P. B. Olney and the Rev. C. S. Vedder, (of the French Protestant church in Charleston, S. C.) An address, prepared by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Lindsay, was omitted, on account of the extreme heat of the weather, and given to the society for publication.

Trinity church contains memorial windows

of three of its early pastors. These were Daniel Boulet, Pierre Stoupe, and Michel Hardin, all of whom were buried where their church formerly stood. In the rear of the church an old grave-yard contains the remains of many of the early Huguenots. The church has some interesting relics shown to the visitors, among which were a heavy silver communion plate presented by Queen Anne, a heavy brass-bound Bible brought over from France in 1690, a communion-table given to "y^e old stone church" by a Mr. Guion in 1710, and a bell manufactured in 1706. This bell Sir Henry Ashurst gave to the French church, Saint Du Esprit in this city, and this church gave it in turn to the church in New Rochelle.

LONG ISLAND

BROOKLYN—*Christ Church.*—This church (the Rev. Dr. L. W. Bancroft, rector.) has been closed for the summer, and meanwhile, has been greatly improved in appearance at the hands of painters, decorators, upholsterers, etc. The diaper work about the chancel is done in dead colors below and on the sides, and in gold color above. Still higher up above the large triple window, the wall has been oxidized to imitate oxidized metal. Order has been given for a costly and handsome stained-glass window to occupy the triple window spoken of, the rector having taken a trip abroad more especially for this purpose. The window, however, is yet to be made and may not be ready for some months to come. Hand-some double windows representing the vine with leaves and clusters, and ornamented with jeweled edges, have been placed above the sides of the chancel. Hitherto, these spaces, giving an outlook from the little rooms at the ends of the galleries down into the chancel and which are used for Bible classes, have been open. These newly added windows are a very great improvement. The panels back of the chancel have been relettered, but without changing the passages of Scripture. In the two panels on either side of these are figures of the rose and lily done in gilt.

The large panels in the roof, of which there are twenty-eight, were first covered with canvas and then done in peacock blue with medallions. The effect is exceedingly pleasing and satisfactory. The sides of the clerestory above the large pillars are done in diaper. The panels above the galleries are done in the same color as the roof, but ornamented with discs. The color of the walls back of the galleries is also on the sides of the church below is of a yellow tint. In the jambs of the fine lancet windows on either side are figures of the vine and of the pomegranate. The spaces between the lacets above is done with figures of the vine springing out of discs. The border of the wainscoting is a lily pattern with ground-work of peacock blue. The large columns are done in bronze mixed, giving a metallic effect.

The vestibule and ceiling are done in olive and orange, with sides of eider color. Above the entrance from the outer vestibule are the words, in raised letters, "*Intrauitibus pax. Erenantibus Salus.*" The decorative work was done by E. J. N. Stent & Co., New York. The prevailing colors are soft and mild, while the general effect is bright and pleasing, and highly successful.

The church is also recarpeted with Brussels carpet of a reddish color and cushions to match. It will be opened for divine service on the first Sunday in September. The rector, who after returning from abroad has been spending some time at the White Mountains, will officiate.

BROOKLYN—*Church of the Good Shepherd.*—This church (the Rev. Dr. H. B. Cornwall, rector.) is undergoing extensive alterations and

improvements. The roof is to be replaced with a patent tin covering, the exterior is to be repainted, and the interior is to be newly painted, frescoed, and decorated. The organ is to be removed to the west side of the chancel, choir stalls are in process of erection for a surplined choir, and a choir is in training. A pair of handsomely-burnished chandeliers has been presented to the church by the senior warden, Mr. Charles Robins. The church will be reopened on the third Sunday in September.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

BUFFALO—*St. Mary's Church.*—This church (the Rev. C. F. J. Wrigley, rector.) has been undergoing extensive alterations, which are now completed. Within the last two years the attendance has doubled, and it has been found necessary to enlarge the church. The nave has been extended so as to accommodate one hundred more persons, and to make the seating capacity five hundred.

In the added space are seven new stained glass windows in memory of Mrs. Amelia Louisa Pickering, Perry G. and Mary M. Parker, Frank C. Judd, Mrs. Mary Wells Scheffer, Mrs. J. Townsend Hington, and the Sunday school. Every window is now a handsome memorial, and there are some twenty in all. This very artistic part of the work has been well executed by Mr. Gerlack. The handsome organ has been enlarged and improved by Mr. House, and the wall decoration, by the Messrs. Birge & Sons, is in beautiful harmony with the arched roof work and seating in finished pine. The building work was by Jacob Haselbeck. The total cost is estimated at about \$2,600.

GENEVA—*Trinity Church.*—In this church, (the Rev. H. W. Nelson, rector.) on Sunday, August 23d, the Bishop of Iowa advanced to the priesthood the Rev. M. L. Kellner. There were present, besides the bishop and the rector of the parish, the Rev. Drs. W. D'Orville Doty, A. Schuyler, and C. F. Kellner, and the Rev. Messrs. Peyton Gallagher and J. W. Van Ingen. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. D'Orville Doty, who, in his address to the candidate, referred feelingly to Mr. Kellner's early years, youth, confirmation, and ordination to the diaconate within the walls of Trinity church, and charged him by the memories of these past years, by his love for the Church, that in all his searching after truth he should never lose sight of the Church's creed.

Mr. Kellner has been assistant at the Church of the Messiah, Boston. He will spend another year at Harvard University in special work in the Semitic languages, after which he will engage in ministerial work.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE—*Church of the Epiphany.*—At a meeting of the vestry of the Church of the Epiphany on Monday evening there were some interesting doings. The legacy of the late Thomas Vedder, of \$500, was received from his executor, James Vedder. The proposition of Mrs. W. H. Wallace to sell the lot adjoining the church property for \$750 was accepted, and a committee was appointed to look after the matter, receive the deed, and pay over the money. Mr. H. E. Woodford announced that the venerable Mrs. Griffin, who has already done much for the church, proposed to build a tower in front of the church, and place in it a bell, and also to have erected around the old and new church property a suitable fence. The bell will be a memorial one to the lamented Mrs. J. A. Roebling, who during her life-time was a regular and liberal contributor to the parish. The tower will be Mrs. Griffin's lasting memorial to the church, which she aided in founding, and to which she has been a regular attendant, when her health permitted, and always a liberal contributor.—*Suspension Bridge Journal.*

NEW JERSEY.

FAIR HAVEN—Chapel of the Holy Communion.—This chapel (the Rev. W. O. Embury, in charge), was formally opened for divine service, on Thursday, August 20th. There were present of the clergy, besides the first in charge, the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and the Rev. Messrs. R. H. Newton, W. H. Dannel, F. M. McAllister, M. Boyd and H. McKim. Morning Prayer having been said, the Holy Eucharist was celebrated, the Rev. Dr. Franklin being celebrant, and the sermon being preached by the Rev. R. H. Newton, from Rev. xxi., 22.

The chapel is in Queen Anne style, designed by Mr. C. E. Jaques, and very beautiful. The timbers of Georgia pine, are exposed, giving the effect of panel work to the shingled sides. The finishing of the ceiling is in black ash and red oak. The sides of the interior are colored, the last coat of plaster having been colored in the mortar bed. The seats are of oak.

The corner stone of the chapel was laid in November, 1884, by the Rev. Henry Mottet, rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York. The size of the chapel is 50x25, while that of the guild room is 14x30. From the latter a passage leads to the belfry, which is supplied with a bell weighing 1,300 pounds, the gift of Mrs. Edward Kemp, of Rumson. The Misses S. and H. Embury, Mrs. L. O. Chandler and sisters, and the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, presented each a double window in the body of the church. Of the handsome chancel windows, L. B. Batin presented a single window, the children of the Rev. E. Embury a triplet window over the altar, and two windows were presented by the Sunday school children.

In the centre of the church hangs a brass corona presented by Dr. John H. Hinton. The altar rail is from All Saints church, New York, and the brass uprights supporting it are the gift of the children of St. John's chapel, Little Silver, N. J. The altar and font were given by St. Chrysostom's chapel, New York. The Bible was from the Church of the Holy Communion, while the other chancel books were a memorial gift by Mr. Thomas Whitaker, New York. Mr. Embury is deserving of much credit for his earnest and successful efforts in raising the means with which this building has been erected.

The bishop of the diocese has appointed Tuesday, the 8th of September, for the consecration of the chapel.

TOM'S RIVER—Consecration of Christ Church.—This church (the Rev. H. C. Rush, rector), was consecrated on Tuesday, August 25th, by the bishop of the diocese. There were present besides the bishop and the rector, the Rev. Dns. O. M. Hills and H. H. Wells, and the Rev. Messrs. T. H. Cullen, E. K. Smith, J. D. Hills, G. H. Hills, W. N. Dannel, T. A. Spooner, H. McKim, J. T. Jowitz and H. S. Widmeyer. The instrument of donation was read and presented by the senior warden, Mr. Gifford, and the sentence of consecration read by the Rev. Dr. G. M. Hills. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Dr. Hills and the Rev. Mr. Cullen; the Rev. E. K. Smith reading the lessons. The bishop then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the sermon being preached by the Rev. W. N. Dannel, who, thirty years ago held the first mission services in this place.

KEY EAST—CHAURV Services.—During the summer, services have been regularly held at this interesting seaside resort. The Rev. R. F. Innes, who has been spending the summer here, has erected a tent not far from the Avon Beach Hotel, where he holds service daily, at 9:30 A.M. and on Sunday there is an early celebration of the Holy Communion at 7:30 A.M., Morning Prayer and sermon at 11 A.M., and

Evening Prayer at 4:30 P.M. This work is wholly gratuitous, and done by Mr. Innes to ensure that the summer visitors shall not be deprived of opportunities of worship.

Cape May Point—St. Peter's by the Sea.—On the morning of Sunday, August 23d, the Rev. W. H. Graff, rector of St. Jude's, Philadelphia, to whom, as much as any one else, this church owes its existence, officiated and preached. In the afternoon the service and sermon were by the Rev. George M. Bond of Newark Delaware.

PENNSYLVANIA.

CHURCH GROWTH IN THE DIOCESE.—In the minds of many the thought is that the Church in the Diocese of Pennsylvania is not holding her own, that the denominations are fast outstripping her, and that the Romish communion is vastly stronger than she. The facts of the case are that no body calling itself religious has near so many places of worship, while she has in Philadelphia double that Romanism has, which so many look upon as the great and strong religious body. In the city alone there are ninety-five places of worship which Bishop Stevens declared at the last convention that he recognized as such. Instead of "one new parish being organized and two or three unorganized founded," during the last ten years, the following facts are brought to light by a perusal of the journals of the convention:

St. Barnabas's, Kensington, was organized October 24th, 1875. On October 15th, 1876, services commenced in the new church. It reports in 1885, 346 communicants, 29 teachers and officers in the Sunday school, with 482 scholars; 4 Bible class teachers and 314 scholars under them. It proposes to erect a parish building at a cost of not less than \$20,000, and the report says "that there is no doubt that the much-needed parish building will soon be a reality."

St. Stephen's, Clifton Heights. The cornerstone for the church was laid October 15th, 1878, and consecrated March 15th, 1879. It has now 53 communicants, a church seating 300, and a fine parish building and rectory. The parish is now self supporting.

St. Ambrose began on September 1, 1880, in two second-story rooms, at Twenty-sixth and Poplar streets, by the Rev. J. J. Joyce Moore; was admitted into union with the convention in 1881. It has 89 communicants, and has entirely paid for its church, seating 400. This had existed for two or three years previous as St. David's mission, but in a very feeble condition.

Christ church, Ridley Park. Occasional services were held in the railroad station during 1878 and 1879 to a mere handful of people, much to the discouragement of those who officiated. It now has a neat stone church, and it is expected that a rectory will soon be built.

St. Peter's, Weldon. Services were held occasionally at this point by various clergymen before the present incumbent took charge, on March 21, 1880. Ground was given, and a frame church was erected in 1881, the first service being on Christmas Day of that year. The report for the present year says: "During the past year the frame church has been enclosed with dressed stone, and now we have a stone church with a tower sixty-three feet high; the chancel window, one of the finest in the diocese, and all the windows of stained glass. The building was erected by a lady as a memorial of her deceased husband. The same lady has purchased the hall and lot adjoining the church, and donated it to the church for a Sunday school and parish building. The whole property is held by the trustees of the diocese. It is also endowed.

About ten months ago the Rev. A. George

Baker began St. Ann's mission. Services are held in a hall, Twelfth street, above Somerset. There are fifty communicants, and an average attendance on Sundays of 150.

During the autumn of 1882 the Italian mission was established, and the Rev. Michele Zara placed in charge. This has become the Church of L'Emmanuel, with 76 communicants. It has its own chapel, and rooms for its schools and other work. The mission is prospering greatly. An Italian hymnal has been published, as well as a monthly paper, L'Emmanuel. A night-school is kept up, and is taught by the rector and three assistant teachers. Thirty-one were confirmed during the past year. The rector is anxious to establish a sanitarium in connection with the mission, which is very much needed in the section of the city in which it is located, and it is hoped that the liberally disposed will aid in this as well as in the many other good works he is doing.

In the fall of 1881 a Spanish mission was begun, and services have been kept up without intermission up to the present time. Señor Farmenat Anaya was placed in charge, and soon after ordered deacon. His death, on May 5, 1884, prevented him from carrying out the work which he had so earnestly begun. He was succeeded by Don Pedro Duarte, who had gone from the mission to Matanzas, his native city, and there held the first Spanish Protestant services, which led to the King of Spain's decree of religious toleration for Cuba and Porto Rico and the mission to Cuba. Mr. Duarte was ordered deacon January 25, 1885. He returns to Cuba in a few months to labor there under the Board of Missions. There are among the evidences that the mission is doing a good work, and has great influence among those for whom it was organized.

For some years a service for deaf-mutes was held in St. Stephen's church of this city. It was in 1878 placed under the care of a commission appointed by the bishop. The Rev. H. W. Syle, A.M., presbyter, a deaf-mute, is missionary in charge of this All Soul's Mission to the Deaf. He is particularly suited to the work, and has been most successful in his labors in this and other dioceses. There are 104 communicants connected with the mission.

Church of the Atouement, Morton. This parish is the outcome of services held by the Rev. Dr. Spear about 1878 in a private house. They were soon transferred to a hall. The corner-stone of the church was laid May 24th, 1880. The church was consecrated April 23th, 1881.

The Church of the Good Samaritan, Paoli, was started in 1876, by renting a hall and holding therein services and a Sunday-school. On October 31st, 1876, the corner stone was laid for a church, which was consecrated September 28th, 1878. It has lately been placed in charge of its own rector.

The Rev. R. T. B. Winkill, deacon in charge of Church of the Messiah, Gwynedd, has for a few months passed been holding services at Lansdale, four miles distant.

For five years the Rev. C. S. Daniel has maintained the services of the Church in St. Chrysostom's chapel, 28th street and Susquehanna Avenue, which he began and has since kept up amid many discouragements; but the value of his work is great among a class of people who greatly need spiritual care.

The Mission Chapel of St. David's, Manayunk, was opened in 1876. It is now practically a separated parish under its own minister, the Rev. Henry P. Chapman, though the statistics are incorporated in the report of the mother-church. These are all new enterprises since the convention of 1875. Several chapels and parishes which were then scarcely more than such in name have grown, and some of them are very strong.

Christ church chapel was then holding services in the French church, it has now 150 communicants, and its congregations are only limited by the capacity of its chapel, which seats 400. If it was as large again it would probably be filled. Great need of a larger building is felt.

Christ church, Eddington, was then under the fostering care of All Saints, Lower Dublin. It has become an independent and prosperous self-supporting parish in the last two years under its efficient rector, the Rev. Edwin J. Humes.

Christ church mission, Franklyville, had in 1875 a bare existence. It has now 60 communicants and property to the value of \$7,000.

Trinity church, Maylandville, was weak, and the congregation worshipped in a frame building. Now it has a fine large stone church and parish buildings.

In 1878 large and fine churches and parish buildings were built for the Memorial Church of the Holy Comforter and Holy Trinity chapel. The former seating 400, the latter 750.

A fine large church at Bryn Mawr has taken the place of the old Church of Redeemer, Lower Merion.

Other examples of growth in this diocese since the convention of 1875 might be cited, but enough have been shown to remove all doubts that the diocese has taken rapid and firm strides, far in excess of the increase of population.

PHILADELPHIA—Moro Phillips's Will.—The will of the late Moro Phillips has been admitted to probate. Most of the bequests are of a private character. \$25,000 is left in trust for the Church of St. James the Less, Falls of Schuylkill, the net income to be applied to the support of the parish. \$10,000 is bequeathed in trust for St. Mark's church, the net income to be paid towards the maintenance of the choir.

PHILADELPHIA—Home of the Merciful Saviour for Crippled Children.—This institution has been in existence about three years, and is now about to erect a new building for the accommodation of its inmates. It is to be on Baltimore avenue, between 44th and 45th streets. It will be 39 feet front and 42 feet deep, three stories in height with a basement. Its wards and rooms will be furnished with all the best appliances for carrying on its special work.

There will be a neat stone Gothic chapel built in connection with the home, 23x42 feet. It will have a chancel, roving, organ rooms, etc. It is expected that both will be completed by the first of March, 1886.

Mrs. Clarence H. Clark has given the ground, the stone for the foundation, and \$500 in money. Another lady furnishes the funds for the building of the chapel.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Luke's Memorial Church, Buxton.—Mrs. Pauline E. Henry, the foundress of this church (the Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss, rector), has sent from Venice a beautiful candelabrum of brass, copied from one in St. Mark's in that city. It now adorns the chancel-arch of the church.

PHILADELPHIA—Christ Church.—The Rev. Dr. Foggo, rector of Christ church, has returned from his visit to Bermuda, his early home, in good health, much benefited by his vacation.

PHILADELPHIA—Home of The Merciful Saviour for Crippled Children.—This institution has been in existence about three years, and is now about to erect a new building for the accommodation of its inmates. It is to be on Baltimore avenue, between 44th and 45th streets. It will be thirty-nine feet front and forty-two feet deep, three stories in height, with a basement. Its wards and rooms will

be furnished with all the best appliances for carrying on its special work.

There will be a neat stone Gothic chapel, built in connection with the home, 23x24 feet. It will have a chancel, roving, organ, rooms, etc. It is expected that both will be completed by March 1, 1886.

Mrs. Clarence H. Clark has given the ground, the stone for the foundation, and \$500 in money. Another lady furnishes the funds for the building of the chapel.

PITTSBURGH.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 34, Thursday, St. Thomas's, Smicksburg
- 25, Friday, St. Michael's, Wayne township.
- 26, Saturday, Lawsonham.
- 27, Sunday, Our Saviour, Dubois.
- 28, Monday, Driftwood.
- 29, St. Michael and All Angels, Driftwood.
- 30, Wednesday, a.m., Phillipsburg; p.m., St. Albans, Peale.

UNIONTOWN—St. Peter's Church.—We are requested to correct some errors in the notice of this church (the Rev. R. S. Smith, rector), that appeared in our issue of August 15th. There is not to be a chime of bells in the tower.

The pews will be of chestnut, the chancel furniture only being of oak. It is only the tiles of the chancel and under the tower which are the gift of a gentleman of Philadelphia, the former a memorial of his mother. The parish hopes to be out of debt and have the church consecrated at its opening, but this will depend on increased subscriptions, hoped for, but not yet received.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Lenthall Home.—In May, 1883, Mrs. E. J. Stone, a parishioner of Epiphany parish, sought the advice of the then rector (Dr. Paré), and his assistance in carrying out a long cherished design of establishing a home for poor widows, resident in Washington, and members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The general principles of a similar institution in Hartford, Conn., were to be followed in its operation. It was suggested that the gift or trust should not be made to the vestry of the parish in its corporate capacity, but that a separate corporation should be found. Mrs. Stone therefore conveyed to the Rev. William Paré, D. D., and Messrs. Lewis J. Davis, W. D. Baldwin, M. W. Beveridge and E. J. Hutchinson, as trustees, a lot of land in the west part of the city, and placed in their hands \$25,000, with instructions to expend not exceeding \$15,000 in erecting a suitable house. The sum not expended was directed to be invested so as best to produce an income for the house's maintenance.

The building is on the corner of Nineteenth and G streets. It is three stories in height, with attic and basement, and is both substantial and handsome in appearance. It is known as "The Lenthall Home for Widows," being established as a memorial of the late John Lenthall. The term for which the home is organized is twenty-five years, ending June 11th, 1903. The house contains twelve apartments, each containing three rooms, well lighted and ventilated. Each apartment communicates with the basement by a lift, and has a storage room in the attic. The basement contains laundry, ranges, drying rooms, bath rooms, coal and fuel boxes, etc. The lighting of the house is free.

The rent of apartments for one person is \$3 per month, to two persons \$4 per month. Thus the home furnishes, at a mere nominal charge, pleasant apartments as a permanent residence for those who are able to provide the cost of living and furnishing their rooms, or to have it done for them. One apartment is occupied by the superintendent, and

by two widows, one by a widow and her son, and five by one widow each. There is no regular chaplain, but the home is in St. John's parish.

EASTON.

GREAT CHOPTASK PARISH—Christ Church, Cambridge.—The new church in this parish, (the Rev. Dr. T. P. Barber, rector,) is expected to be finished by Thanksgiving Day, just three years from the date of the burning of the old church. A large force of workmen is now engaged on the interior of the building.

NORTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 3, Thursday, Calvary church, Henderson County.
- 4, Friday, Calvary Chapel.
- 6, Sunday, Asheville.
- 11, Friday, Hickory.
- 14, Monday, Paterson, Caldwell County.
- 15, Wednesday, Blowing Rock.
- 18, Friday, St. John's Vale Crucis.
- 20, Sunday, Boone.
- 21, Thursday, Riverdale.
- 23, Wednesday, Wilkesboro.
- 24, Thursday, Gwyn's Chapel.
- 25, Friday, Elkin.
- 27, Sunday, Statesville.
- 28, Monday, St. John's, Indell County.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 13, Sunday, a.m., Ridgeway; p.m., Winnsboro.
- 15, Tuesday, Chester.
- 17, Thursday, Lancaster.
- 20, Sunday, Hook Hill, (Ember Ordination).
- 23, Wednesday, Yorkville.
- 25, Friday, Gaffney.
- 27, Glen Springs.

INDIANA.

TERRE HAUTE—Church Growth.—The commemoration of Bishop Kemper's consecration in Philadelphia next month emphasizes Church growth in Indiana. Fifty years ago that venerable prelate planted the standard of the Cross under the trees of the primeval forest, here on the banks of the Wabash, among a few discouraged people, where today stands the beautiful city of Terre Haute, with its long avenue of elegant residences, adorned with costly works of art; its great normal school, where twelve hundred graduates of high schools are annually prepared for teachers; its splendid "Rose Polytechnic Institute," richly endowed, where young men can learn to make anything from a file to a locomotive, and from an electric battery to a railway bridge, at merely nominal cost for education—here, in the midst of a coal and railway interest of immense value has risen this beautiful prairie city.

And in the very heart of this city stands St. Stephen's church, casting far across the valley the gleam of its lofty cross. Here the church is always open from sunrise to sunset, here arises the incense of daily Morning and Evening Prayer, and here the souls of the faithful are nourished with the wholesome food of the Lord's Supper on every Lord's day.

In the congregation are U. S. senators and State legislators, the mayor of the city, and three ex-mayors, the post-master, the judge of the highest court, the president of the board of trade, lawyers and bankers, merchants and manufacturers.

Here are special pews set apart for normal and college students. Out from this grand old parish church on every Sunday go forth earnest laymen in hands to hold services in St. Matthew's Mission near Abbott Park, in St. Mark's among the workmen of the great Vandalia system, in St. Luke's for the operatives of the nail factories, and in St. John's for the people along the wharves and tenement houses.

The music is rendered by a vested choir of

men and boys, but is always hearty, simple, and such as the congregation can join in.

Services are furnished to the County Poor-House and City Hospital, and special services are held for masonic and military companies. There are brotherhoods and sisterhoods, guilds and fraternities suited to all tastes, and a printing-press at the rectory furnishes the parish printing. The grain of mustard seed planted by Bishop Kemper fifty years ago has become a full-grown tree.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

ANN ARBOR—St. Andrew's Church.—On Sunday, July 13th, the bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. Samuel Earp, rector,) and held evening service. After the service he briefly addressed his former flock, between whom and himself such strong ties still existed, commending to them their new rector, in whose ministerial integrity and ability he had much confidence. The bishop referred to the large and beautiful church, with its chapel and rectory, and dwelt upon the pastoral relations that day formed by them with Mr. Earp, speaking of the noble field opening before him, where there were so many young men during the whole year connected with the university.

WISCONSIN.

JANESVILLE—Christ Church.—This church (the Rev. C. M. Pullen, rector,) has been thoroughly repaired. It was closed on June 1st, and the rector was a committee of one to procure workmen, purchase material, and decide upon designs for interior ornamentation. In seven weeks the building was receded and painted, partly replastered, and the walls handsomely tinted and frescoed. The expenditure was \$350, and all are satisfied that time and money were well expended.

MINNESOTA.

DIOCESAN NOTES.—Since June 21st the bishop has made extensive visitations in different parts of the diocese. He has preached twenty-three times, confirmed thirty-eight persons, celebrated the Holy Communion six times, and baptised six infants and one adult. On August 21 he delivered in the cathedral a very able memorial address on the death of General Grant, before a large and appreciative congregation. The bishop expects to visit the Indian missions in September.

The Rev. Charles Rollitt, missionary to various parishes and stations south of Minneapolis, died on Sunday, August 9th, of cholera morbus, at Delano, whither he had gone on the previous week to hold services. Mr. Rollitt came to Minnesota from the Diocese of Montreal, and was one of the most active missionaries in our diocese. His funeral took place from his home in Minneapolis, on Friday, August 14th, the bishop conducting the services.

Several parishes which had for some time been vacant are again supplied with regular services. Among them, and a very important one, is Albert Lea. This town, a railroad centre, is growing very rapidly, and the Rev. R. R. Goudy has assumed the rectorship of the parish under the most favorable auspices.

A very interesting mission has been commenced at Becker, under the Rev. A. D. Stowe of Anoka. The growth, both in numbers and interest, has been marvellous, and a neat little chapel, on which, however, a small debt still impends, attests the zeal of the missionary and the will of the people. Becker is a small hamlet, and the congregation is composed largely of farmers, some of whom come five miles to the week-night services.

A new mission chapel has also been recently opened in St. Paul, under the auspices of

Christ church, in which services and Sunday-school are to be held regularly every Sunday.

On Monday, August 17th, St. Paul's church, Owatonna, (the Rev. G. C. Tanner, rector,) was consecrated by the bishop, assisted by the Rev. Wm. A. Pope, St. Paul; the Rev. C. H. Plummer, Red Wing; the Rev. G. B. Whipple, chaplain of St. Mary's Hall; the Rev. Prof. J. McBride Sterritt of Seabury Divinity Hall, and the Rev. E. C. Bill, presenter, and the Rev. A. A. Abbott, assistant rector of the cathedral.

This parish, for many years a mission station, under the fostering care of the clergy and divinity students in Faribault, was finally given over to the rectorship of the Rev. G. C. Tanner, who has remained in charge for the last eighteen years. The result of Mr. Tanner's persistent, patient waiting and working against hope are seen to-day in one of the neatest, and at the same time least expensive, churches in the diocese. The work was begun two years ago, amid much discouragement and lack of faith on the part of almost every one in the parish; but the rector, assisted and encouraged by his earnest and enthusiastic wife, persevered, and the work is completed. In September last, just as the finishing touches were being added, preparatory to opening the church, a telegram informed the rector and his wife that their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Perceval, with their little babe and two young Englishmen, Hugh Mair and H. A. G. Baird, had been foully murdered on their farm in Nebraska. The blow was a terrible one, and for a time stunned both pastor and people; but they rallied, and, although Mr. Tanner's attention has been much engrossed by his great affliction, yet the new church has been more fully equipped and furnished than it was last September, and is, in a very large sense, a memorial church. In April, Spencer A. Perceval, Esq., of Richmond, Surrey, England, the father of Mr. H. G. Perceval, the murdered husband, came over, and by his presence, his earnest, churchly ways, and his courteous, gentlemanly manners, has added new life to the parish and endeared himself to all classes of the citizens.

The church, cruciform in shape, is a mixture of early English gothic and Norman architecture, being high pointed, with opened roof. It stands on an elevated embankment, very handsomely terraced, and is about seventy feet by twenty-two feet, with transepts forty feet by eighteen feet. The chancel is 18x15.

All the chancel furniture and almost all the windows are memorials of the faithful departed. The font is in memory of the murdered babe of Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, and is the gift of her grandfather, S. A. Perceval, Esq. The lecturn, a carved eagle, was given in memory of H. A. G. Baird, by his mother. A beautiful brass cross for the altar, from Mrs. Mair, in memory of her son Hugh, arrived just after the consecration services had closed. The services were participated in by all the clergy present, the rector reading the instrument of donation, and the Rev. G. B. Whipple the sentence of consecration. The address by the bishop was exceedingly appropriate and touching. The Holy Communion was celebrated by the bishop, assisted by the Rev. Wm. A. Pope.

The little parish has every reason to take heart and be thankful for God's special blessings in thus enabling it to possess such a neat, churchly building—one which shall be a constant educator to the people at large and a comfort to the flock.

IOWA.

MAQUOKETA—St. Mark's Church.—St. Mark's, Maquoketa, has its rector once more. The Rev. H. E. Somerville, on returning from the

East with his bride, found a warm reception awaiting him. This was participated in not only by his own Church-people, but one and all of his many friends he has made during all his life in Maquoketa were present to welcome home their rector and their rector's wife. A pleasant surprise was in store for the bride and groom. On reaching their rooms they found new tokens of regard in the wedding-presents awaiting them. Here, again, was noticeable how general this regard is from the fact that one of the gifts, a handsome set of chamber furniture, was from six gentlemen of the city who had no Church connection whatever. These gifts will doubtless soon find their place in the rectory, which will be completed in September. A rector with whom his people are evidently so well pleased, and a people who appreciate his efforts to help them live better, more Christian lives, may both be congratulated in the same breath in which we wish the Rev. and Mrs. Somerville Godspeed in their new life.—*Diocesan Paper.*

LOUISIANA.

LAKE CHARLES—Mission Work.—The Diocesan Missionary of Lake Charles, Louisiana, the Rev. E. W. Hunter, held the first Church service in that town on Sunday, July 19th. A large congregation was present. This is one of the best business towns in Louisiana. It is situated on Lake Charles, a beautiful clear water lake, is on the line of Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railroad, and within about eight hours run to New Orleans, Louisiana, and Houston, Texas. It is a great lumber country, has a population of some 4,000, and is growing larger every day. A large London syndicate, of which Mr. J. B. Waters is president, lately bought over one million acres of land here, is stock raising partly, and partly cultivating. The Church people are very anxious to have a resident clergyman and can promise an energetic man a salary of \$800 per year at present, with every prospect for an increase. The Sunday-school just organized, consists of over thirty children, and seven teachers. A good man could build up a fine parish here, as the people are willing to work with a vim. The climate is healthy, the town prosperous, and the people are in earnest. The bishop of the diocese would be glad to have an active, faithful priest in charge of the work, and the diocesan missionary would be glad to communicate with such a man on the subject. His address is P. O. drawer 1,042, New Orleans, La.—*The Church News.*

CALIFORNIA.

SIERRA MADRE—San Gabriel Valley Missions.—The Rev. A. G. L. Trew, the dean of Southern California has issued the foregoing appeal for the building of a church at Sierra Madre:

About three years ago a new settlement was formed near the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains on the north side of the San Gabriel Valley, about eight miles from the "historic mission" of San Gabriel, and some from Los Angeles. It is already the home of about forty families, of whom somewhat more than one-fourth belong to the Church. It has as yet no place of worship of any kind.

A movement however has been set on foot for the building of a church in which services shall be held by me, or by my assistant at Pasadena. The starting of this movement is due to an instance of rare Christian zeal and generosity. A lady who had spent the best years of her life as a teacher in Wisconsin found her health gone, and came to Sierra Madre when the settlement was first formed. She brought with her her widowed mother, and the savings of her teacher's salary. The

money was all put into the purchase of twenty acres of land, and the building of a cottage home. They have nothing whatever but what their land brings in, and their vines are not yet bearing. This lady it is who came to me recently to say that she was resolved to have a church built, and to consult with me as to the steps to be taken. She expressed her intention of donating a half-acre of her land as a site.

I wish that I could transfer to the breast of some of our wealthy and generous people, who already have at their doors all the privileges of the Church, the feeling with which, when this offer was made, I hung my head for shame at the paltriness of my sacrifice for the Church. The rich of their abundance cast into the treasury. She of her penury gives more than they all.

Her spirit and example are infectious. Others have taken it up, and an effort is now being made to raise enough to put up a church, holding about one hundred and twenty-five, and costing about \$1,000 or \$1,300. Of this amount I do not think it will be possible to raise more than half in the settlement; and I shall have to look to the Churchmen elsewhere for help.

I have never before asked for outside help for the work of these San Gabriel Valley Missions. Since I came here, four years ago, the congregation in San Gabriel has grown into a self-supporting parish; and the mission at Pasadena has gone down deep into its own pocket for the \$2,700 which it has raised this winter. When therefore I appeal for aid for Sierra Madre, I do so with a hearty confidence that the response will prove to the donor of the land that her generous gift draws to her object the sympathy of the Church.

I am done for the present; but I shall not drop this subject until, by the help of God, the Sierra Madre church is built and paid for.

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

AMERICAN CHURCH BUILDING FUND.—At the convocation of this jurisdiction, held on August 19th, resolutions were unanimously adopted requesting every missionary station in the jurisdiction to make an annual offering, as liberal in amount as possible, to the American Church Building Fund Commission, and, as workers in the missionary field, where the need of aid in church erection is specially felt, appealing to their brethren in the older and richer dioceses to hasten the completion of the building fund to the full million dollars with the least possible delay.

PARAGRAPHC.

ONE of the great difficulties missionaries has had to contend with in Eastern lands has been the almost impossibility of penetrating to the homes of the people. It is now being largely done away by sending out medically educated female missionaries.

THE fastest cruiser afloat is said to be an English vessel, the Mercury. She will average 18½ knots an hour, while the Emerald, the Chilian, and the Milan, a French cruiser, averages but 18 knots. This country would seem to have lost its reputation for fast ships.

THE historical house at Woodbury, Conn., where Bishop Seabury was elected, has been renovated and restored without being modernized. It is about two hundred years old, but so substantial with timbers of oak as to be good for a century or more. The secret door to the hole in the ground where Tories were hid during the Revolution is yet to be curried. The house belongs to the Hon. Horace Curtiss.

An engineer on one of our important railways, and in other respects thoroughly comple-

ment, was found to be color-blind to such a degree that he could not distinguish one color from another. He had been long on the road, and those who travelled with him ran great though unconscious risks. Sometimes paintings are seen with such incongruities of color as to suggest a partial color-blindness in the artist.

It is reported that Canon Farrar has a special lecture for Boston on Browning, that city being supposed to have more admirers of the poet than all the rest of the country. There is also a rumor that Browning himself is coming to this country especially to see Boston, Harvard College, Niagara and the Yosemite. The city will hardly be able to contain itself and must annex the rest of the State.

In the memoirs of the Father of Black Letter Collectors, John Moore, Bishop of Ely, it seemed necessary to make some explanation of the large number of other people's books that were found in his library at his death. It is charitably supposed that in the matter of returning borrowed books he had a memory very convenient for himself, if not for the lenders. "A book's a book although there's nothing in't," and possibly a black letter volume is a treasure no matter how obtained.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN wrote, "Since Providence in great mercy has protracted my age to the finishing of the Cathedral Church, St. Paul, I shall briefly communicate my sentiments after long experience. A church should not be so filled with pews but that the poor may have room enough to stand and sit in the aisles, for to them equally is the Gospel preached. It were to be wished that there were no pews but benches, but there is no stemming the tide of profit and the advantage of pew-keepers."

It was customary in England to applaud the preachers in the pulpit two hundred years ago. Of Bishop Burnet, Macaulay says: "He was often interrupted by the deep hum of his audience, and when after preaching out the hour glass, which in those days was part of the furniture of the pulpit, he held it up in his hand, the congregation clamorously encouraged him to go on till the sand had run off once more." A parish in New Jersey now has a clock upon the little desk on which the sermon is placed, but it is to remind the preacher to cut it short and not to go on.

THE King and Queen of Belgium, with Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe Coburg, witnessed at the Antwerp Exhibition a procession of the nations. The representatives of them were seen loading and unloading vessels and carrying goods of all kinds. There were about 6,000 in the procession, in thirty-nine divisions, and there were wagons innumerable filled with goods. The splendid Flemish horses upon which, so large were they, men were obliged to ride sideways, were a chief attraction. The chiefs of the corporations were in carriages, and a chariot, bearing busts of the king and burgo-master, terminated the show.

It has been thought to be hyperbole to say that "in the lowest deep there is a still lower deep." We spoke recently of a minister in North Carolina, whose salary without any missionary stipend was \$365.57, and on it he, his wife and five children were expected to live a starveling life. In the same State three missions grouped together pay \$15.60, and three other stations pay \$41.65, or a total local salary of \$57.35, to which are to be added the missionary stipend of \$100, and as much more from the Board of Missions, or a grand total of \$257.35. Out of this is to come housekeeping and travelling expenses, say \$140, and the minister, wife and five children exist upon the remainder. Such facts are gruesome.

LITERATURE.

PASTIME PAPERS, a volume of essays, by Frederick Saunders, author of "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," will be issued early this month by Mr. Whittaker.

THE Church Portrait Journal, an ecclesiastical art magazine, is published monthly in London, and every number contains photographs of clergymen and prominent persons.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S Eulogy on Grant is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. in paper covers, with a good portrait of the General upon the cover. It is quite equal to the cabled report of it.

"THE Colonial Church of Virginia," an address by the Rev. P. Slaughter, D.D., is elegantly printed in a pamphlet on good paper and clear type. It has no imprint, but is understood to come from the press of Mr. Whittaker.

THE Rev. Dr. C. S. Percival's poem on the death of General Grant, entitled "The Two Conquerors," which was read at the commemorative services at Cresco, Iowa, is published. Dr. Percival has a good reputation as a poet as well as a scholarly divine.

THE eighteen articles of the September Eclectic are from twelve foreign periodicals, and furnish a large amount of valuable reading. The final article is on Becket, from Blackwood. The literary notes and notices and the miscellany are always attractive in the Eclectic.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, issued every other week at 111 Broadway, treats of the most important subjects and in a very able way. Of the fifteen writers in the number for September 5, fourteen are women, and they write understandingly upon all departments of housekeeping.

THE September Magazine of American History has a steel portrait of General Grant, with a paper by the editor on his last resting place at Riverside, illustrated. There is also a fine portrait of General Meredith Read. The papers upon the Civil War are continued and are full of interest.

THE August Port Folio contains Hastings, etched by Stephen Parish; Milking Time, etched by E. O. Murray, after Cuyper; and Windsor Castle from the Berkshire bank of the river, by H. Raitton; all full page. There are some seventeen other illustrations. W. M. Conway gives an interesting paper on the Influence of the Mendicant Orders upon the Revival of Art, and the series of articles upon Windsor is continued.

THE supplement designs, eight plates, in the Art Amateur for September are of unusual value. Plate 465 contains designs for altar-cloth borders. The frontispiece is the Duet, a pen sketch by James Symington. The more important illustrations are pen and pencil drawings by F. A. Bridgman, D. R. Knight, Leon Moran, Geo. H. Boughton and E. de Liphart. Decoration, furniture and needlework are handsomely illustrated. The artists sketched are Eleanor and Kathleen Greatorex.

THE first paper in the September Andover Review is in continuation of the series on the "Religious Problem of the Country Town," by the Rev. S. W. Dike, a subject of deep and widespread interest. The Rev. R. J. Nevins, D. D., gives a sketch of Paolo Paradisi, reprinted in this issue of THE CHURCHMAN, under the title of "A Roman Martyr." The two other papers are "Private Aid to Public Charities," by D. McG. Means, and "James Madison," by Henry Cabot Lodge. The editorial series on "Progressive Orthodoxy" is continued, the subject for the month being "The Work of the Holy Spirit," and there are two other editorials.

ART.

The amateur will not overlook the invaluable service of photography in the preservation of choice and unique engravings. An artist's proof of Raphael Menges, Culanotta, Toschi, Mandel, and other masters of first-rate reputation, while it is constantly enhancing in commercial value, is actually yet steadily losing its intrinsic artistic charm, and is, at best, perishable and extra-hazardous art property, at mercy of dampness, weather-stain, mildew and the depredations of insects. These treasures may be revitalized on fresh, attractive paper by the skillful photographer, and multiplied without serious expenditure. There are etchings and artist's proofs from Rembrandt, Raphael and the other classic masters already bearing almost fabulous valuations and often reduced to two or three existing copies, and these in a crumbling condition. Generous precautions can rescue these master-works of an art not likely to be resuscitated, and secure for important collections and galleries invaluable tokens of the engraver's earlier achievements.

The plate of The Hannelschacht, one of Kaullach's most spirited and poetical frescoes, has for years been worn almost to hazy indistinctness—the thin method of the engraver, having accelerated the destruction of the press-work in multiplying copies. A dozen negatives from an artist's proof would secure this splendid epic, and other equally important productions, almost an unlimited preservation. While proofs of important plates are yet accessible, art dealers would do well to utilize these suggestions, unless they apprehend a shrinkage in prices for rare copies under such a process of multiplication. Collectors and amateurs who live on something better than a purely mercenary plane, may find themselves roving art an inestimable service in thus forestalling the ravages of time.

There is now little question of the rapid multiplication of the great gallery and "collection" treasures sooner or later, for the movement gathers vigor as it advances, and only churlishness can here and there obstruct or hinder. The early and medieval art, therefore, is certain of rapid and popular distribution. But what is to be said of important modern proprietary pictures? Here the question of "copyright," legitimately invites attention. At present there is no such thing. The artist may dispose of his creations, rerearing if he will the right of replication. Either the artist or the purchaser may further dispose of the right of copying to the print dealer or the photographer. But what can protect the copy, or engraving, or photograph from spoliation or seizure? In literature, even in trade marks, the laws of civilized nations impose legislative enactment; not for the restriction of literary production, but for its tonic and judicious encouragement. Why should not the same spirit provide similar safeguard for the creations of the artist? Why not copyright a picture as well as a poem? Neither may possess intrinsic value in most cases; yet the existence and recognition of art property as well as literary property would serve artist and purchaser, just as they serve artist and publisher.

Let the artist work under legislative recognition, choosing the manner in which he will serve the people. He shall be at liberty to "publish" his work under prescribed limitations, or he may reserve and retain all copyright. The current agencies of thrift and business would in most cases bring within popular reach such works as are most likely to serve and edify the people. The artist would justly earn the usufruct of a wide circulation copyright, in addition to the original value of his production. Just as the

novelist adds his royalty on each printed copy to the purchase money paid for his manuscript. Under such prescription the photographer becomes publisher, and his gain lies not only in the quality of his work, but in the fascination of the subject. A trivial copyright would have secured the legitimate independence of scores of artists, whose works are multiplied many thousand fold while they themselves are penniless beyond the amount of the cost of the original. Copyright on the other hand would adjust such inequalities, and make the artist partner in the printer's venture precisely as the author is sharer of the publisher's fortunes.

Besides, there is crying demand for protection from some quarter against the desecrations of the caricaturist on the one hand, and the unscrupulous advertiser on the other. The charlatan who prostitutes the winged cherub looking up into the face of the Dresden "Madonna" for a bill-board poster, is guilty of constructive sacrilege. The shopman who seizes a delicate, dainty, idyllic picture and claps a glaring trademark upon it in the service of whiskey, tobacco or quackery, deserves boycotting from the refined, conscientious, art-loving community. Copyright would cure all these gross violations of aesthetic proprieties and properties.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. P. A. Johnson has removed from Nevada, Missouri, to Kansas, and taken charge of Midlothian Mission, Harper county. Address, Midlothian, Kansas.

The Rev. C. L. Sleight's address, after September 17th, is Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

In Grace Church, Woodville, Bertie county, N. C., on Wednesday, the 19th of August, 1885, by the pastor, the Rev. H. M. Jarvis, A. M., T. ISABELL PHILIPS of Lewiston, N. C., to FRANCES HELLS BLADE of Woodville, N. C., only daughter of the late Dr. Henry Fletcher Williams and Laura Bladé Pugh.

DIED.

Carried into Paradise, from St. Luke's rectory, Mattawan, New York, on Wednesday, 26th inst., CORNAD, infant son of Henry and Ada Hedges.

Fell asleep, at West End, Long Branch, N. J., on Thursday, August 27th, 1885, STANLEY JACKSON, wife of Mr. William B. Butler, and daughter of Mr. Charles O. Sizer of March Chunk, Penn. "We asked life for her, and God gave her a long life, even forever and ever."

On August 28th, 1885, in Leipzig, Germany, the Rev. JOHN TAYLOR, in the 58th year of his age, of Philadelphia, Penn., formerly of Manchester, England, son of the late James and Hannah Taylor.

IN MEMORIAM.

HON. JACOB THOMPSON.

Memphis, Tenn., departed March 9th, 1885. Being the report, as approved and adopted, of a special committee appointed by the Board of Trustees of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn., during their session of August, 1885, with reference to the death of Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, a trustee to the University from the Diocese of Tennessee:

"This Board has learned with profound regret of the death of the Hon. Jacob Thompson, a devoted man to whom the University was largely indebted. He was a man of fine scholarship, broad sympathies, and enlarged heart. He devoted himself very heartily to the building up of this University, and both by generous counsel and liberal contributions helped forward the work. From the time he became a member of the Board of Trustees he was seldom or never absent from its sessions. He took a deep and leading part in the deliberations of this board, and spared no exertions or labors to promote the welfare of the University. In his last days he did not forget its material needs. He was a devout member of the Church during all the best years of his life, and after a career of great usefulness to the Church and to his country, in both of which he occupied high positions of honor and trust, he entered into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Resolved, That a copy of this report be sent to Mrs. Jacob Thompson.

Resolved, That a copy of this report be sent to the Church papers.

W. G. QUINTARD,
ALEXANDER GREGG, J. N. GALEHER, J. C. GRAY, A. T. McNEAL, Committee.

APPEALS.

A CARD.

Appeal is made for the work of the Church Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, (Auxiliary to the Board of Missions). Though Good Friday is customarily and specially recommended as a time for contribution, there is always need of constant and enlarged receipt of offerings, and this is especially true in the present season of business depression, when returns of giving are relatively slow and smaller than in other years.

The work embraces the circulation of the Scriptures and a Missionary literature, the maintenance of Missionaries and Missionary Schools, and the organized co-operation of parish clergy, reaching the Jews with encouraging results in 31 cities and towns of the United States. No temporal aid is given believers.

Missionary pledges must be met. Parish, Sunday-school, and individual offerings are earnestly requested.

Printed information concerning Jewish Missions and the growth of the work freely supplied on application to

The Rev. C. ELLIS STEVENS, P. R. S., Secretary, 37 Bible House, New York.

Offerings should be sent direct to WILLIAM G. DAVIES, Esq., Treasurer, 37 Bible House, New York.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashotah. The great and good to be required, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited:

1st. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio.

2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land.

3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.

4th. Because it is the best located for study.

5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination.

Address, A. D. COLLE, D. D., Nashotah, Waushara County, Wisconsin.

THE SYNOGOGICAL SPECIATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Rev. ROBERT C. MATTACK, 123 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MIISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. KUNSHA W. WHITLINSKY, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: For Foreign and Domestic Missions, one-half to each, from A Churchwoman in Rockdale, Mass., \$10.

The annual meeting of the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York will be held in the vestry-basement-room of St. Augustine's chapel, Houston street, New York, at 3:30 P. M., directly after the close of the morning service on the opening day of the ensuing convention to be held at said chapel on Wednesday, the 30th day of September next. J. A. SPENCER, Secretary, September 5th, 1885.

A Retreat for the Clergy will be held (D. V.) in Boston during the autumn. Each week, beginning September 15th and ending September 17th, it will be conducted by the Rev. Arthur C. Hall, Expense \$3. Those intending to be present will please send immediate notice to the Rev. A. E. JOHNSON, Salmon Falls, N. H.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Price, on superior plate paper, 22 by 34 (post-paid), \$1.50; or it will be sent free to any of our present subscribers sending us the name of a new subscriber and \$4.00. M. H. MALLOY & CO., 47 Loftholme Place, New York.

The Churchman.

Reading Cases, 75 cts.; postage, 15 cts
Binding Cases, 50 cts.; postage, 15 cts
Two Binding Cases, post-paid, . . . \$1.75
Good Shepherd, post-paid, . . . \$1.50

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE PROCESS OF THE RAIN-CYCLE NOT PORTRAYED IN THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In my commentary on the Apocalypse of St. John there is this unequivocal passage :
"St. John knew nothing of the origin of rain by the process of evaporation of water from the ocean; nothing of the formation of clouds, and the precipitation of their contents to the earth." p. 356.

In reference to this statement, the honored president of one of the New England universities raises most courteously this very proper inquiry :

"Would not an examination of what even the Old Testament says about 'clouds,' 'vapors,' 'rain,' etc., demonstrate a prevalent popular knowledge of the cycle of evaporation and precipitation?"

I desire that my answer to this question may be animated by the same frank and courteous spirit. The answer is the result of a careful investigation of all the passages in both Testaments where either vapor, cloud or rain is mentioned.

Everywhere without exception the changes of the elements, the rising of the vapors and the fall of the rain-drops are described as they appear to the eyes of the beholder. But with this visual appearance there is, in no instance, even an intimation of the hidden processes by which water is turned into ascending vapor, vapor forms compact clouds, and clouds become descending rain. In no place does the Bible give these explanations. Vapor rises because it is light; cloud is upheld by the stronger air; rain is precipitated by gravitation.

Object-vision, the only scriptural knowledge of the operations of nature, cannot discern the inner motions of the storm-king. The absence of science in the books with which St. John was familiar, fully authorizes the language respecting him in my commentary, as well as the character of the title at the head of this brief response.

SAMUEL FULLER.

PARISH RECORDS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

A committee was appointed at the last Council of the Diocese of Wisconsin concerning "parish records," in order to secure better means for their keeping and preservation.

It is well known that there are serious defects and omissions in parish records. Besides this, as parish registers are ordinarily kept—there being only one copy in a parish—the entire records of a parish are liable to be irrevocably lost in case of fire. Two methods have been suggested to the committee: One, to require a duplicate of each register to be kept in every parish and mission, and to be placed for safety in the hands of some other than the minister or warden having the original register; the other method, to require a diocesan register to be kept by the registrar of the diocese, into which the records of all baptisms, marriages, and burials shall be entered, the entries to be made from reports to be required by canon from every clergyman of the diocese. This requirement could scarcely be burdensome in a diocese where each clergyman during the year officiates, on the average, at twelve baptisms, four marriages, and five funerals.

This latter method seems to the committee more practicable. If in any other diocese any method has been adopted for the preservation of parish records, besides the usual parish register, the committee would be glad to learn of it and of its practical workings. They would also be pleased to receive any suggestions on the subject.

D. A. SANFORD,
Chairman of Committee.

Waterloo, Wis.

AGAINST A FRAUD.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

Please warn clergymen to beware of a swindler now going about the country and obtaining money on checks purporting to have been drawn by Charles Morton Sills of Portland. The man is about forty years old. In height he is about five feet two or three inches, complexion light. He is solidly built, has full cheeks, smooth face, ruddy countenance; one eye is defective, or very peculiar in its expression. He wears a brownish suit, and is quick and animated in talking. Here he called himself Charles Graham. JOSEPH CAREY.
Saratoga Springs.

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF THE PRAYER BOOK REVISION.

By request we reprint here, concluding next week, this comment of the leading English Church journal upon the proposed revision of the Prayer Book :

THE BOOK ANNEXED TO THE REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS PRAYER, as Modified by the Action of the General Convention of 1868. [New York: James FOLL & Co.]

HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, by the Rev. S. Hart, M.A. [New York: T. Whitaker.]

Five years ago, the General Convention of the Church in the United States appointed a committee of seven bishops, seven clergymen, and seven laymen, "to consider and to report whether the changed conditions of the national life do not demand certain alterations in the Book of Common Prayer, in the direction of liturgical enrichment and increased flexibility of use. The committee set to work at the beginning of 1881, and the result of their labors, as modified by the resolution taken, after a debate on their proposals, in the convention of 1883, is embodied in the volume before us, which, by authority of that convention, is now submitted to the several dioceses of the American Church, with a view to final action in a future convention.

Some acquaintance with the existing American Prayer Book is of course necessary for the due appreciation of such changes as are now proposed.

An English Churchman who takes up that book for the first time and compares it with his own will probably be struck with some surprise at the number of its peculiarities, especially if he considers them in the light of a declaration in its preface, that the American Church had no intention of departing from the use of the mother Church "further than local circumstances required." Such circumstances did, indeed, in the first place require a change in the prayers for the civil government. And we must frankly admit that besides the necessary substitution of the name of the president for that of the king, it was no small gain that the element of "State Prayers" should be reduced in extent and simplified in tone. For surely no candid person who takes account of facts can deny that the prayers for the sovereign in our book would be disproportionate even under a more liberal and personal monarchical government, and that their language is in part insulting to the actual conditions of modern constitutional royalty. Our American brethren, when they pray for their civil rulers, can use words which fit the existing case. Among the other changes made in the revision of 1868, the most substantial approve themselves to Churchmen of all "schools of thought." Foremost among these is the alteration of "honorable" into "admirable," as the rendering of *venerandum* in the *Te Deum*. This alone, to our minds, would compensate for several needless deviations from the original of 1662, such as the substitution of "from Whom cometh every good and perfect gift," for "Who alone workest great marvels," of "in Christ Jesus" for "in Christ Jesu," of "prosperity" for "wealth," of "most justly" for "most righteously," of "fear" for "dread," explain themselves; and although the alteration of "which," a personal relative, into "who," may jar on some ears, it is fair to remember that it was

earnestly desired by our own Bishop Wren in 1660. The permission to substitute selections of Psalms for the appointed Psalmody of the day may be blamed as a departure from ritual precedent; yet, practically, we cannot but admit that it may be helpful to less instructed Church people, who cannot well enter into certain psalms when they recite in Sunday service. "Sins," in the baptism of infants, is fitly enough altered into "sin." Another change which, for our part, we think commendable, will be found in the alteration of "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection," etc., into "looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come." etc. Similarly, the alteration of the thanksgiving for the deliverance of the departed from the miseries of this world into a thanksgiving for the good examples of all God's departed servants may be deemed, on the whole, an advantage.

We are the more anxious to acknowledge the good points in the book and occasion to commend this Prayer Book, because there is much in them which is regrettable. When the first draft of American revision was carried in hot haste through the Convention of 1785, the influence of deputies from the Southern diocese, where Churchmanship was then at the lowest, appears to have dominated the proceedings. Some of the laymen expressed a hostile feeling towards Seabury, whose episcopal status was ignored; and a Virginia deputy proposed, for reasons only too obvious, to omit the first four suffrages of the Litany. The article of the Descent into Hell was erased from the Apostles' Creed, and both the other two Creeds were omitted together; and an adjourned meeting of the Convention in 1786, it was resolved, in deference to remonstrances from the English bishops, to admit an optional recitation of the article of the Descent, and to restore the Nicene Creed as an alternative to the Apostles'. But when the work of revision was resumed in 1843, the influence of Seabury, who was present, found the spirit of unorthodox innovation still too strong, on several points, for effective resistance. He persuaded the House of Bishops to allow the optional use of the Athanasian Creed, but "the other House" would have none of it. Thus, therefore, the Athanasian Creed is conspicuously absent from the Prayer Book of 1789; the article of the Descent may be omitted, or (which is a small point) "the place of departed spirits" may be substituted for "hell." No Proper Preface is of obligation on Trinity Sunday; and a less definite form may be substituted, at discretion, for "Who art one God, one Lord." The *Agnes Dei* and *Agnes Dei* are barbarously excluded from Evening Prayer, and the word "minister" is frequently substituted for "priest," there is no provision for private confession or absolution, except in the visitation of such prisoners as are under sentence of death; and even then the prayer, absolutely essential, "the priest being directed to 'declare to him the pardon and mercy of God, in the form which is used in the Communion Service';" the cross in baptism may be omitted at the request of "those who present the infant" or the adult, "although the Church knows no worthy cause of scruple concerning the same." The portion of baptismism recited in the second address "I certify you," is to some extent attenuated. In the Catechism, "spiritually" is substituted for "verily and indeed." The Burial Office may, by implication, be used over unbaptized infants, which is inconsistent with the Catechism; and the bishop, when he ordains a priest, may say, "The Holy Spirit will execute the office of a priest, in the Church of God, now committed to thee by the imposition of our hands; and be thou a faithful dispenser," &c. In the Consecration Office, however, there is no alternative form to "Receive the Holy Ghost," &c. We might say more as to the details of the book, but the chief flaws will come under notice when we examine the Book Annexed. On the other hand, as is well known, Seabury succeeded, through the aid of his old adversary, Dr. Williams Smith, and of the kindly and peace-loving Bishop White, in securing for the revised Communion Office the same form of Invocation, following on the words of Institution; and although the concluding clause of the Invocation was not all

that he would have desired—for his own Communion Office of 1780 follows the Scottish words: "That they may be united in Body and Blood," etc.—yet he could hardly have expected that this Office, which goes beyond the Scottish by actually prescribing the Mixture, would be accepted by a convention composed of such heterogeneous elements; and he would think he had got what was substantial when he acquired in a former office, which had been drafted by Cosin, and is among the MS. corrections in that interesting volume called "Sanctory's Prayer Book," which is preserved in the Bodleian. We will here accord a word of thanks to Professor Hart of Trinity College, Hartford, for his timely new edition of Seabury's Communion Office, to which some elderly priests in Connecticut were found to adhere as late as 1819. It should be added that the Office of Institution of Ministers, which was added to the Prayer Book by the Conventions of 1804 and 1808, forms an additional makeshift on the Catholic side. Its author was William Smith, the younger, who had been one of Seabury's clerics, and speaks emphatically of "sacerdotal function," "sacerdotal relation," "sacerdotal connection;" repeatedly employs the term "altar;" and contains a prayer addressed to our Lord as having "promised to be with the ministers of apostolic succession to the end of the world." But we have been formed on good authority that bishops and priests of the school opposed to Seabury's have generally refused to use this Office, there being no obligation to be formally instituted, and have pleaded that it is "not included in the Prayer Book as ratified in 1789."

In estimating the changes now proposed, as contained in the "Book Annexed," we must bear in mind that the committee understood their instructions as requiring that no alterations should be made "touching either statements or standards of doctrine in the Book of Common Prayer." Such changes, therefore, in a restrictive direction, as would at present tend to strengthen controversy, they have held to be outside their province. If some disappointment is felt among Churchmen on this side of the Atlantic at the absence of any attempt to make good all the more serious losses of 1785 and 1789, let the conditions under which the "enrichment" process has been carried on be fairly estimated. The object in view was clearly good, although we think a higher good is still desirable. It may, indeed, be thought that an opportunity for more complete emendation has been neglected; but it will appear, on further reflection, that no such opportunity was really readily given by the committee which called the committee into existence; and moreover, that Churches, like individuals, have to do the work which the time makes possible, instead of adjourning it until the time has come for other work of still more moment.

(Concluded next week.)

NEW BOOKS.

MUSICAL HISTORY BRIEFLY NARRATED AND TERMINATED DISCUSSED, WITH A ROLL OF THE NAMES OF MUSICIANS, AND THE TIME, AND PLACES OF THEIR BIRTH AND DEATHS. By G. A. Macfarren. (Edinburgh: Charles Black, 1883. Imported by John Ireland, 117 Broadway, New York.

The title of this volume is a singularly trustworthy characterization of its contents. It is in substance a reprint with amplifications of an article in the current edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. For the production of such an article, the object of which is primarily to exhibit the necessary knowledge of the subject, Mr. Macfarren shows himself admirably qualified.

At the same time there is little of the constraint and visible condensation of this species of literary work. The writer is thoroughly informed, scrupulously exact, not given to accepting second hand information, sufficiently watchful to scrutinize authorities and traditions in a conservative spirit; and yet philosophical and adroit in the application of inductive reasonings in the pursuit of his subject.

Mr. Macfarren is an accomplished musician, and unfolds the scientific elements of his treatise without pedantry, yet with keen intelli-

gence. For professional readers the book is a wholesome tonic; while for amateurs it abounds with admirable suggestions and helps for a satisfactory apprehension of abstruse and recalcitrant topics which the general reader is tempted to skip. For example, the archaic modes with the Greek analysis of scales, the Ambrosian and Gregorian modes, the relation between the theoretic and natural development of the science, the functions and limitations of musical instruments; and, more than all, the aesthetic and logical sequence which explain and account for the successive schools and forms of composition, are elucidated with unexampled clearness and intelligence. For the author steers well clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of musical literature—that is mysticism and technical pedantry—and writes in a transparent, well chastened vernacular.

The limitations of the work, as might be apprehended, are found in Mr. Macfarren's critical analyses of the moderns, beginning with Dr. Spohr and winding up with Wagner.

Here we trace a sturdy provincialism, with a certain unappreciative, unsympathetic temper. The writer clearly does not understand the subjective and idealistic impressiveness of the moderns. His vision is blurred the moment he leaves the confines of the contrapuntal, or strictly scientific forms of the early masters. Besides he unconsciously magnifies the English school sometimes at the prejudice of great continental groups of composers. But as these are conclusions, every thoughtful reader prefers to work out independently, they do not materially lessen the value of the book. By the way, the writer's views concerning sacred music are singularly crude. The list of composers and artists fill 70 out of 220 pages, and is likely to prove a general inconvenience.

Take it all in all, it is the most valuable synopsis of musical history and literature for the general reader we are acquainted with.

SAMUEL ADAMS. (AMERICAN STATESMEN.) By James K. Hosmer. Professor in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pp. 442. Price \$1.25.

THE MEN WHO NOW are growing old can remember the almost boundless veneration for the heroes of the Revolution which was taught in their boyhood. All that unqualified worship has passed away. Men and affairs are discussed according to the general principles of history. Professor Hosmer has striven to do this for Samuel Adams. He has, indeed, the somewhat dangerous temptation of a theory to serve, but in this case the theory appears to be a correct one and to square with the facts. It is that Boston took the lead in the American Revolution, and that Boston embodied in itself the representative principle of the English folk-mote or New England town meeting. Sam Adams managed the Boston town meeting, Boston managed the other Massachusetts towns, and Massachusetts led the other colonies. This is the theory on which the book is constructed; but the remarkable and yet praiseworthy point is that Mr. Hosmer can go beneath these facts and consider the antecedent propriety of the Revolution itself. This he has done in a broad and fair manner, but it is a little startling to those who pinned their faith on the "Independence Day" orations of half a century ago to learn that the ways of the Whigs were not all saintly, and the ways of the Tories were not all abominable. We welcome this work as a contribution to American history of no small value because of this, its impartial justice. Samuel Adams was a man of mark, and his share in the Revolution is probably not exaggerated; but it is now time for the Revolution itself, with all its unquestionable advantages, should be fairly studied. Mr. Hosmer has shown that he is possessed of the ability to do this in a very acceptable fashion.

CAMP FIRE, MEMORIAL DAY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Kate Browning Sherwood. (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.) pp. 212. Price \$1.

We have, with reason, spoken of the dreamy vagueness of the modern "impressionist" school of poetry. Here is a little volume thoroughly free from any such fault. These vigorous ringing lines are perfectly clear in meaning, and are so because they have a definite purpose and feeling behind them. Mrs. Sherwood has put her heart into her poetry. She has not forgotten her womanhood in the earnestness of her patriotism. And one very charming trait in these poems is that by the Union she means the Union, to-wit, the whole country reunited and one under the old flag—a South equally loyal and loving with the North. It is a difficult thing to express this without being weakly sentimental or pointlessly vague, and she has solved the difficulty in her poetry to an extent we should hardly have supposed possible. The "Other Poems," which are added to the "Camp Fire" and "Memorial Day" verses, are less marked in character, but are pleasant and graceful, and always distinct enough in their utterance of the writer's thoughts. We do not care to particularize, but we should say that "The Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge," "Thomas at Chickamauga," and "Charge of the Maine Regiments," are as good as anything in the volume. "Watching for Me at the Window," in the second portion, is also very graceful and touching.

LIVES OF POOR BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS. By Sarah K. Bolton. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) pp. 367.

There is considerable range of character and circumstance in this collection. To give the names of the biographies will demonstrate this. George Peabody begins the list, followed by Bayard Taylor, Capt. Eads, Watt, (the steam-engine man), Sir Josiah Mason, Bernard Palissy, Thorwaldsen, Mozart, Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Faraday, Bessemer, Sir Titus Salt, Jacquard, (the loom man), Greeley, Garrison, Garibaldi, Gambetta, Richter, Admiral Farragut, Ezra Cornell, Gen. Sheridan, Thos. Cole, O. Bull, Meissonier, Geo. W. Childs, Moody, (Moody and Sankey), and President Lincoln. Of course these are mere outline histories, but all directed to the point that a start from poverty is no bar to the attainment of fame and fortune. Now, will the clever authoress kindly write another series about rich boys who became famous in spite of their riches!

WALL STREET AND THE WOODS: OR, WOMAN THE STRONGER. By W. J. Flagg. Author of "A Good Investment," "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," etc. (New York: Baker & Taylor.) pp. 428.

So far as this novel is directed against stock-gambling, it is a praiseworthy attempt. Nominally the scene of the first part is laid in Wall Street, but unless in the recent changes Wall Street has been moved "uptown," and got above Madison Square, the reader will have to take "Wall Street" as a sort of conventional title for the operations supposed to be carried on in that thoroughfare. This is not a particularly life-like novel. The best part of it is the "Woods" part, which looks as if roughly drawn from real characters. At least we do not think that it would be easy to invent anything like "Miss Yerks" or "Tom Hooper."

THE LONGFELLOW COLLECTION'S HAND-BOOK. A Bibliography of First Editions. [New York: William Evans Benjamin, 741 Broadway.] pp. 56.

The title-page tells its own story. This hand-book simply tells what were the first editions, when, where, and by whom published, etc., of Longfellow's works. It is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, and is just the thing which a book-fancier wants. We suggest to Mr. Benjamin to follow this up with other like works, especially in as dainty a style of typography.

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ADMONITIONS.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

Dim deeds long-gone and seeming dead
 Are flashed before us at some word
 Unwitting: the magician dead
 Called Memory, as swift as bird
 In arrow-flight, some sense has stirred,
 Till we behold as yesterday
 Each act, from baby-lip to grey
 Of honored hairs. So, one may see
 What awful penance souls must pay
 When storing shames for Memory.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHEFFE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Message from the Sea.

- "I watch the clouds flit over the moon
 And wonder if it can be,
 That her tremulous eye looks tenderly down
 On those graves in the deep lone sea.
 "Are they safe from thy furious blast, O Wind,
 In the haven where they would be?
 Hast thou watched them on to the stormy shore,
 Where there shall be 'no more sea?'
 "Was there prayer on their lips when the Master's
 voice
 Rang over the deep that day,
 And the gallant ship with its freight of souls
 Sailed into the 'far away?'"
 —Helen Marion Burnside.
- "Hold it up before me, Father, Father!
 Hold it up before my closing eyes;
 Dimly o'er my sight the death mist gather,
 And my way may look lonely through the skies.
 Loose the silver cord,
 "In hoc spero, Lord,
 Only this can lend me wings to rise." —*Ibid.*

Rotha had not failed in her errand of mercy, and although at one time Robert had been very near it, he was saved from an attack of brain fever.

But for some time his nerves seemed completely shattered. He could make no pretence at cheerfulness now as he sat by Belle's side; nay, more, he could hardly rouse himself sufficiently to talk to her. He was ill himself—irritable and restless. The whole atmosphere of the place was oppressive to him; and, seeing how things were with him, he was almost feverishly anxious that there should be no unnecessary delay in the Torquay plans, and that Belle should be removed as soon as possible from the saddening influences that surrounded her.

Rotha was of the same opinion—Rotha, who had long ago taken up her old duties at the Vicarage, and was fulfilling them as heartily and unselfishly as ever.

Save that she was graver and paler, that her words were few, and her smiles sweeter and sadder than of old, no one would have guessed that she had gone through a great trouble. Even Mary marvelled at her sometimes, and wondered what Austin meant by saying that Rotha was growing older. Perhaps the vicar knew that the brief summer beauty of freshness and color

had died out of the girl's face, never to return. It was a careworn young face now, too grave by half, when she came in wearily of an evening, and there was no need to force her cheerfulness any longer. Too grave, oh! far, far too sorrowful, when she crept to her window in the winter's night to look up at the stars and wonder what Gar was doing; and to tell him, as though she felt him very near her, that she was doing all she could for Robert and for them all; but that she was so tired, so very, very tired.

Nobly as she had worked for them all, she had never so denied herself, so forgotten everything but their interest, as she had done now. It was almost heroic, the way in which she put aside her own grief to bear with Belle, to cheer Belle in what seemed to the others a tedious convalescence; for she was better now, wonderfully better, as Robert said, and the doctors had given permission for her to be removed at once. The weather had become unusually mild; there was no time to be lost, and Rotha, acting by her friend's advice, had sent Meg, with little more than a day's delay, off to Torquay to secure the most commodious lodgings that could be found, so that everything might be ready for an immediate start, while Mary, with many secret tears, set about the preparations for her sister's journey.

It was decided between Robert and the vicar that the leave-takings were to be made as brief as possible—the doctors had laid a great stress on that; anything like agitation or excitement was to be warded off as much as possible, and, after many consultations, it was arranged that Belle was not to know of it till the day before that appointed to start. It was no use prolonging her misery, and she had promised him to go whenever he wanted her, as Robert very justly remarked; and as soon as Rotha could tell him that her arrangements were completed, he would break it to Belle as quietly as possible.

So one morning Rotha came round to the Vicarage very early. There was no time to talk it over, for Robert had to leave by the next train to Thornborough, but he promised to be back in time to tell Belle that same afternoon.

It so happened that Belle was unusually well and cheerful that day; she had conged very little, and walked up and down the room frequently on Guy's arm without seeming tired. Poor Mary—who knew she was so soon to lose her—hardly dared to come near her all day for fear her tell-tale face should betray her, and yet could hardly bear her out of her sight a moment.

"She looks so pretty and so good, and she has got her old lovely smile," cried poor Mary, coming as usual for consolation to her husband; "and she has actually laughed once at something Guy said. Oh, Austin, it does seem so hard that I cannot go with her!"

"My darling Mary, you know Rotha has offered you over and over again to go."

"Yes, I know; but how could I leave you and the boys? I could not do it, Austin; and then there is Robert looking so ill, and Deb laid by, and Arty, and the parish!" And Mary put down her tired head on the vicar's shoulder as though it were her only resting-place. It was well she did not see the look of pain that crossed her husband's

face as he drew her tenderly within the shelter of his strong arm and comforted her.

Robert came in presently, tired and harassed, and went up to Belle; he was with her alone for a long time, and then came down looking pale and utterly spent.

"Thank heaven that is over!" he said to Mary; "I do not think you will have any difficulty with her now. I have tried to be as gentle as I could with her, but I was obliged to be very firm, too. But I am afraid it goes very hardly with her, poor girl."

Mary was afraid so, too, when she saw Belle. Belle was lying quite still—so motionless, indeed, that Mary fancied she was asleep till she saw a tear rolling down the white sunken cheek and stooped to kiss it away, and then Belle opened her eyes.

"Is that you, Mary?" she cried; and then she suddenly stretched out her arms to her sister. "Oh, Mary, he is going to separate us; he is going to send me away, and I shall never see your dear face again!"

But Mrs. Ord could not answer her, and for a little time the sisters mingled their tears together.

"You must get well and come back to me, Belle; I shall want you so much—oh, so much, my pet," cried poor Mary, kissing Belle's fair hair, her hands—even her dress. "I cannot bear to think you are going so far from me, and that Rotha will do everything for you and not I."

Belle shook her head, and then began stroking Mary's face half dreamily.

"Do you remember, when we were little children together, Mary, when we slept in the great sloping attic that looked out on the apple trees, and how I, the younger and weaker little sister, would never go to sleep till you had put your arm round me and said, 'Good-night, God bless you, Belle? Do you remember it, Mary?'"

"Remember it, darling! too well, too well; but why do you ask?" sobbed Mary, melted by this tender recollection.

"Because I was thinking—don't cry, Mary; I can't bear to see you cry—I was thinking how, when that comes, I should like you to put your arm round me and say that over again. It would make it feel less terrible, and more like going to sleep, if you will only say 'Good-night, God bless you, Belle' as you did then." And drawing Mary's face down on the pillow, she told her not to fret; for she did not mean to make her unhappy, for if God heard her prayers she would surely come back, if only to lay her head once more on that faithful breast.

A more beautiful morning had rarely dawned than that on which Belle took her sorrowful departure from Blackscars. Robert was to go with her to the station, and Guy had also pleaded to be allowed to accompany his uncle; but the rest of the boys and Austin and Mary came no farther than the vicarage gate. Mary had hardly slept all night, and her red and swollen eyes bore witness to the tears she had shed. It went to the vicar's heart to see how the sisters clung to each other at the last moment.

"Good-bye, Mary; one more kiss, Mary. Good-bye—good-bye, my darling sister."

"Dear Mary, let her go. Robert is waiting to lift her into the carriage."

"You hear what Austin says, Belle, darling; you must go now. Good-bye, my precious, and God Almighty bless you."

And Robert, gently disengaging Belle from

her sister's arms, lifted her into the carriage and placed her by Rotha's side.

But even then, while Austin was giving her his brotherly farewell and blessing, Belle leant across him and held out her arms again to her weeping sister.

"One more kiss, Mary, darling—one more kiss, my own Mary," and hung about her neck till Austin gently, but firmly, put his arm round his wife and drew her away.

She scarcely spoke a word after that till Robert took leave of her in the railway carriage; but she was as white as death and trembling all over when he took her in his arms.

"It is not good-bye, Belle, you know. I am coming very soon."

"Yes, yes; the sooner the better, Bertie; but it will be good-bye then." And, as she stooped over and kissed her with some emotion, she only looked at him with strange, wistful eyes. "It will be good-bye then, Bertie, will it not?"

It was a long, desolate journey, and scarcely less so to Rotha than Belle, and a heavy responsibility to the young nurse; and it was a greater relief than she could have imagined to see Meg's friendly face awaiting them at the station: it seemed to give a home-look to the strange surroundings, and even Belle, though sadly exhausted, smiled faintly when she saw Mrs. Carruthers, and held out her hand with a feeble welcome.

Rotha wrote a tolerable account to Mary the next day; she said, of course Belle was suffering from the reaction of excitement and unusual exertion, but that in other ways she seemed much the same; and a few days after that she was able to give even a better report. Belle had recovered from the fatigue of her journey and was able to sit up and look about her a little. They liked what they could see of Torquay, though of course Belle had not yet gone out; but they had very pleasant apartments in the house of a widow lady. The rooms were all on the first floor, and opened into each other, and Belle's sitting-room was especially pleasant, as it looked over a lovely old garden, with a patch of sunny road beyond, planted with rows of trees. Rotha said the place where their house was situated was called "Torquay within the Hills," and she described the air as perfectly delicious. Mary had been guided in her choice by the advice of Dr. Vivian, who had recommended this locality as singularly adapted to all pulmonary complaints.

Dr. Vivian had been to call on Belle once or twice, and Rotha told Mary that he seemed to understand Belle's complaint thoroughly; he had spoken most cheerfully to his patient, and had recommended them a great many pleasant walks and drives. Belle was to see Bishopstowe, and Babbicombe Bay, and Warren Hill, and Daddy Hole Common. She was to go out every fine morning and see all the objects of interest in Torquay. Rotha wrote amusing accounts of the trawling with long nets in Torbay, the walks they had in the Torwood Road, and their visit to the quaint little fishing-town of Brixham. Belle had a little pony-carriage, Rotha added, and was greatly interested by the novelty of everything around her.

Mary used to read those letters to the vicar with tears in her eyes. "Do you think she will get better, Austin? I have heard of people living for years and years

with only one lung; and perhaps the other is not so much diseased as Mr. Greenock thought." But the vicar only shook his head; he noticed how Rotha's letters were filled with descriptions of scenery, and how little she said about Belle herself. The doctor's visits were touched on very lightly; she always spoke of Belle as being happier or brighter, but never once said that she was really better. One day the vicar shut himself up in his study and wrote a long letter to Rotha, which she answered by return of post. But he never showed either the letter or the answer to Mary; but for a time afterward he was very grave, and went about as though he had something heavy in his thoughts.

Robert was in London just then on business connected with his firm, and it so happened that something strange befell him there, of which Rotha was to hear shortly. One day, when they had been about three weeks at Torquay, and Rotha, in spite of the doctor's prognostications, was beginning to cheat herself into the belief that Belle was better, she was sitting in her own room, while Belle was having her moonday rest, when a large official-looking document in Robert's handwriting and the postmark London was put into her hands.

She had not an idea what it contained, and was opening it listlessly enough, when she caught sight of a never-to-be-forgotten cramped handwriting, and a moment afterwards something lay sparkling at her feet. With a low cry she snatched it from the ground, and sank back half fainting into her seat.

What is it that she devours with such hungry tears and kisses—which she presses alternately to her bosom and her lips?

There is the ring that she placed on Garton's finger, with the diamond cross that he kissed so reverentially, and the words "*In hoc spero*" traced round the blue enamel; and there on her lap lies the "message from the sea."

Not for a long time—not until she has read it over and over through her blinding tears, not until she has found Robert's note and mastered its contents, is the bewildering mystery cleared up; not until Meg has come to her aid and read it slowly and patiently again and again can she understand how it has come to her—out of the very shadow and blackness of death.

And yet how clearly Robert explained it all!

"I am sending you something very precious," he wrote. "Heaven grant you may receive it safely. I am sending the very letter he was writing to you just before the terrible concussion took place—the very ink was wet, you can see, as he thrust it hurriedly into his bosom; you can tell that by the half-obliterated words at the end."

"How he gave the ring and letter with his last dying love; you must read in another man's words; I have taken it down myself from his lips, just as he told it me, and remember he was the very man who saw our Gar die. Another time, when we meet, perhaps I will tell by what strange chance I lighted on him in this great city; and how, in a lonely coffee-house under the shadow of the mighty dome of St. Paul's, I heard word for word, as you have it here, how our poor Gar perished like the hero he was."

Will she ever weary of the sweet perusal?

She spreads the crumpled paper out again—blotted, half defaced with ink, and in some parts scarcely legible. She reads once and yet once again her "message from the sea."

"My darling Rotha," it began, "I am sitting down in my cabin to write to you by the light of a very smoky lamp; the rest of the passengers are just thinking of retiring to rest, and only the watch is on deck. Just now I went up to see what chance there was of our beating down the Channel to-morrow—for you will be surprised to hear that, though it is Sunday, we are only now anchored off Dungeness—but the pilot tells me that the wind is still ahead. We have had ill luck enough already to begin with; to think we are still here on anchorage, and it is Sunday evening.

"But I have not sat down to complain, but just to let you know how things are going. I told you once that I was a bad hand at a letter, and I am afraid you will agree with me, for I do not think I have made much of a beginning, though I mean to send a little more than a message to Rube."

"It is not more than five days since I said good-bye, but I feel as heavy-hearted as though it were five months. I know now what people mean by home-sickness, for I am just sickening for the sight of one dear face that is all the world to me. It is not always easy for a man to express what he feels. I have tried over and over again to tell you how much I loved you, but I never could; and now I think that I shall die before you know what you are to me.

"That is a strange sentence, and I do not know why I have written it; but it is Sunday evening, and my heart is just as heavy as lead. I cannot help feeling as though some great grief lies between us. It may be because I have never been far away from home before that I am so low and miserable.

"I have been thinking of you so much, my darling. I do not think you are ever out of my mind for a single minute. You do not know what a man's love is when he gives it all to one woman, as I have given it to you. I have often said to myself, 'She will never understand it, but if God grant that I ever make her my wife, I think she will feel it then.'

"Do you remember, sweet heart, my telling you that I was not clever, and how indignantly you assured me that such a thing should never be mentioned in connection with you and me? I have blessed you for those words over and over again; and yet, all the same, I am rejoiced to think that you are cleverer and better and wiser than I. Do you think I would have it otherwise? Only put your little hand in mine, Rotha—the little soft hand whose touch I remember still—and I think I can follow those dear feet wherever they climb.

"Do you remember, too, my telling you that your love was not to be compared to mine, and that perhaps some day you might give me all you have in you to give? Not for worlds would I have even that otherwise; how could you misunderstand me so? The very thought of the treasures that yet are unwon only nerves me to yet stronger efforts. How could you, being what you are, Rotha, give all at once to such a one as I? No; dearly as you love me, you could not give me all. One day you shall tell me your thoughts, and I will try and understand them, and then perhaps I shall be able to tell you what I mean.

"There is a little deaf-and-dumb boy on board, Rotha, that somehow reminds me of you. I suppose the eyes of most mutes are eloquent, but I have never seen any like this boy's. They are brown and soft, and have strange appealing looks in them, like a dumb animal's in pain.

"You know my fancy for boys. This one has taken my fancy strongly. He is such an afflicted little creature, and without parents, and he and his mulatto nurse are bound like myself for Buenos Ayres; on such a long journey we are sure to become well acquainted" (Ah, Gar! on such a long journey; ay, along the Valley of the Shadow of Death).

"He takes to me already. You must tell Rube not to be jealous. Dear old Rube! he must not have a boyish rival in my heart. To-day he sat beside me on the poop for hours, holding the lapel of my coat, and looking quite contented. Tell Rube his name is David; but he will not be like the first David to me—who was, as one may say, the captive of my own bow and spear, for I suppose, humanly speaking, I saved his life. Dear lad! he has rewarded me for it over and over again.

"And tell him, with my love, that I hope he has forgiven me for not bidding him good-bye, and tell him to remember me in his prayers every night. There's a word, too, I might say to my tormentors, Guy and Rufus, but it is getting late, and I suppose I must turn in.

"I shall finish this to-morrow; but now God bless you my dear low one—and—"
Then came some blurred unintelligible words, and then Death wrote Finis.

Oh, how the girl wept and smiled over her treasure, and then, hiding it in her bosom, read in Robert's handwriting, traced boldly on the thin foreign paper, the sad particulars of Garton's death!

And this is what it said, taken down from the lips of the sailor, Richard Martin:

"I was seaman on that unfortunate *Phoenix*, sir, and have served under Captain Murray for, I should say, nigh upon five years, and, though I say it, a finer captain never commanded a finer vessel.

"Well, the vessel that we left off Dungeness, with nothing but the masts standing up out of the water, left the London docks about nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, bound for Buenos Ayres, and with, I should say, about three hundred souls on board, some of them belonging to a gang of navvies that were going out to work some contract, the rest of them saloon passengers and the crew.

"But you don't want to put down a lot of sailor's yarn; but just to tell that lady about the unfortunate man who put the letter and the ring into my hands when we had climbed up upon the pile of boats and were holding on together for dear life. Yes, sir, I quite understand you, and I hope you'll cut me short if I spin it out; for, as sure as my name is Richard Martin, I'll tell that poor young lady all my know.

"I recollect his coming on board with you, sir, for I was just hauling that coil of rope when he stepped across the gangway—a tall dark sort of a chap, with the cut of a parson about him, but a fine figure of a man too.

"He was a civil sort of person—none of your fine gentlemen, who won't give a word to a rough seaman. He used always to say

'Good morning, mate,' and sometimes he would stop and have a bit of chat with me; it seemed to cheer him up, for at other times he looked so down-hearted that I often said to myself 'that young man has left his sweetheart,' for I kind of know how a man will carry on when he leaves a woman behind him.

"I remember, too, that I got it into my head that he was going to be a parson. I thought so when he reproved two of my chums for swearing. I recollect him sitting down and talking to them in a simple hearty sort of way, and how when Joe Greene—he who had a widowed mother—slunk away fairly ashamed of himself he followed him and shook hands with him, and told him that he would be a fine fellow if he would break himself of that evil habit. That's Joe Greene, sir, that you saw alongside of me in the bar, and a more sobered chap I never set eyes on; as he should be, when he was saved out of all those poor drowning wretches.

"There was a deaf-and-dumb child on board, under charge of a mulatto nurse, going out to some relations who lived in Buenos Ayres; and it was odd what a curious fancy that afflicted little creature seemed to take to that young gentleman. Joe Greene was pointing them both out to me that same day—it was Sunday, I remember—'That's a simple sort of chap, Martin,' he says, 'to let that child sit alongside of him for hours like that.' I remember his saying that now, though I made no sort of observation at that time.

"But I am taking up your time, you will say, and I have not told you how it came about that we were lying at anchor so snugly on Sunday evening, when we had left the London Docks early on Wednesday morning.

"Well, we ran down to Gravesend all right; and then we found the wind dead against us, and had to lay by till Friday. On Friday we had middling weather, but the wind was still rising, so we towed down the Channel; but the pilot passing word, we cast anchor off Dungeness.

"Here we were snug enough, and the watch being set, the rest of us turned into our hammocks, and I for one was soon fast asleep.

"Well, sir, all at once I was wakened by an awful crash, just as though it were the Day of Judgment, and every rock that was on the earth was rent to pieces; and immediately afterwards I heard the captain saying out, 'All hands to the boats.'

"Well, sir, I heard it afterwards from one of my mates, who saw it all from first to last, a great lubberly steamer had cut the *Phoenix* asunder amidships, and there was a big hole in the ship's quarter, which was letting in the English Channel on us.

"It is all in the papers, and you don't want me to go over it again; but I wish to say that nothing that the papers can say will give you an idea of the horrors of the scene. When I rushed up on deck it wasn't only the women who came swarming up the ladders shrieking fit to tear your heart to pieces, it was the men too, half-maddened by mortal terror, who crowded round the boats fighting for their very lives.

"Well, sir, you've read it all; you know how that vessel sheered off regardless of our cries; how the cannon would not go off, and we sent up rockets for no manner of

good; and you know how our captain stood by the boats and tried to save the women.

"Bless your life, sir, I did what I could, but it was like fighting with savages, and in the dark too: the wrong people got into the boats and could not be made to leave them; the men, the navvies especially, were like mad, and wouldn't obey orders. I could see we were doomed, and the captain, he says to me, 'Martin, save yourself—you've got a wife and seven children ashore, but my place is here.' I wish the papers had said a little more about the captain, for if any one ever died at his post our captain did.

"Well, Joe Greene and I were struggling at the boats between the main and mizzen masts, but bless your heart it was no manner of use, for we couldn't move them, and up comes that young gentleman you say was your brother, sir. 'The ship's going down very fast,' says he, and, seeing nothing for it, we three jumped on to the pile of boats.

"Joe Greene, he splutters out, 'I wish some one would tell my poor old mother I was thinking of her now,' and the gentleman, he says, holding out his hand, 'Martin,' he says, 'if you live to get on shore, and I hope with all my heart that you will, will you send this letter and this ring to the young lady? You'll see the direction written inside!' But lor, sir, there was no direction at all. 'And tell her,' says he, with a sort of sob, 'that the thought of her is making me strong to die, and that even at this minute I am thinking of her and bidding God bless her with my latest breath.'

"And I said, 'All right, mate, but hold on if you're a man, and we may be picked up after all!' for he was a plucky sort of chap, and did not seem to be holding on at all.

"Well, sir, he might have been saved like the rest of us, and that's the hardest part I am coming to, but that negro woman I told you of began howling and screaming, as indeed most of the other poor creatures were, and begging us to save the child. So the gentleman, he says, 'I can't stand this, Martin; give me a hand my good fellow, I must go and fetch the child; and I said, 'Not for worlds, mate. Don't leave these ere boats.' But he did not hear me, and just swung himself down, and I saw him lift the boy in his arms and try to get back to us.

"You'll excuse me a moment, sir, but it makes even a rough seaman feel soft to think of a brave man caught in the net like that. 'Joe Greene,' he screamed out, and then I saw the sea rise to the level of the poop, and then the white foam seemed to sweep him away, with the child still clinging round his neck; and I can't help thinking, sir, that somehow that little child will just lead him by the hand into the kingdom of heaven.

"You don't want to know any more; or how Joe Greene and I got hold of some rigging, and how we were picked off it by the lugger *Betsy Jane*; or how I got up to London and saw you, sir, in this same coffee-house. But I hope you'll tell that young lady that I've done my best by her, as sure as my name is Richard Martin."

A postscript by Robert added, "I have seen Joe Greene, and he has confirmed Martin's account; but I think it needs no comment on my part, save to say that to our brave Gar the words may surely be applied, 'Inasmuch as ye did it even unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it

unto me.' And once more, 'And a little child shall lead them.'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

On the Dark Mountains.

"For me, my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show
Who sees through tears the mummings leap,
Would now his wearied vision close,
Would chide like on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep."

"And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear o'er her must fall,
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"
—E. B. Browning.

Three weeks passed very quietly and smoothly with Rotha and her charge. Belle had grown more reconciled to her banishment, and seemed to take interest in her new surroundings. The delicious balmy air, the pleasant drives, could not fail to soothe the poor invalid after her long and tedious confinement to the four walls of the vicarage. There she had been afraid to pass even from one room to another; but here the sunshine and soft air tempted her to many a short stroll on Rotha's supporting arm, while the very sight of the wild flowers, which even at this season of the year nestled in sheltered hollows, the long green lanes, the enchanting views, were sources of enjoyment to the weary eyes from which they had been so long debarred.

True, her spirits were still variable, and there were times when the old sullen depression seemed to return with tenfold power, but these moods were rare. In general she was very patient, deeply grateful for any little attentions on Rotha's part, and touched sometimes almost to emotion with the unflinching kindness with which Meg and she nursed her.

But as it was with the flame of a candle as it gutters to its close before the feeble spark is extinguished, so was it with the treacherous disease to which Belle was slowly succumbing. From the first Dr. Vivian had held out no definite hopes of recovery, though he had once declared that Belle's youth and constitution were in her favor; but since his second visit he had never repeated this. He had spoken very cheerfully to his patient, and even to Rotha; but it had struck the latter that his cheerfulness was forced, and that he kept his real opinion to himself; and very soon she was strengthened in this conviction, when she was sure that he looked upon Belle's case as entirely hopeless, and that his skill was merely directed to soothe and alleviate the few short weeks or months that still remained to her. It was very difficult to realize this sometimes when she looked at Belle. Never had Belle looked more lovely than now, when her cheeks were glowing with diseased color, and her eyes brilliant with the fever that was wasting her so imperceptibly. But this condition of things could not last.

On the day after Rotha had received her precious letter a sudden and alarming change was apparent in the sick girl. All at once there was a decay of the vital powers; the deep, tight cough returned with increased violence, and emaciation set in; exertion became impossible; every moment brought on the labored breath, the rapid pant; a fainting-fit of long duration added to her nurse's anxiety. In a day or two Meg was obliged to lift her in her strong arms from her bed to her couch in

the adjoining room; at night her restlessness and suffering were so great that one or other remained in close attendance by her side. After three or four days of suspense and watching Dr. Vivian told Rotha that every symptom of the most rapid decline had set in, and that it was impossible to say how long or how short a time she might linger.

Under these circumstances, Rotha wrote off to the vicar and implored him to send Mary at once to her dying sister, and to communicate the bitter tidings to Robert; but great was her consternation at receiving the vicar's reply. In it he told her—and with what grief she might imagine for herself—that his dear wife was ill with an attack of pleurisy. She had caught cold one bitter day in going about her district, and had neglected to take proper precautions, and fretting about her sister had retarded her recovery. She had been confined to her bed some days when he wrote, but they had neither of them let Rotha know for fear of adding to her anxiety. Under these circumstances, he had decided in keeping from Mary the knowledge of her sister's dangerous condition, at least for the present. He told Rotha, to her further grief, that Robert had been despatched to Glasgow on important business, which would detain him for the next four or five days, and that unless there were any immediate danger it would be extremely difficult to recall him; but he charged Rotha to telegraph if any alarming change should take place.

"It seems as though in becoming one of us," he concluded, "you have come into a larger share of trouble than of joy. We are walking among the shadows now, Rotha, or it may be in the very fire of the furnace, and that seven times heated. Ah, well for us, my child, if amid its exceeding fierceness we may discern the form of One who walked before us in the fiery way, and know it as the form of the Son of God."

The vicar's letters, always so wise and tender, were Rotha's great comforts, and just now she needed something especially bracing to nerve her to the bitter duty that lay before her—that of acquainting Belle with her hopeless condition.

She was only waiting for an opportunity, but it came soon.

"Does Dr. Vivian say I am better, Rotha?" asked Belle one day when the doctor had just been paying his morning visit.

"Why do you ask, dear Belle?" returned Rotha, quickly averting her face from the invalid.

"Because I think I feel so," replied the sick girl. "I have not coughed half so much this morning, and the pain has left me. You do not answer, Rotha; you do not look at me. Does he—does he think me worse?" And Belle raised herself on her elbow, and looked at Rotha anxiously.

"He does not think you better," returned Rotha in a low voice.

"Not better!—that means worse, of course. Come here, Rotha. Has Dr. Vivian said anything—anything that I ought to know? Oh, Rotha," with a sort of despair as she saw her face, "it is not that—it is not the saying, is it?" And, as Rotha knelt down and folded her silently in her arms, she repeated in a frightened voice: "Do not tell me—I cannot bear it—that I have got to die yet."

"Dear Belle, try and say 'His will be

done.' It is the only thing that can make it easy."

"I cannot," repeated Belle in a choked voice, "I cannot—it would be a falsehood to say it. What have I done that it should all be made so hard for me? Just as I was beginning to hope too that I was getting better, and it was only those dreadful winds that were killing me."

"I thought you knew it," returned Rotha gently. "You seemed as though you did when you said good-bye to them all."

"Knew it! Of course I always knew it. Did I not always say I was doomed? But it does not make it easier when it comes. I wanted a little longer time to get used to the idea—to— Oh, Rotha, it is not the knowing of it—that was long ago; it is the terror, the awfulness of approaching dissolution—the—the—oh, I cannot talk of it." And, overwhelmed by her emotion, the unhappy girl clasped her wasted arms round Rotha and held her fast.

"Oh, Belle, this is dreadful! Heavenly Father, what am I to say to her? Help me to comfort her," prayed Rotha, with streaming eyes. Then aloud, "Oh, if the vicar were only here—if you would see a clergyman!" But Belle shook her head.

"It would be no use, Rotha; it is not that. I suppose I have gone to church oftener than most people. You forget I have lived in a clergyman's house many years, and that Austin has often talked to me, but I never would open my heart to any of them, it is not in me. You may send any one you choose, but you must not ask me to confide in a stranger." And Rotha, knowing her strange, wayward nature, dared not press the point.

"If Robert were only here," began Belle, presently, in calmer tones, "I think he would do me good. No clergyman could be better than Robert; you have no idea how beautifully he talks. Oh, Rotha, there it is—the sin and the stumbling-block. I have made Robert my idol, and now God is punishing me for it."

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," returned Rotha, using unconsciously the vicar's words.

"Whom He loveth, yes; but is it not idolatry all through the Bible that He condemns? Listen to me, Rotha. You shall hear what I have never told any one before—not even him. For six years—it is nearly six, is it not, since he first saw me at the vicarage?—all that time I have never had a thought apart from him—never once—never once."

"Dear Belle, you could not help it, I suppose."

"No, I could not help it; you would have said so if you had seen him then. You can hardly judge now, he is so different, and he has shown you nothing but his faults. But if you had seen him as I have, admired, beloved, sunny-hearted and radiant with happiness, I think you would not recognize my Bertie in the careworn Robert you know."

"I can believe it; there are traces of it still. I think you will bear me witness that I have always done justice to his nobler qualities."

"Ah, he was always noble, but he is not what he was—poor Robert!—when he gave it all up for me—for me"—and for a moment a mournful smile passed over the sunken face—"when he told me he would rather have me than all his aunt's riches.

But my beauty faded, Rotha, and he grew warped and weary, and then he began to misunderstand me and doubt my love; and at last it was all doubt and wretchedness."

"My poor girl! But hush, this is doing you harm." For the hard, heavy pants interrupted her every word. But Belle persisted.

"Let me, I cannot often talk, and anything is better than thinking—even this," as the distressing cough rung its hollow knell. "I sometimes think I am not so much to blame after all; for if he had let me do what I wished—earn my own living, I mean—I should not have lived all those years dwelling on one idea, and growing morbid over my very life; and then I began to be afraid I should tire him."

"Belle, dear, it is all over now."

"Ah, it is all over for me a long time ago—what I have gone through since I knew first that I should never be his wife, never make him happy—that I was doomed—doomed—" And Belle covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

It was a terrible trial to Rotha, and one which the girl with her lifelong habits of submission and her simple faith could hardly understand. "Oh, Belle! it is not like that—it is like going home," she said, presently, when Belle, exhausted but unconvinced, had acquired comparative calmness; "when the Master calls, Belle, it is hard the children are not ready."

"I am not ready," returned Belle, with a shiver. "From a child I have dreaded death—and I dread it now. Oh, Rotha, what can you say to comfort me when you know you would not be in my place for worlds?"

It was the first time that she had seen Rotha break down, but she broke down utterly now. "Oh, would I not? Gar! would I not? Oh, the pain and trouble of life," she moaned; "the pain, and the loss, and the trouble." And for a little while she could only hide her face in Belle's pillow.

This was the beginning of many a sad hour, and many a terrible conflict, before the tormenting spirit had been cast out, and Belle lay upon her bed, white and weary, worn to a shadow, but peaceful as a little child; and it came to her in this wise.

One night when she was unusually restless, and her few words only testified to the sore disquietude of her mind, Rotha sat down by her side and read to her the last two chapters of Revelations, thinking the glowing descriptions of the city with its golden streets and gates of pearl might soothe the tortured imagination of the poor sufferer; but Belle only listened with contracted brow, and, when Rotha had finished, she said:

"It does me no good—it makes me worse. All the time you have been reading I have been thinking of the shining streets, and the white-robed multitude that no man can number walking up and down them. But I don't see myself there, Rotha." She paused, and then, impeded by her broken breath, went on: "That is all glory, but unattainable glory, it seems to me. There are the river and the dark mountains to pass first—and oh," panted the dying girl, "why have the greatest saints prayed so earnestly for the gift of final perseverance if there be no conflict, no terrible struggle at the last?"

"Oh, Belle," cried Rotha, with a pity that amounted almost to agony. "what is the meaning of faith if we cannot trust Him then?" For it seemed to her as though Belle's stern and mystical religion had become strongly imbued with the gloomy notions of the Calvinists. "These doubts and terrors are infirmities, not sins; nay, did not even He, the Sinless One, in His human nature, shrink from the mysterious hour of His dissolution?" And then, turning to another page, she read the story of Gethsemane, and how, under the gray olive trees, the God-Man wrestled in the bloody sweat of His most bitter passion; how He drank even to the dregs all the concentrated pain and terror that humanity could feel. "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Then she closed the sacred volume and laid it aside.

But long after Belle had fallen into an uneasy slumber did Rotha, on her benedict knees, pray that the dark hour might cease, and the weary heart find its true rest. Never had she prayed so passionately, so urgently; and, when she rose at last from her knees, it was with the peaceful assurance that she would be heard and answered.

Belle slept at intervals through the night, but nothing passed between them till the following afternoon. Belle was very quiet, and unusually silent, but every now and then her eyes rested on Rotha with a strange, wistful expression, and when Meg left them together once she beckoned her to come close.

"Closer, dear Rotha. I am very weak to-day, and I think the end is not so very far off. Rotha, I want to ask you something. Were you praying for me last night?"

Rotha pressed her hand, but did not answer.

"I know you were, dear—I felt it. Ah, Rotha, it is all gone."

"What is gone, dear Belle?"

"The fear of death, the trouble and the misery. I can see clearly—oh, so clearly!—and I know now that He is good. It came to me in a dream—nay, a vision rather. You do not mind my speaking so slowly and painfully, do you, dear? But I want to tell you what I saw when you were praying for me last night."

"Dear Belle, I am listening."

"I think I must have been asleep, for I woke and saw you kneeling by the bed; the candle was shining full on your hair, and I remember I tried to put out my hand and touch it, like this. And then all at once I fainted, or seemed to faint, and when I came to myself I was standing in a narrow place shut in by rocks, and before me was a deep, sullen river, black and full of hideous shadows, and lapping to my very feet; and all on the other side was hidden by a gray cloud, luminous as though the light were shining through it—like a wall of mist, only clearer. And I thought that I was obliged to cross the river, and that I was standing on the brink crying and wringing my hands, and shuddering in the icy blast that seemed to sweep over the waters; and all behind me were dark mountains and rocks that seemed to shut out the very sky, and a horror of great darkness fell upon me.

"And as I stood weeping there, the cloud suddenly became more luminous, and a voice behind it said, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow

thee.' And I seemed to answer the voice, 'But what if the sullen waters sweep me away, within sight of the luminous cloud?' And it said again, 'Fear not, for I am with thee. I have hidden thee by the right hand; thou art mine.' And suddenly the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I could see that multitudes besides myself were crossing the river every minute, but that nearly every one had a small raft in the form of a cross. And immediately I seemed to hear the words, 'Therefore do men commit their lives unto a small piece of wood, and passing through the rough sea on a frail vessel, are saved.' And as I listened I found myself launched on the small bark with the others; and immediately the winds seemed to subside, and the waves ceased their roaring, and the light grew stronger and clearer, and my little raft floated nearer to the far-off shore. And out of the cloud I seemed to hear voices like the sound of many waters, and this is what they said: 'He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet; and so He bringeth them to their desired haven.' And immediately I awoke."

"Oh, Belle, what a beautiful dream!" intervened Rotha. But Belle, looking up and pressing her wasted hands reverently together, said:

"No, not a dream; but true—all true. I know now that 'His grace is sufficient, that His strength is made perfect in weakness.'"

A few hours after this Robert was returning to his home, jaded from a long hurried journey, when he found the following telegram awaiting him—

"Sinking fast. Come at once. No time to lose if you wish to see her alive."

Half an hour afterwards he was travelling as fast as steam would carry him to Devonshire.

"Rotha, do you think he will be here in time?" murmured the dying girl. And Rotha stooped over and wiped the clammy brow. Those who were standing round her knew that it was the beginning of the end.

"I hope so. I pray to heaven that it may be so, dear Belle."

"I should like to see him again," returned Belle faintly. The breathing was growing more labored every moment, and the sharpened face was gray with approaching death.

"I do not want to die till he comes, if it be His will. Read it once again, dear Rotha." And Rotha, struggling for calmness, repeated again Keble's glorious Evening Hymn—or Hymn for the Dying, as it might be called—"Abide with me!"

"Hold Them Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the mist, and guide me through the mists."

"Rotha, I can hear a step. Open the door, quick!" Ah, she has heard it. Faithful to the last, she hears Robert's footsteps, and knows it to be his. As he enters the room and falls down on his knees beside her couch, she nestles into his arms with a low cry of content—"Oh, Bertie, Bertie, I shall die happy now!"

"My darling Belle—my poor girl—my own, own Belle!"

"Dear Bertie, you must not grieve like this. It is better so. I am so tired, and He is giving me rest—rest—rest." The labored breath became more difficult, the words fainter and more broken. "Where is Rotha? I have bidden her good-bye, and bidden her long ago; but now it is getting dark.

'Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes—
The cross—'

Her eyes were fast glazing now. He puts his ear to her lips that he may catch the last dying sounds. What is it that she says? "It is growing late, Mary—cold too. Put your arm closer round me. There, good-night. God bless you, dear! Who says Bertie is here?" And as he held her closer, and called her by her name, those who were near saw that she tried to kiss him with her dying lips and failed. One moment, and Rotha gently lifted her from his arms and laid her down.

"And I heard a voice say, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they shall rest from their labors."

It was over—the brief life, the weary restlessness, the suffering; those who loved her best said, weeping, it was better so, for the feverishness and the weariness were over, and she rested at last, and rested well.

They took the poor remains back to Kirkby; that was Rotha's doing, for they knew it was the spot where she would most love to lie.

"If it be possible, let me be taken back," she had said to Rotha some hours before the fatal change came on, "and let them carry me under the old lich-gate, where I have often walked with him." And on Rotha making her a solemn promise that her wish should be fulfilled in this, she pressed her hand gratefully and went on:

"I have always wished to be there when my time came. There is a corner by the west door where I have often stood of an evening looking over at the distant furnaces, and listening to the waves rippling low down on the shore. You will know the place; it is where Ned Blake was buried, the boy who was my favorite Sunday scholar, and who was drowned last year; it feels so high and breezy up there, and the wind sweeps so freshly over the graves, and it is just by the little path where the choir-boys go to and fro. And, Rotha, if you and the lads ever come to visit me there, don't forget to pull the nettles off Ned's grave, for I've always kept it tidy, and his poor mother is blind."

"Dear Belle, it shall be done. Is there any other wish that you have concerning that—that?" But Rotha, greatly moved, could not go on.

"No, none. All the rest must be as you and Robert like, only let it be green like the humbler graves round it, and, if Robert would not mind, just my name and 'Jesu, mercy' underneath it. Don't let them put any grand text, nothing but that, or 'Resurgam'; they put 'Resurgam' over our father's grave."

Rotha gave her word that it would be so; and when all was over she wrote to the vicar. And so they took her back, and one wild March morning, when the dust was whirling down the white roads, and the wind swept the long grasses of the churchyard, and the gray clouds scudded over the sunless skies, the vicar went down bare-headed to the gate, and under the old lich-gate they carried her, and laid her close to the dead boy's grave, and under the shadow of the west door.

And in time the green grass grew over it, and the sun shone down, and the dews and rains of heaven swept sadly over it, and the swallows that built their nests under the church eaves twittered and chirped endlessly about it; and there, in process of

time, was placed a fair marble cross at the head, with but few words graven upon it:

— ISABEL FELICIA CLINTON,

Died February 29, 186—

AGED 25.

2800, MERCY."

But the cross had not yet been erected, and the sods were hardly green, when Robert Ord went up to Bryn to wish Rotha good-bye. She was sitting alone in the sunny parlor, and put down her work hastily, as though she suspected his errand.

"You are going? You have come to say good-bye?" she said, looking in his pale face anxiously. He had been walking up and down for hours, trying to school himself to calmness, and yet he could hardly meet her eyes as he answered her.

"Yes, it is good-bye now, and for long enough, Heaven knows. I suppose it will be four or five years at least before I get a chance of seeing any of you again."

"So long as that? Oh, Robert!" "Yes, unless—" He stopped, and then completed his sentence recklessly enough. "Unless I am dead and buried, I ought to say."

She sighed heavily, then put her hand in his, as a sister might have done.

"Poor Robert! and going alone too. It seems hard, very hard, and yet it is better than staying behind and missing it all daily," she finished in the patient tired way that was habitual to her now.

His heart smote him for his selfishness. Had she not suffered too? How white her young face had grown! how thin, how anxious-looking! Some joy had passed out of her life, some hope that would never be renewed. A painful consciousness that this was so, that she would be very faithful to Gar, seized upon him as he looked at her. How could he ever ask her to come to him and comfort him for the loss of Belle, if this shadow of her dead love were to be forever between them? Even now, when he had come to wish her good-bye, that look of pain on her face was not for him, it was for Gar—always Gar.

"You will write to me sometimes, Rotha? You will not forget me?"

"Forget my brother!" answered the girl reproachfully. Oh, how often she called him that now! How innocently she clung to the conviction that Gar's brother must be hers too—that the name must be as soothing to him as it was to her!

He turned pale at that, even to his lips. Ah, the sods were not green over Belle's grave, and yet the mad infatuation for the living was blending with its sorrow for the dead. Rotha—his sister—impossible! His face was stern enough; but he had schooled himself to patience—he bore even that.

"No; I knew you would not. I ought to know your kindness of heart by this time, Rotha. When I ask you to write to me, remember that I shall be interested in anything, everything that you do."

"It is good of you to say so—" she replied gratefully. But he interrupted her:

"Never mind how trivial it is—it will be sure to please me. Sometimes you may tell me about my godson, Guy, he has grown very dear to me lately, and about Ruben—poor Ruben!—and then there is Mary; I do not like to go away and leave her looking as she does."

"She will be better soon," returned Rotha

hurriedly. "You know we are all going away, and for her sake principally."

"Have you any idea where?"

"Yes; the vicar and I have been talking it over. It is to be Lucerne or Zermatt, and the boys, even Arty, are to go with us. You know who is going to take the vicar's duty for a couple of months?"

"The clergyman who came to poor Belle at the last."

"Yes, Mr. Hillyer; he has resigned his curacy, and is waiting for another. We shall be away quite two months, all June and July, and we are going to Filey for a few weeks first."

"I am glad to hear it, for your sake as well as hers. You look pale and worn, almost as though you had been ill yourself."

She smiled at that, as though the subject did not interest her.

"You must take care of yourself for—for all our sakes."

"It is nothing," she replied in a low voice; "only my nerves are out of order, and I cannot sleep—that is the excuse I am obliged to make to Mary to get her away. She has only agreed to go, because she thinks I need a change."

"Poor Mary! she never likes to leave Austin; Belle would have been just like her. Oh, Rotha, no other woman will ever love me as she did."

Rotha shook her head; she thought so too. And then her eyes fell on the glittering cross, which she wore now night and day on the same finger on which he had placed his mother's old keeper. Some one would have loved her as well, if he had lived, as ever Belle had loved Robert—faithful even in death, blessing her with his last dying breath.

"Well, I must go now," exclaimed Robert, hurriedly, as though the action moved him; "there is nothing more to say, and I have all my packing to do."

"Nothing; but God bless you, and grant you a safe voyage," said Rotha, rising; but now the tears were in her eyes. She was thinking of what had befallen his brother; she was sorry—yes, she was sorry even for him.

"If I do not say anything it is because I cannot," he said, pressing her hands hard. "The only thing I dare say is, God love you and bless you for all you have done for me and mine."

"And you, too, dear Robert." And then she put up her face and kissed him, and called him brother once more. And he went.

But that night, an hour before he was to start by the night mail to Liverpool, he left his brother and Mary, and went secretly and alone to the churchyard.

It was quite dark now: the wind was still abroad, and howled drearily round the church, and the rain splashed sullenly on the tombstones, or dripped silently into tiny pools. But Robert, as he stood bare-headed and with folded arms, heeded it not, for the fierce fever and pain that burnt in his veins.

But once, as he stooped and plucked a few blades of grass from the grave and hid them in his breast, a sudden overwhelming sense of his loneliness came over him. "Good-bye, Belle," he cried, pressing his lips to the dripping sod, and stretching out his arms over it in the darkness. "Good-bye, my darling. Never woman loved as

you would have loved me." Then whispering low, as though he would hide his secret in her very grave, "You know it now, dear, do you not? But you are not angry with me? Oh, Belle, to think that my heart is broken with all this, and that you are not here to comfort me!"

Three-quarters of an hour after this Robert had bidden good-bye to Kirkby and Blackscar, and had taken his place by the night mail for Liverpool.

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXVI.

Some ten or fifteen years before the writing of that lovely letter, the Epistle to the Philippians, St. Paul and the faithful Silas had been rigorously imprisoned in the jail of Philippi. But despite the pain of many stripes and the constraint of the stocks, the midnight hour found them singing praises to Him who giveth songs in the night. And the prisoners heard them.

Then came the earthquake and the opening of the doors. We recall here the incident of the jailer. Those old Roman people, with all their faults, had grand ideas of the sanctity of a trust. When this was forfeited, they deemed life itself worthless. St. Paul's assurance, "We are all here," alone diverted the jailer from suicide.

And now St. Paul is again a prisoner. He is writing from Rome to the Philippian saints. He recalls the memory of the stocks and the dungeon and the hymns and the deliverance, and he finds it not grievous to write the same things over and over again. Rejoice, rejoice, and again I say, Rejoice. Thus are we reminded that when seemingly we are so fast bound in prison that we cannot get out, the memory of many a deliverance past should cheer us and cause us to bid others to be of good cheer.

And then, again, the prisoner Paul is sending messages to Eudias and Syntyche, whoever they were; then to the women which labored with him in the Gospel. See, Christian women, with all your weakness, how Apostles, Bishops, Priests, in all the ages, find in you co-workers as efficient as well-beloved! They had helped not only himself, but other his fellow-laborers, specifying Clement, afterward Bishop of Rome, and one of the five Apostolic Fathers, whose writings carry on the story of the Acts of the Apostles. And of these he says, comprehensively, "whose names are in the book of life."

Now mark the suggestiveness of this last word!

The Seventy once returned to our Lord with joy, saying, "Lord, even the Devils are subject unto us through Thy name." And He said unto them, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. . . . Notwithstanding in this rejoice not that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

So, then, recalling the old prison and the old deliverance, rehearsing the names of the old associates, and assuring himself that those names were all inscribed in the Lamb's book of life, Rejoice, cries the Apostle, and again I say, Rejoice.

A word of caution he adds. The inscrip-

tion in that book is not ineffaceable; there must be a scrutiny before it is fixed indelibly. "Let your moderation"—i.e., your fairness, your equitableness of judging and acting, "be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand."

"Be careful for nothing," he adds, "but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving"—forget not the thanksgiving, ye prisoners of hope: in the midst of prayers, Rejoice always, and again I say, Rejoice—"let your requests be made known unto God."

And how lovingly he crowns all this with that promise which the Church, converting it into a benediction, is never weary to utter nor to hear. "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus."

These words, Rejoice, Rejoice, are as apples of gold, but the history and the associations of them are as pictures of silver.

But one may say, What occasion hath thou, O venerable man of God, to rejoice? This very letter tells me of bonds. I see thee in Caesar's palace, ever on thy sacred errands, but ever chained by the wrist to a rough soldier. By thine own acknowledgment, but for the alms sent from Philippi by the hand of Epaphroditus thou wouldst be in actual need. As for thine associates, this very letter tells that some are selfish, seeking their own; some contentious, adding affliction to thy bonds; and many walk, thou dost tell us—and just here the letter is blotted with thy tears—who are enemies of the Cross, earthly-minded. Is it not in the unreality of an enthusiast that thou dost so rejoice?

Perchance the Philippians might say, or we, to whom this exhortation equally belongs, may say, How can we rejoice, not once, but again—not sometimes, but always?

Look at us as we are. See the scars which life's experience has left upon our hearts or the fresh wounds which open and bleed anew in the night season, as we try to enfold in our arms that which is now but memory and shadow. Behold our burdens daily increasing, while the bodily strength and the spiritual alacrity which should endure them are steadily diminishing. See how straightened some of us are in our circumstances, and how cumbered with much serving. Some, while they have many acquaintances, have few friends and are often lonely in this great world. The life of some is full of worries and trials and contradictions not easy to catalogue.

And in the spiritual life, how can so much defeat and shortcoming, so much infirmity and sin and coldness and deadness—how can these leave room for joy?

And yet again, how can the Church and we her members rejoice, when the coming of the Kingdom is so far off? When congregations are so small, and so few are won into the fold; and when so many who are saints by profession seem to bear no cross? How can we in our captivity take the harp down from the willows and sing the songs of Zion?

Even the good John Keble said to a friend, "For such as we fast-days suit us best."

Thus it is that we excuse ourselves from rejoicing in God. Thus do we assume that joy in God is not to be reconciled with the consciousness of distress and pain, with self-reproach and self-discontent. Thus do

we abdicate the highest office of humanity, the priestliness of the race.

We are in the midst of a rejoicing universe; stars and planets, trees and waving corn, all living things, and even frost and cold rejoice in the Lord. But their joy is inarticulate. Man, the intelligent, the work-maker; man, the priest of nature; man, rich in the union of the Holy One, was created, aye, and redeemed partly for this end; that to the accompaniment of nature he might add what musicians call the libretto, the coherent song of praise, the articulated words of blessing.

From the tabernacle in the wilderness down to the visions of Patmos we have an unvarying representation of an Almighty One upon a throne high and lifted up, praised and adored of Angels and yet looking benignantly upon a fallen world, where struggling saints swing the censers of rejoicing and send up heavenwards the incense of their praise.

If proof or illustration were needed that such is the Church's office, and ours, we need only rehearse the words which so often inaugurate our holy services, "From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, incense shall be offered unto my name and a pure offering, for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts."

May the element of adoration enter more constantly unto our private prayers, and into our family and our public devotions!

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

A few years since a young man who was studying at "Seabury Hall" was called upon to return East and take a mission field near his parents, who were needing his attention. He finished his studies, was ordained, and hastened to this abandoned field.

There had been a pretty stone church built there in years gone by, but church life was nearly extinct. He went to work, and mostly with his own hands built a rectory and barn, turned the vestry-room of the church into a library and study-room, arranging it so that he could ring and toll the bell for services himself, as he was the only sexton.

He went to the mountains and cut and hauled wood for fuel for both church and rectory, planted potatoes "upon shares," went out at day's work in haying, joinering, etc.

In addition to this field he started another mission four miles distant, where he held services every Sunday, and also had services in another place where the last spark of church life was dying and revived it. In all these places his labors were abundant.

After laboring in these missions with great success a few years, the Master called him away from this field to one in the far West—to Southern California—and he has been there between two and three years, has already built two churches almost exclusively with his own hands. They are not completed, but they are in constant use for worship, and every week he is at work on one or the other of them finishing them by degrees, and he has the building of another in contemplation. He literally "hews his way."

It is very hard for him to keep up courage sometimes, for he has but little help, except

ing his faithful wife, who shares with him, cheerfully, all his hardships and toil.

He has not a single male communicant in his first mission, and no active one in the second. It is all hard, "up-hill work," the hardest field, he says, for missionary work he has ever had. "The population in both missions is fluctuating—people are here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow;" but as the Master bids him stay, he toils bravely on.

The "support" question seems not to enter his mind, but his faith is, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

GOD'S SUNNY WAY.

BY G. E. HEATH.

God's care is over us;

His gracious hand

Points out a way

We cannot understand.

It may be that the road

Is rough, O sweet

To know there is a rest

For weary feet!

To know that for it all

We shall have strength,

And hear the welcome home

Of God, at length,

God's hand is in it all.

O heart, lie still!

What is, is best for thee;

Then trust His will.

His wings o'er-shadow thee;

And, every day,

He walks, faint heart, with thee

The thorny way.

His feet have pressed the briars

Before thee own;

Then never say, sad heart,

Thou art alone.

O love of God! Too deep,

Too sweet for me:

I blindly walk the way

I cannot see.

God's sunshine blinds me;

I can only say,

I thank Thee, O my God,

For this, Thy way!

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH TRAVEL.

BY M. MEDLICOTT.

Accomb and Whitby.

York lies in the heart of lovely country, and it takes but a short time to find one's self in the midst of lovely suburban residences and green fields. One day, after exploring the old town, and wandering here and there as fancy willed, we resolved upon a trip outside the city—one we should not have known or thought of unless it had been suggested to us. This trip was to Accomb, one of the suburbs of York, where are some fine green-houses and ferneries. And well worthy of a visit they are. About a mile and a half only from the city, in large grounds, and, on giving the name of the gentleman who had told us of them, we were courteously taken through range after range of green-houses. All sorts of ferns and palms grew here luxuriantly, from the most delicate "maiden-hair" fern, with the leaves hardly larger than the head of a small pin, feathery in its lightness, to the giant Australian-Brazilian fern, with its bare and scaly trunk, like that of a palm-

tree, rising up as high as our heads, and the huge fronds towering up twenty feet or more. One room or house opened out of another, with carefully closed doors between, so as to preserve the heat at the different degrees of temperature required. One could not imagine so many varieties of the family of ferns, or some such exquisite specimens; growing, too, in all sorts of ways and places; some carefully potted, ready for removal, as in great beds, some growing as in their wild state, on the edge of water or among rocks. Now our way led through a path thickly arched overhead with the mighty growth, anon down rocky steps winding this way and that in picturesque confusion. I asked my guide how many different kinds of ferns they had here, but he could not tell me, saying there were hundreds of varieties, and over a hundred and fifty of the "maiden-hair" species alone.

Next through the orchid-houses we went, where these curious plants were growing in a variety of ways, some of them in blossom, with such odd-shaped, peculiarly-tinted flowers, some growing on pieces of wood like branches of trees, others in graceful baskets, some hanging down from the roofs. Outside again, through the gardens, not so different from other nursery-gardens, to some beautifully-arranged ferneries in the open air. Altogether, a lovely afternoon was thus spent. Then a pleasant walk back to the city, first through the country road, with scattered houses here and there, these gradually drawing nearer and nearer together, pretty villas and more pretentious mansions standing side by side. Striking at length the old wall of the city, and mounting this, we followed it for half a mile or more, getting thus quite a different view of the city from any previous one, till we reached the gate nearest our hotel, weary, but well pleased with our afternoon's trip, and one we can recommend to others.

Next day was even more enjoyable. Following the rule laid down for myself, of selecting places that appealed most strongly to fancy or natural taste, rather than the ordinary route of tourists, my destination now was Whitby, on the east coast of Yorkshire. Leaving York early in the morning, the railway journey of two or three hours was one never to be forgotten, the road winding in and out between the hills, upward and upward, now a sharp curve to this side or to that, and even a series of curves, so that looking from the carriage-window one could see the track ahead of us like a letter S, or a snake twisting its tortuous black length over the way. Then the heather. Does my reader know what it is to see the heather for the first time growing in profusion? To see the hills on either hand, red or purple with the lovely blossoms, here a thick clump merely, there a whole field of it, now close to the road we were following, such a tempting bed of it, that instinctively we were ready to cry out for the train to stop till we could gather our fill. Whoever knows this can understand the perfect delight of such a ride as the one of this day.

Whitby is full of association and interest, full of—what shall I say? History poorly expresses it. For ten persons, nay, for a hundred, who think of Whitby chiefly in connection with the manufacture of the jet ornaments for which the place is so famous,

Whitby jet being known the world over, one has an interest in the place for other and stronger reasons. We recall how Scott immortalizes the name and the legends of Whitby, and of its first abbess, St. Hilda, in his poem of "Marmion," as he describes in the evening talk of the nuns:

—how of thousand makes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed;
Themselves within their holy bound
Their story folds had often found,
They told how sea-fowls' pinions fall,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And singing down, with butterfles' faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

All this is legendary, even the occasion of this repeating of legends is imaginative, for at the time of which the poet writes there were no nuns at the abbey, it having been changed and fallen under other rule. But the name and history of St. Hilda, as we know, are not legendary, and the deepest interest attaches to her. Not only or not chiefly because the "Lady Hilda," as she was called, who founded this abbey in 637, and presided over it till her death in 680, was of the royal Northumbrian family, and was baptized by Paulinus at the same time (Easter Day, 627), as King Edwin, being indeed the daughter of his nephew Hereric, and then thirteen years old. In every way she was a remarkable woman, early dedicating herself to a religious life, the pupil of St. Aidan of Iona, afterward at Lindisfarne, who, in his turn, was one of the disciples of St. Columba, the apostle of Scotland. By Aidan she was set over a small monastery at Hartlepool, and afterward, acquiring possession of some land at Streameshale, as it was then called, said by Bede to mean the "Bay of the Lighthouse," now better known as Whitby, she removed thither and founded an abbey. As was usual in those days, the abbey was for men and women both, all of whom were under the care of Abbess Hilda. And now comes our own deepest interest in the place, as associating it not merely with Hilda, the good and wise, but with one who little thought, how his name was to be remembered and revered for twelve centuries, nay, long as the English language shall be spoken. Caedmon, we know, did not write in the present form of our English tongue, nevertheless his poem seems to us the first-fruits of what some writers now describe as First-English, instead of Anglo-Saxon. Does not his story read like a poem in itself? How he was a poor, uneducated man, in menial service of some sort about the abbey, perhaps, as some writers suggest, the ferry-man, and also employed about the horses. At all events, the story is told by Bede, how, as he was sleeping one night in the stables, he heard a voice bidding him sing, and on replying that he knew not how, but at the continued command, asking what he should sing, the voice said: "Sing the beginning of created things." How in his dream he sang, and next morning, remembering the verses, and repeating them, they came at length to the ears of the Abbess Hilda, who recognized his genius, and gave him a place among her monks. Here, being taught the sacred history, his own poem grew, as the plants grow, methinks, from the watering of divine grace and the nourishment of mental food, till the very name of the poor "ceorl" has become immortalized to us.

With all this in our minds we approach the town, and alighting at the station amid

a Saturday (or market-day) crowd, we find our way into the narrow, crooked streets. Quaint looking everything is—even the men and women look more primitive than those we meet in the streets of York. The river Eak winds through the town, dividing it into two parts, and the sides of the river rise steep and high, forming bluffs overlooking the sea. A handsome bridge connects the two parts of the town, and the streets are, many of them, steep, here and there a flight of steps leading from one street to another. The market-place was a busy spot, as we looked into it, wares of every kind scattered about in what looked like wild confusion. Some splendid gooseberries we bought here, and carried off to enjoy on the cliffs. Crossing the bridge, which, being the only one, presented a scene of constant passing and repassing, the abbey ruins soon rose before us, high above, crowning the cliff. The street or road leading up to the top of the bluff was very steep, so that much of the way it was cut in a flight of steps, and ascending these, below us on one side lay a narrow dark street, with jet manufactories or buildings where the work was carried on. Up on the bluff how different! High and breezy, though such a warm day, with the old ruins presently claiming our attention; and a little nearer the sea, the old parish church, in its setting of green, thickly sprinkled with graves. We first spent some time on the edge of the cliff, looking out over the North Sea. On this side it descends steeply and sharply down to the water. A narrow foot-path leads along the summit, and it needs a tolerably steady head, we find, to walk there and look down into the sea below, perpetually dashing and fretting itself against the rocks, and then, in its anger, spending itself in the white foam that overleaps its own fury. There is always something fascinating in watching Old Ocean, even on such a calm day as this, when far off in the distance there is only the tremulous glitter and sheen upon the sea-glass mirror, dotted here and there with passing sails, and nearer to us the waves are one after another rolling over and over, as in sport, each trying to catch his fellow before him, and each in turn breaking, foiled and crest-fallen upon the beach, or tumbling in a snowy mass over a huge rock. We could spend the day here without wearying, but we must not forget the more special purpose for which we came, so we wend our way across the summit of the bluff, and round by the other side, only to find the entrance to the abbey grounds is gained on one side nearer to the town.

Passing through the entrance-gate, and paying at the lodge the sixpence demanded for admission to the grounds, we are led up a flight of steps, and another gate is unlocked to let us through. Here rise the ruins directly before us, beautiful in their picturesque, yet giving one the tinge of sadness always felt in witnessing the ravages of time and man, for both have had a share in this work of destruction. These ruins are of the Abbey Church, which dates from the twelfth century, all buildings of St. Hilda's time having been destroyed during the inroads of the Danes, from which this eastern coast suffered more severely than any other part of England. The greater part of the north wall, with the transept, the east end of the choir, and part of the

west end, including a portion of the tower and two doorways, are all that remain of the building, save a few portions of columns inside. The arches of windows and doorways are very beautiful, as are the pillars of grouped columns, looking almost variegated in coloring even now. We sit down on some of the stones inside the sacred limits, for so they seem. Over yonder is a young woman sketching a ruined window; would that we possessed her skilful brush! Then we climb the broken steps leading up above the doorway, and seat ourselves to gaze over the old town and across the river to the bluff beyond, crowded with buildings, the newer and more fashionable part of the town. Far off to the east and north sparkle the waters of the North Sea, and to the south and west stretch green, undulating fields, dotted with houses here and there, the river Eak winding down between, to lose itself in the ocean. Then, outside the walls again, seating ourselves in their shadow on the grass, to muse over the history and legends of the place. Listen to the summer sounds filling the air! the hum of insects, the twitter of birds, far off the crowing and cackling of cocks and hens! These all are features unchanged since the day of the poet, on whom our fancy dwells, who walked these hills and listened to these sounds; looking out upon the same expanse of water, both in its summer calm and beauty, and in its winter storms and fierceness; plying, perchance, the boat back and forth upon the river down here below the hill. Then, worshipping God upon the site of this old ruined church, though not within these veritable walls, till all this grew into his heart and life, and while he was musing thus in his heart, the fire burned within and he spake those words of glowing imagery that have come down to us through the ages. Do we realize, too, what his "paraphrase" of Holy Scripture meant in those far-off days? How in the scarcity of copies of Holy Writ, and those in a tongue known only to the learned or monks, this history in the familiar language of the common people, repeated from mouth to mouth, would grow so well known to them, and be to many almost the only knowledge they possessed of sacred history. What wonder, then, that we should love to recall and dwell upon this portion of our early history!

At length, for time is passing, we retrace our steps, carrying away a few photographs to recall the place, down again through the steep, quaint old streets, across the river, where we have to pause in the centre of the draw-bridge, amid a motley crowd of fishermen and sailors, women and children, while a boat passes down the stream. Along the wharf on the opposite side, looking into some of the jet shops, and making a few purchases, then up the steep road, one cannot call it street, ending in a flight of steps, to the bluff above. How different this from the one just across the river! Fine hotels and pleasure grounds stand here on the very edge, well kept roads leading down to the beach below, crowded with pleasure-seekers. It is pretty to sit and watch them as we do for a long time, from a little pavilion half-way down the beach, the children playing in the sand, and the waves just as full of life and motion here as on the further side of the river. Back from the bluff rise the modern houses, pleasant

and attractive, but not half as interesting as the quaint, older portion. What a scene of sharp contrast all this is, to Caedmon's day, and the wild, uninhabited land his eyes rested on. Could he have foreseen all this that we look on now, would he have believed it possible?

But time urges us to hasten our meditations, as our train will not wait, and we slowly pursue our way to the station, and through the gathering dusk and between the darkening hills, speed back to York.

NOTE.—By a slip of the pen, or through carelessness, and not discovered till too late, a mistake was made in the paper on Ely. Instead of saying the Abbey at Holy Island or Lindisfarne was "presided over by the revered and saintly Hilda," the writer should have said "the revered and saintly Cuthbert."

THE PRINCESS BEATRICE.—HER WEDDING.

On the Tuesday before her wedding, Princess Beatrice received a very special present.

It consisted of a massive silver tea and coffee service, with tray, with the monogram, "H.B.," beautifully engraved on each article, the tray bearing the following inscription in Hebrew:

"Many daughters have acted virtuously, but thou excellest them all. May He Who dwelleth on high cause His light radiantly to shine on thy head. May joy and gladness meet thee; the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride. May there be peace within thy walls and tranquility within thy palaces, for now and forevermore, is the fervent prayer of him who reverentially bows down himself."

MORIS MONTEFIORE, 5645 A.M."

The Laureate also contributed the following Epithalamium:

TO H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Two suns of love make day of human life,
Which else with all its pains and griefs and deaths
Were utter darkness—the one the sun of dawn
That brightens thro' the mother's tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakening world—and one
The latter rising sun of spousal love
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life.
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the child
Is happy—'s'n in leaving her! But thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown, nor let
This latter light of love have risen in vain,
But moving thro' the mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Sway'd by each love, and swaying to each love
Like some conjectured planet in mid-heaven
Between two suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.
July, 1885.

TENNIS.

At the end of the wedding service, instead of the usual homily read on such occasions, the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered the following address to the royal couple:

"Oh well is thee and happy shalt thou be" is the promise of the marriage psalm. Happy may ye be is the meaning which gleams under every symbol, color, and wreath, and peals and ripples in the voices of the organ and of the bells. Gift after gift, every blessing of earth and heaven is named in our marriage service. It is a very charter of happiness. All these gifts come earliest and stay longest for those to whom wedded life is the perfection of friendship. All friendship is nearness in thought and taste and feelings and habits; married happiness is friendship in perfection. God would rather lead by joy than by sorrow. He often reunites by sorrow hearts which have carelessly allowed some bitterness to

come between them. By sorrow he purifies still more the purest and tenderest hearts. Yet the service proclaims to us from first to last how much he loves to work by joy for those who take joy aright. At first it is only by constant sacrifice that each becomes the devoted friend of the other; but when such mutual sacrifice grows perfect it is no sacrifice. Then both hearts are free and able to dedicate all their spirit and wealth to the service of all high purpose. One there is—One only—Who can be the third in this perfect friendship. He, the Confidant, Counsellor, Comforter for each, make them all in all to each other by being all in all to both. He it is Whose first act of kindness above humanity was to stand in the marriage hall in Cana of Galilee silently working as a bridegroom's friend, and making earthly joyousness complete just as it was on the point of breaking down, yet in the same act teaching how the weak elements of earthly gladness can be transformed into the strength and joy of Heaven.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

TO H. N.

Little white robed curly head,
Knelling down by snowy bed,
Nightly prayers had softly said,
Asking for his "daily bread,"
While he prayed, "Thy will be done
By all dwellers 'neath the sun,
As by those in Heaven above,
Bound to each with bands of love."
Thinking then, with knitted brow,
Of some puzzling "why or how,"
Turning to me, gravely said:—
"Papa, tell me, why for bread
Should I ask at even prayer,
Or for food have any care,
When I lay me down to sleep
Asking God my soul to keep?
For I say, 'Give us this day'
When 'tis night I kneel to pray.
Seems to me, I'd better ask
Help to do the morrow's task
Than to pray for bread to eat
'Ere another sun we greet."
Smiled I at the puzzled brow,
Thinking of this "why and how:"
Gently stroked the sunny hair
With its golden color rare,
Shading dreamy, thoughtful eyes,
Catching shadows from the skies,
"Little white robed, curly head
When you ask for daily bread,
'Tis no selfish prayer you say
And 'tis always somewhere day.
When you pray 'Give us this day'
Daily bread, you mean to pray
'Give thy children, everywhere;
Food in answer to my prayer.'
When you lay down to sleep
Asking God your soul to keep,
It is day in heathen lands—
China's shores and Afric's sands.
So you ask for God to give
Heathen children bread to live;
Bread that cometh down from Heaven,
Food that Christ Himself hath given.
Day by day you ask this food,
Heavenly Manna, pure and good,
Give to us this daily bread
Morn and Eve, let it be said:
For 'tis always somewhere day
And you therefore humbly pray
For God's children everywhere
When you say your evening prayer.

F. L. N.

"Our Mission Work" of the Diocese of Albany.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

BY H. E. GEORGE.

"What are you doing, Stephen? Is the Squire going to let this charming residence to summer-boarders?"

An indolent looking boy had been leaning against a post for several minutes watching the proceedings of a lively young carpenter, who was knocking the cleats off a bundle of shingles, and making other preparations for repairing the roof of a small and dilapidated house.

"Is that you, Snaily?" asked the young man addressed. "You scared me some. Ain't you got nothing to do but ask questions this fine day?"

"Plenty to do, when the time comes," answered the boy, kicking a bundle of books which he had thrown on the grass, "but there's half-an-hour yet to find out what you're about before school-time."

"Well, I ain't got half-an-hour to answer you in, but if you want to know what I'm mending this roof for, it's to make it fit for Mis' Ruggles to live in."

"Whew! is that so?" said the boy with a bright look of interest which greatly changed his dull, but good-natured face. "I'm glad that, though it isn't much of a place. Why I heard she had to go on to the Farm. Does the Squire give her the rent of it?"

"I'll tell you how 'tis," replied Stephen Manners, suddenly confidential. "The Squire wouldn't own up to it, but he's got a big insurance on his barn, that was struck by lightning, and 'long as it was that set Mis' Ruggles's house on fire he felt kinder streaked about it, mean as he is. The barn was filled with second crop meddar hay, not half cured, and that gets heated sometimes and draws the lightning you know. I found out by one of them insurance men that the Squire was going to make quite a speck on his barn burning up, and it riled me awful to think of that poor widdler loosing everything by what put money in his pockets. So I walked right up to him and told him, I'd give the work on this place to make it decent if he'd pay for the materials and give her the rent of it for a year. So agreed. I'm sort of a cousin of hers, you know, so it's no more than right I should do something."

"You're a real brick, Stephen, that you are, a regular philan—what's the word?"

"You're the one that's *philandering* now," said Stephen, abashed by the praise, "and I guess I'd better be about my business and stop wasting time."

"*Philanthropist*, I mean, I had it in my spelling-lesson and it means one who loves his fellow-men. You know Peter Cooper, he was one, spent his whole time doing some good thing. I wish I was one, and had lots of money, as he had."

"Oh get out!" cried Stephen good-naturedly, "as if a fellow couldn't do a

little tinkering for a neighbor without tacking such a long word on to it," and he mounted his ladder whistling "Down in the Coal-Mine."

"But Stephen, see here! Can't I help?"

"Be off to school!"

"But I mean it! Can't I do something?"

"Why yes, if you like," answered Stephen turning around. "Get around here after school, and I'll keep you busy until sundown."

"Does she know what you're doing?—Mrs. Ruggles?"

"No," replied Stephen with a grin. "So you keep dark. It's to be a surprise."

So Oliver Green, usually called "Snaily" by his comrades, turned and crept like his name-sake, "unwillingly to school." He would never have gone of his own free will; it was there that he had earned his nickname, for though not remarkably quick in his motions, he had very good natural abilities, and if anything interested him, was as wide-awake as most boys. But nothing which came along every day seemed "worth while." He was always dreaming about great things, but he could see nothing great in his daily tasks. Perhaps if he had been able to stand at the head of his class he would have enjoyed school. But he was not satisfied with an average standing, so he fell far below it, and began to be called a dunce.

It was one of Oliver's good points that he always felt for any one in trouble; and Mrs. Ruggles, burnt out of house and home, had been very much on his mind. The people in the village were not hard-hearted; they were sorry for her, but they were not very liberal, and it was no one's business in particular. The "town" would help her, and nobody seemed to realize that a woman who had always owned her little home and been independent would rather die than be "thrown on the town."

Oliver studied over it all day, and had several good plans in his head. One was to ask his mother for her old cooking-stove, just replaced by a new range; and to beg from his aunt a superfluous table; and to mend some chairs which had been put up in the garret.

But all these good plans did not help his lessons, and when three o'clock came he acknowledged to himself that he had but narrowly escaped being kept in.

It was great fun helping Stephen, who was good-nature itself, and first-rate company, and who was besides hopeful of getting others interested in his unfortunate relative. So he assented gladly to all Oliver's plans.

"I declare you're a good fellow, Oliver," he cried, when he heard of the cooking stove. "I've been trying to figure on it how she'd keep-house without her things, for she didn't save much beside her bedding and such like. I don't see how you come to take such an interest though."

"Oh, didn't I tell you I wanted to be a philanthropist," cried Oliver gaily. "But really don't you think everybody ought to turn to and help her? She's always lived here, and been a good neighbor."

"Well, so they ought, that's a fact," replied Stephen. "Folks are awful

"Hallo! who's going to address the meeting? Don't be backward about coming forward!"

Oliver mounted the stone.

"Give us your philanthropy, with two *ls!*"

"Philanthropy's good. We'll take two plates of philanthropy."

Manners is shingling that little house of Squire Morris's, and she's to have the rent of it for one year, and I just want to know why we fellows can't do something to help her!"

"Sartin!" cried one of the noisy big boys, Bob Martin. "I'll write a check in a minute!"

slow about thinking of it, that's what's the matter. If anybody could give it a *shore* now! But you see I'm just near enough kin, so I can't."

"Suppose I try to get the boys started?" said Oliver. "They could all tell their folks and get them interested, and if we have good luck we'll give her a house-warming with a vengeance!"

"Try it on!" said Stephen.

"We can't do less than give folks a chance to do something."

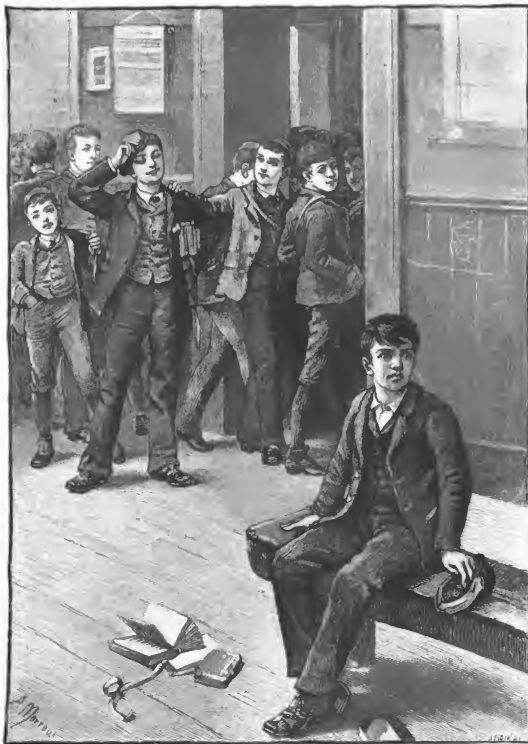
After studying the subject all night, Oliver got up this poster, which he fastened on the tree near the school-house gate and just inside the yard:

NOTICE!!

"All the fellows in the upper room are invited to meet after

school by the big stone, to discuss a philanthropic plan."

Oliver could not resist bringing in his favorite word. He thought it was exactly the thing, but he unfortunately had not time to look it up. The notice had the effect desired, and at three o'clock he saw the whole room move in a body toward the appointed spot. He began to feel a little tremulous and uneasy.



"HE HEARD WILL GAY'S 'FOR SHAME, MARTIN!' AS HE DREW BOB OFF."

"Shut up!" began Oliver. "How am I to speak?"

"Silence in the court!" cried one of the disturbers.

"Oh, be done, fellows! Let's hear what he's got to say," interrupted a pleasant-looking fellow, Will Gay by name. "Go on, Oliver."

"I wanted to remind you about the fire last week. You know how Mrs. Ruggles was burnt out? Well, Stephen

going to have a game of ball?"

"I!" was heard on all sides, and Oliver found himself deserted by all but Will Gay and one or two of the smaller boys.

"Never mind; don't be dumpish, O!" said Will, as he saw how crestfallen Oliver was. "It is a good idea, and we can do something about it. Let's go to all the people who ought to be interested and see what we can do."

"Make it a good big one, Bob; it won't be any harder to get five hundred cashed than ten."

"No; but what do you mean, O!" asked Will Gay. "How can we do anything?"

"I don't know just what you can do, but I'm going to do something," and he told about the cooking-stove.

"That's good; I've got some chickens. How would it do to give her a pair of them?" asked Will.

"First-rate! And you can all get your folks to help. It's a shame not to do something for a good woman like that, who has had such misfortunes!"

"Hear! hear!" cried Bob. "Listen to the great philanthropist with two *ls!* Who's

This plan was agreed upon and succeeded very well indeed. Barrels of apples and potatoes, and other stores were promised, and smaller contributions of money furnished various groceries. The boys built a nice warm hen house near a stable which stood on the grounds, and chopped a goodly pile of wood which one farmer contributed.

It was very exciting as time went on and the repairs of the house approached completion. This took some time, for Stephen had other work engaged and could not work steadily; but he often reported to the boys with a suppressed chuckle which a stranger might have thought heartless, that Mrs. Ruggles, who with her children had taken refuge with his mother, was getting "awful uneasy."

If the other boys heard rumors of all these doings they showed no signs of repentance, but amused themselves every day with tormenting Oliver all they could; in fun of course, but it was exasperating enough too. Bob Martin especially exerted himself in this way.

At last the day of the intended surprise came. There was everything to do, and the time from three until six would be needed, every moment of it, to get all in readiness for evening, when it was agreed that Stephen should bring Mrs. Ruggles to her new home.

Bob Martin was Oliver's seat mate, and he seemed determined to be as tormenting as possible that day. He led Oliver on a wild goose chase by pretending to help him with his sums and telling him an entirely wrong method. He hid his geography, which ought to have been learned the night before, and in the spelling class, he prompted him wrongly and got him so confused that poor Oliver was kept in—this day of all days, to learn his lessons over again.

"Spell it with two *Is*, Snailly dear! It will come all right!" was Bob's parting injunction, as he left the room.

Oh dear! how provoking it was. Oliver was fairly boiling over with wrath. He had meant to study so hard, and now it seemed almost impossible to think of anything, he was so completely upset. He heard Will Gay's "For shame, Martin!" as he drew Bob off, and wished that he could thank him. Yes, Will was a good fellow! And then he began to wonder how much of their plan could be accomplished without him; the stove was to be set up and blacked, and various odds and ends collected.

Distracted with these ideas, he was nearly an hour over the postponed tasks; but they were done at last, and he shoved his books into his desk with impatience, when he noticed on the floor a letter. It was addressed to Mr. Martin, and registered; evidently it contained money, and Bob had dropped it.

"What a wax he must be in!" thought Oliver; and then: "I'm glad of it! He deserves to be bothered a little after the dance he led me to-day."

"One who loves his fellow-men," whispered Conscience, "would carry this letter to him."

"It's a mile up there," answered Oliver to this inward suggestion.

"No matter," answered Conscience; "he may think he has lost it on the road. If it were Will Gay you would!"

"Will Gay hasn't made life a burden to me for two weeks!" retorted Oliver.

"If ye forgive not men," began Conscience.

"I'll go!" answered Oliver, and no one would have called him "Snailly" as he sped away.

Bob was starting out from home, and Oliver met him. "Oh!" he cried, with a gasp of relief as he saw the letter. "Where did you find it? I have just remembered it, and was awfully frightened!"

Oliver told him how he had picked it up on the floor, and Bob thanked him overwhelmingly, but without any embarrassment.

"He didn't mean anything by his teasing. I'm glad I didn't notice it!" was Oliver's inward comment.

"Just wait until I hand it to father, and then I've something to show you," and Bob rushed off, and rushed back again before Oliver could speak. "Now come on; I meant to keep it till evening; but since you are here—" and Bob led the way to the barn, where was tied up the prettiest little Jersey heifer ever seen.

"It's from us other fellows, and our folks," he explained. "We didn't mean to let you do all the philanthropy and the philandering—not a bit! We've got lots of other stuff, too; and here comes the procession—thanks to you, I can go with an easy mind!"

Here *did* come the procession—big boys and little boys, with all kinds of funny packages, and Bob led off with the cow, and they moved on down to the little house. Will had managed to put the stove up, and everything was ready, with the help of the "women folks," who were interested in the good cause.

Such a jolly house warming as it was! The table was set full of goodies, by the aid of the boys' mothers; and all the neighbors were there to show their good will.

Perhaps Mrs. Ruggles had thought them unsympathizing, but she was deceived now. She could not say much— who could, with fifteen or twenty noisy boys around? But the happy tears which filled her eyes, and the smiles on her lips were thanks enough. And she will never forget it, or let her children forget it, she says, as long as she lives.

PARAGRAPHIC.

NAPKINS and other useful articles are now made from the bark of the paper mulberry. Fine paper is made from the inner fibres.

GOLD equaling in weight the Maharajah of Travancore, India, was recently distributed in charity according to a custom dating back some 1,600 years.

SOME alleged canned tomatoes chemically examined in France were found to be chiefly composed of carrots and pumpkins, the whole being colored with an aniline dye.

THE catalogue of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Baltimore, Md., shows that it must be a very popular institution. It has a large number of students in attendance.

THE announcement of that desirable school at Winchester, Va., for 1885-86, contains full particulars of its advantages and a catalogue of its pupils. The Rev. J. C. Wheat, D.D., is at the head of it.

IN ten years the population of New South Wales has increased nearly 30 per cent, the number of children in the schools has more than trebled, and the number of mills and manufactories has been quadrupled.

THE North, Central and South American Exposition, which will open next November for five months, is expected to do much to strengthen the bonds of amity between the different countries on this continent.

A BLOCK of iron, measuring 494.43 cubic feet and weighing 105 tons, was recently cast in Lombardy. It is intended for an anvil of a ten-ton steam hammer in the royal arsenal of Spezia. The operation of casting required twenty-three hours.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall Street, New York.

Lundberg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundberg's Perfume, Marchal Nisi Rose.
Lundberg's Perfume, Ainsie Violet.
Lundberg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.
Lundberg's Rheinisch Cologne.

Special Notices.

MADAME ZADOC PORTER'S COUGH BALM is a Vegetable Preparation, prepared with great care to meet the urgent and growing demand for a safe and reliable article for diseases of the throat and lungs. Guardians of the pulmonary organs are so prevalent and so fatal in our ever-changing climate that a reliable article has been long and anxiously sought for.

EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH QUININE AND PEPSIN Prepared by CASWELL, MANSEY & CO. (New York), is most strengthening and easily taken. Prescribed by leading physicians. Label registered.

INSTRUCTION.

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The next year will begin on Wednesday, Sept. 16th, 1885. The requirements for admission, which have been materially changed by the Revised Statutes, and other particulars, can be obtained by applying to the Dean.

SPECIAL STUDENTS who desire to pursue special studies will be admitted. There is also a FOOT GUARDIAN COURSE for graduates of Theological Seminaries. Clergy men will be received as Special Students, or as Past Graduates. 426 West 23d Street, New York.

DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

The next year begins on Thursday, September 17th, with a complete Faculty, and improved opportunities for thorough work. Special and extra courses as well as the regular three years' course of study.

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INSTRUCTION.

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THE SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL. This school will begin its next year, Sept. 26th, 1888. The new Catalogue, giving full information of the course of study and of the terms for admission, will be ready by Jan. 1. Students pursuing special courses will be received. Address, 115 N. B. FAIRBANKS BLDG., Washington, Parkhurst, Minn.

RACINE COLLEGE, Racine, Wisconsin. The Board of Trustees of Racine College is now entitled to the respect and support of the Church and public at large. Special notice to employers' note. Address Rev. ALBERT ZALINSKI, GRAY, B.T.D.

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE, Annandale on the Hudson. This college is the successor of the Diocese of New York, and is also one of the colleges composing the University of the State of New York. The course of study is the same as that of colleges generally leading to the degree of A. B. N. B. FAIRBANKS, D.D.

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ACADEMY AND HOME FOR TEN BOYS. Through preparation for business or for College. Absolutely beautiful location and growing town with well advanced surroundings. Highest references given and recognized. J. H. ROSE, Principal, Greenacres, Conn.

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INSTRUCTION.

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Prepares for University, Army, Navy, U. S. Military Academy.
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Terms \$40 per annum. Apply to CHARLES STURTEVANT MOORE, A. R. (Harvard), Head-Master.

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GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
Terms \$200 per annum. Apply to MISS H. CARROLL BATES, Principal.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.
Long established. No number of pupils limited.

THE MISSES RICHEY'S Boarding & Day School
FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN.
Maywood, Bay Ridge, L. I.
School building, and rectory, V. Y., S. S., September 21st, 1885.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,
Brooklyn Heights, N. Y.
T. J. BACKUS, LL.D., President of the FACULTY.
Combines advantages of college and city school, and classical languages, drawing, Choral Singing and Calisthenics and other extra-curricular, fine facilities. Also, English and Latin. For recent accommodations for pupils (both abroad); opportunities to visit places of interest. Forthcoming year begins on September 14th, 1885. Inquire pertaining to pupils residence should be addressed to Mrs. C. B. STONE, 140 Jerusalem Street.

INSTRUCTION.

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The Diocesan School for Girls,
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THE UNDERSIGNED, having had ten years' experience into his family a limited, as a teacher, is ready to receive into his family a limited, as a teacher, is ready to receive pupils for college. Best comfort. Correspondence with parents solicited.
REV. JOSEPH M. TURNER, Pittsfield, Mass.

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PORT HOPE, ONTARIO, CANADA.
Head-Master: The Rt. Rev. J. O. SHERWOOD, TORONTO.
Next Term will begin on Thursday, Sept. 25th.

A Church Boarding School for Boys, based upon the English Public School System. Now in its Twenty-first Year. Large and comfortable building. Beautiful Chapel. Twenty acre of land in good location, overlooking Lake Ontario. The next Term will begin on Thursday, Sept. 25th.

The School Calendar, containing full particulars respecting fees, etc., will be sent on application to the Head-Master.

TRINITY SCHOOL, 1311 Broadway, founded 1796.
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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1885.

THE Bishop of Rochester has written a letter on Disestablishment to his diocesan conference, which will be likely to weigh with the laity. Taking his own diocese, Dr. Thorold specifies three districts, in which, he says, "forty of the churches could not be maintained in case of disestablishment." He names nine or ten localities in South London where in such an event, pew-rents would be simply impossible. He says the stipends of fifty-six curates are supplied, and he is confident that in case of disestablishment their support would not be forthcoming.

The Bishop of Rochester is not unacquainted with the workings of the voluntary system in this country, and is well aware that its greatest defect is its failure to provide for the poor in large cities. The few chapels that are carried on are maintained at much expense by the laity, while the burden would be great, not to say unbearable, if the poor were adequately provided for. Under the voluntary system, public worship must be maintained whether among rich or poor, by that portion of the community which is sufficiently interested in religion to make the needed sacrifices. That is to say, it falls upon a part to provide public worship for the whole, and this in the larger towns and cities is very inadequately done, and is likely to be, under the voluntary system.

ADJECTIVES AND TITLES.

The Church of Ireland is emphasizing its Protestantism, as appears from this astonishing canon, recently adopted: "There shall not be any cross, ornamental or otherwise, on the communion-table, or on the covering thereof, nor shall a cross be erected or depicted on the wall or other structure, behind the communion-table, in any of the churches or other places of worship of the Church of Ireland."

In connection with this it is curious to note its constant protest against being called "Protestant Episcopal." The primate is very earnest in his assertion that its true and only title is the "Church of Ireland," and the Archbishop of Canterbury has apologized to him for calling it "Protestant Episcopal."

This apparent contradiction is, after all, entirely correct. It is not necessary to insert in a title all the qualities of the thing named. And this applies to all qualities equally. In the creeds the Church is called one, holy, catholic, and apostolic. But these are qualities, not names.

This is an important distinction. Adjectives are descriptive, not distinctive. Names are distinctive, and only by intimation descriptive. If description enters into a title, it implies that there may be another thing of the same kind without that quality.

To illustrate: The Church is catholic or universal. She has the quality, that is, of catholicity, universality. It is necessarily her quality. She cannot exist without it. So, too, she is protestant against error, always and everywhere. She is episcopal, she is one, she is holy, she is apostolic. All these qualities are her essential qualities. The terms are descriptive of her. But they do not distinguish her from any other Church, as they would do, by implication at least, if they were put in her name. If, for instance, the Church is given the title of the "Catholic Church," or the "Episcopal Church," by all rules of language, the implication follows that there is, or may be, an Un-Catholic Church, or a Non-Episcopal Church.

The simple fact therefore is that the only possible distinctive name of the Church, which is called *kuriaké*, Church, after her Lord, is that which comes from her existence in, and association with, different political entities. This is the Scriptural use. Thus the Church of Thyatira, for instance, is named. So the primate of the Irish Church is right in claiming that her only title is and must be the Church of Ireland.

"A VAGUE CHRISTIANITY."

Wonderful are the ways of the popular preacher. One accounted among the greatest—in Chicago—has for a decade or more been on a long quest of the fair haven of peace, and, as he thinks, not in vain. The discovery which he thinks so good for him he hopes will be found as good for other men, and so he eagerly urges upon them "a vague Christianity," whatever that may be. He, at least, has no doubts as to its peace-producing power, and so he says, "Only in a vague Christianity can you find peace." And this assurance we find commended with apparently no doubtfulness as to its worth and wisdom. Strange to say, in religion, that, somehow, is thought to be productive of peace which would not be in anything else. How, it might well be asked, can a man find peace in religion in that which in anything else is destructive of peace? Suppose the title to his estate is in question, and his lawyer says, "I am altogether in doubt in the matter, but that need not trouble you; only in a vague legal opinion can you find peace." Or suppose his child

to be in pain and peril, and his physician should say, "I am wholly uncertain as to his case, but that need not worry you, for in a vague medical science only can you find peace."

It would surely seem that a common sense which is quite sufficient for the rejection of absurdity in ordinary matters might protect men as readily from absurdities uttered in the name of religion. Christianity, indeed, promises peace. But is it in vagueness, doubt, uncertainty? Manifestly not; certainly not, if the assurances of the first heralds of the Faith are to go for anything. The Founder of our Faith offered men peace, but certainly not in "a vague Christianity." The peace that He offered was to be found in Him. But that involved acknowledgment of His august claims, and therefore acceptance of what He did and said and was. The only peace that He had to offer was in Him. The epistles of the great Apostle to the Gentiles abound in thanksgivings for the blessings of peace, the peace of God which passeth all understanding. But whence was it? Was it in "a vague Christianity?" Only imagine the assurance of this popular preacher inserted in one of St. Paul's epistles. How utterly incongruous it would be with St. Paul's teaching and the whole cast of his thought and feeling. Who could think of him, or any other apostle, saying "Only in a vague Christianity can you find peace." It is unthinkable. And yet peace, the Christian's peace, was ever in the thought of the apostle. But wherein was it? He says: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." And that which he commended to others was that wherein he himself found peace. When at last he went out to die his glorious death he said, with the cry of a conqueror: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the Faith."

Manifestly then, in that day as in this, there was a Faith to keep, and that he had kept it was, in the hour of death, to St. Paul occasion of solemn yet glad thanksgiving. In saying, "Only in a vague Christianity can you find peace," the popular preacher may indeed have the plaudits of those who have lost faith or who are fast losing it, and of those who never had any to lose; but, whatever may be his belief, no intelligent man can think that a "vague Christianity" was that which Christ taught or that which His apostles preached. The fact of the matter is, that a "vague Christianity" is no Christianity at all. It exists only in the minds of the thoughtless and in the imagination of men that dream.

SINGULARITIES OF THE REVISION.

It would seem to be capable of demonstration that the Westminster company of the revisers of the New Testament were actuated by a strong Presbyterian bias. In every possible way they made their revision speak in favor of parity in the Christian ministry contrary to the judgment of history and the rules of scholarship, and by some means, still to be explained, they would seem to have effectually hoodwinked the Church of England members of this company to their subtle schemes and to the evil of them. But attention is at last roused, and on the records of the Convocation of Canterbury may now be seen a numerous signed petition against the revision on this very ground. It is easier to destroy the serpent's eggs than to strangle the serpent itself.

We have already spoken of the fondness of the revisers for the word "appoint" in reference to the Christian ministry instead of the word "ordain." It is clearly a word on which they desire to have changes rung, for they translate no less than five different Greek words by it, and one of them in Acts xiv. 23, where the word used is not only rendered "ordain" in Wickliff's, Tyndall's, Cranmer's, the Geneva and Rheims versions, but is a hellenistic Greek term, which in the early ecclesiastical writers, as in Justin Martyr and the apostolic canons, has the technical sense of "ordain" or setting apart to the ministry. But "appoint" was the favorite word with the continental reformers and John Knox, and we all know how Wesley "appointed" Dr. Coke to be Superintendent of the Methodists in this country, and so "appoint" must be the word in the revision. The revisers could hardly believe in ordination at all, not even in the "leather-mitten" ordination of their New England brethren.

We have before seen with what defiance the revisers, ignoring all rules of grammar and of Greek, eliminated an order of the ministry from the apostolic council at Jerusalem. With the same ease, when they wished, they could put "bishops" into the text in the place of "overseers," but it is done to disparage the order and to enable it to be spelled with a small "b." St. Paul, himself a Bishop, exhorts the elders of the Ephesian Church to "take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers." In an earlier verse these overseers had been called presbyters, but it would gain a point and confuse the minds of men, if they should be now called bishops, with an implication that they were the same then that modern bishops now are, and it was done. It would seem to be a characteristic of puritanism to juggle with a text and to adapt it to times and emergencies. Even

Baxter, in his *Saint's Rest*, before 1660, in the times of usurping Cromwell, had it printed with "parliament of heaven" instead of "kingdom of heaven," and put some of the regicides in it for saints; but after the restoration the regicides were dropped out of his heaven, and the "kingdom of God" took the place of his heavenly parliament. The revisers would seem to have juggled with the New Testament in the same way, and to have rendered portions of it in a manner to bolster up a presbyterian theory scarce three hundred years old, instead of following the old lines of scholarship and Christian truth. Their object is defeated by its exposure, but no less are the shame and disgrace. The Bible alone is the religion of Protestants in their motto, but they would inject their own commentary into the Bible itself.

THE MERCERSBURG MOVEMENT AND CHURCH UNITY.

III.

The success of measures of purification in the Reformed Church in the United States has of course still further increased its vigor as a denomination. Among other things that success has promoted the revision of its constitution, with the expectation that it will thereby "add greatly to its strength, and insure its future peace and prosperity." This task cannot be completed before 1890, though a full draft is under consideration. It is therefore enough to say, at this point, that there are indications, on the one hand, of a closer conformity to the American type of presbyterianism, in the importance likely to be given to the classis, or presbytery, and, on the other hand, of the formal establishment of the Apostle's Creed as the doctrinal test of fitness for church-membership, of a general advance towards liturgical worship, and of the universal observance of the Christian year.

A very striking proof of new corporate energy is to be found in the effort of the Reformed Church to "erect her denominational standard" outside of Christendom. She had long aided other Christians, both with money and with men, in the task of carrying Christianity to the heathen, but the first step toward a mission of her own seems to have been taken in 1873, and her first missionary sailed (to Japan) in 1879, after the appointment of the Peace Commission. This enterprise is naturally expected to develop denominational life at home, and in every way lessens the probability of an early disappearance of the German Calvinistic variation of American Christianity. But if we are to have diversity in unity this matters little, and we may be thankful for every fresh sign that the great missionary impulse inherent in our religion is still powerful. And the shrewd Japanese are not likely to be amazed or amused by a new revelation of sectarianism, for the Reformed missionaries will at least be in friendly alliance with their Presbyterian brethren of several sorts, who have succeeded in organizing a united Church. The influence exerted in this country by the great German immigration on a communion of German origin, and the service which may be rendered to American

Christianity by one in which both the traditions and the language of the fatherland are cherished, need only be mentioned. And while the growing interest in "practical Christian work," of which its own members are conscious, promotes its internal unity, it also brings it nearer to every other body of earnest Christians; the common "labor of love" is one of the greatest of unifying forces. Even controversy has tended to the same result, according to Dr. Gerhart, who believes that "zeal has been kindled and practical activity stimulated by christological and liturgical strides," pursued in the heat of conflict.

To the (German) Reformed Church, then, the Mercersburg movement has been a vital process, in which a living organism has vindicated its right to live, and its right to grow under its own law. Its future is more likely than before to be shaped by its past, both as to doctrine and worship. Its ministers will continue to affirm that they "honestly and truly hold the doctrines of the Keiddeberg Catechism to be scriptural," and continue to use the catechism in pastoral instruction. The liturgy which has cost them so much will have the highest claim upon them, while the historic right of free prayer, and very probably the historic right of pastoral confirmation, will long be claimed. Least of all will they risk their new-found peace and unity without the clear prospect of a firmer peace and nobler unity. But such a denominational development is not necessarily sectarian. Something like it may be found in other communions, in which there is, nevertheless, a hearty response to appeals for closer union among Christians. But the characteristic feature of the Mercersburg movement is that the historic forces which it called into action were not merely those of German Calvinism. It would not disown the Reformation, but it recognized the Middle Ages, and claimed descent equally from the Church of Hildebrand and Cyprian and St. Paul. And by virtue of its effort to possess and enjoy all true elements of the collective life of Christianity from the beginning, its aspect of denominationalism is only an incident of a general state of schism; it is itself a part of the "Catholic Revival," the more truly that it is in sympathy both with the Church of all time, and with the whole Church now. That its early leaders should have been witnesses, and even confessors for organic unity, was therefore natural. And we cannot but ask whether their representatives, and whether the movement as a whole, having done so much for a denomination, can do anything, or anything more for the Catholic Church.

Before answering this question we should try to answer another, namely, What is there to do? Most Christians have no definite answer, and our German brethren apparently have none. And there is, as there ought to be, a deep and widespread feeling that the restoration of unity must be pre-eminently God's work. But He seems to be actually doing it, through human agencies, as is His woot, and doubtless human leaders will appear to be His instrument in completing it. Now, most Episcopalians believe that the necessary leadership will be provided through an institution practically as old as Christianity, long universal, always dominant, in Christendom—the historical episcopate. And we are quite certain that no reunion can embrace Episcopalians which

does not find its organic bond in episcopacy. Even those who think Presbyterian orders valid, would shrink from any step which must divide them from those who think otherwise, in a new schism, and must indefinitely postpone the wider reconciliation which shall unite all Christendom. It should, however, be remembered that our conviction primarily concerns orders rather than government, and that our own government (by conventions, or synods,) is quite as much Presbyterian as episcopal. For us, therefore, the solution of the problem turns first of all on the question whether other Christians are likely, on a large scale, to accept episcopal ordination on any terms. And the problem is simplified by the fact that, having security for the faith and sacraments, by which the Church exists, a majority of Episcopalians would probably consent that other Christians should make their own terms. Uniformity in worship, at all events, is not now, as it sometimes (not always) has been, thought essential to unity. Many proofs of this might be given; it is enough to cite a few of the generous words uttered at the "Jubilee Services" held in New York in October, 1882, by Dr. John Henry Hopkins: "We must recognize the equal validity, and permit the equal use, of a variety of liturgies." And for the "Protestant denominations" his single liturgical requirement seems to be, "the use of only valid forms in the administration of" Baptism and the Eucharist. If this means the use of the Lord's own ritual (which must be valid), nobody can think the requirement unreasonable. It was certainly as fit that at the recent congress Dr. Hopkins should close with words from the Book of Common Prayer, a series of devotions embracing forms from nine different sources, together with free prayer, and not embracing the Prayer Book, "as it is," as that he and Bishop Cox should resume on that platform the joint labors which did them such honor in the Christian Unity Society twenty years ago.

But the problem becomes still simpler if, for reasons already indicated, relating to the security of the Prayer Book, it be understood that congregations which do not take our liturgy shall neither owe subjection to, nor have representation in, the General Convention. As this would be safer for us, at present, it would also be more acceptable to others. For then denominations which, like the Reformed Church in the United States, are conscious of an intense denominational life, need not be asked to sacrifice it by disbanding. If any would consent to this in the certain prospect of a general reunion, none would consent to it for the sake of representation in the lower branch of our ecclesiastical legislature. Denominations may and should ultimately disappear, by a gradual assimilating process, but we may well be satisfied, now, with the disappearance of sects. The question is thus reduced to this form: Is there any denomination which is likely to permit its ministers to be ordained by bishops?

But as the problem itself grows simpler, the process of solution is simplified still more rapidly because the settlement of terms may be left to the two parties immediately concerned, the bishops and the candidates for a Catholic ordination. The internal interest of Protestant Episcopalianism being unaffected, the General Convention, which ex-

ists to protect those interests, would have no duty beyond acquiescence, silent or formal. This would be a great gain, for that body, very useful to us, has for at least thirty years done much more to hinder than to help the cause of Catholic unity. If it should consent to keep within its own province in the matter, the bishops would act, of course, not as a house, a co-ordinate branch of the General Convention, but in council, "as bishops in the Church of God." And they would not be bound to seek from other ecclesiastical legislatures a help which they did not seek from their own. Neither attempting nor desiring to withdraw any man from his denominational allegiance, simply making known to whom it might concern their willingness to give, on Catholic terms, a commission current everywhere, to be used anywhere, they could reasonably offend nobody. And it would be a very great gain to avoid interminable and probably useless negotiations with bodies which, in diplomacy, must be before all things take care of their own dignity. Our General Convention and the Methodist General Conference have each been waiting since the year 1868 for the other to speak first, the advantage in point of courtesy being on the side of the Conference, which assumed a listening posture at the instance of some of our clergy.

WM. G. ANDREWS.

CHURCH OF IRELAND "NOT" PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL,

On laying the foundation-stone of a parochial hall at Bray, the Archbishop of Dublin made the following observations on the title of the Church of Ireland:

"The minds of many Irish Churchmen were agitated at the present moment because of a question which had arisen with reference to the official designation of the Church of Ireland—as to whether in the future it should be called by the functionaries of the State the Episcopal Protestant Church, or, as in the past, the Church of Ireland. He was not surprised that much feeling should have been exhibited with regard to this matter, for it touched very closely all their hearts; but this he would say, that whatever the reasons might be—either of State expediency or State necessity—for this action, he trusted that every faithful member of the Church would never for a moment cease to regard and describe the Church as the Church of Ireland. In saying this he did not wish to speak in any tone of arrogance or offensiveness toward their fellow-countrymen of other denominations. The last thing he would wish to do would be to unchurch their brethren who did not follow them. He should be very sorry to place the members of the Roman Catholic Church outside the pale of Christianity—God forbid—or leave their brethren of the Presbyterian or other denominations who might not have bishops to what might be called the unconvocated mercies of God. But it would be admitted, he thought, by every student of history, whatever his position might be, that there existed, for seven hundred years after the advent of St. Patrick to these shores, a national independent Church in Ireland, which was not in any way subject to the authority of Rome. It would also be admitted by all that this Church was an Episcopal Church. He asked this simple question—was there any

other body of Christians in Ireland, calling themselves a Church, that could claim at the present time to be free from any allegiance to Rome, and at the same time an episcopal Church? Again, it was admitted by all, he thought, whatever their views on the subject of episcopacy might be, that the bishops of the Irish Church by direct lineage are descended from the bishops of the ancient Church of Ireland. He would not enter into any question as regards what is called Apostolic Succession. He spoke now of historical continuity, and he asserted that as a matter of historical continuity it could not be denied that the bishops of our Church are descended by direct lineage from the ancient, independent bishops of the Church of Ireland. He believed it was the duty of every Churchman belonging to the Anglican communion to call our Church by its old title. Some time ago there appeared an address, signed by some of the Anglican bishops, in which our Church was called the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland. He was very much grieved when he saw it, and he took the opportunity of remonstrating, through the present Archbishop of Canterbury, who told him that it was an entire inadvertence on his part; that none of the bishops would wish for a moment to describe our Church by that name, and that, so far as he was concerned, and those with whom he was associated, the mistake would never occur again. If they took their stand on the grounds he had mentioned, he thought it concerned them comparatively little what the State might think right to call them. Irish Churchmen had already in the synod protested against being described by any other name than that of the Church of Ireland. But they could not tell what might be the nature of the State necessities. It might be that some eminent functionaries of the State who sympathised with them, and who wished to describe them by their right name, might find themselves in a difficulty with regard to the title which they were to use when speaking of them in their official capacity. He did not believe it would be consistent with the dignity of the Irish Church to be over-agitated or over-indignant if it were found necessary in consequence of State difficulties for the State to term it by such a name as the Protestant Episcopal Church. They must not allow it to be thought for a moment that their claim to the title of Church of Ireland depended on what the State might say, or how the State regarded them. The State merely looked at Churches as established or not. The Presbyterian Church in Scotland was called the Church of Scotland, because it was established, and the episcopal Church of England was called the Church of England because it was established. These are the terms officially given to them; but each Church claimed the right of describing itself and regarding itself as that which it felt was most in accordance with its righteous claims. If they maintained in their consciences and convictions their claims to be called the Church of Ireland, and made it evident before the world that they were not merely depending on such arguments as he had used, but were also showing themselves practically able to meet the needs of the people of this land in which it had pleased God to cast their lot; then it mattered little what the State might call them."

THE AMERICAN CHURCH AND THE LAITY.

Dr. Richard F. Littledale thus pays his respects to the American Church and her regulations as to the laity :

"Unless and until a fresh revelation from heaven is vouchsafed, remodeling and relaxing the actual charter of the Church, the clergy have absolutely no power to grant, and the laity no capacity to accept, the right of lay voting in synods on doctrinal or disciplinary questions ; though the whole range of finance, education, territorial distribution, patronage, and the like, covering a vast practical area, is fairly open to laymen.

"The question is thus, for Churchmen, not one of expediency at all (though even on that ground the case for the lay vote seems to me very weak, notably as there is no warrant, and no great likelihood, that the learned lay theologians would be the choice of the electors), but one of first principles, which cannot be violated without mischievous results in the long run.

"And it is not to be forgotten that the first precedent the other way was set a century ago by the American Church, at a time of great excitement, great temptation to follow seeming expediency and the analogy of Parliamentary government, and great unfamiliarity with theology, canon law, and Church history ; while the imitation of the American example in some of the colonial churches, and more recently in Ireland, has not furnished hopeful auguries in favor of the plan."

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

This institution is to open on the 15th of September, the number of applicants having been unusually large. During the summer work has been going on in the dormitory buildings, which are now drawing near completion. The walls, the wood-work, etc., have been finished, and it is expected that the rooms will be in readiness for the students on the opening of the seminary.

During vacation the books have been removed from the old library to the new, the work being superintended by the assistant-librarian. The number of books is about 18,000, and that of the pamphlets from 8,000 to 10,000. The books and pamphlets have been placed for the time being in a room at the northeast corner of the new library building until the new alcoves are ready to receive them. This, it is expected, will be the case by the end of the month.

The work of cataloguing the books and pamphlets has been going on for about a year, and it will take about two years before the work is completed. The system now being pursued at Columbia College, viz. : of giving both titles and subjects, so as to get at the contents of a book on any given subject, is being largely followed. For instance, in cataloguing "The Fathers," what any or all may say on the subject of baptism will be so presented as to come at once under the eye of the student. It is intended that the work shall be thorough and exhaustive. By the first of October it is expected that 5,000 volumes will have been so catalogued and placed in the new alcoves ready for use. The shelves will receive the others as fast as the work goes forward.

It is much to be desired that the Library Fund may be increased. The fund at present barely yields \$300 a year, and ought to be increased to at least \$500. It is thought that

the friends of the seminary can hardly do less than see a matter of such moment to the institution and to the Church at large carefully attended to and brought to pass. It should have been added that the shelves have been removed from the old library, which is now receiving a coat of paint, and is going to be made a refectory for the students. It is expected that the room will be in readiness by the time the seminary opens.

Ground has been broken on the southeast corner of the seminary grounds for a house to be occupied by the dean. It appears that in 1881 "The Samuel Verplanck Hoffman Foundation" was created by Mrs. Glorvina R. Hoffman, the Rev. Drs. Eugene A. Hoffman, and Charles F. Hoffman, of New York, with an endowment of \$50,000, since increased to \$100,000. Out of the interest "The Hoffman Fund" was created, to be used for the erection of a house for the dean, or a house for the "Eugene A. Hoffman" Professor of Pastoral Theology, or added to the endowment of the said professorship, to increase it to \$75,000, as shall hereafter be directed by the donors. The sum of this fund some time since amounted to nearly \$6,000, and now amounts, probably, to \$8,000 or \$10,000, and by the time the house is completed will have reached the two or three thousand dollars additional and necessary to complete the building.

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SALISBURY.—The English Guardian, in speaking of the appointment of Mr. Wordsworth, uses very favorable language and welcomes the appointment. It says, however, with regard to the non-appointment of Canon Liddon : "For years past the exclusion of the foremost English Churchman from the episcopate has been a growing scandal, but it has been commonly explained, or explained away, on the supposition that he was reserved for this particular see. It is possible, no doubt, that the bishopric was offered to Dr. Liddon before it was offered to Mr. Wordsworth, but it is in the highest degree unlikely. The reasons which move a minister to do a popular act do not ordinarily consist with his hiding it under a bushel. If, as is most probably the case, it has not been so offered, the omission—with whomsoever the responsibility rests, a point on which we have no knowledge, and consequently no opinion—deserves very grave censure." The Church Times, in a comment on the above, says : "We are enabled to state, with every confidence, that Dr. Liddon did not receive any communication from the Marquis of Salisbury, and that, had there been no change of ministers, the learned canon would have been nominated to the See of Salisbury."

THE COMING CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Church Congress is to be held at Portsmouth on October 6, 7, 8 and 9, and the programme has been completed. The chief subjects of discussion will be : "Evangelizing Agencies Supplementary to the Parochial System." "The Bearing of Christianity upon the Mutual Relations of the Rich and Poor, Employers and Employed." "The Attitude of the Church with respect to Movements in Foreign Churches." "The Doctrine of Holy Scripture and the Attitude of the Church in respect to War." and "The Social and Philanthropic Work of the National Church as a line of Church Defence." Among the readers and speakers are the Dean of Manchester and the Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale. Dr. Hale will speak on the Foreign Church Movements. The Bishop of Carlisle, the Deans of Manchester and Gloucester, and the Attorney-General are expected to address the workingmen's meeting, and the opening sermons will be preached by the Bishops of Carlisle, Ripon, and Derry.

There will be a special service in connection with the Congress in Chichester cathedral on October 10.

PROMINENT PERSONS ON DISESTABLISHMENT.—The question of disestablishment is becoming decidedly an agitating one in England. It will evidently play an important part in the coming elections. Prominent persons are making reference to the question in their public speeches and addresses.

The Bishop of Manchester, in the course of his remarks at the Anniversary Luncheon in connection with the Warrington Local Institution, said that he hoped the kindly feelings which existed between the bishops and clergy and the clergy and laity of all denominations in the three great dioceses of Manchester, Liverpool and Chester, would always be cordially maintained. There were, perhaps, dark and difficult days before the Church—to which, he supposed, they all, more or less faithfully, belonged—and he thought there was no other way of meeting those times than by promoting, so far as they could, the spirit of real and hearty unity between the clergy and laity, and by endeavoring to make the Church strong in the best sense of the word by rendering her most useful to the nation which it was her mission to serve. He had no other theory of Church defence than that. He had been asked recently to join a Church Defence Association. Up to the present he had kept aloof from them, thinking that the best defence of the Church was to be found in doing one's duty ; and although he still retained that belief, he was told that it was necessary to meet the charges brought against the clergy and the Church itself by persons who were only imperfectly informed, or who did not seem to care particularly to inform themselves much more accurately. He still, however, went back to his old principle that the bishops and clergy, whether dignified or undignified, had better be found at their posts, doing their duty where God in His providence had placed them. He confessed that there was a good deal too much running to and fro from place to place at the present time, and there was a danger that while they were running from one end of England to the other to congresses, and conferences, and central councils, and he need not say what besides, the special duties which God had given them to do in their own dioceses and amongst their own people might be neglected and left undone.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the course of a speech at Bristol made the following allusion to the question of disestablishment : "Some of us may be old-fashioned enough to think to-day that of all the wants of our common humanity there is nothing more important than some provision for religious instruction ; and yet, although Mr. Chamberlain suggests that the State shall provide almost everything for its members, he couples that proposal with the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England. The poorest classes throughout our land, in our great cities, in our country towns, in our rural villages, are to lose that spiritual and temporal help by which they have profited for so many generations, and all this on the ground of some fancied inequality between the Church of England and other religions congregations of the country. I think it will be some time to come before our great and grand Church is destroyed by such attacks as these. Let her but continue to do her duty—let her not continue to support herself as she is now supporting herself through the length and breadth of the land, and she will sustain safely and without harm these attacks of the Birmingham causers, all the more certainly because the sound of these attacks will but serve to rally defenders round about her."

The retired Bishop of Tasmania (Dr. Bromly) at the laying of the foundation stone of a church at Bicton, said: "We hear much of these days of an organized effort to spoil the Church of its possessions, its sacred buildings, and its endowments. It can never be too strongly urged that, with but a small exception in Queen Anne's reign and that of George III., these possessions were the voluntary gifts of her own sons, and are only national property so far as all property is national property. Two considerations only can justify the right of confiscation—either the consideration that they are used for the public injury, or that the trust held by the Church has been abused. The two millions of our agricultural population entrusted with the franchise for the first time, there surely can be no doubt, know what their loss would be if they were deprived of the gentle influences of the village parsonage and of the assured ministrations of the Church; but when I observe the parish church parcelled out for the benefit and comfort of the rich, to the exclusion of their poorer brethren, I can see where our most vulnerable part is to be found. It is the duty of the churchwardens of this new church will see, that all the parishioners are all accommodated. If there is room for all there is no law that I know of which prevents appropriation; but in such appropriation there should be no undue favoritism, for the church is the property of all alike, and if we rob our poorer brethren of their property we must not be surprised that the tenure of all other property will come to be disputed."

The Duke of Cleveland, in a letter to the *London Times*, says: "The disestablishment, meaning thereby the disendowment, would completely change the whole aspect of the English rural parishes, and it is difficult beforehand to predict what would be the effect wrought by such a change. I have no doubt that rural residences would be very much diminished in number, and residence in towns, especially in the metropolis and on the continent, must increase. There is little doubt that the English Church tends very much to bring together the English scattered over the continent. In every supposition the change in many respects would be disastrous. The Church exercises a most religious, civilizing and refining influence, and is most beneficial to the poorer and humbler classes. Its influence is derived from centuries of existence, and its destruction would be far-extending in its baneful effects."

SCOTLAND.

CONFIRMATION OF BISHOP KELLY'S ELECTION.—On Wednesday, August 19th, the College of Bishops unanimously confirmed the appointment of Bishop Kelly to be Coadjutor-Bishop of Moray, Ross and Caithness.

IRELAND.

THE NEW BISHOP OF MEATH.—The Bench of Bishops met at the Synod Hall, Dublin, on Wednesday, August 19th, to elect a Bishop of Meath, the diocesan synod having failed to elect. The diocesan synod sent up two names, the Rev. Dr. J. S. Bell, who received the largest number of votes, but not the requisite majority, and the Very Rev. Charles P. Reichel, Dean of Clonmacnois and Canon of St. Patrick's. On the bishops' voting, Dean Reichel was declared elected.

The bishop-elect of Meath was born in Yorkshire, and was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1843. He is a member of the Senate of the University. He holds a prominent position in the Irish Church both for character and abilities. He has been Archdeacon of Meath, as well as

Canon of St. Patrick's and Dean of Clonmacnois. He has published sermons on the Lord's Prayer, on the Prayer Book, and on the Origin of Christianity, besides several other works.

GERMANY.

BADEN-BADEN—All Saints' Church.—At this British Chaplaincy (the Rev. T. A. S. Whitte, chaplain), a solemn memorial service for the late General Grant was held on Wednesday, August 13th. The service opened with the hymn, "When our heads are bowed with woe," followed by the Litany, with special suffrages for the occasion. After the hymn, "Now the laborer's task is o'er," the chaplain proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion according to the American use, preaching from St. John, xi. 35. The church was appropriately draped and wreathed, and the congregation exhibited a great degree of solemn feeling.

A mission is at present in progress in the chaplaincy, conducted by the Rev. Sir James Erasmus Phillips and the Rev. Frederick Alexander Ormsby. In preparation for the mission a form of prayer was issued by the chaplain to be used occasionally at the intercessory services in the church, and recommended for daily private use by the members of the congregation at their homes.

The ordinary Church services of the chaplaincy are: Sundays, Early Celebration at 8:30; Morning Prayer, Litany and Celebration at 11 A.M.; Evening Prayer at 7:30 P.M.; Holy Days: Celebration at 8:30 A.M.; Morning Prayer at 11 A.M.; Daily Prayer at 11 A.M. Classes for religious instruction on Sundays, at 10 A.M.

CANADA.

LENNOXVILLE—Bishop's College.—The Rev. Thomas Adams, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed principal of this college, and rector of the college school. After graduating as a wrangler in 1873, at Cambridge, Mr. Adams was appointed senior mathematical master in St. Peter's School, York, a well-known English public school. After nine years' work at York, Mr. Adams was appointed, in 1882, first head-master of the High School for Boys, at Gateshead. This office he recently resigned to accept the principalship of Bishop's College.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams came out from England by the "Parisian," and landed in Quebec on August 29d, and were the guests of the Bishop of Quebec. On Sunday, August 29d, he preached in Quebec Cathedral. Mr. Adams is now settled at Lennoxville, with the view of preparing for the coming autumn term.

MASSACHUSETTS.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 18, Friday, St. Paul's, Ota.
- 19, Saturday, St. George's, Lee.
- 20, Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, A.M. Trinity, London; P.M. St. Paul's, Stockbridge.
- 21, Sunday, Boston, Temperance Centennial.
- 24, Thursday, St. John's, Jamaica Plain, Consecration.
- 25, Friday, Incarnation, Lynn, Corner-stone.
- 27, Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, A.M. St. Luke's, Jamesboro; P.M. St. Stephen's, Pittsfield.
- 28, Monday, Trinity, Van Deusenville.
- 29, St. Michael and All Angels', St. James's, Great.
- 30, Wednesday, Christ church, Sheffield.

LOWELL—St. Anne's Church.—Some private members of this parish (the Rev. Dr. A. S. J. Chambré, rector), have employed Mr. Fred W. Stickney to prepare plans for an extension to the tower of the church. It is believed that the chimneys are not set at a sufficient altitude, and that if they could be raised twenty or thirty feet their melodies could be heard at a greater distance, while at the same time their reverberations would not be so loud in the

street below. Accordingly, the plans in the hands of the architect contemplate an addition of over twenty feet to the tower.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT—St. George's Chapel.—On August 24th the bishop of the diocese laid the cornerstone of this chapel (the Rev. C. G. Gilliat, rector). When completed, the work of the chapel will be the continuation of the old parish of Zion church. Some time since it was determined to dispose of the land and building of Zion church, and the result was that a lot was selected on Rhode Island avenue for the erection of a chapel, which it is hoped will answer the purpose of the former one, which stood for fifty years on the old lot on Washington Square. The name of Zion church was dropped, and the chapel is to be named St. George's chapel, in memory of Bishop Berkeley. All the former rectors of Zion church were invited to the service, but only the Rev. E. H. Kettell was able to attend. There were present besides the bishop of the diocese and the rector, the Assistant-Bishop of New York, the Rev. Drs. R. J. Nevin, W. R. Huntington, D. J. Greer, and E. A. Bradley, and the Rev. Messrs. E. H. Kettell, G. H. Patterson, G. J. Magill, S. W. Moran, W. R. Trolter, R. B. Peet, S. S. Chevers, and G. P. Huntington. The clergy robed at the residence of Mr. Augustus Goffe, and, preceded by a choir of thirty men and boys, proceeded to the building site where the service of the laying of the cornerstone was held, the bishop conducting the service, assisted by the rector. The bishop made a brief address, referring to the work that Zion church had done, and hoping that St. George's might have a full measure of prosperity. The Assistant-Bishop of New York then made an address. He began by expressing the pleasure it gave him to have a share in services of such interest and importance, and congratulated the bishop of the diocese, and the rector and vestry of the parish on the wisdom and timeliness of the step they had taken. He called attention to the remarkable growth of the neighborhood in which the proposed church was to be erected, and then urged its importance to the permanent welfare of Newport. Referring to the early history of the town, he reminded his listeners how soon it was that its people sought the ministrations of the mother-Church of England, and how large an influence the first missionaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts had upon the subsequent prosperity of this city. "We can imagine," he said, "that instead of being here to lay the foundations of a church, we were here to lay the corner-stone of a college or a university. What interest such an event would awaken! What thoughts it could gather! What hopes it would awaken! And yet the work which we are doing to-day is of far mightier import and of far more lasting influence. Culture may do much for men, but at best it is the training of the mind, or the hand, in a cleverness which may as easily be exerted on the side of evil as of good. Mightier than education is the force that not merely educates, but regenerates and transforms, which involves motives and purifies character and lifts up society. And that force is the religion of Jesus Christ, incarnated in the Christian Church. It is to make here a new home and centre for that which alone can keep our social life pure and simple and make men honest and self-forgetful and believing that we have come to lay this stone to-day."

Letters were read from the old rectors of Zion church and other clergy, among them one beautiful letter of good wishes from the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan. The Bishop of Georgia was invited to be present, but was unable to do so.

A few hundred dollars are still needed to finish the building, after which, seating, furnishing, windows and heating will require the liberal aid of friends. Any donations sent to the rector, the Rev. Dr. C. G. Gilliat, will be acknowledged in **THE CHURCHMAN.**

ALBANY.

ALBANY—All Saints' Cathedral.—About half the work on the provisional portion of the new cathedral has been done. It is proposed to complete the provisional church, and the construction of the entire cathedral will be a question of the future. The work on the walls of the provisional building has been carried along about one hundred and thirty feet, half the length of the proposed structure. The walls of the eastern section, which includes the sanctuary, choir, choir aisles, choir vestry, and portions of the crossing and transepts, have already been raised to two thirds of their intended height. Pillars weighing sixty tons each and showing rich carving have been placed in position. A spiral staircase, composed of blocks of concrete, has been partially completed in one of the towers. The work of completing the provisional church, which will accommodate 2,000 persons, will be continued until present subscriptions of \$100,000 have been exhausted. Ninety workmen are employed.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Receipts of the Domestic Missionary Committee.—According to the treasurer's books, the aggregate offerings (in all cases excluding specials which form no part of the revenue) for Domestic Missions was \$218,888.27. This is largely in excess of any previous year, the largest amount in any previous year reaching \$197,000. Not counting legacies, this sum has been exceeded only three times. Excluding every thing but offerings credited to the various dioceses and missionary jurisdictions, those for this year have been exceeded but once before. Last year over five hundred parishes contributed that did not contribute the year previous. Half of the dioceses and three-fourths of the jurisdictions have given more than last year. Of the remainder, about half are but slightly behind, and the great falling off is in two or three wealthy dioceses—New York and Pennsylvania being \$7,000 behind last year. There is no debt, and the treasury is not collapsed through the deficiency. The receipts are about \$15,000 less than the appropriation. When the secretary of the Domestic Committee assumed his duties there was a deficiency of over \$17,000.

NEW YORK—Death of Miss A. U. Jones.—Miss Anna Uphur Jones died at her residence in this city on Saturday, September 5th, in the ninetieth year of her age. She was the daughter of the Rev. Clave Jones, many years ago rector of Trinity church, and the history of whose life she published after his death. Miss Jones left her entire fortune to the Theological Seminary at Fairfax, Va. The burial services were held in Calvary chapel on Monday, September 7th.

IRVINGTON—Death of the Rev. Dr. Tyng.—The death of the Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng occurred at this place about midnight, September 3d. The venerable clergyman had lived at Irvington ever since his retirement from the rectorship of St. George's church, in this city, in 1878. For a long time his faculties had been much impaired, and from this cause, together with the infirmities of old age, there was at last an inevitable and easy sliding away of life.

Dr. Tyng was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1800, graduated at Harvard in 1817, engaged in business for a short time, when he

entered upon the study of theology, and was ordained in 1821. For two years he was located at Georgetown, D. C., and afterwards in Queen Anne's parish, Prince George's County, Md. From thence he went to Philadelphia in 1829, and became rector of St. Paul's church. Four years later he assumed the rectorship of the Church of the Epiphany in this city, which he retained for twelve years. In 1845 he became rector of St. George's church, Stuyvesant Square, where he continued until his retirement. Dr. Tyng was one of the most eloquent and impressive preachers of his time, and he succeeded in building up one of the strongest and most influential parishes in this city. Under his rectorship the present magnificent edifice was erected and filled with perhaps the largest congregation in New York. The church carried on several important missions, while the Sunday-schools at one time numbered about 2,000 scholars. Dr. Tyng published several volumes, mostly of a devotional character. After thirty-two years of constant labor he resigned, and ever since has lived at his cottage in Irvington.

GARRISON'S—Clerical Retreat.—In accordance with the intimation contained in the letter addressed by the Assistant-Bishop of New York to the Advent Mission Committee, a Retreat will be held at Garrison's, N. Y., on October 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1885. The Retreat will be conducted by the Rev. W. Hay Aitken of England. It is justly regarded as an important feature in the spiritual preparation of the clergy for the coming Mission. The hotel at Garrison's will be utilized in which to lodge the participants. It is expected that a large number of the clergy, especially those of New York City, will be present. The names of the Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, D. Parker Morgan, and Thomas R. Harris, acting for the Mission Committee, are attached to the invitation tendered the clergy.

LONG ISLAND

BROOKLYN—Church of the Messiah.—This church (the Rev. C. S. Baker, rector), is undergoing very extensive alterations and repairs. From being one of the plainest in the city it is rapidly being transformed into one of the most beautiful. The entire chancel is undergoing a complete transformation. There is to be a large terra cotta porch at the entrance, and two large terra cotta towers, one of which is probably the largest in Brooklyn. The following description is given in the Brooklyn Union of September 1st:

The larger tower is on the right-hand side as a visitor passes the church. It is a dome, about thirty feet in diameter, and is built entirely of terra cotta. The roof is supported by a great number of small pillars, which rest on the masonry of the old brick tower. As the church stands on the hill, this immense tower is visible from all parts of the city, and its bright color makes it stand out in bold relief. The smaller tower is similar in shape and architectural design. It is on the opposite corner of the church, and is about one-quarter the size of its companion. The windows in the front of the church are surrounded by pretty designs in terra cotta. Just below the arch of the roof in the centre of the front wall is another very pretty design now almost completed.

Next to the large tower, the portal is the most attractive of the outside adornments. It is about twenty feet in height, and is supported by four pillars. It is reached by a short flight of steps, and has an inlaid marble floor. It is Romanesque in style, and is similar to the entrances of the old cathedrals.

As the visitor enters the vestibule of the church the scene is not very inviting. As yet

very little has been done to improve the looks of this portion of the edifice. Mason's tools and other articles not at all attractive in appearance are strewn about. But as one steps within the inner doors the scene is certainly almost a transformation from what used to meet the eyes of the worshiper at the Church of the Messiah. The dingy, plain white walls have been changed by the application of tawny sombre hues lit up by plain gilt trimmings. The massive pillars have been gilded and the chancel has been completely renovated. Instead of the dingy, dark red carpet running down the centre aisle, Tennessee marble of many colors and designs, and highly polished, has been laid. About the chancel are new adornments in the way of Turcoman and Persian portières. There is a duplicate of Bouguereau's "Adoration" done upon metal, in wax colors, by Marcell. This is directly over the altar, and alone cost over \$2,500. Under this is a panel by Morter, representing the Descent from the Cross. Two panels by Marcell, one on each side, complete the group, and the three are framed in mahogany.

A number of the plain windows on the side of the church have been replaced by memorial windows, which have been stained in London. The only one on the left side is at the window next to the last. Underneath is the inscription: "In memory of Lewis Morris, died October 23, 1883. He is not here, for he is risen." The first window on the right is inscribed: "I preach unto you Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. In memory of the Rev. Abijah Richardson, died April 30, 1876." The second window has for its inscription, "In memory of Luther Halsey Donaldson, died October 27, 1883. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The third window, a particularly handsome one, is dedicated to John and Elizabeth Ann Wood, by their children: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters." There is also a memorial window to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. W. H. Newman, the first rector of the church. Across the chancel is to be hung a silken scarf brought from Japan by Rear-Admiral Clitz, and presented to the church.

It will be a month yet before all the decorations are completed; but when finished, outside and in, the church will be one of the most beautiful in this city. Architect Robertson, of New York, who has charge of the improvements, is one of the best known artists in the country, and has been instructed to spare no expense in making the edifice a perfect artistic affair. The best workmen and the best materials only have been employed. As soon as the church is completed, the Rev. Charles E. Baker, the rector, assisted by the leading clergymen of this vicinity will formally reopen it. It is designed to build a new school building on the lot east of the church within a year.

ST. JOHN LANE.—Since the Rev. Dr. M. A. Bailey became, in February, pastor and superintendent of this institution, he has spared no pains to do what was possible to make improvements and get things in better shape. That he has accomplished much and is in fair way to bring to pass much else that he proposes, will be apparent to any one who takes the trouble to visit the community.

One of the most important and necessary things he has done thus far is to introduce water into all the cottages in the village. Hitherto the water, which was of inferior quality, was drawn from the one or more wells in the place, and at much inconvenience. By placing a frame with wind mill above the well, which was made a memorial to Dr. Muhlenberg, the water, which is of the best, is forced through iron pipes into the houses a quarter of a mile distant. A reservoir is being constructed on the hill to the west of the

village, and this, if not large enough, will be followed by others. A pipe sunk to a depth of two or three feet has been taken to the top of the hill, and the supply of water is so abundant that it overflows at night and to some extent in the day. About midway between the mansion and the chapel, the superintendent proposes to place a fountain, to be covered, perhaps, by the handsome covered frame-work which stood over the memorial well. This covering had to be removed to make way for the large stones placed over the well, and forming a support for the frame of the wind-mill. The stones are in two courses, the lower course forming a hexagon twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. The entire cost of this work has been between \$700 and \$800.

Good work is now being done in the printing office, which is under the charge of the Rev. H. A. Fuller. About fifteen boys are employed, while there is room and work for a larger number. The printing at St. Johnland enjoys a high reputation, and the boys in due time are thoroughly qualified in the trade. They receive no wages, but at about seventeen years of age are sufficiently instructed in the business to obtain paying situations. From twenty to twenty-five of these boys could be employed were there sufficient accommodations in the way of lodgings, etc. They have been at work of late on a "Vade Mecum," prepared by the Rev. Sylvester Clarke, and to be published by Mr. T. Whittaker. They print, also, a little weekly paper called "The St. Johnland," and intended more especially to advertise the works and needs of the community.

The entire number of children connected with the community is one hundred and thirty-four, of whom seventy-six are boys and fifty-eight girls. For each of those children, except the boys engaged in type-setting, there is supposed to be paid by their guardians or someone interested in them, one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, when they are supplied with clothing. There are not a few cases, however, in which, for one cause or another, the money is not forthcoming. The needs of the community, however, are too great to care for any of these on the grounds of benevolence merely, and the superintendent will have to insist that all who stay must be paid for.

During the summer months the children have enjoyed a vacation, but the school was to reopen the first of September. Since May the school has been in charge of the Rev. Charles M. Carr, a graduate not long since of the General Theological Seminary. The children are instructed in the common English branches, the attendance being about one hundred, and their ages ranging from five to fourteen or fifteen years. Many of the boys then go into the printing office, while several of them are now learning the trades of the carpenter and tailor. Indeed, all the boys are taught in sewing so far as to be able to mend their own clothing. The school, which formerly had two sessions, now has but one, that the children may have the more time for work. The session continues from 9:30 A.M., to 1 P.M.; the children first assembling in the chapel at 9 o'clock for prayers. Mr. A. J. Mundy takes the post of organist and assistant teacher. Miss C. Neis is to begin a Kindergarten September 1st.

In the Sunbeam Memorial Cottage, erected and carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, there are now twenty-one orphan girls, in charge of Miss Ayres, the sister of "Sister Anne." The cottage, as always, is in the best of order, the girls doing all the work, and being thoroughly instructed in all branches of housekeeping. One of the girls, seventeen years of age, is about to take a situation in Brooklyn at ten dollars per month.

In the Old Man's Inn there are thirty-four inmates. For each one of these, in all, or nearly all cases, there is a payment of one hundred and fifty dollars a year, at the hands of parties interested in them.

Morning and Evening Prayer is had in the chapel, at which all the children are required to attend. They are attended also of their own mind by the aged men, who esteem it a great pleasure. On the first Sunday in the month there is Morning Prayer at 9 A.M., and Holy Communion with sermon at 11. A children's service is held in the afternoon at 3, while there is Evening Prayer with address at 7. The superintendent and the two other clergymen make it a rule to preach and to conduct the services in turn. Dr. Bailey has made some changes in the chancel, setting back the altar against the wall, supplying an altar rail, which in due time will be replaced by a better one, placing book-racks in the pews, and a board at the side of the chancel to indicate the hymns. All of this work has been done by the carpenter and his apprentices, it being the intention of the superintendent to have persons on the premises sufficiently qualified to do whatever carpentering is called for.

St. Johnland embraces about five hundred acres, the grass and meadow land supplying sufficient pasturage and hay for the cattle, horses, etc. Fourteen acres are planted with corn, four with potatoes, while an additional four is devoted to a garden. None of the produce is sold, all being required for the needs of the community, which numbers about two hundred and fifty. The work is carried out by a farmer and two helpers, but the superintendent intends that more of farming and gardening shall be done by the boys. His aim is, in fact, to do all that may be done to reduce the expenses of carrying on the work, and increasing the revenues.

It has been not a little discouraging that when every moment is needed to superintend the work and make improvements in various directions, so much time has to be occupied in securing the means with which to meet expenses. An endowment brings an income of about \$5,000 a year, but in addition to this and the resources from the aged men, boys, etc., there is required another \$5,000. To secure this money is perhaps more taxing than any or all other duties. The superintendent is most anxious to increase the endowment and do whatever is possible to make the institution self-supporting.

St. Johnland confessedly labors under some disadvantages, not the least of which is its distance from the city. The trustees, however, have made it a rule to make monthly visitations, two by two, and are showing increased interest in the colony. If people cannot find time to visit the community, they will be excused in consideration of sending their gifts and donations. It should be understood that the colony has come to stay, and that whatever cloud it may have seemed to be under for a time is fast disappearing. So, also, that order, discipline and good behavior are expected to be as becoming as they ever have been.

It may be added that the pastor and superintendent will be at St. Luke's Hospital, Fifty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, every Thursday morning, from ten to twelve o'clock, to meet any who may wish to see them on business concerning St. Johnland. Letters for information should be addressed to the Rev. Dr. Bailey, Society of St. Johnland, St. Johnland, Long Island, N. Y.

GLEN COVE.—St. Paul's Church.—Too much cannot be said in praise of the improvements made in this country church. The exterior is complete, while the interior will be clear of

workmen before many days have passed. The whole will combine an effect that for a village shrine will be unequalled at least on this island. The happy position, situated on a hill overlooking the road, and the style, which is so unlike anything else that we see about (it is Italian, if it has a name), combine to attract every eye. If we stopped to criticise anything, it would be the bell-tower. We think this might have been better, and more in keeping with the rest of the front, which is really beautiful. What a fine effect the arched portico has! The interior is spacious; there is no cramming effect. The chancel has the same width as the nave, which indeed is a necessity now, since chancel choirs are coming to be the accepted thing. The well-raised altar and its adornments, the richly-ornamented baptismal font, the nobly-ornamented baptistery, with its font placed at the door, as it should be—all are most pleasing and effective. The rector certainly is to be complimented for the taste and judgment which have been shown in its construction. The church has about it an individuality and character quite irresistible. —*Parish Record.*

HEMPSTEAD.—Death of Mr. Henry M. Onderdonk.—Henry M. Onderdonk, editor and proprietor of the Hempstead Inquirer, one of the oldest weekly publications in the State of New York, died on Wednesday morning, September 2, after a brief but painful illness. Mr. Onderdonk was the son of the late Bishop of New York, the Right Rev. Benjamin Treadwell Onderdonk, and at the time of his death was sixty years of age. He was at one time the editor of a Western newspaper and a member of the Wisconsin State Senate. Mr. Onderdonk was active in Church matters, having been for many years a vestryman and warden of St. George's parish, Hempstead. He was also one of the lay incorporators of the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City. He leaves a widow and a large family. His mother, Bishop Onderdonk's widow, is still living at the age of ninety-three.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

PALMYRA.—Zion Church.—After years of anxious care and faithful labor, the members of this parish (the Rev. C. T. Coerr, rector,) have succeeded in obtaining a new organ. The rector has made every effort to accomplish this result, and all rejoice in the success attendant upon his efforts. The new organ is from the manufactory of Hook & Hastings, Boston, Mass., and in every way sustains the splendid reputation of that well-known firm. This church is one of the handsomest in the diocese, has a seating capacity of eight hundred, and is heated, as well as the chapel, by steam throughout. Besides purchasing the organ, and paying cash for it, the parish has raised and expended some thirteen hundred dollars in beautifying the church, chapel and rectory, and in repairs on the furnaces and steam pipes.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

RUTHERFORD.—Grace Church.—At the recent visitation of this parish (the Rev. J. B. Coffman, rector,) the bishop of the diocese confirmed seven persons. In his address to the candidates, the bishop spoke warmly of the thorough and healthy work done in the parish during the administration of the present rector, through the evident unity of heart and purpose between him and his congregation.

The mortgage debt of the parish has again been largely reduced, its troublesome floating debt wholly removed, and general financial condition much improved by the judicious management of the treasurer. The number of communicants has also been considerably increased.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ARDMORE—*Mission Work.*—For a number of years the Church of the Redeemer, Bryn Mawr, has carried on a night service and an afternoon Sunday-school in this village. In January the mission was moved into the first floor of a hall belonging to one of the congregation, which would be entirely under the control of the Church authorities. When a new assistant minister was appointed to the church, it was decided by the rector that he should reside in the neighborhood of the mission and have especial charge of that work. The Rev. Lawrence Buckle Thomas became assistant in April, and from his report of the mission work we get the following facts: Part of the money subscribed last year has been paid in, and a lot 150x300 feet, on Ardmore avenue, has been bought for \$3,000 cash. The Mission Hall has within the past month been frescoed in Prussian red, with an olive-green dado, new pews put in, the floor stained, additional lights and some minor improvements made; a handsome dosel of Turcoman cloth, given by a gentleman in the Sunday-school; pulpit and prayer-desk hangings, embroidered by one of the ladies, the materials having been given by another gentleman. The village is growing quite rapidly, and in time, no doubt, a parish will be organized there, though the number of Church-people is too small at present to warrant action, the night service being attended by twenty-five or thirty, and the Sunday-school numbering forty pupils and four teachers. The Mission Hall, as adorned and made comfortable, and seating about one hundred and twenty-five persons, will suffice for the needs of the village for some time to come, and will no doubt attract a better congregation than gathered in it when the walls were bare, unpainted rough cast, and the seats rude and uncomfortable pine benches. During the summer the missionary has baptized four children, presented four adults for baptism at the mother church, officiated at four funerals, and paid one hundred and seventy-six visits, besides his work as assistant at Bryn Mawr.

PITTSBURGH.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 34, Thursday, St. Thomas's, Smickesburg.
 25, Friday, St. Michael's, Wayne Township.
 30, Saturday, Lawsonham.
 27, Sunday, Our Saviour, DuBois.
 28, Monday, Driftwood.
 29, St. Michael and All Angels, Driftwood.
 30, Wednesday, A. N., Phillipsburg, P. M., St. Alban's, Peas.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—*St. George's Church.*—The Rev. Frederick Gilson has been rector here not yet a full year, the Rev. Dr. J. Pinkney Hammond, who was but so lately gathered to his fathers, being rector before. The enlargement of the church, by the addition of a number of greatly-needed pews, has added materially to the comfort of this growing congregation. Dr. Hammond, in erecting this memorial to the departed bishop, was building as his own as well, and St. George's is a witness to his own labors and zeal. Its value is \$12,000; about 160 communicants, 125 pupils, and 300 sittings in the church.

BALTIMORE—*Eastern Boundary Mission.*—Of this widespread missionary work Bishop Whittingham once wrote, when offering it to a presbyter, "It well merits the services of a man of any amount of ability." Two chapels of the Atonement and the Holy Evangelists, under the care of the Rev. S. W. Crampton, aided to the amount of \$200 per year from the Missions Committee, are sustained, seating

400 persons, and valued at \$5,500. The lot on which the former was built was the gift of Mr. Glenn, trustee. A few zealous laymen have materially aided in building up and sustaining this work. The church is of brick, and is well insured, a deed being promptly executed by the generous donor. The Mothers' Meetings and the Young Girls' Friendly Society, for mutual help and religious as well as material comfort, are well attended and are of encouraging results, with increasing interest in whatever relates to the work and the good of the Church. No matter what may be the character of the weather, here and at the Chapel of the Evangelists the missionary is generally as sure to meet good congregations as they are to see him, and the annex Sunday-school indicates the full attendance of the main school. At this chapel \$465 was last year raised, at the other \$45—in all, \$530. Over 100 communicants are enrolled.

BALTIMORE—*The Rev. Dr. Rankin's Resignation.*—The Rev. Dr. C. W. Rankin, whose resignation of the rectorship of St. Luke's parish took effect on September 1st, addressed under date of August 15th, a very touching letter to his congregation as a farewell pastoral. It is too long for us to quote entire, but we give a few extracts.

After mentioning his reluctant resignation and its causes, he goes on to say that he does not trust himself to preach a farewell sermon, yet, would love to leave on record some thoughts which seem to him of great importance.

"First. Those whose memory reaches back for fifty years are well aware that within that period there has been a marvellous unfolding of the Church's life both in England and this country. This renewed outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Body of Christ has been marked by many characteristics indicative of new zeal, fervor and spiritual power. I may mention such features as the division and multiplication of the services of the Church, especially in the more frequent celebration of its highest and most solemn act of worship in the Sacrament of the Altar; the revival of community life in brotherhoods and sisterhoods; the extension of the episcopate, both missionary and diocesan; increased attention to the instruction of the young, both in Sunday and day schools; more particular attention to the preparation of candidates for confirmation; more direct, plain and dogmatic teaching, with special reference to the Catholic features of the Church, both in catechetical and pulpit instruction; the establishment of parochial missions; more marked and reverential attention to the services of the Lord's house in a stately and dignified ritual, and a closer and more practical recognition both of the pastoral and priestly offices between the clergy and the people. In this overflowing flood of life we have been called upon to take our humble share, and there are those among us who can well remember how the introduction of some of those features I have mentioned subjected us to opprobrium and suspicion; and yet most of those things that were regarded as 'novelties' when first introduced among us, has now been recognized as the Church's lawful heritage, and been very generally adopted.

"In looking back over the thirty-two years of my ministry among you, I am conscious of many imperfections and short-comings, but I have nothing to regret in the principles which have guided and influenced that ministry. I believe those principles to be the principles of the Church and Prayer Book, and I should be grieved to see any departure from them. I believe that these principles are important, not only in the inner spiritual worship of all our service, but also in the outward and visi-

ble adorning of the sanctuary with the noblest gifts that we can offer from the worlds of nature and of art; and the glorifying of the worship of Almighty God in the richest 'service of song.' For indeed everything connected with that service should be 'exceedingly magnificent, for the temple and its appointments are not for man, but for the Lord God. It was well said by one of our departed vestrymen, 'that ritualism was simply good manners in the house of God.'

"Then, too, I wish to impress upon the congregation the paramount importance of strengthening our work among the young. I have no confidence in any system of education which leaves God out of sight, and ignores the moral and spiritual elements of man. My views upon this subject have been frequently and plainly set before you, and I wish in these parting words to exhort you to renewed and continued efforts to strengthen our school work, and make Christian education a reality among us."

He then refers to his long rectorship and the importance of the election of his successor, deprecating the introduction of the machinery of canvassing, etc., and setting forth the responsibility resting on the vestry. "I exhort you, therefore, my beloved, in the name of God (for I am still your rector), to refrain from anything of this kind. Let there be no ecclesiastical gossip; let there be no attempt to form parties in the congregation. It will result in fostering party spirit, in introducing cliques, and in alienating in one way or another members of the congregation, and thereby rending the Body of Christ. No, my beloved, the proper attitude of your minds at the present time is that of patience and quiet submission to the order of the Church. The vestry are your representatives, chosen by you, and the responsibility resting upon them is very heavy. Do not let them be embarrassed in any way. They have the interests of the Church as much at heart as you have. In making their selection they should forego all favoritism, and as in the sight of God strive to choose the man who is best fitted for the position. Therefore give them your confidence. Should they fail in reaching a satisfactory decision, we have a bishop who will gladly aid them by his council and advice. In conclusion, study to be quiet, carry all your cares and perplexities to our dear Lord. Make it a part of your private personal prayers, that the vestry may be wisely guided. Especially in the Holy Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, unite your supplications with his prevailing intercession in this behalf. I believe that constant, quiet, steadfast and earnest prayer will do more for the welfare and prosperity of the Church, and more, far more for your own peace of mind, than any amount of agitation or discussion. I would advise you to use in your families, and in private, the prayer to be appointed to be used at the meetings of the convention."

He appends the prayer to his letter, and after a touching commendation of his flock to the Lord, and a prayer that He will give them grace to rally round and strengthen his successor with their confidence and love, he concludes:

"Finally, brethren, be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, study to be quiet, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Amen."

BELAIR—*Immanuel Church.*—Here and at Grace Chapel, Hickory, the work of the Church, under the Rev. J. B. Craighill, reports progress and asks to be continued. Four white teachers instruct a school of twenty-four colored children on Sundays, while of the seventy pupils of the other schools eight or ten are colored—a feeble effort, but one which points in the

right direction. During the winter suspension of some of the Sunday-school work is inevitable. There are fifty-five communicants, a church and rectory valued at \$9,500. The contributions last year were \$1,075.

HAGERSTOWN—St. John's Parish.—In this parish there are St. John's church and St. Anne's chapel, besides the Williamsport Mission. The value of the parish church here is not far from \$56,000. A valuable parsonage, valued at \$6,000, is owned by the corporation of "Rector, Wardens, and Vestry." There are nearly one hundred families, embracing five hundred souls, and contributing last year \$1,572.31. There are two hundred and fifteen communicants, and about two hundred Sunday-school pupils. Three Sunday-schools are maintained, with a corps of thirty teachers. To the rectory fund and other objects within the parish were contributed during the last year \$1,221.62; disabled clergy, \$30; missions in diocese, nearly \$50.

CLEAR SPRING—St. Andrew's Church.—The regular services of the church have been kept up at Four Locks and Indian Spring by the rector, the Rev. C. R. Page, who finds the interest and attendance at these points all that he could wish. Though for several years past inevitable causes have from time to time weakened the work at these places, yet events have tended to counterbalance them, and the church is yet holding its own, with property to the value of \$5,000 and over, over forty communicants, and very substantial improvements upon the church at Clear Spring.

EASTON.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—From the journal of the seventeenth annual convention we gather the following statistics: Clergy, including the bishop, 34; incorporated parishes and congregations, 38; churches, 62; ordinations, 2; baptisms, 423; confirmations, 46; communicants, 2,653; Sunday School scholars, 1,681; contributions, \$40,936.73; rectories, 26; value of church property, including indebted fund, \$300,857.79. There is no table of diocesan statistics presenting them in one view. The bishop's address is devoted to diocesan affairs.

HEALTH OF THE BISHOP.—The bishop of the diocese is reported to be still at Massanetta Springs, Virginia, and in somewhat improved health. The bishop has constituted the Standing Committee the Ecclesiastical Authority during his illness.

STEPNEY PARISH—Stepney Church, Green Hill.—An interesting service was held in this parish (the Rev. F. B. Adkins, rector,) on Wednesday, August 26th. It was the reopening for divine worship of the quaint old Stepney Church at Green Hill. The site was once laid off for a city, and was known as Woodland Reach, from its being studded with magnificent oaks, of which the trunks of the two largest still remain near the church. The walls of the church are eighteen inches thick, and are made of fine old English brick, cemented with mortar that has resisted the storms and wear of one hundred and fifty-two years. The church is eighty-six feet six inches long, and forty-three feet six inches wide. The roof, door, and window-frames having decayed, have been replaced by new ones. The roof is arched and supported by three huge rafters and five iron braces extending across the walls. The underpinning of the north side has been relaid and two fues placed in the building. This addition is entirely new, there never having been any arrangements for heating except by long iron pipes. The original heart-pipe, high-back pews, resting upon a solid brick floor, are still in a good state of preservation. The pulpit, of which there was left the back

part, has been built after the model of the original. The altar has been also rebuilt, nothing having remained but the railing, which is still in its place. The Rev. Alexander Adams was the first rector of this parish. He resided within a mile of Salisbury, and used to travel in a boat down the Wicomico, which was the roadway leading to this place of worship. In the church there is now to be seen the silver communion service, consisting of a flagon, chalice, and patens, which were a gift of the Rev. Alexander Adams in 1752.

At 11 a. m. the church was completely filled, many standing in the aisles. The rector celebrated in the Holy Communion, the first service held in the church for forty years, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. C. H. B. Turner and O. H. Murphy. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Turner, from Leviticus, xxvii. 2. Services were also held at 3 p. m., consisting of Evening Prayer and Holy Baptism.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RALPHIGH—St. Mary's School.—Every summer some improvement is made in the buildings of this excellent school to keep pace with modern demands. This year, warned by the disastrous fire of last January, the old heating apparatus of furnaces and hot air pipes supplemented by a small steam generator has been done away with. The buildings will now be kept at a uniform temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit, by direct radiation from coils supplied with steam from a low pressure engine of fifty horse power. Its safety valves open automatically at a pressure of fifteen pounds, while ducts and radiators are made to withstand one hundred and fifty pounds. The engine house is entirely separate from the buildings, and is distant over one hundred feet from the nearest one. The contract was given to Mr. Bargemin, of Richmond, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the work. The buildings are already amply supplied with water by two hydraulic rams, which fill a huge tank at the top of the main building, whence the water passes to the lower floors and the adjoining houses. Mr. Stevenson is now fitting up bath-rooms in each of the buildings in which there are sleeping apartments, to which hot water will be conveyed by pipes. The large cisterns have been newly fitted with filters so that pupils may drink rain water if they prefer it. The total outlay for these improvements and the new building will be between sixteen and seventeen thousand dollars. The new session will open Thursday, September 10th, with the brightest prospects.—Exchange.

MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG—St. Mary's Church.—This colored church (the Rev. Nelson Ayres, vicar,) is finished, so far as the carpenters' work goes, and the painters have been over it once, leaving it of a yellowish-white color, and there the work has been compelled to stop by lack of funds.

The church is built in the form of a Greek cross, with the chancel arm slightly elongated, and made apsidal. The whole length of the nave and chancel is sixty-six feet and three inches, and the width across the transepts is sixty feet. On either side of the chancel and nave, the roof is extended over aisles ten feet in width, making the full width of the building, outside the transept, fifty feet. The roof is semi-gothic and open-timbered, and altogether the effect is quite striking and picturesque. As a gentleman of the city remarked, it is a building that will hold a large congregation, every one of whom can see and hear with ease.

This work among the negroes was begun in March last, only one of its beneficiaries hav-

ing had any knowledge of, or interest in the church. It was established in response to a petition quite numerously signed, but signed, as has appeared later, by a great many who cared nothing for the Church, and by some who cordially hate her. The work has met with violent opposition from many of the negroes, and with but cold encouragement from any man's work, carried on by the priest in charge alone, without lay assistance of any kind. A small band of intelligent and devoted laymen and women, as teachers and leaders, would be of inestimable benefit. But there are none to be had so far. Yet the work has gone on and prospered. It numbers a communicant list already of twenty-five, with the prospect of a rapid increase. The congregation grows from week to week, and soon, we have reason to believe, there will be no place for them.

One great need of the work just at present is a furnace to put in the church before the cold weather sets in. A chancel rail and a bishop's chair would be also acceptable. Any offering for the work may be sent to Bishop Thompson.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

HILLSBOROUGH—St. Mary's Church.—This parish (the Rev. Edward Bradley, rector,) has been the recipient of a noble organ, the gift of Mrs. Rufus King of Cincinnati. The instrument, at the donor's request, is placed at the north side of the church, next to the east or chancel wall, and the choir of eight voices are seated in stalls in front. The organ is a two-manual instrument of great compass. The great organ contains four hundred and fifty-two pipes and eight stops. The swell organ has six stops, with three hundred and forty-eight pipes. The pedals have twenty-seven pipes. There are five additional registers, and three treadles for mechanical uses. The case is ten feet wide and nine feet deep, of oiled walnut, and incloses the lower part of the organ. The upper part shows on each front the pipes, richly ornamented in gothic arabesque. A brass plate bears the following inscription: "In memory of Edward Rives, M.D. A loving sister's tribute." The builders are Koehnen & Grimm of Cincinnati, who have furnished an organ of elegant appearance and beauty of tone.

The instrument was first used in divine service on Sunday, August 30th. The church was completely filled both morning and evening. There were new hangings on lecturn and pulpit, and a handsome dossal under the chancel window. There were floral decorations on the super-altar, the font, and the windows, and a handsome wreath around the manual plate on the organ. At 10:30 the rector entered the chancel, and before the service made a brief address, calling attention to the prevailing use of consecration services when any important acts to divine worship are first made use of. He read the donor's letter and the vestry's acceptance and promise of careful use and safe-keeping, begged the congregation to remember that this gift was placed in the church to add dignity and beauty to acts of worship, and reminded the chorists that it was their privilege to lead the spoken responses of the congregation as well as the chants and hymns. He then said the prayer of dedication and consecration of the organ, with intercessions for the donor, the chorists, the congregation, and the minister. The organ then was first heard in the harmonies of the "O Lord Hunderdth," which accompanied the singing of Hymn 289.

The regular services then followed, the rector preaching from Psalm cxvii. 1. Mr. M. B. Trott, organist of St. Paul's, Cincinnati, presided at the organ, and Mr. Davidson, of the

same church, sang during the taking of the offerings Handel's "Comfort ye, My People."

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

MANISTEE—St. Paul's Church.—There was unusual interest on the three first Sundays of August in this parish, (the Rev. W. S. Hayward, rector). On August 9th the rector preached a memorial sermon for General Grant; on August 16th he preached the regular monthly sermon on the general missions of the Church, and on August 23d he preached a sermon appropriate to "Ephphatha" Sunday. In the sermon on missions the rector showed how the American Church could easily receive two million dollars for its general missionary work by learning how to give.

MINNESOTA.

HANTING—St. Luke's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this church (the Rev. G. B. Pratt, rector), on Friday, August 28th, and confirmed thirteen persons. This number, added to eighteen confirmed in May, makes a total of thirty-one confirmations for the present year, showing a healthy growth, and an encouraging sign both to rector and people.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA—Trinity Cathedral.—This cathedral was on Tuesday, September 1st, the scene of a quiet wedding in which Mr. W. W. Montgomery of Philadelphia, Pa., and Miss Elizabeth Lewis of this city were the contracting parties. The Rev. Dr. John Vaughan Lewis, Post Chaplain at Fort Omaha, and father of the bride, officiated, assisted by the dean of the cathedral.

COLORADO.

DENVER—St. John's Cathedral.—Mr. William Worthington, late of the Diocese of Long Island, was ordained to the diaconate on Thursday, July 30th, by the missionary bishop, in the cathedral. Mr. Worthington has been appointed missionary at Villa Grove and parts adjacent.

UTAH AND IDAHO.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- 18, Blackfoot.
- 18, Caldwell.
- 20, Weiser.
- 27, Lewiston.

OCTOBER.

- 4, Mount Idaho.
- 4, Grangeville.
- 5, Cottonwood.
- 11, Lewiston.
- 13, Moscow.
- 16, Fort Coeur d'Alene.
- 19, Bathrum.
- 25, Murray.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The journal of the third annual convocation gives statistics as follows: Clergy, including the bishop, 12; parishes and missions, 12; candidates for Orders, 3; church buildings, 5; baptisms, 219; confirmations, 133; Sunday School scholars, 945; day school scholars, 763; value of church property, \$177,850.00; offerings, \$16,376.80. The address of the bishop is confined to matters pertaining to his jurisdiction.

PARAGRAPHC.

It is now claimed in England that the hymns ascribed to Addison, "When all Thy mercies, O my God," and "The spacious firmament on high," were written by Andrew Marvell.

When an old friend said to Dr. Muhlenberg, "We are both on the wrong side of seventy," the doctor replied: "The wrong side! surely the right side, for it is the side nearest heaven."

THE Parish Record in Brooklyn is one of our best monthly Church papers. It devotes a good deal of time and space to gathering up the old records and embalming them in its columns.

THE Robert A. Packer Hospital, Sayre, Pa., formerly Mr. Packer's house, is valued, with its grounds, at \$200,000. In all its appointments there are few hospitals that can compare with it.

THAT is a fine and true sentiment in Rutledge, where it says, "By doing good with his money a man as it were stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven."

In the old days before carpets, the floors of churches in England were strewn with rushes, and a special service was lately held at Ambleside to commemorate the custom, the children carrying rushes and flowers.

THE College of Cardinals at Rome now consists of sixty-two members, of whom forty-two have been appointed by the present pope. Thirty-five are Italians, and the others are divided among the nations of Europe, except one, who is American.

THE Wycliffe Society in England has begun the publication of the reformer's Latin works, and will make them as accessible as his English works are. He is called the Morning Star of the Reformation, and it is interesting to trace in his works the germs of truth of which the later reformers made use.

A NOVEL method of disposing of the dead has been suggested to the Strand Board of Guardians in England. It is to enclose the coffins in concrete blocks, and make a sea-wall of them. It was claimed that Reculvers churchyard, Herne Bay, might thus be recovered. The Board of Guardians did not consider the matter favorably.

THE restoration of the words, "He descended into hell," to the Creed after they had been stricken out in the General Convention, when the Church in this country was organized, was due to the votes of South Carolina and New Jersey; New York, Pennsylvania and Delaware being equally divided. The Nicene Creed was retained by a unanimous vote.

A STONE tablet in a church near Treveri, Germany, has upon it an inscription as follows: "When Mark shall bring us Easter, and Anthony shall sing praises at Pentecost, and John shall swing the censur at the feast of Corpus Domini, then shall the wide earth resound with weepings and wailings." Next year Easter falls on St. Mark's Day, Pentecost on that of St. Anthony of Padua, and Corpus Domini comes on St. John Baptist's Day. As to the rest, we shall see.

It would seem as if Wesley foresaw the evil days, for he says in his sermon cxv., on the Ministerial Office, "Ye yourselves were first called in the Church of England, and though ye have and will have a thousand temptations to leave it and set up for yourselves, regard them not. Be Church of England men still. Do not cast away the peculiar glory which God hath put upon you and frustrate the design of Providence, the very end for which God raised you up." Wesley seemed to believe that there is such a thing as schism, and that it was sin.

SAYS John Wesley, in a sermon which now appears in his works in a garbled form or is suppressed altogether: "In 1744 all the the Methodist preachers had their first conference. But none of them dreamed that the being called to preach gave them any right to administer sacraments. . . . For, supposing (what I utterly deny) that the receiving you as a preacher at the same time gave an authority

to administer the sacraments, yet it gave you no other authority than to do it or anything else where I appoint. But where did I appoint you to do this? Nowhere at all."

ART.

AN advanced and intelligent philanthropy, nowadays, is fond of insisting upon the wholesome influences of art, especially music, among the masses of hard-working people, who have neither time nor money, and perhaps less inclination, for recreations which appeal only to the fancy and imagination.

This amiable freak of modern sociology has found a lodgement even in the cross conclusions of municipal authorities, such as the aldermen of New York and other equally recalcitrant bodies, who similarly oppress other great cities under a pretence of governing them.

So the people have, and are to have, music served gratis in public parks and places. On the Battery, among the down-town hoodlums and Castle Garden immigrants, in Washington Square, in Tompkins Square, of the great unexplored East Side, and last and chiefly in Central Park, twice each week is the feast served. The menu is dainty and costly, after its kind, the best among the great regimental bands are employed, and the quality and spirit of interpretation is unexceptionable.

Clearly enough an appetite and relish for such pastimes may be cultivated, and not a little rest and refreshment of an unwanted flavor dispensed where they will do the most good.

The outlay and investment are judicious, and at the same time humane. The manners and tastes of the sorrowful, plodding, half-hopeless under-world of toil, dirt, and wretchedness may fairly be softened and modified, and morals, it may fairly be hoped, be in some degree helped. Other things being equal, the people are better within reach of the beautiful arts than deprived of them. As a subsidiary influence, art goes with the evangelist. He has his Bible, and also his book of inspiring hymns and tunes, and, if he understands his work, his minstrels and singers bear him company.

But when the people's concert breaks in upon the sanctities of the Lord's Day, and the vast masses of earth-dwellers and tenement population make a holiday of it, and turn the Central Park into a very Vanity Fair of idling and merry-making—when the religious work of the churches is checkmated by the brilliant attractions of Signor Cappas and his accomplished musicians, and the sacred day profoundly secularized and desecrated under legislative enactment, what must the outcome be! The Sunday question seems more keenly imperilled from the art side than from the commercial or convivial. The common conscience pretty unanimously resists the convivial license, and pulls down the curtains of the drinking-saloons and bolts at least their front doors. Then the social economist blocks the wheels of toil and traffic, shuts down the brake on production and farming, chiefly because labor with no seventh-day breathing place is proved, in the long run, wasteful.

But it is not so easy or palatable to formulate prohibitive measures against music. So the public weakens here, and turns a deaf ear to what is, in fact, a most insidious infringement upon the sanctities of the Lord's Day. So compromise—that hybrid between conscience and expediency—steps in, and a "Sunday concert," or a "sacred concert" is sanctioned, at once a salve for the scandalized religious, and a concession to the philanthropist. But, as is the case with most compromises, a breach of faith is involved. The Sunday concert is nominally "sacred," but is, in fact, secular and frivolous to the very core. The

great band of Mr. Cappa is splendidly equipped for the eloquent delivery of chorals, oratorio choruses with andante and adagio movements from the great symphonies—such as might rightly be used as preludes and postludes on the organ at Sunday services. The most worshipped music on earth may be had from the brass and wood-wind of a modern orchestra when devout and highly trained men supply the wind as well as the thought. Now and then it is true the *mezzo* is sparsely garnished with a number like the "Hallelujah Chorus," or "The Heavens are Telling," but it is in substance, secular, often frivolous, and not infrequently degrading. Think of entertaining fifteen thousand citizens of a Sunday afternoon, with vulgarities and buffoneries of the "Carnival of Venice," or the sensuous, bacchanalian rhapsodies of the great drinking song in "Lucresia Borgia"—as a piccolo solo—with perpetual relays of dances, waltzes and polkas, out of the public purse of a great Christian city! As any one might see, the bad and unwholesome music is applauded and encored, while the irreligious masses are sullen and restless under the noblest examples of a better art. If we are to have Sunday sacred concerts, it is right to demand that they be sacred.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. A. A. Benton desires all communications relating to the clergy list to be addressed to him at Delaware College, Newark, Del.

The Rev. J. R. Bicknell's address during September and October is Albany, Indiana.

The Rev. Samuel Hall has become rector of Trinity church, Columbia, Mo.

The Rev. Dr. H. J. Nevill returns to Rome on September 19th. Until that date his address is care of the Rev. Dr. Huntington, Grace Church Rectory, New York, No. 7.

NOTICES.

DIED.

At Southampton, L. I., on Monday, August 31st, 1885, **MATILDA HALL**, widow of James Aldrich, and daughter of the late John B. Lyon, of Newport, R. I.

Entered into rest at Taunton, Mass., Aug. 29th, 1885, **SUZANNE**, wife of Albert T. Clapp, aged 52 years, 3 months and 29 days.

She has been relieved of her cross, that she may receive her crown.

At "Bacletuch," New Brunswick, N. J., on the 4th inst., after a lingering illness, **MARY B. HERRICK**, wife of the late Henry B. Herrick, of this city, and daughter of the late David C. Humphreys, of Waverly, Woodford County, Ky.

Interment at the same place.

At Green, Co., on Saturday, August 2th, 1885, of pneumonia, **CHARLES FREDERICK HOLLY, Jr.**, aged 29 years. His remains were interred at Green, Sunday evening.

Entered into rest August 15th, 1885, **CALVIN L. HATHWAY**. On August 25th, **LAVINA M. HATHWAY**, son and daughter of the late General S. G. Hathway, of Bolton, Cortland County, New York.

Entered into eternal rest at Stratford, Vermont, July 3d, **MARY E.** beloved wife of Royal A. Hatch, and eldest daughter of Samuel W. Cobb, of Hancock, N. H.

"We will do thus good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

At Block Island, R. I., on August 24th, **ELIZABETH M.** daughter of the late David W. Kelle, of Fitchburg, Mass., and wife of H. L. Robinson, of Waterloo, Province of Quebec.

Entered into rest, September 1st, 1885, at Belvidere, Pennsylvania, **JERAM COLT SPENCER**, the beloved husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Spence, of Denver, Colorado, aged 72 years and two months.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. WILLIAM & COX.

The recent death of Mrs. WILLIAM B. COX, of Raleigh, North Carolina, has touched with grief the hearts of many beyond the circle of the family that loved her so well.

In this universal sorrow it is pleasant and consoling to record the many attractive graces that clustered round her genuine and gracious life.

Endowed with brilliancy, quickness of intellect, and natural delicacy, artistic taste, she profited by her unusual opportunities, and by periods of foreign residence and travel, to become versed and accomplished in art, literature and modern literature.

These rich endowments of nature and culture made her a delightful companion to all who knew her, while her native goodness of heart, her thoughtful consideration for others, and her refined womanly instincts made all her associates her friends, and won from many their entire confidence and affection.

Ever sedulously considerate of those subordinate to her, he was beloved by them with the greatest warmth.

Here was the illustrious Christian character; who lived in the diligent of duty, in unselfish devotion to the interest of relative and friend, and amidst all the duties and pressures that surrounded her, her Church and her obligations were never forgotten or neglected, and deft instruments, the work of her own hands, testify to her loving care.

Verily her sun went down while it was yet day; and a home is now darkened by the sudden removal of the one who was the centre of its life and light. In the joy of comfort in the past, and in the grief and time, beat the smitten hearts, and give fullest consolation to those who mourn.

G. H.

DANIEL LEROY.

At Newport, R. I., August 19th, 1885, **DANIEL LEROY**, late of the City of New York.

In recording the death of Daniel LeRoy, in the 57th year of his age, the sweet memory of a life well spent demands a passing notice. In every relation of life he integrity and unflinching purity, his open hand, his genial humor, his kind hospitalty, his tender and loving endearments, enriched the home circle, crowning it as with a halo of domestic purity and peace. He was a consistent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and firm in the Christian faith. The last services were solemnly and impressively rendered in Trinity church, Newport, R. I., The Rev. G. J. Magill, rector, officiating, assisted by the Rev. A. A. Benton, rector of St. Peter's and Rev. W. M. Moran, rector of St. John's Church, Newport, R. I.

"It is not death to die."

MARGARET ELIZABETH SCOTT.

At Cooperstown, August 6th, 1885, **MRS. MARGARET ELIZABETH SCOTT**, for many years a prominent member of Christ Church, Cooperstown, and for many years, the venerable Henry Scott, was senior ward during twenty-seven years. Her personal character was remarkable for truth, uprightness, trustfulness and more than common benevolence. During more than thirty years Mrs. Scott was very closely connected with the spiritual and musical life of her parish, to which she rendered very effective service. A large number of warmly attached neighbors and friends will unite in respectful and affectionate remembrance.

APPEALS.

CATHOLIC REFORM IN ITALY.

I venture to appeal very earnestly to all who are interested in the future of Christianity in Italy, in behalf of the movement for Reform of the Roman Church inaugurated in Rome under the lead of Monsignor Savarese, and the Count di Campello. These men have made a very brave stand for Christian truth and liberty against a exceeding great odds. They have to contend against not only the papacy, but the wide spread middle class bigotry in Italy of the papacy. Their treasury is absolutely exhausted. Funds are needed at once to continue the work already begun, and to start new centres of work in several important places, which during the past year have been making repeated calls for help. Give us the names of any prominent laymen you received by the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN, 47 Lafayette Place, or by the undersigned, at Grace Church Rectory, N. Y. City.

Rector St. Paul's Church, Rome.

ABBOTTS WISDOM.

It has not pleased the Lord to send Nathobah. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited:

1st. Because Nathobah is the oldest theological seminary North and west of the State of Ohio.

2d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.

3d. Because it is the best located for study.

4th. Because it is the best prepared in applying itself to the work of preparing candidates for ordination.

Address, Rev. A. D. COLE, D. D., Nathobah, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

Aids given for the support of the Sunday-Schools of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year.

Give and thank.

Rev. ROBERT C. NATLACK, 1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. W. R. HITTLE, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums in aid of the fund for the relief of widows and orphaned children of the clergyman, and of aged, infirm and disabled clergymen since April 30th, 1885:

Critic, New Town, Md., \$3.47; Good Shepherd, Boston, Mass., \$1; Rev. C. F. Bland, Marion, N. C., Communion aims, \$2.25; Dorchester church, Boston, Mass., \$1.00; Eastern Episcopal, \$1.00; through Mrs. Herrick, \$3.30; Dorchester parish, Md., \$1; Christ church, Middletown, Conn., \$1.00; Church of St. Andrew, Philadelphia, Pa., \$1.00; offering, \$5.50; St. Andrew's, Minneapolis, \$5.50; St. Thomas's, Bethel, Conn., \$5.50; St. Paul's, Philadelphia, Pa., \$5.50; St. Paul's, Baltimore, Md., \$5.11; Holy Trinity, Baltimore, Md., \$5.11;

Trinity, Alpena, Mich., \$4.60; Grace, Hulmeville, Penn., \$1; St. Andrew, Wilmington, Del., \$3; St. Luke's, Rosville, N. Y., \$3.18; St. Ann's, Annapolis, Md., \$4.45; All Saints, Portsmouth, Ohio, \$5; Emmanuel, New York, \$2.66; St. Gregory, University-school, Jersey City, \$4.54; St. Jud's, Tallahassee, Fla., \$3.94; Strawberry parish, Md., \$2.50; St. Mary, Norfolk, Va., \$1.00; Coventry, \$1.00; St. James, \$2.25; St. Paul's, Wilmington, N. Y., \$7.50; St. John's, Ellwood's Mills, Md., \$1.00; Diocese of Florida, \$14.70; West Passy, \$3.50; W. J. W. \$1.00; Diocese of Eastern, Communion aims, \$3; Christ church, Williamsport, Penn., \$3; Rev. St. Peter's parish, Philadelphia, \$1.00; Christ church, Guilford, Conn., \$10.00; St. John's, Hagerstown, Md., \$12; St. Paul's, Middletown, Conn., \$1.00; St. Andrew's, Raville, Wyoming, Communion aims, \$4.50; Grace-Nickel Mills, Penn., \$6 etc; Christ church, Leacock, Pennsylvania, \$1.00; Trinity, \$1.00; St. Alban's, Sussex, Wis., \$4.21; St. John's, Stamford, Conn., \$21.92; St. Andrew's, New York, \$1.00; St. Paul's, \$2.50; Church of Holy Fellowship, Yankton, Dakota, \$1; Widows' and Orphans' Fund, \$11.95; Christ church, Louisville, Ky., \$27.50; St. James', Bellwood, Florida, \$2.50; St. Paul's Mission, Monroe, N. Y., \$2.

Individual Donations.—Cash, Boston, Mass., \$10; do., New York, \$25; W. M. C. Erie, Penn., Eastern offering, \$1.00; Mrs. A. B. Eaton, Washington, D. C., \$3; Rev. W. B. Hamilton, Warren, Minn., \$4; St. Mary's, New Smith, Ark., \$5; St. Paul's, Mount Pleasant, W. Va., \$1; W. B. Copeland, Middleton, Conn., \$3; Mrs. J. A. Brocka, Denver, Col., five monthly offerings, \$5; Rev. A. A. Benton, \$1.00; St. Peter's, \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. Layman, Pittsburgh, Penn., special for Bishop Lay, \$5.00; A clergyman's daughter, \$3; A lady, Petersburg, Va., \$2.00; \$3.00; Alfred Elzer, Philadelphia, \$10; Mrs. A. H. C. Groton, Mass., \$5; Jacob Haledt, New York, \$100; Rev. A. E. Johnson, \$10; Mrs. J. J. Johnson, \$10; Mrs. J. J. Johnson, \$10; Dolobis, Boston, Mass., \$5; The New York Churchwoman Fund, \$30; \$100. \$100.

WM ALLECK SMITH, Treasurer.
New York, Sept. 2d, 1885. 55 Wall st.

BENED SPALDING, Denver, Colorado, gratefully acknowledges receipt for the Rev. Sherman Coolidge's house and support, as follows: J. W. Connecticut, \$1; Mrs. M. Smith, Ark., \$5; St. Paul's, Mount Pleasant, W. Va., \$1; Mrs. H. Geneva, \$35; C. Y. St. Paul's, Massachusetts, \$10; Miss Robinson and mother, \$10; Geneva, N. Y., \$5; E. M. Nichols, \$5; Mrs. J. M., \$10.

The plan of purchasing the Mission House, \$100, failed. We hope for the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, about four miles below the agency. This is at the point where the rapids cease, where their waters meet. Here our Indian missionary will be near the school and civilization, and can conveniently co-operate with the people of the agency. The Rev. Mr. Spalding, in keeping up the service at Lander, North Fork, and Fort Washelle, it will cost probably \$800 to build the house, and \$200 for the furniture and other needs. We trust it will be sent me, so that I can make contract for building when at the agency the latter part of this month.

J. F. SPALDING, Missionary Bishop, Denver, Col., Sept. 7th, 1885.

THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of \$100, with the following letter: To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN: Please hand over the enclosed \$100 to the authorities of the Holy Trinity church in the State if any provision be made for paying for donors to its charity. It is desired by "180."

BENED SPAHR gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$10 for his work from "Tithe," Trinity church, Hartford, Conn.

The Bishop of New Hampshire gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$100 from "Tithe," Trinity church, Hartford, Conn.

"The Church Mission to Sea-people" (monthly offerings \$2 for each lady, Seaside, N. J.) donations may be sent to the undersigned.

THOMAS GAUBERT, West 14th St., N. Y.

ANNUAL CONVENTION DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

The opening services of the Centennial Convention of the Diocese of New York will be held in Trinity church, New York, on Wednesday, September 17th, 1885. Morning Prayer will be said at 9 o'clock, at 10 A. M., there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion, and historical discourses, immediately after this service the Convention will organize and adjourn.

The evening of the same day, September 18th, there will be a commemorative service in St. Thomas church, New York, at 8 o'clock, at which addresses will be delivered by the Bishops of Western New York, Central New York, Long Island and Albany.

The clergy are especially requested to ascertain as far as possible the names of lay-deputies, who, as members of the Episcopal Synod in the State, if any, will be held in the rear basement-room of St. Augustine's chapel, Houston street, New York, at 3:30 P. M., directly after the closing of the service on the opening day of the ensuing convention, to be held at said chapel on Wednesday, the 5th day of September next. J. A. SPENCER, Secretary, September 5th, 1885.

THE annual meeting of the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York will be held in the rear basement-room of St. Augustine's chapel, Houston street, New York, at 3:30 P. M., directly after the closing of the service on the opening day of the ensuing convention, to be held at said chapel on Wednesday, the 5th day of September next. J. A. SPENCER, Secretary, September 5th, 1885.

A BIBLE QUERY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

To me there is a difficulty in the last clause of the 35th verse of the 9th chapter of the Holy Gospel according to St. John. *et res* seems to have been translated on the, instead of in the, or into the, more for the sake of harmonizing with kindred passages than out of regard to its literal meaning.

Although the consequences of a mere assent to our Lord's words may finally lead to salvation, it is not at first saving faith. The devil believe and tremble, yet we know of no salvation for them. A belief that saves appears to be such as identifies us with Jesus Christ, make us one with *h. e.*, make us into Him; in other words, a *perfectus*, *et sic totus deus*. Some light from the pious scholar's lamp here may not be in vain.

New Orleans, La.

BIBLE STUDENT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

BISHOP WILLIAMS ON THE SEABURY CENTENARY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I observe that Bishop Williams on page 9 of his Second Sermon on the Consecration of Dr. Seabury, remarks that "it is not easy to understand the apparent apathy" of the English bishops in the matter "of averting the dangers of the Church in the future of the American States," especially when the Act of Parliament of 1783, enabling them to ordain clergy for foreign countries is taken into consideration. One of Bishop Seabury's contemporaries, Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, may throw a little light upon it, in a tract on Church Reform, published in 1783, "Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury." It will be seen that the bishop does not spare his own order:

"A suspicion exists that the prospect of being translated influences the minds of the bishops too powerfully, and induces them to pay too great an attention to the beck of a minister. I am far from saying or thinking that the bishops of the present age are more obsequious in their attention to ministers than their predecessors have been, or that the spiritual lords are the only lords who are liable to this suspicion, or that lords in general are the only persons on whom such an expectation has an influence; but the suspicion, whether well or ill founded, is irreparable to our order; and, what is a worse consequence, it hinders us from doing that good, which we otherwise might do; for the laity, whilst they entertain such a suspicion concerning us, will accuse us of avarice and ambition, of making a gain of godliness, of bartering the dignity of our office for the chance of a translation, in one word, of secularism; and against the accusation they are very backward in allowing the bishops or clergy in general, such kind of defense as they would readily allow to any other class of men, any other denomination of Christians under the similar circumstances of the same families and small fortunes. . . . I never wished one title of the king's influence in the State to be destroyed, except so far as it was extended over the deliberations of the hereditary counsellors of the Crown, or the parliamentary representatives of the people. I am only I have the greatest influence of this kind may be diminished; because I firmly believe that its diminution will eventually tend to a consecration of the genuine constitution of our country, to the honor of his majesty's government, to the stability of the Hanover succession, and to the promotion of the public good. Had the influence here spoken of been less predominant of late years, had the measures of the cabinet been canvassed by the wisdom and tempered by the moderation of men exercising their free powers of deliberation for the commonweal, the brightest jewel of his majesty's crown had not now been tarnished, the strongest limb of the British empire had not been brutally severed from its parent stock." Bishop Wat-

son's moral weight as an advocate of reform in the spending of ecclesiastical revenues was somewhat impaired by the fact of his holding a good appointment at the University, together with his bishopric in Wales; but his testimony to the subservience of the episcopate to the cabinet is only a too correct picture of the time.

John Thomas, of Rochester, in his sermon to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in 1780, said:

"Seminaries were founded for the instruction of youth in every branch of science. From these fountains would have issued a competent supply of candidates for the sacred ministry to Protestants of every denomination, as well to those of the independent as of the Episcopal persuasion, had an equal measure been held out to both. But this was not the case—from a variety of groundless fears and apprehensions, not the most limited episcopate was allowed to be introduced among them; not, though restrained, as was intended, to the sole and exclusive confirmation of the superintending the conduct of the clergy; not, although a decent provision for its support was begun to be made, and, no doubt, would have been enlarged by the bequests and benefactions of good people, without laying any part of the burden upon the colonies. I leave others to decide on the justice and expediency of such an exclusion; but how loudly would the dissenting ministers have complained, and how justly too, had they been obliged to take the same dangerous and expensive voyages to be enabled to exercise their function as are the native, and other candidates for Holy Orders in our Church—who cannot be admitted to the same privileges without being personally examined and ordained here! Nevertheless, under all the difficulties on one side, and prejudices on the other, such was the diligence and moderation of our clergy, that their churches rapidly increased in number, so that in an extent of country where only five churches were declared in 1700, the first opening of such a door we have had the happiness to see them multiplied to fifty times that number in the space of little more than fifty years. So mightily grew the world of God, and prevailed."

In 1787, a similar protest was made by Bishop Warren: and only remedy for these great inconveniences has been often suggested, the appointment of one or more resident bishops for the exercise of the offices purely episcopal in the American Church of England. Why this appointment hath been so long postponed is a matter I shall not presume to enquire into. . . . But still I cannot help observing that such a measure is so agreeable to the true notion of religious liberty that Christians of no denomination can on this ground object to it, and least of all those Dissenters who admit of ordination. How would they complain! What an encroachment on the Toleration would this! It would oblige us to be intended to be public teachers obliged to come to Britain to be ordained! And such complaints would be just, and deserve to be immediately redressed; and yet this hath been all along the situation of the Church of England in America; and, what is rather extraordinary, our Church in the Colonies is bound by law, and yet hath stood deprived of the privilege of ministering to her own spiritual wants, a privilege which all Christian Churches in all ages and in every part of the world have freely enjoyed, and which in these countries Christians of every other denomination do not only enjoy."

These extracts may perhaps show that there were some exceptions to the prevailing apathy of those dark times. W. R. CRUTON.
Cambridge, England, Aug. 21st, 1885.

"N. OR M."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Does not the Rev. Evan Daniel in his work on the Prayer Book give a very probable explanation of those letters? He says: "The N. is supposed to be the initial of Nomen (name); the M. a corruption of NN, itself an abbreviation of Nomina (names); C. SS, the abbreviation of Sancti (saints); LL. D. (Doc-

tor of Laws)," etc. This explanation is not quite satisfactory. There is no authority so far as I know, for believing that more than one Christian name was ever given in England previous to the sixteenth century. Writing in the reign of James I., Camden says: "Two Christian names are rare in England, and I only remember his majesty and the prince with two more." Could M. or N. be a misprint for Nomen? The only letter used in the occasional offices is N., e. g., "I, N. take thee N." (Marriage Service)." Is not this more satisfactory than saying that M. is a corruption of double N., or that N. or M. is supposed to stand for Nicholas or Mary, typical male and female names? In the Baptismal Service there is only the simple N. In the Marriage Office the letters M. and N. are used as abbreviations in our Prayer Book and in modern English books, and sometimes the very far-fetched explanation is given that they represent respectively *Maritus* and *Uxor*. But a little more than a century ago the custom of giving the initials M. or N. in the Service Book, and must have been simply the abbreviation of *Nomen*. The Rev. Frederick Gibson writes me: "The earliest introduction of the M. I have found is in the Cambridge editions of 1757, 1763 and 1766, and an Oxford edition of 1767. We inherit the M. probably from the Scotch Bibles of the year about 1706 or later." This being the case, why should not we in "The Book Annexed" simply use the N. in the Marriage Office, as Blunt does in his "Annotated Prayer Book"? And then if in the Catechism the first answer should be simply N., there would be an agreement on this point in all the occasional offices.

Auburndale, Mass.

HENRY A. MEYCALP.

ST. MARK'S, CHARLESTON.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

This city has just been visited by a cyclone, which has left desolation behind it. St. Mark's church (a colored congregation) has seen unroofed, the organ has been ruined. It will cost all of two thousand dollars to repair the building, which this congregation built and paid for. The houses of many of those who worship here have been likewise unroofed, and while they have gone to work at once to restore by borrowing the money, it will be very difficult for them to maintain services and raise this money. Only last week they sent their quota of \$30 to make up the deficiency asked for by the Domestic Committee. This is the congregation which, while ranking about the seventh in the diocese, has applied in vain for admission to the convention of the diocese. In all things they commend themselves to the sympathy of the Church in this day of their misfortune. I ask aid for them from the generous. Are there not twenty persons who will give me each \$100 in a hour of trial!

A. THOMAS PORTER,

Rector of St. Mark's.
Charleston, S. C.

INCORRECT BIBLES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

A few Sundays ago I was somewhat annoyed in one of our mission stations, by reading from a 48mo. Bible (published by Alexander Tower, also Hogan & Thompson, 1394 Market street, Philadelphia, 1832, [1829 on frontispiece] and stereotyped by L. Johnson,) which accompanies me in my missionary journeys, the following in Exodus 21: "The land before thee." From these errors we may learn at least two things: First, the very great care of the proofreaders of the Scriptures; and second, that the insertion, the omitting, or the change of one letter, even, is a matter of no little consequence in those same Scriptures.

W. S. HAYWARD.

AN ENGLISH OPINION OF THE PRAYER BOOK REVISION.

THE BOOK ANNEXED TO THE REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, AS Modified by the Action of the General Convention of 1885. [New York: James Post & Co.]

BISHOP SEABURY'S HISTORY OF AMERICA. Reprinted in fac-simile, with an Historical Sketch and Notes by the Rev. S. Hart, M. A. [New York: T. Whitaker.]

II.

Let me now see how it is proposed to "enrich" the Daily Office. An alternative form of what the American book calls the "declaration of absolution" is adapted from the old Latin *Indulgentiam*; and instead of a composite anthem from Psalms xcvi. and xcvi., the whole of the *Venite* is given, but with leave to omit v. 8-11 (which at present are always omitted), "save on the Sundays in Lent." It would be better, we think, to withdraw this permission; the warnings of the *Venite* are not disconnected with its suitability as the Invitatory Psalm. The selection of Psalms are increased in number, and are rearranged. We wish that the permission to substitute *Gloria in Excelsis* for *Gloria Patri* after each selection or each daily portion of Psalms had been abolished; the great Eucharistic hymn should not be made an alternative for the ordinary Doxology. We find an increase of alternative canticles, as, "Blessed God, Lord God of our fathers," for the first morning canticle, and Psalm cxxx. for the second. But Psalms cannot, surely, serve the purpose in hand so well as canticles. The *Benedictus* is now put in its right place before *Jubilate*, and is no longer, as in the book of 1789, absurdly and unnecessarily omitted on the first morning; but leave again is given to omit the remaining eight, save on Sundays in Advent. Imagine their omission on Christmas Day! In the Apostles' Creed we are glad to see that the article of the Descent is made obligatory; but we wish that the optional substitution of the Nicene Creed in the morning prayer were increased in combination with a rubric of the Communion Office, prescribing the Apostles' Creed or the Nicene after the Gospel, "unless one of them has been used immediately before in the Morning Prayer." If American patience cannot endure two Creeds within an hour, it would be better to omit the Apostles' Creed; maintain, as in the case of the Nicene at the Holy Communion. In the evening, after the introductory texts come, "Let us humbly confess our sins unto Almighty God," as an alternative (which would often be acceptable) for "Dearly beloved brethren;" but we must observe that if the familiar Exhortation is to be read, the prefatory text or texts ought to refer to confession of sin, for otherwise the mention of "sundry places" loses its force. There is an alternative Evening Confession, drawn up by some one with an imperfect ear for rhythm; it would be difficult to render it chorally. *Magnificat* and *Antiphona* are happily supplied to their due honor; and perhaps as this step has been taken, it may have seemed too bold to withdraw either of the two fragments of Psalms, which, in the absence of the proper Canticles, now serve as alternatives for Psalm xcvi. and lxxvii. It is needless to say that the practice rule should be never to substitute a Psalm for an evangelist's canticle; and the exceptions should be really infrequent. What is the use of suggesting, by way of yet further variation, that in Lent Psalm xlii. may be used as the first canticle, and Psalm xliii. as the second? This shows a strange defect of what may be called ritual feeling. It is somewhat surprising that the Nicene at the end of the Creed at Evening Prayer is cancelled. The evening verses are also increased by borrowing from the English series, with the substitution of "our rulers" for "the King."

The Third Evening Collect altered in the existing book, retains its English form. A Prayer for the resident stranger, distinct from that in Morning Prayer, has been adapted from our first Collect for the Sovereign in Communion; and "Assist us mercifully" is substituted at Evening Prayer for the Prayer of St. Chrysostom. We wish the revisers had

ventured on restoring "catholic," instead of "universal," in the Prayer for all Conditions. An office consisting of the bestitudes and three prayers may be substituted for the latter portion of Evening Prayer, but it reads like a crude piece of "fancy ritual," and is wholly devoid of intercession. We regret that, in the Litany, the rapid vagueness of "From all inordinate and sinful affections" has not been exchanged for the stern directness of the existing words. Prudential as it is always a safeguard of purity, and there is some moral difference between terms which grasp the conscience and terms which it can contrive to evade. Recent American experience, we presume, has caused the insertion of a new clause, deprecatory of "fire and flood." It is curious that more attention has not been devoted to these pleasantry in the Prayer Book which long ago provoked Bishop Wren's criticism. Not only are "acknowledge and confess," "dissemble nor cloak," allowed to stand in the daily exhortation, but "crafts of the devil" are still followed up, in the next sentence but one, by a mention of his "deceits." American prayer-books are not always so "kindly fruits of the earth." "O Saviour of the world," etc., is seasonably inserted after "O Christ, hear us." The occasional prayers and thanksgivings are increased in number. One, for persons preparing for confirmation, is deficient in reference to the grace of the Holy Spirit. There are some collects for leets for misous, and for the increase of the ministry. One "for all who are dependent on the public care" tenderly associates "prisoners" with "the poor, the sick, the children." Several prayers for spiritual grace supply a void which must have been felt in the ordinary American books, as in our own, in the Penitential Office for the Wednesday, consisting of the second part of our Communion; the Office for "Thanksgiving Day, or Harvest Home"—a sort of variation of matins, combining the topics of agricultural success and American nationality—has been enlarged and transferred to this place.

There are some alterations in the Occasional Offices. Among the collects we are glad to see provision made for alternatives on the three chief festivals, two of the collects thus added being taken from the Prayer Book of 1549. These may be serviceable at second celebrations. One of the defects in our book is the want of variety of collects for the principal seasons. "Enrichment" in this respect would be an easy task; the only difficulty would lie in selecting from the ample stores of the "Gelasian" or "Gregorian" Sacramentaries. The Book Annexed has special collects for the several days in Holy Week, and for Monday and Tuesday in Easter and Whitsun weeks. But we think that ancient Latin collects might well have been utilized for any of these days. The new collect for Maundy-Thursaday is not felicitous in its combination of the cup of the Agony with the cup of the Eucharist, and the Easter Tuesday collect is unsatisfactory as having no reference to the Resurrection. We are glad to see a correction of the strange oversight which, in 1549, turned an address to Christ as King of Glory, with an entreaty not to be left comfortless, into a prayer to God the Father. The recovery of the Festival of the Transfiguration is indeed an enrichment, and we are glad that the convention rejected the suggestion, so unobjectionable, which would have transferred the observance from the traditional 6th of August to a day in January. But the collect is not so good as, for instance, that in the Sarum Breviary.

In the Communion Service it is well suggested that the Decalogue may be omitted at the discretion of the minister, and that the same day in the same church, its place, when omitted, being taken (according to Nonjurant and Scottish usage) by the Evangelical Summary of the Law, which may also, as at present, be read after the Decalogue. It is provided that "Thanks be to Thee, O Lord," may be said or sung after the Gospel, and "Glory be to Thee, O Lord," may now or later to be repeated before it. The rubric as to the Creed has already been mentioned. The word "absolution" is still absent from the Exhortation, and from the rubric after the Confession. It is clearly provided

that the people shall not join their voices with the priest's in "Therefore with angels . . . saying." A proper preface, one or the other of two, is made obligatory on Trinity Sunday. In the Collects after the Communion, "Direct us" is still retained instead of "Prevent us;" we submit that "direct" is a most inadequate representation of the ideas theologically associated with *gratia prevarians*. Some rubrics are added to the two which now follow the Communion Office. One of these is based on our rubric, but it allows of two as a minimum, which is a gain.

In the Baptismal Office, we wish that the articles of the Creed might be recited at length, as among ourselves, and according to ancient custom. A brief reference to them collectively is much less solemn and impressive. The signing with the cross may still, on request, be omitted; is not this weakness yet overgrown! The oversight of 1661, which makes the first "I certify you" stop short of its proper conclusion, is partly corrected. The word "priest," so carefully employed throughout our Office for Baptism of Adults, is still retained in the rubric for the Confirmation Office, as enlarged by the rubric of Acts viii. by a form of presentation borrowed from that in the Ordinal, and by a precise and full reiteration of vows preceding the question, "Do ye here," etc. But the confusing use of "confirm" is not got rid of. There is an alternative final prayer, partly taken from the explanation of the words of the Catechism. The brief Marriage Service is not altered. The Visitation Office, although still silent as to confession and absolution, is enriched by several occasional prayers, including some to be said for the dying, which are based on Bishop Cosin's "Devotions." But our Office for the Visitation of the Sick, and our Lord, we commend. . . . Acknowledge a sheep of Thine own fold. It is inappropriate to alter "Lord" into "Father." An introit, Psalm cxvii., is provided for Communion of the Sick, and an abridged form is indicated for urgent cases. In the Burial Office the rubric is altered to "I commend thy soul to God." An alternative office is proposed for the case of infants or young children. From its tone, previous baptism would seem to be implied; but this is not rubrically expressed, as in Bishop Seabury's similar Office, included in Dr. Beadley's "Life of him." We are surprised to find no shorter session given for the children in ordinary cases. No change is suggested in the Ordinal, and only slight changes in the Offices of Consecration of a Church or of Institution of Ministers; thus there is to be no mention of the dates at which they were added to the rest of the Prayer Book, the effect of which omission will be to obliterate all distinction between them and the preceding Offices. The bishop is to be ordinarily the instigator, and, with the clergy, is expressly bidden to "enter the chancel."

This is a general account of the alterations now proposed. We presume not to enter into details, but to refer to the present American canonists, as to whether the convention which is to meet in 1886 will be legally free to modify any of them without "substantial" change, and to pass them in that modified form on the ground that they are virtually the same amendments which were formulated by the convention of 1880. The question turns on the construction of a rule of 1811, that no change shall be made in the Prayer Book until it has been communicated to the several dioceses by one convention, and adopted in the next. But however this may be, we should be disposed, in all respect and brotherly goodwill, to suggest that more time should be taken for the completion of this work of liturgical enrichment. Many of the proposals now in question are excellent; but others will be improved by reconsideration in the light of fuller ritual study, such as will be sure to produce a more exact and cultured ritual *et cetera*—perhaps we may, without offence, add, a more solemn and impressive American. What the Book Annexed presents to us in the way of amendment is, on the whole, good; but if subjected to a deliberate recreation, it would, we predict, become still better. If thus improved by the convention of 1886, it might be finally adopted by the convention of 1889.

NEW BOOKS.

DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA. By Matthew Arnold. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co.) pp. 387.

The titles of these three lectures are "Numbers," "Literature and Science," and "Emerson." The key-note of the first is that "wisdom resides in choice minorities," of the second, that letters embody permanent thought, while science reveals only evanescent phenomena, and of the third, Mr. Arnold's judgment as a critic on Emerson. We can say in the outset that all are admirably worth reading simply as specimens of style and of lively thought. The first seems to us to be, on the whole, very admirable, in spite of some surface blemishes of geological criticism. With the second, also, we are in accord, because we wholly believe in its principle. As to the third, we take issue with Mr. Arnold. We hold that Emerson was the first of American poets, and that we could, if we had space, point out passages equalling anything written in this century on either side of the Atlantic. It is with these that Mr. Arnold gives no sign of any acquaintance, though doubtless he must have read them. It seems to us that the mere accident of popularity was wanting in Emerson's case because of the very perfection of his art, and that a century hence his great superiority will only be fully known. Mr. Arnold takes occasion to say some pleasant things about America in the course of these lectures, but he does it with that air which it seems all but impossible for an Englishman to avoid, viz., of air of intending to influence England by what he says, and therefore the air of measuring all things by the English standard. Only one in a million of Englishmen seems able to rise above this, and Mr. Arnold is not that one. Nevertheless we admit that we have enjoyed these essays greatly, and that we are ready to welcome them as belonging to that order of pure literature which is a real contribution to the world's thought. We have said that we find some traces of Mr. Arnold's neologism here and there. Notably on page 19 he treats the famous prophecy of Isaiah respecting Emmanuel "as uttered of a contemporary prince of the house of David." But we can forgive that, for what he has said concerning French literature (with the reservation that it only applies in part to the same), because it is the expression of a very full and clear temper of mind. It will apply with equal force to much of the modern English school the erotics of Swinburne, Dante, Rossetti and others. At least these lectures are a protest against Materialism, in favor of high thought and noble expression, and are at least free from the conventional snobbery of the age. They are fresh, outspoken and sincere; and if one does not agree with them in all points, one can yet take pleasure in them, as in the conversation of a friend with whom one does not always agree, but is never disposed to quarrel. It is not easy to forget that the training of Rugby in its best days has been the source, it may be of the peculiarities, but certainly of the good points in the writings of Matthew Arnold, and one much to the spirit to which is owed the writings of Tom Hughes, and the brilliant, if erratic, pages of Dean Stanley.

HOWARD, THE CHRISTIAN HERO, by Laura C. Holaday, author of "The Ladies of the White House," etc., etc. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.) pp. 253. Price \$1.00.

We understand this book to be designed as a defence of General Howard. Into the merits of the controversy concerning the Freedman's Bureau we do not care to enter. We presume that a man who was educated to the high standard of honor which is set up at West Point, and who was unquestionably moved by a strong philanthropic motive, would assuredly keep his hands clean from unlawful gain; and we can easily see that, having to deal with vast re-

sponsibilities under a very discretionary rule, he might most easily have laid himself open to unreserved censure, without the power of complete justification. But we do not feel that a lady, with the natural impulse of the sex toward vehement partisanship, would make the best counsel for the accused. It seems to us that there is a favor of panegyric about this work which will not advance the matter in hand. General Howard's life has certainly been a very noble one in its aims; and taking for granted, as we do, that it has not failed of these, we could wish him a less enthusiastic and more practised advocate. As with another Christian hero, "Chinese Gordon," the story of his life requires to be told in the most careful and conservative fashion. Men of that temperament make mistakes, and it is essential to show that the mistakes are simply errors of the head and not of the heart. This is no slight task, but one which needs the cool, discriminating, almost cynical composure of a male writer. Above all, such a work should be free from all suspicion that it is undertaken in the spirit of book manufacturing.

POEMS. Original and Translated. By Charles T. Brooks, with a Memoir by Charles W. Wendte. Selected and edited by W. P. Andrews. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.) pp. 253. Price \$1.25.

It is not every reader who will fully enjoy these finished verses of Charles T. Brooks. To those who knew him, whatever came from his pen acquired a personal charm, a poetical delicacy, simply from the fact that the verse was his and reminded one of him. He transferred some portion of his rare and delicate nature into his work, so that it was felt to be poetical by reason of being the expression of his thought. It was, doubtless, for this reason that the memoir was prefixed to this little selection from his poems. That, too, is one of very pleasant memories to those who knew and never ceased to love him, but offers to the stranger very little of moment. His was the quiet, uneventful life of a New England minister, but to his many friends it was a valuable and precious life indeed. Mr. Brooks was one of the old-fashioned Unitarians who broke away from the severe bonds of New England Calvinism, but however theologically incorrect in their definitions, never lost their faith in a personal Saviour. "They believed better than they knew," and though identified somewhat with the "advanced" movement among the Unitarians, they were separated by an immeasurable gulf from the modern "free religionists." They had a real reverence and sympathy for the offices of religion, whereas the modern school have been and are conspicuous for a marked irreverence. Had the Church been present in the right way to the New England Unitarians it would have drawn in far the larger part of them. As it was, it stood as the Tory creed of the ante-Revolutionary days, and the representative of the Middle States worship, and therefore it was alien to the men of Massachusetts.

GL'ENAV'ERIL; or, the Metamorphoses. A Poem in Six Books. By the Earl of Lytton (Edwin Meredith). Books II., III., IV., V., VI. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) Price \$1.00. pp. 646.

The remaining parts of "Glenav'eri" do not incline us to vary our opinion. Earl Lytton has the double disadvantage of being the son of his father and of being by disposition an imitator. In this poem he has copied, both in style and metre, the "King Arthur" of his father, and he has not taken the pains to read the brilliant, if somewhat faulty, model he has taken. "Glenav'eri" is a novel in verse, turning upon the somewhat hackneyed theme of a change of infants in the cradle. It is marked by something of the same aristocratic democracy which distinguished the elder Bulwer; but there is a want of finish painfully appar-

ent. Many lines, and even stanzas, are hopelessly prosaic. There are fine passages here and there, but the whole would be vastly improved by boiling down into half the compass. Some of the situations are, we think, more violent than his father's taste would sanction; and while the plot is undoubtedly ingenious, it will strike most readers as being upon a key pitched quite too high for ordinary human nature. We do not give an outline of the story, for it is only for the story that it will be generally read; but it is only fair to say that if read for the story, brilliant passages will be discovered. The best portion is the Swiss episode, in the Third Book. There is, too, a very curious ideal of a new settlement to be made on "government lands" in the United States territory—a sort of cross between the Hughes scheme and the French Icaria. This will be found in the Fourth and Fifth Books. One thing there is not, however, and that is, any "villain" or wrong-doing in the story, which is very like a salad-dressing without vinegar, pepper, or mustard.

THE NOVA CELESTIALIS, or, Bhagavad-Gita. (From the Mahabharata.) Being a discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme Being under the form of Krishna. Translated from the Sanscrit text, by Edwin Arnold, M.A., author of "The Light of Asia," etc., etc. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.) pp. 158. Price \$1.00.

We have no doubt but that this is an admirable version of the original. Mr. Arnold's reputation is beyond all doubt in this direction. Our question is, as to whether it deserves the pains taken, and upon this point, we have not been able to decide affirmatively. It seems to us that the usual defect of Indian thought, viz., vagueness and want of true knowledge of the Divine revelation is here apparent.

It is talent of a high order which Mr. Arnold has lavished upon material not deserving the effort.

We question also the method of Mr. Arnold in one respect, his copious use of Sanscrit terminology. However good it may seem to him to use an Eastern word in default of an English equivalent, he ought to consider that to the ordinary English reader this has no meaning whatsoever, except as the context can supply one. It is yet a violent presumption that literary people in general, not to speak of the mass of readers, are acquainted with the literature of the East. This habit of his simply mars the whole meaning of his lines. We presume it is in part inadvertence; but this would be a fault, if indulged in by the translator of a modern European tongue, and is much more so in the case of a language which only the specialists of his peculiar walk can be expected to know anything about.

LITERATURE.

THE LEONARD SCOTT Publishing Company are hereafter to do their own printing, and their reprints will appear promptly.

MACMILLAN & CO. are to bring out an American edition of Dr. Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory," which has had such a run in England.

CUTTLES, UPHAM & CO. announce "Fruit, Pastes, Syrup and Preserves," by the author of the "Ugly Girl Papers," and also David Mason's "Yachting Views," including the Priscilla, Puritan and Genesta.

"HALF-HOURS in the Holy Land," and "Half-Hours in the Forest," both illustrated, and "Immortality," a clerical symposium by the Rev. W. J. Knox Little and others, are among Mr. Whittaker's fall announcements.

MARION HURLAND, in September Babyhood, has a paper on "Baby's Nurse," and continues her "Nursery Cookery." Every part of the number is interesting, and we call special attention to Eleanor Kirk's "Compulsory Kis-

ing," and the continuation from "Stray Lines from a Baby's Journal" by a Physician.

The Fortnightly Review and Shakespearians for August (Leonard Scott Publishing Co.) are at hand. The former has a paper on "Church and State in Scotland," by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and one on "Death and Aftwards," by Edwin Arnold. Shakespearians is devoted to one subject, but it is one of ever-tiring phase and interest.

"SCRIPTURES for Young People," edited by Dr. Bartlett and Professor Peters, of the Philadelphia Divinity School; "The Treaty of Utrecht," by James W. Gerard; "The Evolution of Contemporary Religious Thought," by Count Gobler D'Alviella, and Roosevelt's "Hunting Trip of a Ranchman," are some of the books from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons for the fall season.

A good deal of the matter in the September Church Eclectic is original, or from American sources, as in the case with the first four articles: "The Three Creeds, II," by the Rev. J. E. Burn; "A Review of Mr. Footman's Work," by the Rev. H. Macbeth; "The First Three Bishops of Massachusetts," by Dr. G. C. Shattuck, and "The Law of the First Fruits," from Bishop Seymour's convention address; and also with the sixth article, which is "Report of the C. N. Y. Committee on the Revision of the Prayer Book." Besides these, the number contains selections from English periodicals, miscellany, correspondence, summaries, etc., of the usual varied and high character.

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CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

13. Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 16. Ember Day—Fast.
 18. Ember Day—Friday—Fast.
 19. Ember Day—Fast.
 20. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
 21. ST. MATTHEW.
 25. Friday—Fast.
 27. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
 29. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

"THE EXAMPLE OF HIS PATIENCE."

BY MRS. PAUL DAHLGREN.

"Patient 'neath betrayer's Kiss!"
 Do we think enough of this,
 When lured on to misery's brink
 From some tempter back we shrink!
 Are we not too prone to show
 That our creed is "blow for blow!"
 Patient 'neath the High Priest's scorn,
 Every insult meekly borne,
 Do we ever call to mind
 That dear Saviour's face resigned,
 When we feel the bitter smart
 Of some word-wound in the heart!
 Patient 'neath desertion's sting!
 Ah! to this thought we should cling
 When we stand alone in tears,
 While the friends of happier years
 "Pass by on the other side,"
 'E'en a look of love denied.

Woman! thou whose earnest face
 So oft fills the saddest place,
 Thou whose life holds many a thorn,—
 Learn in lot how'er forlorn,
 Patience is divine and wins
 Pardon, to condone all sins.

Think too of the glory thine,
 Which on Scripture's page doth shine;
 Who alone, when that last hour
 Came to test the Saviour's power,
 Steadfast stood on Calvary's height
 While disciples took their flight.

Thou canst then best learn and teach
 That the woes which come to each,
 Whether sorrow, or pain, or grief,
 Need not wound us past relief,
 If through life we keep the thought
 Of the power Christ's patience wrought.

Patient then ye too will be,
 When man's cold contumely
 Chills the heart and clouds the life,
 Changing love and peace to strife.
 Patient to the end, when He
 Who our every tear doth see,
 Will reward those who endure
 With a rest forever sure.

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Children's Home.

"I pray you hear my song of a nest,
 For it is not long—
 You shall never light in a summer quest,
 The bushes among—
 Shall never light on a prouder sifter,
 A father nestful, nor ever know
 A softer sound than their tender twitter,
 That wail like did come and go."
 —Jean Ingelow.

"A maid of fullest heart she was,
 Her spirit's lovely flame
 Nor dazzled nor surprised, because
 It always burned the same.
 And in the heaven ward path she trod,
 Fair was the wife fore show;
 A Mary in the house of God,
 A Martha in her own."
 —Putmore.

There are pauses in life, strange pauses,
 every now and then.

The tide of human circumstance comes
 flows sluggishly and sometimes swiftly.

There is a turn, a slight ebbing or flowing;
 uncovered rocks glisten in the sun; there
 are colored sparkles, light frothings; the
 foam and bubbles burst in the sunlight;
 snow-white sails gleam on the horizon. The
 children build up their sand-castles, and
 deck them proudly with sea-weed and shells.
 In the evening the golden tide silvers and
 breaks into dark blue shadows—how fair it
 is, how grand! In the morning the children
 rise early and go down to the shore to seek
 their treasures, but, alas! everything is
 changed: a sullen wind sweeps over the
 sands, the sea is all gray, the sky hangs
 low, the waves break into foaming heaps,
 terrible rolling avalanches of gray froth;
 the gulls fly inland; there are rumors of
 wrecks; the fishermen's wives grope wearily
 to and fro. So it is with the tide of life;
 so does it ebb and flow in calm and storm.
 Now and then there is a break of summer
 monotony—changeless, unvarying, almost
 colorless; the tints are pallid—all grays or
 misty blues.

And then comes a long waiting, as the
 children wait for some ship that never comes
 after all. And just as, weary of play, and
 weary of constructing battlements of sand
 for the waves to demolish, they watch for
 the dim white sail which flutters for a mo-
 ment on the horizon, so do their elders sit
 afar off, listening, sometimes for months,
 sometimes for years, and waiting for what
 the tide shall bring them.

Such a pause had come to Rotha—a break,
 when the strange tide of events that for the
 last ten months had swept her on so hurriedly
 from one transition to another had at length
 rolled away, leaving her bruised and bat-
 tered indeed, but with such soundness in
 her; when months and even years sped on
 in a calm unvarying round of duty not
 unmix'd with pleasure; when Time, that great
 healer, did its salutary work, and Garton
 became but a beautiful memory, a link on-
 ward and heavenward.

Five years, five whole years, and Rotha is
 Rotha Maturin still.

Brief must be the record of these years,
 during which Rotha strove more and more
 in her honest woman's endeavor to follow
 out the divine precept, "Whatsoever thy
 hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;"
 when she took up new work and found it
 rich with blessings; when "full measure
 meted out was pressed into her bosom," and
 she reaped her woman's harvest of pure
 unselfish joys.

Five years, five long years, and the vicar
 looks proudly round at his growing lads,
 Guy—almost a man now—and Rufus, half
 a head taller than himself; and the mother's
 hair is quite gray, but her face is sweeter in
 its chastened gravity than it has ever been
 before; and Robert is working still, uncom-
 plaining, but sad, in his far-off home; and
 the swallows fly down on the marble cross,
 and the daisies grow up among the grass on
 the dead boy's grave and on Belle's; and in
 the church, just opposite to where Rotha
 sits, is a noble painted window, with the
 Man of Sorrows bearing His cross along the
 bitter way; and under it is written:

"In memory of
 GARTON ORD,
 Who died December 20th, 186—,
 Aged 33,
 IN HOC SPECTRO."

It was soon after the anniversary of his
 death that something very unexpected befell
 Rotha. Mr. Effingham made her an offer.

He had come up very boldly to Bryn to
 prefer his request, and bore himself in a
 way sufficiently manly; but Rotha shrank
 back, feeling herself wounded, she hardly
 knew why.

"I never gave you any encouragement—
 any right to speak to me like this, Mr.
 Effingham," she said, turning pale and
 trembling at this strange story of love. Her
 tone was repellent, almost indignant.

"I never said that you did," he returned
 sullenly; "but when a man loves a girl I
 think he has a right to tell her so."

Poor George Effingham! He had a heart
 somewhere in spite of his shallowness, and,
 to do him justice, he was smitten by the
 woman as well as the heiress. Rotha re-
 lented at the sight of his crestfallen looks.
 He had not much to say for himself; but
 he was tolerably honest, and then there
 were tears of positive disappointment in
 the poor fellow's eyes. Her next words
 were more gentle.

"Perhaps I ought to thank you, Mr.
 Effingham. Many girls would feel them-
 selves honored by what you have told me.
 If I have been impatient or ungrateful, you
 must forgive me; it is not my fault that I
 cannot forget him," continued the girl,
 bursting into tears. "I don't think that I
 shall ever be able to listen to any one after
 Gar."

But, as he turned to go, she held out her
 hand to him with a little contrition for her
 hardness.

"You must not be hurt or angry because
 I cannot forget my trouble. I do not want to
 be any one's wife now that poor Gar is
 gone. I do not mean to marry—never—
 never," cried the girl, with a flush. "But
 I hope I shall be your friend always," smil-
 ing in the face of the discomfited young
 man. "There, go, Mr. Effingham, and God
 bless you!"

Rotha kept her word, for Nettie did not
 marry the widower after all; but fifteen
 months afterwards she married George
 Effingham, and made him the best little
 wife possible. George told his wife every-
 thing, like a man. But he was hardly pre-
 pared for the confidence she gave him in re-
 turn; he found that Nettie had loved Gar
 really and truly, and that many of her
 reckless and fantastic ways had grown out
 of her disappointment.

She never told Rotha, though Rotha
 guessed it; but they all three became ex-
 cellent friends. Nettie gave up fifteen out
 of her three-and-twenty bosom friends when
 she married, and consoled herself instead
 with her babies. But if any one had asked
 who was the most notable housekeeper and
 the most domesticated little matron in the
 whole of Blackscarr, they would tell you
 that it was Mrs. Effingham.

This was the first little episode that dis-
 turbed Rotha's monotony; but by-and-by
 there was another, when a great work grew
 out of a little speech of the vicar's.

Rotha was still insisting on being Lady
 Bountiful at the vicarage; but at last the
 vicar—that most enduring of men—became
 restive, and told her it would not do at all;
 on which occasion he addressed her in the
 following words:

"It will not do, Rotha, and I really mean
 it. And now I am quite determined that
 we shall come to an understanding with one
 another, for this sort of thing must not go
 on."

"What sort of thing, Mr. Ord?"

"Now, Rotha, I can tell by that quiet curl of the lip that you are going to be troublesome; but I beg to inform you that I am quite serious."

"So am I—painfully so, I assure you. Now, Mr. Ord, what sort of thing?"

"Do you want me to publish a list of your iniquities? You are growing too barefaced a sinner for me to deal with. Never mind. I will serve you up a *resumé*, hot and strong. First, there was taking Mary away to Filey—a piece of generous forethought that prevented a relapse after Belle's death; then there were the travelling expenses to Zermatt, and maintaining an establishment there for two months, when Mary and the boys and Reuben were your visitors."

"And you would not be. Oh, do you think I have ever forgiven you that?"

"Forgiven, forsooth! because I had a little bit of manly independence left. I like that. But that was nothing to my feelings when I got home. The vicarage papered and painted from garret to basement—my servants bribed and made accessories to the plot—new carpets and curtains all over the house—fresh chintz in the drawing-room—a new easy-chair in the mother's room—a new-fangled writing-table and a lot of oak furniture in the study! When I think of it now," finished the vicar, passing his hand over his face to conceal a smile, "I almost wonder that I can have anything to do with such a criminal."

"Now, Mr. Ord, we have heard this almost twenty times. You forget that I heard you tell Nettie the other day that it did your heart good to see dear Mary's face light up at the sight of her renovated house. I am sure you never liked any writing-table so well as this."

"Bless her!" very nearly said the vicar, but he checked himself in time, and went on sternly with the list.

"I don't think perhaps I ought to mention the marble cross and the memorial window in the same category?"

"No—oh, no," faltered Rotha, with quivering lip, and the vicar, clearing his throat several times, went on in the same seriocomic manner.

"But I do not think that a clergyman's wife ought to dress as Mary does. I do not understand it myself, of course," continued the vicar, somewhat puzzled; "and, except that her dresses are black and shiny, I do not know much about it. But I do not think Mrs. Stephen Knowles ought to say, as she does, that Mrs. Ord wears the most expensive stuffs that are to be got. I heard her say so myself the other day." But, to his surprise, Rotha, after vainly trying to answer him in the same vein, suddenly burst into tears. "Nay, my dear child, I am only in jest. What is this?"

"I did not mean—I tried not. But, Mr. Ord, you must let me do this for Mary; you don't know how I love to do it, and I never had a sister. And now she is everything to me, and I want to feel that I am a sister to her in Belle's place."

"Dear Rotha, you are a better sister to her than ever Belle has been."

"No—no—don't say so; almost her last words were for Mary; and, if it were true, she would never think so."

"My faithful-hearted Mary, no—nothing should ever shake her belief in Belle's good-

ness and affection to herself. Dear Rotha, we are ending our conversation rather sadly. Don't fear for one moment that I shall ever call you to account for what you do for her. Be sisters in heart and deed if you will, but, Rotha, you have done enough for us now—let it rest here."

Rotha was silent for a moment, and then she said very gravely, "Do you really wish it?"

"Yes," he returned, without hesitation; "my circumstances are better now, since the burden of poor Belle's maintenance is withdrawn, and I have no longer to help Robert in supporting Gar. Robert is quite rich too, and he talked in his last letter of having his godson sent out to him."

"No, no," interrupted Rotha, hastily; "let it be Rufus—Rufe has no taste for learning, and Guy has. I will accede to all your conditions if you will only let me provide for Guy."

The vicar shook his head doubtfully, but Rotha laid her hand on his arm persuasively and went on:

"He is more than sixteen now, and is getting a great fellow—too big to be idle, and a burden to his father. In another year or two my boy"—Rotha always called Reuben her adopted son—"is going to Oxford. I am glad and thankful the dear boy is anxious to be a clergyman. Let Guy, Robert's godson, go with him; and let me feel," whispered Rotha, laying her cheek against the kind hand, "as though this were my monument to Gar, and that the two boys be loved so fondly may become faithful priests, as he would have been if he had been spared." And, deeply touched, the vicar, after a little hesitation, granted her request for his eldest born.

It was some words of his dropped shortly afterwards that gave Rotha the idea which she was so ready to carry out.

She was complaining to him that, in spite of her lavish gifts, her money seemed to accumulate rather than otherwise.

"We want so little, Meg and I, and we prefer to live simply," added Rotha. "And there seems so little chance of its finding its way, after all, into Robert's hands, or his children's either; for I fancy, after what has happened, that he will not marry any more than I shall."

"And it is my opinion that both will marry; but all in good time," prophesied the vicar, who was the only one who had a glimmering of Robert's secret.

Rotha looked surprised and a little hurt, for it was only six months since she had refused George Edingham; and Mary, her sole confidante, knew she had refused him, and Mary told everything to her husband. After such a proof of faithfulness to Garton's memory, she scarcely liked to be told that it was possible, nay, very probable, that she would marry after all; and Robert, too, who had cared for one woman for five years.

The vicar saw the girl's hot flush, but he took no notice. His knowledge of the world told him that Rotha would think very differently presently. "If I were you, I would seek some interest or object in which you might invest your surplus money. I don't know whether you have ever thought of such a thing, or whether it would exactly suit your views, but the surgeon of the Cottage Hospital at Thornborough told me that he wished it were

possible to have a small branch establishment at Blackscar, or even Kirkby, that some of the convalescent children might have a month or two of pure sea air before returning to the wretched alleys and dens where they lived."

Rotha almost clapped her hands when she heard the vicar's words. "The very thing!" she exclaimed; "the very thing that Meg has been longing for—work among children, and I think," she added, with a quaint sadness, "that it will just suit me too."

And so it came about that the "Children's Home," as it was called, was established in Kirkby.

Rotha and Meg thought over the matter deeply before they matured their plans and laid them before the vicar. Meg was even more enthusiastic than Rotha, although Rotha threw herself heart and soul into the undertaking.

By the vicar's advice it was only begun on a small scale at first. Two or three of the whitewashed cottages adjoining the vicarage were taken and thrown into one, and furnished in the simplest manner. A young woman, whose sad history had brought her under Rotha's notice, was to be the nurse in charge, and an orphan, who had been trained under Mrs. Ord's own eye, would be sufficient for the cooking and cleaning. The "Little Sister," as she now began to style herself, was to be head matron and housekeeper, with Meg under her.

Perhaps the happiest hours that Rotha had ever spent since Garton's death were in fitting up and arranging her Children's Home. Mary found her often singing over her work as she sewed carpets or stitched blinds—nothing seemed to come amiss to her nimble fingers. The boys, Reuben and Guy especially—her two devoted knights, as the vicar dubbed them—worked hard in their leisure hours. The three gardens had been thrown into one, and made a tolerably large enclosure. Guy and Reuben laid down the new grass sods, and planted the privet-hedge to shut out the palings; while Laurie and even Arty were never weary of rolling the fresh gravel. And Rufus, who was no mean carpenter, put up shelves, fitted up the cupboard with pegs, knocked his head valiantly against the low cottage ceiling in hanging the clean dimity curtains, and was the most good-natured aid-de-camp to the two women that could be found.

His last duty was to put up the huge board over the entrance, on which Reuben had been bestowing infinite care, and paint on it "The Children's Home." It was put up at the High street entrance, facing the church, and deeply affected Rotha when she went down to the bottom of the garden with the boys to read it.

"How big it is!—I can read it from here," said Arty, contemplating it with feelings of awe.

"It really looks like a beginning, Meg," whispered Rotha; and Meg, always chary of words, dropped her eye-glass with a satisfied nod.

The next day was a perfect *fête* to the young workers, for the vicar and his wife and the new curate, Mr. Trogarten, a distant relation of Sir Edgar's, were to come on a tour of inspection; and Nettie and Annet Eliza were to be of the party; and in the afternoon the first patient, a crippled

boy afflicted with abscesses, was to come over from Thornborough.

Rotha had come very early in the morning; but, early as it was, Rufus and Laurie had rolled the paths freshly and watered the grass, while Reuben was nailing up the last beautiful illuminated text that Rotha had finished late last night, just fronting the entrance—"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Every room and nearly every cot was furnished with the same illuminated texts, all appropriate to the sick and suffering little ones who were to be received under that roof.

The visitors arrived punctually at the appointed hour, and the boys formed already a sort of guard of honor to receive them; but neither the vicar nor Mary could forbear a smile when they saw the little sister. Rotha and Meg had arranged that, for convenience sake as well as decorum, they would wear a simple uniform of gray during their working hours at the Home; and Rotha wore a little cap over her bright hair, which suited her infinitely better than it did Meg; for, if possible, Mrs. Carruthers looked more gauche than usual in the homely gray dress and linen collar and cuffs that looked so natty on Rotha, who came bustling up with her keys dangling from her trim waist-band to receive her friends.

"Peace be to this house!" said the vicar, taking off his broad-brimmed hat; but one cannot repeat the whole of that solemn beautiful blessing, which thrilled those who heard it. And then, stepping over the threshold, he spoke a few forcible words on that text, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick, and ye visited me." And then, kneeling down, he invoked a blessing on the house and the work that was to be that day undertaken for the glory of God, and for the relief of His suffering children. "And oh," prayed the vicar, "may He who took the little ones in His gracious arms and blessed them, enter with us this day, and stretch out His hands in blessing over this house! May He strengthen the heart and hands of this ministering woman, that it may be said of her and all who follow her in this work, in that day of days, 'She hath done what she could.'"

There was a brief silence, hushed and full of feeling. "And now," said the vicar, rising and giving his hand to Rotha, "We are ready to follow you, and to see and admire all that is to be seen. And first, what room are we in?"

"They are all written up over the doors," returned Rotha in a low voice; for she was somewhat overcome by the solemnity of the vicar's address.

"This is called 'The Mother's Room,'" interrupted Rule eagerly, who had kept as near to his adopted mother as possible.

"I want to feel as though I am their mother," returned Rotha, bashfully, "and as though they were all my children for the time being. It will help me to be more patient and loving with them than I might otherwise be. This is where I shall write and keep my accounts, and receive visitors, and where Meg will sit too. I shall always be here from ten to one on every day in the week, and Meg from two to five in the afternoon. One or other of us will always be here."

"I see you mean to work it thoroughly,"

returned the vicar, smiling. "A very good arrangement; don't you think so, Tregarthen?" And then he looked round approvingly on the snug cottage parlor, with its cool summer matting and white curtains, and the fresh flowers on the little round table, and a beautiful engraving of "Christ Blessing Little Children" over the mantelpiece. The illumination for this room was Rotha's favorite one, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And on the table, as though willing to put the precept into practice, was a visitor's book, in which the vicar wrote the first entry, and a newly-lined account book, with a formidable array of pens bristling in a very large inkstand.

From this room they proceeded to the kitchen, where they were received by the smiling orphan, clad in a new print dress of alarming stiffness, over which she wore a snow-white bib-apron. "Come, show your cupboard, Emma," said the vicar. And the girl, curtsying and rosy with pleasure, showed the shelves, with their rows of shining pewter and china mugs; while Caroline, the nurse, a pleasant-looking young woman, slightly marked with the smallpox, led them into the storeroom, where Rotha's linen-press was, and where she was to keep her stores of groceries and jams and the simple medicines and salves that they were likely to need.

Leading out of this was the long low room where the children were to dine or have their lessons, and where they could also play on rainy days. There was no furniture but one long table and a few chairs and stools; but several beautiful prints, all sacred subjects, hung on the walls; and Mary noticed there were flowers tastefully arranged in this room, while a canary sang shrilly in a green cage, and a fine tabby cat and kittens reposed in a cushioned basket.

"Carrying out your theories, Rotha?" said the vicar, with a smile.

"Yes," returned Rotha softly. "I cannot imagine children without pets and flowers; to me it seems a part of their education. My children will delight in those kittens. If you open those cupboards, Nettie, you will find them full of picture-books and toys. You see the school-books are all bound neatly for use.

"I don't believe you have forgotten a single thing," cried Nettie, with a sigh, half admiring, half envious. "Just look at those little work-boxes for the girls, Mr. Tregarthen, and the patterns of wool-work for the boys. Why, Rotha, you could have done nothing else for months."

"You forget I have had Meg to help me; that is Meg's department," returned Rotha, blushing; and then they went up to the dormitories. There were only four neat little rooms, with three or four beds or cots apiece, all fitted up in the same pretty summer matting, and with white dimity curtains blowing in the fresh sea-breeze; over every bed was a picture, and a text underneath; and a white plaster angel on a bracket in every room seemed to keep guard over the little sufferers.

"Oh, Austin, is it not lovely?" whispered Mary, with tears in her eyes. "If only our darling Belle had been here to see it."

"She sees it now, perhaps," he returned; "and our Gar too." And Rotha, catching the words, looked out on the sunny ways, and thought how he would have liked it.

Rotha was greatly tired by all the excitement; she had worked early and late, too, and when all her visitors except Reuben had departed, she merely stayed to welcome her little patient—a perfect "Tiny Tim" of a child rejoicing in the extraordinary name of "Shirley Pearl;" and, leaving Meg to undress him and lay him in his little cot, she went slowly home, leaving Reuben to have tea at the vicarage with Guy, who was now his great chum.

When she got home she found a letter awaiting her from Robert, for they had kept up a steady correspondence now for months two years. Robert wrote extremely well, and one of his long letters was always a treat to Rotha. She had just written him a full account of her plans for her Children's Home, and doubtless this was in answer; so, asking Prue to bring her a cup of tea in her own room, she sat down by the open window to enjoy that and her letter together.

But the tea cooled, and Rotha's cheek grew white before she had read many lines; but long before she had finished it her face was burning, and, as it dropped from her hands, she put her head down on the window-sill and cried long and bitterly. But all she said was, "Poor Robert! poor Robert!" And then, "Oh, Gar, what would you say? Oh, Gar, never—never!" and kissed the gold keeper that guarded the glittering cross.

And yet it was more than two years since she had lost him—and it had been but a nine day's wonder after all—and Robert had written a letter such as few women could have resisted, and had shown her his heart with such a depth of passionate love in it that she might well weep and wring her hands, knowing that it was in vain.

What it had cost him to write it! and yet every line was tinged with hopelessness akin to despair. It was as though he knew that he tried his fate in vain, and still could not resist the attempt.

"What you will say, or what you will think, I dare not pause to ask myself, or I should never send this; but something within me forces me to speak, and demands to be heard. If I cannot write an answer from you now, perhaps the coming years may do something for me; not that I can afford to wait, God knows, for I am growing old and gray before my time with all this misery, but because I love you so, Rotha, with every fibre of my being, with every thought of my heart, as I have never—dear Belle, sweet saint, you know it now—loved or could love any other woman."

Well may she tremble and cover up her face with her hands, and cry out that it must be a mistake—Robert! Gar's brother!—and then call herself with saying the dear name over and over again. Does she feel now, as she must have done, that Gar was but a boy compared to this man? She reads on, page after page. Ah? he does not spare himself. She can hardly bear to read the generous self-accusing—the many acts of his past cruelty which he brings back to her recollection; it was as though he strove to humiliate himself even in her sight. Never, he tells her, has he forgiven himself—never is her face, so sweet and reproachful, absent from his mind for one moment; and then he speaks of the long atonement, of the dreary evenings when he and his remorse are brought face to face, and how little by

little he feels himself purified by suffering, and more worthy to address her.

"Not that my pride would even now tell you this," he finished, "if I did not know that I might at any day command an independent position in England. But, Rotha, unless I grow weak—which I may, heaven knows, seeing to what I have come—I have almost sworn that nothing but you can ever recall me; but speak that word, Rotha, and I come.

"Yours, through and through, however you may scorn my love—ROBERT ORD."

Ah, well may she make herself nearly ill with weeping, and creep to her bed that her faithful Meg may not guess the cause of her grief. Not for days—days during which her white weary looks move the vicar and his wife to compassion, not unmixd with curiosity—does she write her answer. "She is in trouble," she tells them; but begs them earnestly not to ask her why, and then goes and sits among her children till her sweet face grows calm and serene again. But that is not until she has written to him, not until she has penned a few lines with many tears, in which she tells him that she loves him dearly, dearly; that she will pray for him, and think of him day and night, but that she cannot forget Gar. No, she cannot, she cannot! And then bids God bless him for his faithful friend and sister—ROTHA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Broken Clause.

"Come, lest this heard should, cold and east away,
Die ere the guest adorned she entertain;
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day,
Should miss Thy heavenly retain."
"Come weary-eyed from seeking in the night,
Thy wanderers stray upon the pathless void,
Who wounded, dying, cry to Thee for light,
And cannot find their lord."
—*Jean Ingelous.*

But another episode occurred shortly which disturbed Rotha not a little, and which for a short time broke up the tranquillity of Bryn.

It was about four or five months after the Children's Home had been established. So far the trial had been a success. Nine children had been received as patients, and Rotha was now at work in earnest.

Every one who saw it—and visitors were numerous during the first few weeks—said that the home was admirably managed, as indeed it was.

Rotha was there every morning, and never left till Meg took her place. Rotha's part was to give out stores, write orders for the tradesmen, keep the accounts, and receive visitors. She also looked after Caroline and saw that the dormitories were kept tidy and ventilated.

Meg's duties were different; she presided over the children's meals, gave short lessons to those who were well enough to receive them, taught the little girls work, and sang hymns with them, and when the weather was fine took them down to the shore, where she might be seen any lovely afternoon among the sand-hills with a crippled baby in her arms, pushing Shirlie Pearl's perambulator before her, and surrounded by a crew of sickly or limping little ones. This was Meg's own work, and she dearly loved it.

Of course Rotha's time was greatly taken up, and an afternoon or an evening at the vicarage became a rare treat. In general it was understood that Meg and she were to

have their evenings free, and to spend them there in the old way, but Meg often stopped till the little ones were safely tucked up in their dormitories, and Shirlie had left off moaning himself to sleep. Meg used to sing the Evening Hymn with the children, and then come out through the sweet summer air to meet Rotha going to or from church. Rotha used to smile, but she never reproached Meg for her delay. She knew that Meg began to centre all her happiness within those cottage walls. The children loved Meg almost more than they did Rotha. She told them quaint stories when they sat among the sand-hills, and she could carry two or three together in her strong arms when they were tired. When the children were sick they always asked Meg to come and sing to them. Meg could sing them "Ye faint one with ye goldene locks" as well as she could "The Three Kings" and the Manger songs. Rotha, returning for her afternoon, would peep in sometimes into the refectory, as it was called, and find Meg sitting on the floor with the children swarming round her, telling the story of "Henny Penny," or "Goody Two Shoes," or the "Little Tiny, Tiny Woman"—kittens and children and Meg, and sometimes Rotha's little gray skye Fidgets, all in a chaotic mass together. The youngest child there, a mere baby, would clap her hands and say "Meg" if asked whom she loved, though she always finished with "Meg, and little mother too, and Meg loves Annie."

It would have been no wonder if Rotha grew absorbed in her sweet work; but she did not forget the duties that her position entailed, and, though she told all her friends frankly that she had no time for either paying or receiving mere calls of ceremony, she still accepted invitations for a quiet evening, and now and then dispensed hospitality by throwing open her pretty rooms and making all her friends heartily welcome.

These evenings were much sought after, for Rotha was an admirable hostess under Mrs. Ord's chaperonage, and among her most frequent visitors were Lady Tregarthen and Mr. Ramsay, who were both liberal subscribers to the Home.

Rotha had taken the vicar's advice, and received all voluntary donations and subscriptions, and after the first year it was found necessary to form a ladies' committee, when Rotha was unanimously elected as secretary and treasurer, and in a little while another cottage was added, and then another, as the applications became more numerous, until at last Rotha acceded to Mr. Ramsay's generous proposition to unite with her in building new and more spacious premises; and when this was done, which was not for some years after this story closes, Meg was elected as resident lady-superintendent, and spent the last years of a long and useful life among the children whom she so dearly loved.

One cloudy afternoon late in October Meg had occasion to go into Blackscar on some business connected with the Home. Rotha, remaining on duty during her absence, was sitting writing in the mother's room, with baby Annie fast asleep at her feet, when there was a quick light tap at the door, and the vicar entered.

"I thought Mrs. Carruthers was here, Rotha," he said rather anxiously. "Is she up at Bryn then?"

"No, she has just gone into Blackscar,

and I do not expect her back till nearly five. Why, did you want her?" she asked, struck by something grave in the vicar's tone.

In reply he went to the door and shut it carefully, and then, taking a seat, stirred the fire thoughtfully and warmed his hands over it, for the afternoons were growing decidedly chilly.

"Do you think you could find her?" he asked after a pause, during which Rotha's curiosity had been strongly roused by his unusual gravity.

"Well, I am not quite sure that I can. She has gone to the infirmary, and to the bank, and to several shops. Is anything the matter, Mr. Ord?"

"There is no time to be lost," continued the vicar musingly, and rubbing his hands slowly over each other. "The rector said so, and I suppose he knew. Rotha, who do you think is lying ill, apparently dying, only two or three miles from here?"

Rotha looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then the truth flashed on her.

"Do you mean Jack Carruthers, poor Meg's husband?" and the vicar nodded.

"I have just come from the rector's, Rotha. I hurried on here thinking I could find her before I took the train to Thornborough. You know I have to preach a charity sermon at St. Luke's?"

"Well!" exclaimed Rotha breathlessly. "I must tell you what he said. But you must find Mrs. Carruthers, for there is no time to be lost. Mr. Hodgson sent for me directly he found out the truth."

"Early this morning he was sent for by the landlady of the 'Pig and Whistle,' a little public-house on the Leatham road, just before you turn off by the path that leads to the Leatham woods. I daresay you have often passed it; there is an old stone drinking-trough placed under a very fine elm tree, with a small green before it, always full of geese."

"Yes, yes," returned Rotha, eagerly; "I went in once with Meg to ask my way."

"Well, the landlady is a very tidy body, and she told Mr. Hodgson when he got there that she was greatly troubled about a poor man who had come in for a night's lodging about ten days ago, and had lain there ever since, growing from bad to worse, till at last the doctor said that he had not many hours to live, and she thought she had better fetch a clergyman to him. She described him when he came in as very emaciated and miserable looking, almost as though he had been half-starved, with a driven, hunted look in his eyes, as though he was not quite in his right mind; and she described to the rector his moaning and restless picking at the clothes as a sign that the end was not far off."

"Oh, my poor Meg!" sighed Rotha; but the vicar went on.

"I must tell you exactly what happened, and then leave it in your hands. Mr. Hodgson went up, of course, and found the poor creature just as she described, and a more forlorn object the rector said he had never seen. He had evidently been once a fine-looking man, the rector said, but a more hollow, wasted face he had never seen, rendered more intensely death-like by the ragged black whiskers and beard, and eyes unnaturally large. He seemed pleased to see Mr. Hodgson, and told him scraps of his history as well as he could. He had been a sheep-farmer in Australia, and had

afterwards gone to the diggings; had then lost all, and worked his way home again; and in some drunken fray had broken a blood-vessel, and had lain in a hospital for months at the point of death. He gave his name as Jack Carruthers, and told Mr. Hodgson that he had a wife living, he supposed, near London; that he had made some attempts to find her, but had never succeeded. But his description of her to Mr. Hodgson so exactly resembled our Mrs. Carruthers, whom he had met several times at my house, that, without saying anything to the poor fellow, he brought back a scrap of his handwriting with him and sent for me at once."

"There can be no doubt that it is her husband, I suppose," interrupted Rotha, at this point.

"None, I think; but of course she will recognize his handwriting. Now, Rotha, I can do nothing more in the business myself, and I must leave it, as I said before, in your hands. Will you undertake to find Mrs. Carruthers for me, for I am afraid, from the rector's account, that this is the poor fellow's last night on earth? Mr. Hodgson has promised to go again to-morrow in case he should be alive. But he could make very little impression on him. All the time he was praying he was moaning out to 'Madge'—I suppose that was his wife—to come to him."

"I will go at once," returned Rotha, lifting up the sleeping child in her arms.

"And I will wait and go with you as far as the station," observed the vicar. And in another five minutes Rotha and he had left the house together.

The bank was already closed, but Rotha went to the infirmary and to several of the principal shops before she found Meg in the chemist's dark little back parlor waiting till sundry prescriptions had been made up. Rotha made some excuse to the druggist and took her out, and then, linking her arm in hers, led the way down one of the side streets which led to old Blackscar church and to the Leatham road.

It was a cloudy afternoon, and already it was growing dusk, and one or two drops, forerunners of a wet evening, splashed down on Rotha's mantle.

"Meg, darling, can you bear a shock? Will you promise me not to be too much upset at what I am going to tell you?" began Rotha, very tenderly, all the more as she felt the sudden, close grip of her arm.

"Something is the matter! You have heard of Jack! He is dead!" exclaimed Meg, in a wild, pitiful sort of way, as she caught sight of Rotha's grave face.

"No; not so bad as that. Meg, dear, look at this writing; is it his?" She need not have asked when she saw Meg kissing it and crying over it.

"My own Jack's handwriting! Oh, Rotha, for pity's sake tell me where you have got it. Is he alive? Can I go to him?"

"We are going to him, and I trust to Heaven that we may find him alive. But he is very ill, Meg—desperately so; dying, they say." And then as they hurried on, regardless of the fast pattering drops, she told Meg all that she had heard from the vicar, and begged her to prepare herself and be calm for Jack's sake, as well as her own, for he was very ill, so very ill, and so on.

Meg made no answer but to wring her

hands and walk on faster; once she broke out into bitter weeping when she heard he had asked for "Madge."

"He never called me anything but that when he was in a good humor," she said. "Oh, Jack, Jack, just to hear you call me that once more," and then quickened her pace till Rotha could hardly keep up with her. It was a wet evening and still early, and there were few loungers around the door of the "Pig and Whistle"; and they took very little notice of the two ladies, who, they supposed, wished to take shelter from the approaching storm.

"It is going to be a dirty night, ladies," said one who looked like the ostler.

Rotha said, "Yes, a very unpleasant evening," and pushed past into the little dark entry, where a bright glow shone from the bar, in which a rosy-faced landlady was sitting alone at a little round table drinking tea.

Even under these painful circumstances Rotha noticed how cosy it looked, and that a bright fire it was, before the landlady started up at the sight of the two ladies and came bustling up.

"You have a Mr. Carruthers here," began Rotha with difficulty, and in an instant a shade came over the woman's pleasant face.

"Dear, dear; yes, the poor creature! The rector has sent you, has he?" glancing curiously at Rotha's dress and Meg's agitated face.

Rotha said "Yes" impatiently, and begged that they might be shown up at once; but Meg put her hurriedly aside.

"I am his wife, good woman—his wife—do you hear? For pity's sake, take me to him at once."

"Dear sakes alive," muttered the rosy landlady; "who would have thought his wife was here, poor creature? The Madge, no doubt, he's calling after. Bet's with him now. Bet's a famous nurse, and was with him all last night. Bet's nursed two brothers and a sister, and saw a winding-sheet in the candle last night," gasped out the garrulous landlady as she tolled before them up the steep, crooked staircase. "One landing more. He asked for our worst room, having little money; and he's got it, sure enough. Stoop your heads, ladies, for the ceiling is rarely low; and there is a deep step, you might break your necks leading down to the room."

"Hush, he's partly asleep," said Bet, a strong-featured, red-armed wench, coming forward. "It's been 'Madge, Madge' off and on all the afternoon, till I'm that moidered I'm half crazed."

"It is the gentleman's wife, Bet," said the landlady, wiping her eyes on her apron, as Meg, with a sort of sob, kneels down beside the narrow truckle bed; and Rotha, half awed, half dizzy, looks round the comfortable garret with its lean-to roof, and its carpetless floor, and the creaking bedstead with the blue-striped counterpane. Bet puts her arms akimbo and says, "Lor heart's alive, missis, and to think of that!" and breaks into a hysterical chuckle. The rain pours down against the crazy window, the sign flaps madly outside, the fire splutters up with a faint gurgle, and the candle gutters low in the socket. Meg, kneeling with her arms extended over the bed, kisses a pale hand lying motionless on the coverlet; and the uneasy sleeper stirs and moans restlessly, "Madge, Madge!"

"Hear him," says Bet; "he says nought else."

Meg, turning her white face to Rotha, repeats softly, "Hear him?" And whispers to herself, "Thank God!"

Rotha clears the room after that, and sets the guttering candle aside and lights another; and then, replenishing the tiny fire, closes the door and comes again to the bed.

"He looks very ill, Meg," she whispers. Meg, laying the skeleton hand against her cheek, points to the wasted arm and shakes her head.

"Not long for this world, are you, Jack? Oh, Jack, Jack!" she repeats in a heart-rending voice, "will you not wake up once more and speak to your wife?" And, as though the suppressed agony of her tones had power to rouse him, he opened his eyes wildly and rolled them from side to side.

"Whose voice was that?" he muttered, harshly; "it is like hers when the dead boy was carried out. Don't haunt me, Madge; don't haunt me!"

"Oh, Jack, your own Madge—never, never!"

The restless picking of the clothes recommenced.

"Who said it was my fault, and that she might have died too?" he raved more loudly. "Somebody pointed out the black bruise on her neck. Who struck her? Not I. Don't strike me, Jack, when I love you so," she said. A curse on her white, reproachful face. No, Madge, I did not mean that. Come here, my girl. The boy died and the mother too, but I did not murder them. All the legions of hell are trying to put it on me. But I won't say I did it, I won't!" and the voice fell into indistinct muttering.

"Jack! do you not know me, dear Jack?"

"Know you? too well," he muttered, "You are Madge Browning—tall Madge Browning—old miser Browning's daughter—ugly as sin. Who said that? Nonsense. I've brought you some carnations. Dark reds for Madge's faded colors. Don't wear white, it does not suit you. Say it aloud. Louder still. I can't hear you—love, honor and cherish. Whom? Browning's daughter? Ah, ah, no! Nonsense. Kiss me. Madge. I'm a drunken brute, but I never meant to hurt you."

"He does not know me. Oh, Jack, one word, only one word!"

"Hush! she is playing her music—grand, grand! The 'Dead March in Saul.' No, not that. Do you hear? Ah, terrible, terrible!" Again the indistinct mutterings, again he dozed, then woke more conscious as Meg was putting something to his lips.

"Who is this? Not Madge—Madge herself!"

"Yes, your own Madge, dear; your faithful, loving wife. Drink some more, dear Jack."

The hollow eyes stared over the rim of the china vessel, and then he pushed it aside.

"No more. I can't swallow. Is it really you, Madge, and not a dream?"

"Really and truly. Thank God you know me at last!"

"I don't know you," he repeated, half frightened. "My Madge had no gray hair, and her face was not white like yours."

"That was seven years ago, Jack."

"Seven years ago? ay; that's a long time, surely." He seemed wandering again, but she roused him.

"Say something to me before you go to

sleep, Jack," she said, supporting the poor dying head on her arm. "Say 'God bless you, Madge,' once—only once!"

"God bless you, Madge! That is a prayer, isn't it? I haven't said my prayers for seven years; never, I think, since I was a child." He looked up in her face as though a glimmering of the terrible truth reached him even in his semi-consciousness. "I haven't said my prayers, and I am going to die."

"Say them now. Oh, Jack, fold your hands in mine and say one prayer for mercy!" He shook his head feebly.

"I don't know any. Teach me, Madge." And he let her hold his hands, and tried to say the words after her.

"I will arise and go to my Father. To my Father." What next, Madge? "And will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before—before—" The broken clause was never finished, for he dropped his face, muttering still, upon her bosom. Two hours afterward he slept away, unconscious still, and Meg fell weeping upon Rotha's neck, and suffered her to lead her from the room.

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXVII.

On the 26th morning of each month, the cry of the English Church for centuries, and of our own since she was planted on these shores, has been "Let me not be disappointed of my hope." There is a difference in the petition as we read it in our Bibles. In King James version and in the Westminster Revision it is rendered "Let me not be ashamed of my hope."

I think it needs both words to fill out what was in the mind of the Psalmist.

When a Hope, valued and trusted, fails us in the hour of trial, it is hard to say which is the more bitter element in the experience, the disappointment or the shame.

O, the disappointment, after counting securely on the prize, of finding that we have run in vain! And O, the shame, after long years of confidence, of finding out that we have been cheated with a delusion and have been resting all our weight on a support worthless and fallacious!

And this, I suppose, is what St. Paul means when he says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

It is not that we have not been the happier thus far by reason of our religion; but this instead: No present happiness or advantage can compensate for ultimate disappointment and disgrace. The true Hope, he says, maketh not ashamed. But to live in high hope of becoming presently rich and great and happy, and to wake up to find ourselves poor and wretched and naked this is to be miserable indeed.

What an echo to the Psalmist's prayer do we find in the gentle exhortation of St. John: "And now little children abide in him: that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

While none of us may be altogether devoid of apprehension in view of the approaching judgment, I suppose that every one has somewhere in his heart a hope that it will be well with him.

The hope may be dim or clear; it may be a reasonable hope, or a hope against hope; it may be the mere hope of impunity and avoidance of pain, or the glorious hope of blessing not now utterable or even conceivable; but some sort of hope each one of us cherishes consciously or unconsciously. If we had it not, if around the approaching sunset of our life hung the pall of despair, and no gleam of hope, life would be intolerable, reason could not endure the execrable wretchedness.

And who, that thinks at all, but must be frightened at the possibility even, that his hope shall, in the end, but disappoint him, and put him to shame?

Hope is the anchor of the soul. But, O my God, if I have mistaken the anchorage, and have no holding ground; if the wind and the wave scorn so feeble a tenure, and I am drifting on the rocks, save me from my self-confidence, and show me where to rest my hope!

Let us consider what our hope is really worth. Is it a hope that disappointeth or a hope that wakeneth not ashamed?

One may say, I have great confidence in the goodness of my Maker, I believe He is more merciful than many esteem Him to be.

Truly, God is merciful, and we trust in His mercy. But may we safely build our hope upon a vague confidence in His mercy? God is not all mercy. It were anything but reverential to make this the exhaustive description of His character.

We admire the quality of mercy in our fellowman, but only where it is harmonized with justice and determination. The weak amiability which makes no discrimination in its estimate of men, which has not the nerve to demand lawful obedience, which is incapable of noble scorn and generous wrath, is simply contemptible in our view. What right have we to think of God as of a Being so merciful that He will endure without remonstrance our defiance of His authority and our neglect of His commands?

We have no right to fasten this character on God, unless He has warranted it by His acts or by His words.

We know God through His acts, for all history is behind us, and all providence is around us. From what He has done and is doing, it is safe to argue what He will do in the future.

It is vain that we search here for any indication that God is too merciful to visit for sin. The lesson of all history is retribution upon nations and upon individuals for their misdeeds. We have but to call over the roll of early associates and the comrades of later age, to discover beyond a doubt or a peradventure, that God does not in weak mercy allow men to escape the consequences of sin. He does, in this present time, punish men for their vices, their follies, their thoughtlessness, even to the forfeiture of liberty and reputation, of health and of life itself.

Was it ever heard in the annals of human courts that a judge, out of mere goodness of heart and compassion for the wretched yet unrepentant criminal at the bar, regardless of the public safety and of the demands of justice, directed a *notte prosequi* to be entered? And shall not the Judge of all the world do right, and while He shall temper mercy with judgment, maintain the eternal barriers of right and wrong?

But God has spoken as well as acted; spoken so loudly that all may hear, so clearly

that none need misunderstand. He hath appointed a day. He hath designated a judge. That judge has himself visited us beforehand, telling us what will be the criteria on which His sentence will be founded, and what plea may be successfully introduced in arrest of judgment.

Pitiable is the sight of a culprit whose guilt is undeniable, with a just judge, an overwhelming array of testimony, a law incontestable, who solaces himself with the expectation, that the mere humanity of the court will forget the outrage done to law and the injury to society, and so let him go free. Irreligion as well as Religion has its cant. And what is all talk about the infinite mercy of our Judge but cant and self-deception, when it contravenes all that we know of His government and all His express assurances, that He will by no means clear the guilty.

And another advances a plea and states a ground of hope. God cannot deal harshly with me, for I have done no great harm. I have been quiet and orderly. I never tempted man or woman to a great sin. As the phrase goes, I have been no man's enemy but mine own.

Are you sure of the facts, my friend? Have you really done no harm? Have you never dropped the bitter word, the uncharitable word, the word distorted by prejudice? Have you never by weak indulgence done harm to those you were set to guide? Have you never caused a little one to stumble or encouraged a weak brother to disregard the admonitions of his conscience? Has all your conversation, all your influence, all your example been absolutely harmless to those who insensibly copied you ways?

I am at a loss to understand how any one can honestly review the past without finding cause for bitter regret in the harm he has done to others by his inadvertence, or self-indulgence, or lack of self-control. I cannot conceive such temerity as that of one who in the Judgment shall cast his eye over the throng upon the left hand, and defiantly challenge any to disprove his boast that he had added nought to the world's evil.

But what if you have done no harm? What authority is there for erecting this test as determining your verdict? The Judge Himself has told us that the lost will be driven from His presence for another reason: for the reason that they did no good. For He had come to us and sojourned with us to teach us how we ought to live and to please God. He gave us an example. He left money in our trust. He committed His vineyard to our care. He placed a torch in our hands. He sent His poor to ask our aid.

You have done no harm! You have not ridiculed your Lord; nor made riot with His wealth; nor rooted up His vines; nor extinguished the light; nor oppressed the poor!

Grant it all; but the sin and the penalty remain, of an example unimproved; of the Lord's money hidden and neglected; of a spiritual vineyard from which you have extirpated no weed; of a lamp gone out, when it should be lighting the King of Glory on His path; of sorrow and ignorance and wretchedness uncares for and unrelieved.

O! when the Angel of the Judgment shall demand your hope, and you shall answer God is very merciful and I have done no great harm; how will that Hope shame

and disappoint you when the answer shall come clear and sonorous from the Throne: What good hast thou done worthy of thy immortality, commensurate with thy opportunity, remunerative of the gifts bestowed?

IN MEMORIAM.

I call my little child, he leaves his play,
And looks up to my face, as if to say,
Why from my toys thou callest me, I do not
know,
Thy love I know, and mine to thee prevaileth
so,
That with my small fingers in thy dear hand
To go where'er thou lead'st, I, waiting stand.
If erring parents from their children meet
Such loving homage and a trust so sweet,
Should they not render to their God the same
Implicit faith, and trusting in the name
Of Him Whose hand still leads us on the way
Through shadow sometimes, to the brighter
day,
Lean on His arm Whose "ways so perfect"
are,
And trust our future to His loving care!

THE POWER OF FAITH.

Faith's Enlarging Power.

BY W. D. GROUND.

II.

In a former article we saw that God chooses to be limited by the limitations His people make. We now wish to show that a greater faith in Heaven pushes back those barriers, and that a faith as large as the promises of God makes room in a man for such a mighty working of the divine spirit that practically the human conditions cease to exist, and to such a one all things become possible. As the power is divine it is manifest that it cannot wanton out into lawlessness, but must move along the lines of truth and holiness.

As the proof that faith can bring rich enlargement is so all-important, I shall offer no apology for using a very homely illustration. Suppose then a rich man takes a poor boy out of the streets, and puts him in his household. That action may represent our adoption into the household and family of God. Now what we have to mark is that that boy's notion of the position he is to occupy is by far the most powerful of all the forces that go to fashion his mind and character. That one thing will shape his thoughts, his tastes, his habits, his aspirations; it will determine his companions, his books, pursuits, business; in fine it will give the mould and framework of his inner and outer man. Is he to be a servant in the kitchen? then he will live on that plane of life. Is he to be a clerk in the counting-house? at once, without an effort, his thoughts rise to that region. Is he to be a partner, our adopted son? that belief opens up to him a new and vaster world, and his whole life will be fashioned upon that scale. Finally, is that benefactor a powerful minister of state, and does he intend this boy to stand in his place? then, obviously, as soon as the boy believes this, his thoughts will begin to widen out to that extent, and he will set about grasping all the matters needed for the wise government of our empire.

No doubt many other forces work along with the force exerted by the boy's belief and will. For whatever position his bene-

factor may design him, his education will be shaped, and the means placed at his disposal adapted. But what we need to remark is, that over all that area of thought and conduct that the boy himself controls, his belief and will will be by far the most powerful of all the shaping forces. His education may be intended to fit him to become a minister of state; but if he believes he is going to be only a groom, that inner belief will frustrate all well-meant efforts of others, and will infallibly drag him down to the level of the stable. If, on the other hand, he believes he is meant for the higher position, then, even if his education is suited only to the lower, his belief and will will push aside those hindrances, will strike out towards and will obtain what he wants for the greater intellectual life necessary for the higher place, and will fashion him into the size and shape of the man he has believed he should become.

Thus the measure of our faith—the sense of the possibilities that are open to us—the sense of what we are to be and to do in life, determines the size and shape of our inner man. It determines whether our life edifice—the structure we build within us—shall be a hut, a mansion, or a cathedral; determines the area and compass of our souls. As the life-energy rises up in us, moment by moment, that one thing—our faith—determines along what lines that energy shall go, what shall be the breadth of the thoughts we think, what the scope of our aspirations, what the field present to our inspiration; in a word, it fashions the whole world in which the spirit lives. In Spencerian language, our organization fashions its environment—the bodiless soul builds up the house it lives in on a scale to suit its own requirements. The soul of a groom builds a hut suited to a groom; the soul of a minister of state builds up a mental mansion adequate to its needs.

Now these gradations of life evidently have their counterparts in the spiritual world. All Christians have the Holy Ghost, but in some His life is feeble and contracted, whilst in some that life is so great and powerful that they stand forth as the foremost soldiers of light. These differences were once accounted for by referring them to the arbitrary will of God, but that notion is now practically set aside. And the far truer and wiser explanation is that the promises of God are thrown wide open to all, and that each individual Christian takes of those promises as much as he desires. His spiritual stature and strength are in the main dependent upon himself; it is his faith which determines the measure of God's gifts to him. As I show in a chapter in "Ecce Christianus," faith is a most severe and searching test of the man's inner nature. It is a complicated factor made up out of his sincerity, his earnestness, his fidelity, his manliness, his unselfishness, his generosity, his love; it is the outcome and index of a thousand prayers and struggles, the α which most completely represents the man's moral life. As such, it is the most perfect measure of a man's whole soul, and it represents the capacity of that soul to receive of the fulness of God. It decides the size of the vessel that each man brings to God to be filled. As the matter is highly abstract, let us recur to our illustration. Suppose then, the rich man after rescuing the boy and showing him many kindnesses, should tell him that he is still willing to do

for him whatever he may ask. Obviously the moment would be a crisis in the boy's life. It would form a line of higher departure, and the extent and height of the departure would depend simply and solely on the boy himself. The answer he makes, the position he chooses, will be a revelation of the inmost desires of his heart. It will show where he has been living up to that hour, and along what lines his spirit now wants to move. And it is worthy of notice that what will mainly fashion the answer is the measure of the boy's generosity. He will expect another to give to him as he would give to that other if he had the power. If he has a noble and lordly nature, if he is a soul of high magnanimity, he will ask without effort for the largest things; if on the contrary he has a grovelling, niggardly nature, he will ask only in a mendicant fashion.

God puts before us His largest promises, and he bids us dilate to the utmost possible dimensions of our natures in order that we may receive from Him right royal gifts. But He lets us attach our own meaning to those promises, bids us take according to the measure of our souls. To quote but one of the promises, "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things." Now every man must attach his own meaning to that promise, must measure it after his own soul. One who fully grasps it, fully believes it, will be likely to reason something like this—"God has already given His Son, that is as the ocean; giving the ocean He will not deny the spray; I may as well therefore ask Him for the estate and endowments of an archangel, for which obviously His power and grace abundantly suffice." For such a faith therefore to ask for the powers, the position, the work, the destiny of a Moses or a St. Paul would manifestly be quite easy, would be rather a descent than an elevation.

It is quite possible that some of my readers as they enter into their minds the conception of their becoming men of the mould of Moses, already feel the enlarging effects of that greater faith, and possibly also they feel the intellectual and spiritual strain which the grasp of such a conception involves. Thus they may see that but a few minutes of a greater faith brings a distinct enlargement, and, if so, it ought not to be hard to believe that if such a faith be continued and made habitual for a few years, the enlargement becomes constant, and moreover is ever passing on to a greater measure. For that enlarged faith brings a greater spiritual capacity, which the Holy Ghost can fill; that larger measure of the spirit brings a vastly increased strength, that increased strength is adequate to bear a heavier burden, and hence a larger faith becomes possible, and so by a few removes of this nature it is possible to mount away from one's powers as an ordinary man into the breadth and volume of nature manifested by God's mightiest men. The enlarged faith opens up a new line of departure; it is an opening into infinity, and when this path is entered upon there need be no stopping place at all. We may grow up unto the Head, even Christ. Even a Moses and a St. Paul are far inferior to the Master, and until we have grown into the image of the Perfect One we need not deem ourselves to have attained.

(Concluded next week.)

THE CHARMS OF OXFORD.

BY THE REV. NEWLAND MAYNARD, D.D.

Though it would lay me open to the charge of presumption, were I to attempt in a single letter to give a just idea of this ancient university, having carefully visited each venerable college, it may be interesting to your readers to have a general outline or sketch of those old classical cloisters of learning that have hail so much to do with making England great, and of giving her that liberty in civil and religious life that is the glorious boast of her people.

First impressions have always a very lasting influence in the ideas we carry away of celebrated places. Beautiful weather, and cheerful associations exert powerful influences on the appreciative sensibilities, but, I think, it makes very little difference when visiting this "City of Pinnacles," as Oxford is called, so intrinsically attractive is everything that greets the eye of the new-comer.

Leaving the city, London, with its roar and tumult of traffic, affords a striking contrast to the quiet, dignified tranquillity that characterizes the surroundings and conditions of Oxford: an air of refinement and quietness pervades the people and place.

It has been said that the glorious trees of old England that adorn and beautify the sites of her sacred fanes, add immensely to the glory of the architecture, while on the continent, the sterility of the surroundings are a great detriment to the aesthetic effect. Now, in Oxford, the charming combination of classical cloisters in the midst of forest trees and fragrant flowers, is irresistibly attractive; it is impossible to imagine art and nature more appropriately wedded together.

As the tourist enters either end of Oxford, he is called upon to view one of the most glorious groupings of towers, spires, halls, chapels, colleges and churches that any land has to show. The bridge that crosses over the Cherwell, which glides gracefully into the Isis, which is in reality another name for the Thames, is a handsome stone structure, from which you can behold one of the most beautiful towers in England, namely, Magdalen College Tower. This exquisite specimen of decorated gothic was erected by Wolsley in the earlier days of his comparative obscurity. From what ever point it presents itself, it is a masterpiece of masonic work. The college to which it belongs ranks after Christ Church College as the most eminent and opulent in the whole cluster of schools, and is the home of royalty when it visits this ancient seat of learning. Here you enter the city, and are in High street, so deservedly famous for being flanked with portals and palatial halls which run back to remote days, each of which has had more or less to do in giving light and intellectual life to the individuality of England. On the left, as you enter High street, are the Botanical Gardens, gorgeous with grounds, on which are grouped every shrub and exotic plant that centuries of care have brought to perfection. Over the entrance of this horticultural garden is a gate, perfect of its kind, built over two hundred years ago, before Christopher Wren was heard of, and when Inigo Jones was the national architect of the country.

Leaving this fascinating enclosure, a few minutes walk brings you to the University Church of St. Marys, where some of the

most eloquent preachers have held forth, being specially selected by the university. Here it was that John Henry Newman, now cardinal, delivered those chaste and deeply religious addresses that are regarded by scholars as the highest standard of cultured English. This noble building is crowned by tower and spire, lofty and impressive, with the principal portal at its base flanked with twisted columns, stained with age.

Opposite this church is the new building for all the examinations, that gives matriculation to enter, and confers collegiate distinction on learning. It cost over a million of dollars, is quite new, and therefore, lacking that "oldness of monuments" that Victor Hugo calls "their days of beauty."

Still moving up High street, colleges and gates on each side greet you, all emphasized with age, such as Queens and the University College; this last claims, with some plausibility, to be the foundation school of good King Alfred, and which, consequently, would make the age of this college over one thousand years.

Now on each side of this magnificent monumental thoroughfare which passes through the heart of Oxford, in crescent outline of graceful curve are other halls that are literally palaces, and represent various fashions of former architecture.

On the left is Merton College, the second oldest, then Oriel with its sculptured figures and oriel windows, then Corpus Christi, famed for its effort in former days to revive the learning that then was eclipsed, a college round which frightful bigotry and persecution for conscience sake has waged its bloody contest. Then you come through Canterbury gate into the quadrangles and cloisters of Christ Church College and are under the shadow of the cathedral in whose choir rests the ashes of the saintly Pusey. This college is the most aristocratic, possessed of prodigal endowments, and owes its existence and splendid patrimony to the genius of Cardinal Wolsley and generosity of old Henry the Eighth.

All these buildings have enormous kitchens, which in even time are a sight to behold; and also dining halls filled with souvenirs; but the dining hall of Christ Church College exceeds all in dignity and splendor of ornament. This room was Wolsley's work; you enter it by a staircase of stone carved and covered by a roof of fan tracery on stone, supported by a single clustered column similar in groining to the Divinity School of Oxford, and fashioned like a chapter-house. In this immense room three hundred sit down to dinner, other meals being taken in their own rooms. The walls are alive with portraits and personal reminiscences. Attached to this college is a gallery of art, in which Tintoretto, Titian, Rubens and Raphael are represented, together with a library containing the rarest manuscripts imaginable. The wealth of this society is enormous, coming from endowments that represent every county in England.

Having mentioned the places of interest on left of High street, let me add that those on the right, are first, Magdalen College, in whose classic groves, are "Addison's Walk." This college is bounded on its skirts by the River Cherwell, hence its "water walks" are the most refreshing and picturesque in all Oxford. Five minutes walk from cloisters or quadrangles, as they are called, for

every college, has from two to three quadrangles, is a park with gigantic trees five hundred years old, filled with deer who roam about followed by their little ones, and are a great acquisition to the scene. Following Magdalen is New College, five hundred years old and one of the three wealthiest of the foundations. It would be difficult to express in words the sylvan loveliness of the grounds, gardens and glorious foliage that make a visit to New College so fascinating. Here you see the old towers and walls of the city, in singular preservation, and which are seven hundred years old. Clustered together are St. John's, Trinity, All Souls, Balliol and Wadham college, near which is the "Union," where the debating society meet and where Gladstone first exercised his oratorical eloquence.

Lincoln College is very old and very small; Wolsley was an under-graduate here, and I think Wycliffe also. I saw the room where Wesley lived and the vine that was just alive, that be planted, and the pulpit from which he preached, made of cedar wood and well preserved. The college of Worcester is the smallest, and is called "Botany Bay," because so remote from the others; the grounds of this college are unusually beautiful, and in its groves and lawns, the beautiful umbrageous character of English trees is delightfully illustrated, the lovely sheet of water, the swans moving gracefully, the shelter and shade, with seats inviting the pilgrim to rest; children enjoying the soft grass and fragrant flowers, was a scene that can never be forgotten—it was a little pocket Paradise for any student.

I must not forget to say a few words of Keble College, which has been in existence ten years, and which holds its own with singular success; there are one hundred and seventy in its cloisters; it enables the under-graduate to have equal advantages with its older sisters and at less costly expenditure. Its situation is simply delightful, not crowded, and I should say, for ventilation and modern improvements, it is superior to colleges of far greater pretensions. It is built (chapel included) of different colored brick, has a polychromic appearance that generally is being toned down in tint. In the library you see Holman Hunt's wonderful picture of "The Light of the World," valued at ten thousand pounds; it is not a large picture, but a most beautiful representation of the ideal Christ. Having given a brief sketch of High street, with colleges and halls that lay to right and left of it, and to which narrow lanes or streets lead, let me mention a few general facts relating to this intensely interesting locality.

It would seem that in the old days the stone that was used from a local quarry, and, not being good or capable of resisting the exposure, most of the colleges have grown prematurely old from this fact. In all additions and restoration great care is taken in the selection of material. These colleges were never more prosperous. The evidence of this increasing demand and wider extension of usefulness is shown by the large additions that are being made, and the enormous number of houses that are licensed to receive undergraduates after a year's occupation of the college. The new buildings are faithful copies of the old designs, and are a joy to the eye in the finish and refinement of the carving.

Magdalen, Balliol, Merton, are at the pre-

sent time making large additions to the roomy cloisters already existing.

I believe it is generally admitted that Oxford regards itself as more aristocratic than Cambridge. The majority of public men (Gladstone included) are Oxford men. This university has been spoken of by John Bright as the seat of "dead languages and undying prejudices," and the great historian, Lord Macaulay, who, needless to say, was a Cambridge man, said in allusion to the martyrdom of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, that Cambridge made the great men and Oxford burned them. There can be little doubt that some of the greatest thinkers of the age belong to the rival of Oxford, which is celebrated for natural sciences and mathematics, as Oxford is conspicuous for eminent divines and classics.

The Lady Margaret College is the woman's college of Oxford. I believe it has achieved considerable success; but prejudice, which was like a dark cloud, is now but a murmur in the distant horizon.

Were I in this hurried letter to give any lengthy description of the chapels, churches, colleges and cathedral, which last has existed before colleges were heard of, I should exceed my allotted space. Suffice it to say that Exeter chapel, New College chapel, Magdalen chapel and Keble chapel are each delightful specimens of the choicest work, and all worth that more extended treatment that with photographs I have purchased I hoped to do justice to, when next winter I give my lecture on the "University of Oxford."

One of the great lions of this most interesting city is the Bodleian Library. Here seven hundred and fifty volumes alone comprise the catalogue. This library possesses more precious MSS. than the British Museum, and is centuries older. The degrees of the university are conferred with great pomp and imposing ceremonial at the Sheldonian Theatre, where the present Premier of England, Lord Salisbury, the Chancellor, might have been seen the last June presiding over this assembly of scholars.

I spent two hours delightfully visiting the scenes on the Isis at the foot of the spacious grounds of Christ Church College, where the great boat-racing takes place.

The stream is as broad again as Broadway, and all along the banks are barges fitted up by each college for its own visitors. There is also a university barge for royalty and special visitors that is supported by all the colleges. The boats for racing are shells fifty-eight feet long, with eight men and coxswain. The Oxford color is dark blue, that of Cambridge light blue. There are two races every year on the Isis, and one on the Thames. Each college has its own boat and picked men. The boats are arranged in a long line and bump each other, and when the boat ahead is bumped it falls behind, so in a few days they can soon find out who are the best. The crew of each boat train for weeks, and, next to the "Derby Race," this one between the universities is one of the most exciting in England.

I have often heard that the scenery of the Thames equalled any river in the world, and have appreciated this when at Richmond and Kew Gardens; but from photographs of the river and baronial residences that slope down to its banks, I should say that an excursion from Oxford to London

by water would give the perfection of that picturesque scenery of England that is surpassed by no country in the world.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A HOSPITAL DOLLY.

The little readers of THE CHURCHMAN, have, I suppose, heard and read of the sick children, who are taken care of in the hospitals of our large city; and, perhaps, some of you have gone into the children's ward of one of these hospitals, and seen the children lying in their little white beds. I dare say it all seems very sad to you, and you hardly thought they could spend many happy moments; but these little children are very patient, and bear their sufferings bravely. They are bright, and cheerful, too; making the most of the means of enjoyment within their reach.

They spend hours, playing with their games and toys, and especially with their dollies; and it is of these hospital dollies, I am going to tell you. You know how natural it is for you to live over again with your dolls the daily life which goes on around you; you dress your dollies, and take them out to drive, or make calls, just as your mamma's and auntie's do. Now, these hospital children, seeing around them only sick children, attended by doctors and nurses, look upon their dollies as sick children, and treat them as the doctors and nurses do the real sick children. You will see their dolls with bandaged heads and arms, and on inquiry, learn that these are accident cases. "Just come in." It is quite funny to see the earnest way in which they talk of them. I asked a little girl, one day, what was the matter with her doll who seemed very sick indeed. "Oh, she has the gymnastics dreadfully every night," replied the little mother, as she lifted her tenderly. They display great skill and ingenuity in imitating the different splints used by the doctors. Sometimes when a splint is being put on a child, you will see the keen bright eyes of some little sufferer near, watching every movement; and soon her tiny fingers will fashion a similar one for her doll.

A bright eyed girl of twelve, who has lain flat on her back nearly two years with spinal disease, has a pretty fair-haired doll, named Lizzie. Lizzie, her mamma declares, has hip-joint disease; and she has made for her a splint, similar to those worn by the children who have that disease. She thinks now that Lizzie is well enough to go to school, and as the convalescent children are taught a few hours each day, Lizzie made her appearance yesterday in the school-room with the other children. She looked like a very neat scholar indeed, in her calico dress, white apron, and little white hood, tied with pink ribbon. Her mamma sent

a message, saying, that she hoped Lizzie would be a good girl and give no trouble, and she would send her books next day. This morning, Lizzie, when brought into the school-room, had on her arm a tiny school-bag, in which was a "Swinton's Geography," about an inch square, and a spelling-book, smaller. Lizzie is not very studious; you could hardly expect that of a new scholar; but she is very quiet, and appears to listen attentively to the recitations of the children, and I have no doubt she learns a good deal in that way.

To-day she carried home in her little bag, a "good conduct" card. Her mamma was very much pleased, and said she might go on the lawn to play in the afternoon; and, as I looked from my window, I see the children playing under the trees, and sure enough, among them is Lizzie, the "Hospital Dolly," whom a dear little girl, is dancing up and down to the tune of "Daffy down Dilly," played entirely upon one note on his funny wooden pipe, by Jerry, the house-doctor's little boy.

THE BLUE BRACELET.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

"I am in a dreadful scrape, Elsie." It was Lulu Venable who spoke to her little friend, Elsie Graham. Elsie looked up from her book, with her brown eyes full of sympathy and interest.

"What is it, Lulu?" she asked.

"Anything in which I can help you?"

"Of course you can help me," said Lulu, petulantly. "I should not have told you but for that; I am too much ashamed of it. You know that pretty bracelet that Miss Fanshawe wears—the one with the padlock hanging to it!"

Miss Fanshawe was visiting in the house of Lulu's mother, and Elsie had often seen and admired the pretty turquoise-studded bracelet.

"Well," Lulu went on, "I've so often wanted to try it on, but I never had a chance until this morning. You know mamma and Miss Fanshawe have gone to spend a few days with Aunt Mary at Orange. Would you believe that Miss Fanshawe forgot the bracelet, and, when I went into her room, there it lay on the pin cushion. I thought I would try it on, and it looked so pretty that I could not bear to take it off. I wore it all the morning and—and—"

"You did not lose it!" cried Elsie.

"No; I did not lose it, but it is all gone as bad; I broke it. How it happened I'm sure I can't tell. I had forgotten all about it, and I just looked down and saw that the padlock was gone. O, but I was scared! I hunted everywhere and, at last, I found it on the floor in my own room. I must have caught it in the key of the bureau-drawer and pulled it off."

"What will Miss Fanshawe say?" cried Elsie.

"Oh, dear! she must never know," said Lulu. "Why, I would not have her know for anything. You don't know how cutting and severe she can be when she is offended, for all she is so sweet. No, there is only one thing to do. I have been to the jeweller's, and he says that he can mend it for fifty cents so that no one would ever know it has been broken; only—I have not got the fifty cents."

Elsie looked at her in surprise, for every one knew that Lulu's parents were far richer than hers.

"Neither have I," she began; but Lulu broke in, eagerly,

"Not of your own, I know; but you have the money, for all that. You are the treasurer of the Sunday-school class, you know, and you have ever so much more than fifty cents—four or five dollars, at least. If you will only lend me fifty cents of that money, Elsie, I am sure of being able to pay you long before Easter, and no one need ever know. You will, won't you, Elsie?"

Lulu looked up appealingly into her

friend's face; but Elsie looked not only shocked, but absolutely frightened at the idea.

"Lend you *that* money, Lulu!" she said, softly. "Oh, I could not; I should not dare. Why, just think. It isn't my money at all; it is the Lord's money, and how could I take it for my own uses? It would be like Ananias and Sapphira."

Lulu's face flushed, and she answered, angrily,

"It isn't for your own uses at all, Elsie. If you come to that, I'm sure the Bible says, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' and you ought to help me to bear mine. I tell you I am sure of being

able to pay you. Uncle Jack always gives me five dollars on my birthday, and you know that comes a fortnight before Easter. Ah, Elsie, *dô* lend me the fifty cents."

Elsie had turned very pale, but she did not waver.

"I can't, Lulu, I can't. Don't ask me," she said. "If I had it of my own I would gladly lend it to you, but I can't touch that money. I should feel like a thief, stealing from the Lord. O, I could not do it!"

"Then you're a mean, hateful, selfish thing," cried Lulu, in a rage. "I'll

pointed he was to find that she had gone away. Lulu was the gainer by it, though, for Uncle Jack had so much the more time for her. It was not hard to confess things to Uncle Jack, and before many hours had passed Lulu had shown him the bracelet, and told him of the trouble she was in and of Elsie's unkind behavior. Uncle Jack stroked his moustache thoughtfully as he listened.

"Your little friend was quite right," he said at last. "She must be an uncommonly clear-headed and high-principled little girl. No doubt it was very hard to refuse you, but she saw that she

had no business to meddle with money which was entrusted to her. If everybody saw that so clearly and acted upon it so firmly, we should cease to hear of thieves and defaulters in high places. However, Miss Fanshawe must not suffer. Let me see this bracelet."

Lulu was glad enough to hand the bracelet over to Uncle Jack's care, and still more glad to receive it again the next morning, so neatly mended that it had been broken at all.

"And you won't tell any one, Uncle Jack?" she asked, anxiously.

Uncle Jack hesitated a moment.

"No," he said, at last; "I won't tell any one; but, Lulu, if I were you I would tell mamma and Miss Fanshawe all about it. Depend upon it, you will never feel comfortable until you do."

He had no time for Lulu's answer, for the train whistled just then, and it was all he could do to get to the station in time.

Well, Lulu congratulated herself again and again that things had turned out so fortunately for her. Miss Fanshawe never suspected that anything had happened to her bracelet, therefore Lulu had never been obliged to confess her fault. The only thing left to recall it



A HOSPITAL DOLLY.—DANCING UP AND DOWN TO THE TUNE OF "DAFFY DOWN DELLY."

never speak to you, nor have anything to do with you again. You needn't try to make up, ever, for I'll never forgive you."

"O, Lulu!" began Elsie, but Lulu was out of the house before she could say another word, and Elsie could only cry angrily.

Lulu considered herself a very lucky girl when she reached home and found that Uncle Jack had come out from the city to spend the night. Lulu was a great pet of Uncle Jack's, and she made sure that it was to see her he had come. I will tell you as a great secret that it was not Lulu but Miss Fanshawe whom he came to see, and very much disap-

to her mind was her quarrel with Elsie. You could hardly call it by that name, though, if it be true that "it takes two to make a quarrel." It was only that Lulu could not forgive Elsie what she considered her nakedness in not helping her out of her trouble. Mrs. Venable tried several times to find out what had come between the little friends, but in vain.

"It is only that I have found Elsie out, mamma," Lulu insisted. "She is a selfish, unkind girl, and I only wonder that I ever liked her at all. I never shall again, that is certain."

"There must be some mistake. I am quite sure that Elsie is neither selfish nor unkind," said Mrs. Venable, who had always liked Elsie, and thought her influence over Lulu excellent in its effects.

But Lulu was not to be convinced, and, as there were no other girls for whom she cared much, her bird Bijou was her principal companion during the summer. Bijou was certainly a very pretty little bird. He was a slender, yellow canary, with green wings and a cunning little top-knot, which gave him such a knowing look when he turned his head on one side and looked at you out of his bright little eyes. He knew Lulu well, chirped and fluttered against the wire whenever she came into the room, and flew straight to her as soon as the cage-door was opened, to perch upon her shoulder and give soft little pecks of affection at her rosy cheeks. Lulu loved him dearly, and, in the days of her friendship with Elsie, their nearest approach to a quarrel had arisen from a comparison of their respective birds. The lady who had given Bijou to Lulu had given to Elsie another bird from the same nest. Elsie called her bird Jou-jou, and the two were so much alike that only their little mistresses could tell one from the other.

When September came in, and the close, heavy heat brooded over field and forest, Lulu fell sick, and her illness lasted through many painful days and nights. It is hard to see those you love suffer, and what wonder is there that while Lulu lay moaning and tossing on her feverish pillow, knowing nothing that was passing around her, Bijou was half forgotten? No one could tell how it happened that his cage-door was left open. All that was known was that when the maid went to give him fresh seed and water the cage was empty and Bijou gone, no one knew whither. This was while Lulu's life still hung wavering in the balance, and no one had time to think much about the bird. But at last came a day when Lulu's eyes shone no longer with the vague, wandering brightness of fever, but with the clear light of reason. Then they began to wonder how it would be when they had to tell her about the bird.

"Where is Bijou?" was one of her first questions.

She was satisfied when they told her, as the doctor bade them, that his song was too loud for her room and she must wait, but they knew that the excuse would not long serve. They thought that if they could find a bird something like Bijou they might put it into the empty cage and let her see it from a distance, until she was strong enough to bear the truth. But it was in vain that they ransacked the town; no bird in the least like Bijou could they find. Mrs. Venable was almost in despair, for the doctor had told them that if Lulu heard of Bijou's loss before she was quite strong again, it would probably cause a relapse, from which she might not recover.

"I really do not know what we shall do," Mrs. Venable was just saying. "Lulu keeps asking about Bijou all the time. She has begun to fret because we will not bring him to her, and it will not be long before she suspects the truth, or something near it, and then—"

A timid little ring at the front door bell interrupted her words. When the door was opened, there stood Elsie, with tears in her eyes and something that looked like a basket in her hand.

"Mrs. Venable," she began, hastily, "Dr. Marsh was at our house to-night and he told us about Bijou. I am so sorry for Lulu. I love her dearly, though she does not love me any more, and—and—I've brought Jou-jou. He's so like Bijou that she never can tell the difference across the room. If you'll take him and put him into Bijou's cage, and, when she knows him, tell her—it's for good."

"But, my dear little Elsie!" cried Mrs. Venable, "you do not mean to give your bird to Lulu? O that will never do! If you will just let us keep him for a week or two, until Lulu is strong enough to bear the news of Bijou's loss, we shall be more obliged than I can say. You shall have him back safe and sound at the end of that time."

But Elsie shook her head. "No," she said. "It must be for always. You haven't heard since Lulu has been sick, but we are going out West—to Dakota—to live. We are going to-morrow and—and—if I leave Jou-jou I must leave him for good and all. Take him and give my love to Lulu."

And, before Mrs. Venable could say any more, the little wicket cage was thrust into her hand, and Elsie, sobbing as if her heart would break, had fled down the steps.

Lulu was quite satisfied when Jou-jou, in Bijou's cage, was brought into her room and hung where she could see him. If she asked to see him nearer, her request was refused on one pretext or another. But the time came, at last,

when she could leave her bed and even walk about the room, and then the discovery could no longer be delayed.

"Why, mamma!" she cried, one day, "how Bijou has changed! He hasn't to have that yellow mark on his left wing and—why, mamma, it isn't Bijou at all! It's Elsie's Jou-jou."

In her bewilderment she was ready to accuse Elsie of having stolen Bijou, until Mrs. Venable told her the whole story. Lulu turned red and pale by turns as she listened, but before the end she had burst into a flood of tears.

"O, mamma!" she cried, "I have called Elsie selfish and quarrelled with her and—O, what a wicked girl I have been! Let me tell you all about it, for the very first, and maybe I shall feel better."

Then the whole story came out—about the broken bracelet and Elsie's refusal to lend the money, and Uncle Jack, and all. Mamma listened gravely, and talked to her little girl gently but firmly, as mothers can. Lulu felt much happier. I can tell you, when it was all off her mind. There was no Miss Fanshawe any longer, but Uncle Jack's wife looked wonderfully like her, and she and Uncle Jack had just reached Lulu's home, as the first stopping place on their wedding tour.

"I'll tell you what it is, Lulu," said Aunt Mabel, as Lulu called her new aunt, "I think I shall have to give you the famous blue bracelet to remind you of a thing or two. And another thing, Jack and I are on our way out West. If you are anxious to send Jou-jou back to Elsie, we will see that he gets to her safely, now that he has finished his mission here. I suppose she loves him as well as you loved Bijou."

I have only one thing more to say, and maybe you will think that Lulu did not deserve that. A few days later a boy came to the door and asked whether a bird had been lost from that house. Sure enough, it was Bijou. The boy had caught him a month before, and had only just found out where he belonged.

So Bijou's and Jou-jou's cage each has its own occupant, and there are two happy birds and two happy mistresses. Lulu and Elsie have not met since, but loving letters flutter to and fro between Dakota and New Jersey. And so long as Lulu wears a certain blue bracelet on her wrist and a certain lesson in her heart, we hope that she will never again forget that concealing faults does not mend them, and that truth and honesty are not only the "best policy," but the highest wisdom.

WHAT would be wanting to make this world a kingdom of heaven, if that tender, profound and sympathizing love practised and recommended by Jesus were paramount in every heart?

The signs of the Zodiac, as known to us, were also known to the Chaldeans, as appears by engraved gems of the period and carved stones. Among the Babylonians the heavens were divided into twelve parts, or divided over by twelve constellations.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 39 Wall Street, New York.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edin.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marchal Nil Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Rose of Sharon.
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Special Notice.

THE USE OF Madam Parlor's Ointment Balm for the relief of the hair is well known to be superior to any other ointment. As the use makes the hair wider and better known it is fast and permanent. Price 25 cents per bottle.

EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH CURSINE AND PEPPIN. Prepared by Dr. J. J. KNEBEL, New York's most distinguished and easily taken. Prescribed by leading physicians. Label registered.

INSTRUCTION.

See lists for Classification.

RECTOR SCHOOL, Hamden, Conn.
A FEMALE BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG BOYS.
Rev. HAYDEN LORD REEVES, M.A., Rector, 1 Resident Clerk, and Rev. A. D. COLLE, President, Nashua, N.H. For circulars address the Rector.

INSTRUCTION.

DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.
The next term begins on Tuesday, September 17th, with a complete Faculty, and improved opportunities for thorough instruction, and a liberal course as well as the regular three years' course of study.

NASHOTAH HOUSE, The Oldest Theological Seminary North and West of Ohio.
Founded in 1827 by the Rev. Dr. Briggs. Open on Sept. 3. Address Rev. A. D. COLLE, President, Nashua, N.H.

THE NEW SEMINARY AT CHICAGO.
THE WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, on Washington Boulevard, Chicago, will be opened on Monday Sept. 29, 1885, with a complete public at large. For particulars, address THE BISHOP OF CHICAGO, 255 Ontario Street, Chicago.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF VIRGINIA.
The next session of the Seminary will begin September 20th. All applicants for admission to the Seminary or preparatory department are requested to be sent to J. FACKARD.

THE SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL.
This school will begin its next year Sept. 20th, 1885. The next Catalogue, giving full information of the courses of study and the requirements for admission will be ready in June. Students pursuing special courses will be received. Address Rev. FRANCIS D. HOSKINS, Warden, Fairbank, Minn.

RAJINE COLLEGE, Racine, Wisconsin.
Report of Bishops—"Racine College is justly entitled to the highest praise and support of the public at large." Special rates to clergymen's sons. Address Rev. ALBERT BRAKENTRUP GRAY, S.T.D.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONN.
Christmas Term opens Thursday, September 17th, 1885. Examinations for admission Tuesday and Wednesday, September 15th and 16th.
REV. WILLIAMSON SMITH, President.

A HOME SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Rev. JOHN'S SCHOOL, Springdale Springs, Fairbank, Md. Sixth year opens Sept. 16th. Send for circular. Address Rev. JOHN H. HENSON, M.A.

A NEW COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.
MISS MARY ANN COOPER, BRYN MAWR, Pa., near Philadelphia, will open in the Autumn of 1885. For particulars and catalogue apply to the college, or to Miss M. A. JAMES, R. HIGDON, President.

A SPECIAL EDUCATIONAL WORK.
St. John's Home, Newport, R. I.
The Rev. S. N. CHILL, S.T.D., Rector, assisted by a Harvard Graduate, teaches his family private pupils, outlines for personal training and education, preparing them for business, non-resident colleges. The year-long grounds and common-law buildings look out upon the bay, affording opportunity for boating and wholesome recreation. Fifteenth year begins Sept. 14th, 1885.

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A thorough French and English Home School for twenty girls. Under the charge of Miss Harriet Cline, late of St. Agnes' School, Mount Holly, N. J., and Miss Maria L. Ficks, a graduate and teacher of St. Agnes' School. French is warranted spoken in two terms. Terms, \$25 a year. Address Home St. CLERIC, 413 and 415 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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(Divulgence, West Point, Annapolis, Technical and Professional, and Military Curriculum in Great Britain, Masses' Labor Department, Military Drill. Boys from 10 years. Year Book contains elaborate requirements for Entrance Examination, etc. Berkeley Cadets admitted to Brown and Princeton Universities. Rev. HERBERT PATTERSON, S.W., LL.B., Rector, 181 Rev. Dr. THOS. M. CLARK Visitor.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENOXVILLE, QUEBEC.
Rector, the Rev. JAMES M. A. JOKE'S College, Cambridge. English Public School system. Terms from \$100 to \$200 a year, according to age. For particulars on application to the Rector. Pupils return September 12.

BISHOPORPE, Bethlehem, Pa.
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Prepared for Wellesley, Vassar and Smith College. Rt. Rev. W. M. H. FLETCHER, D.D., Rector, and the Board of Trustees. Me-open Sept. 16th, 1885. Apply to Miss FANNY L. WALSH, Principal.

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A Family and Preparatory School for a few boys. Thorough instruction and careful training. Best of references. CHARLES G. BARTLETT, Principal.

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The object of this institution is to prepare, under Protestant instruction, a sound, liberal education, through the study of English and French languages, the French language, French teachers, text-books and methods. For particulars apply to the Principals. Rev. JONAS J. ROY, D. A., (University of France), Incumbent of St. Hyacinthe.

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Two years' and one year's course. Devised by course of course. Complete course vocal training. Unparalleled instruction. Prospectus sent free. MONSIEUR TRICE BROWN, Principal.

CARLEISLE INSTITUTE, 751 5th Ave., New York City and 501 St. James Park, English, French, and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children, re-opens September 20th, Thirtieth Year.

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Maj. W. A. PLINT, Principal.
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The New Catalogue gives a full account of the great Care for Health; the thorough preparation for College, for Business, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the facilities for Special Students; and the unusual arrangements for Young Children.

Parents desiring for their children the personal attention of private schools and the discipline and varied associates of public schools, will find both combined at Chauncy Hall.

The building is unrivaled in its elegant arrangements. It is situated in the most significant part of the city, very near Trinity Church, and where there are no temptations to lead to bad habits.

The fifty-seventh year will begin September 16th. CHESTNUT HILL, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. WALTER D. COCHRAN and Miss BELL'S French Boarding-School for young ladies and little girls will open Sept. 16 in a new and commodious dwelling built with special regard to school and matronly requirements.

CHURCH SCHOOL.
Miss J. A. GALLAGER has removed her School for Young Ladies from 400 Madison Avenue to 215 W. 11th Street.
A thorough French education. Highest standard in English and Classical studies. Circulars sent on application.

CLIFTON SPRINGS FEMALE SEMINARY.
This school begins Sept. 15. Home School for Girls. Classical and English course. Superior advantages in Music, German and French. For circulars apply to C. F. HAHN, Principal, or the Rev. Geo. T. Leiboldt Rector, Clifton Springs, Ontario Co., New York.

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THOMAS D. SCLERER, R.D., Head Master.

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DE YEUX COLLEGE, Suspension Bridge, Niagara County, N. Y.
FITTING SCHOOL for the Curriculum, West Point, Annapolis, or business.
Charges \$250 a year.
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INSTRUCTION.

DR. SHEEPS IS ready for a few very young boys at his home, 172 E. 11th Street, New Haven, Conn. Circulars fall full particulars.

EDGEWORTH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS.
The twenty-fourth school year begins Thursday, Sept. 11, 1885. EPISCOPAL ACADEMY OF CONNECTICUT, The Rev. & F. HORTON, D.D., Principal.
Assisted by five resident teachers. Boarding School for boys 12 to 15; Military Drill, etc.
Terms \$60 per annum.
Special terms in the fall. Fall term begins Monday, Sept. 14, 1885. For circulars address the principal, Cheshire, Conn.

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The Diocesan School for Boys, three courses of term. Elevated and practical instruction. Exceptionally liberal. The forty-seventh year opens Sept. 25, 1885. Catalogue sent. L. M. BLACKFORD, M.A., Alexandria, Va.

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A Church Home School for a limited number of Girls and Young Ladies. English, French, and College Departments. For circulars, address, Rev. JOSEPH A. CAMPBELL, a student and Professor, or Miss CAROLINE R. CAMPBELL, Assistant, Principal.

FREEDHOLD INSTITUTE, Freedhold, N. J.
Prepares boys and young men for business; and for Princeton, Columbia, Yale, and Harvard. Backward boys taught English, Latin, and French. GANNETT INSTITUTE For Young Ladies, Boston, Mass.
Family and Day School. Full course of instruction and Lectures. The Thirty-second Year will begin Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1885. For Catalogue and Circulars apply to the Rev. GEO. GANNETT, A. M., Milton and Westport, or Miss CAROLINE R. CAMPBELL, Assistant, Principal.

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY, For Young Ladies, Bridgeport, Conn.
For Circulars, address Miss EMILY NELSON, Principal.

HELLMUTH LADIES' COLLEGE, London, Ontario.
Patroness: H. H. TULLY, D.D., Rector. Founder and President: W. H. HELMUTH, D.D., D.C.L. FRENCH speaks in the College. MUNI's specialty, W. Washburn Leader, Gold Medalist and Prof. of Able Logic, Disposition.

HIGHLAND MILITARY ACADEMY, WORCESTER, MASS.
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Under instruction in a clergyman's family, in Connecticut, fifth year. Number limited. Exceptional advantages. For further information, address "CLERGYMAN'S" Room 8, Hingham Block, Springfield, Mass.

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A Church School for young ladies and little girls, re-opens September 14th. Miss W. METCALF, Principal.

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BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Under the supervision of the Rev. F. D. HUTCHINGS, S.T.D. The fifteenth school year begins Wednesday, Sept. 16th, 1885. Apply to Miss MARY J. JACKSON.

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MME. DE SILVA & MRS. BRADFORD'S (formerly Mrs. Ogden Hoffman's) English, French, and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children, will re-open (2nd year) Sept. 15. Pupils prepared for Oberlin and other Colleges. Send for circular. Oct. 1st. Separate and limited class for little girls begins Sept. 25th. Application for admission, send above.

MRS. REEL and Miss ANNE BROWN Boarding and Day School for Girls. October 1st. Will receive pupils of all ages. Opposite De Laits Church.

MISS A. AND M. PALMER PERREN'S (Girls' School) with A. A. New Haven, Conn. Four departments, with competent Professors, English, Latin, French, German. Boarding pupils, \$450 a year.

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MISS BALLOW'S ENGLISH and FRENCH SCHOOL. For Young Ladies and Little Girls, 51 East 32d Street, will re-open on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1st.

INSTRUCTION.

MISS E. ELIZABETH DANA Reopens the Seminary... N. J. September 2nd. Resident night teacher...

MISS E. L. ROBERTS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS reopens Oct. 1. No least star 8th.

MISS J. F. WHEAKS' 559 Madison Ave., N. Y. School for Young Ladies and Children. Re-opens September 20th.

MISS KIERSTED'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN

Will reopen Thursday October 1st. Boarding pupils limited to ten. Circulars on application at the school, 35 E. 57th St., N. Y. City.

MISS MARY E. STEVENS' Boarding and Day School. W. CHELSEA AVE., GERMANTOWN, PA.

MR. MARTIN'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS, No. 284 Philadelphia, Pa. begins September 21. Five resident pupils.

MRS. RAWLINS' SCHOOL, No. 50 West 33th St., New York City. will reopen September 1st. Circulars on application.

Mrs. Robert H. Griswold and daughters, assisted by Mrs. H. B. Ford of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, re-open Home School for Young Ladies and Children, Lyme Conn., Sept. 2nd.

MRS. SYLVANUS REED'S Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, No. 5 and 7 York.

MRS. SNEAD'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN, 85 BROADWAY, N. Y. City.

MRS. WILLIAMS' ENGLISH AND FRENCH SCHOOL, 26 West 39th Street, for YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS, will reopen October 1st.

MT. VERNON INSTITUTE, BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES AND LITTLE GIRLS. Mrs. J. W. JOHNS and Mrs. M. T. LANE, Principals.

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Boston, Mass. OLDEST in America; Largest and Best Equipped in the WORLD—100 Instructors.

Nonch-n-Hudson Seminary for Girls. Limited to 25 boarding pupils; thorough training. English, Music, Languages. Careful attention to health, morals, manners.

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PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Center. 3th year opens September 15th. SITUATION COMMANDING OFFICERS EXTENSIVE.

PRIVATE ACADEMY and Home School for Boys. H. B. JONES, 457 Second Ave. (Case Park), Detroit, Mich.

REV. JAMES E. COLEY, at Westport, Conn., receives ten boys under fifteen (15) years of age for personal instruction. Ninth school year begins September 15th.

RIVERVIEW ACADEMY, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. fits for any College or Government Academy, for Business and Social Teachers. Circulars sent by Secretary of War, Commandant, Springfield Cadet Rifles.

INSTRUCTION.

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ROCKLAND COLLEGE, Nyack-on-the-Hudson. Successful. Full courses. Perfect accommodations. Twelve Teachers. Low rates. Refer to catalogue.

ST. AGNES' HALL, Bellows Falls, Vt. A Church Boarding School for Girls. Reopens twenty boarders. Thorough English and Classical course.

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ST. CATHARINE'S HALL, Brooklyn, N. Y. Diocesan School for Girls. 250 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. In charge of the Rev. Dr. Alfred H. S. Hartwick.

ST. CATHARINE'S HALL, Augusta, Me. Diocesan School for Girls. The Rev. H. A. NEELY, D.D., President. Eighteenth year opens on Sept. 15th.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL for Boys and Young Men, 200 Park Ave., New York City. Through preparation for college or business; advantage and superior instruction. \$200 to \$300. Circulars sent.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL for Boys, Sing Sing, N. Y. The Rev. J. Deane, principal, 6th St., New York.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST SCHOOL, 234 E. 17th St., New York. Boarding and Day School for Girls, under the care of Sisters of St. John the Baptist.

ST. LUKES' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, Buxton, Pa. Re-opens Sept. 16th, 1885. For Catalogue, address CHARLES H. STRUTZ, M. A., Principal.

ST. MARGARET'S DIOCESAN SCHOOL for Girls, 15th Street, New York City. Eleventh year. Admitt. Term will open (D. V.) Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 1885.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, Buffalo, N. Y. Re-opens September 1st. Boarding and Day School for Girls, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, 5 Chestnut St., Boston. Boarding and Day School for Girls, under the charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret.

ST. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, NEW BRITGHTON, Staten Island, N. Y. A Church School for girls will be opened at the corner of 15th and Henderson avenues, New Brighton, Staten Island, on 14th September, 1885.

ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J. The next year's year begins Wednesday, Sept. 15th. Charge \$20 to \$400.

ST. MARY'S HALL, Fairbairn, Minn. Miss C. B. Burdick, Principal. For health, culture and thorough education. The institution year opens Sept. 10th, 1885.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 8 East 46th Street, New York. A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. The thirteenth year will commence Monday, Sept. 15th.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY ACADEMY, WINCHESTER, VA. Prepares for University, Army, Navy or Business. For catalogue, address C. C. MINOR, M.A. (Unit. Va.), L.L.D.

STAMFORD, CONN.—Miss Lou, successor to the late Mrs. F. Chandler, re-opens her boarding school for young ladies. Re-opens September 2d.

THE BISHOP OF EASTON recommends a lady conducting a Home School for Girls, who will take charge of pupils from the Episcopal Diocesan schools. Circulars sent by Secretary of War, Commandant, Springfield Cadet Rifles.

INSTRUCTION.

THE CATHEDRAL SCHOOL OF SAINT PAUL, GARDEN CITY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y. Terms \$40 per annum. Apply to CHARLES STURTEVANT MOORE, A. B. (Harvard), Head-Master.

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THE HANNAH MORE ACADEMY. The Diocesan School for Girls, 15 Miles from Baltimore, (W. M. R. R.) Careful training, thorough instruction, and the instruction of the Sisters of Charity forms a beautiful home. Rev. ARCHBISHOP RICH, M. A., R. D., Rostenwiler, Md. No. 36 East 14th St., N. Y.

THE MISS PEPINE SCHOOL, FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN. Long established. The number of resident pupils limited.

THE PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Brooklyn Heights, N. Y. T. J. BACON, D. D., President of the FACULTY. Combined advantages of college and city; modern and the most complete in this country. Thorough English and Classical taught without extra charge; fine beautiful location, contiguous to New York; excellent accommodations for pupils from abroad; opportunities to visit places of interest. Faculty of 200 students. Re-opens September 24th, 1885. Inquiries pertaining to pupils residence (October 1st) to the Sister Superior, Mrs. C. H. STONE, 1600 Jonathan Street, New York City.

THE SCHOOL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, The Diocesan School for Girls, 200 Park Ave., New York City. The Boarding and Day School will begin (D. V.) Sept. 16, 1885. Apply to the SISTER SUPERIOR. Reference: Rev. C. F. Johnson.

THE UNDESIGNED, having had ten years' experience in the home, is now offering to young ladies a special advantage in a limited number of boys wishing to prepare for college. Has home comfort. Correspondence with parents solicited. Rev. JOSEPH M. TURNER, Principal, Mass.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, PORT HOPE, ONTARIO, CANADA. Visitor: The Rt. Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO. Head-Master: The Rev. C. J. S. BETHEW, M. A., D.C.L., with a staff of Eight Assistant Masters.

A Church Boarding School for Boys, based upon the English Public School system. Now in its Twenty-first Year. Large and comfortable building, with a fine location. Twenty-five of land on high ground, overlooking Lake Ontario. The next Term will begin on Thursday, Sept. 10th.

The School Calendar, containing full particulars respecting fees, etc., will be sent on application to the Head-Master.

TRINITY SCHOOL, Tweli-on-Hudson, N. Y. The Rev. JAMES STARR CLARK, D.D., Rector. Assisted by five resident teachers. Boys and young men thoroughly fitted for the best colleges and universities, scientific schools, or for business. This school offers the advantage of beautiful location, home comfort, first-class instruction, steady care, thorough, assiduous care of health, manners and morals, and the education of our boys to those institutions preparing for the school where they may wish to continue, place their own. Special instruction given in Physics and Chemistry.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A complete College Course, Schools of Painting and Music, and a Laboratory of Chemistry and Physics. Cabinet of Natural History, a Museum of Art, a Library of 15,000 Volumes, ten Professors, twenty-four Descriptive and thoroughly qualified for instruction. Students at present admitted to a preparatory course. Catalogues sent on application. Rev. D. D. D., President.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE. The academic exercises of this well-known institution will be resumed on September 1st. All admissions should apply without delay for all needed facilities. FRANCIS H. SMITH, Sup.

WEST WALTON STREET SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, 125 WALTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL. Superior education in Collegiate, Eclectic, and Preparatory Courses. Thoroughly qualified for instruction. Students at present admitted to a preparatory course. Catalogues sent on application. Rev. D. D. D., President.

YOUNG LADIES INSTITUTE, Windsor, Ont. A FAMILY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS of all ages. Fully completing the College Preparatory Course may attend Windsor College without further examination. Same advantages as specialties. For Circulars apply to Miss M. WILLIAMS, Principal.

YOUNG LADIES SEMINARY, 434 FREDERICK, N. J. Very Healthy location. Mrs. A. M. Modern Language. Miss F. CHANDLER, D. D., Head-Master.

CHRISTIAN SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, (Incorporated.) At office, free; postage free. Special catalogue and reliable information concerning schools, fees to parents and pupils. Circulars sent on application. For supplying families with teachers. JAMES CHRISTIE, Domestic Building, 55 Broadway, Cor. Fourteenth Street, New York.

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

THE closing of the fiscal year, at the beginning of this month developed the very gratifying fact that the Foreign Committee of the Church's Missions held in its treasury three hundred dollars more than the amount necessary to pay, when accrued, every obligation for work performed up to that date.

WHATEVER has come of the Church Association and the Church Union in the Church of England, nothing answering to these associations is wanted in the Church in this country. They would surely antagonize parties, draw strict dividing lines and really injure the cause which they are supposed to benefit. What is wanted on all sides is charity and fairness. None of these are for the most part possible, when one is committed to the defense of a set of principles, as if nothing else were worth defending or worth considering. That which rules out everything but its own, comes to be a form of exclusiveness which needs nothing so much as to enter into the largeness and fullness of life. Happily, the Church has largely broken away from all this stringency and needs no more of it. One can be a stout defender of the faith and order of the Church even from his own point of view, without binding himself to rules and partisan relationships, whose tendency is to show that a part is equal to, if not greater than the whole. Some things are even more erroneous than error, and charity is to be desired above all burnt sacrifices.

THE CHOICE OF BISHOPS.

American Churchmen have often regarded the English method of choosing a bishop, which is by the nomination of the Prime Minister, and then the *ex post facto* election by the cathedral chapter, as superior to their own because the choice is made practically by one intelligent man. But this method is not free from objections. Canon Liddon is the first preacher, and is regarded by many since Dr. Pusey's death as the foremost Churchman, in England. He is not understood as desiring the episcopate nearly so much as his friends desire it for him. In the struggle that is close upon the English Church the strongest men should be among the bishops, and Canon Liddon has shown himself to be an exceptionally strong man; but the notable thing about him is that whenever an episcopal appointment is to be made the Prime Minister passes him by. Mr. Gladstone could have nominated him, but neglected to do so, and the

Marquis of Salisbury has just passed him by when all England anticipated that he would be Bishop Moberly's successor. The English bishops are good and true men, and certainly no fault is to be found with our own bishops, but in both the English and American Church the strengthening of the episcopate means the strengthening of the working energies of the Church in each country. It is not so much the available as the best man who should be selected for this sacred and responsible office. Canon Liddon carries weight where he is, but his eloquence, his learning and his controversial power would carry much more weight if they were exercised in the conspicuous office of a bishop at a time when the English Church needs to put her best men forward in order to meet the approaching conflict with those who are laboring for disestablishment. Though there is no question of establishment in America, the Church gains strength almost in proportion to the wisdom and sagacity with which the several bishops discharge the duties of their office, and in a spirit that commands the respect and engages the sympathy of the American people.

CHURCHES OPEN.

The summer is ended, and the city churches are reopened. They have been standing for months silent, witnesses to their own uselessness during that time.

But now they are reopened. What does that mean? In too many cases it means that they are reopened for one day in seven until another summer comes. More frequently, indeed, than of old, but altogether too infrequently still, their doors will be opened for a brief week-day service. But after all their general aspect will be during the coming nine months, that of unused, useless, neglected buildings.

There is something terrible in this. God's House stands locked and barred all the week. It looks down upon the heedless throng that ever passes by, without one rebuke for their heedlessness. Worse than that, it seems to teach that religion is not a part of life; that all the doors of industry and commerce and amusement must stand wide open daily, but the church door must be swung open only one day in seven.

Why should men give any heed to the mute exponent of Christianity that looks down upon them, with its carved doors, and pictured windows, and sculptured stones, but showing no sign of life?

Nor is this true only of the city. What a pitiable sight to one who is whirling through country towns, is

that of one or more buildings, often mean, too often ill-cared for, but sometimes beautiful, standing empty and useless upon the busy streets, yet bearing the name of churches, named after our Lord!

Better, almost, that no church should be built, than that it should be always incultating the uselessness of religion.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE NATIONAL LIFE.

When one of the radical leaders of English thought spoke in the Spectator in favor of maintaining that sort of Christianity which is concerned more about the spirituality of the national life than about certain dogmas, he might seem to be talking in riddles. What is meant by the spirituality of the national life? one might ask. What has the nation to do with being spiritual? One knows what is meant by the spirituality of the individual life or of the aggregate lives of Christian believers, but the national life is not supposed to be formed or qualified in any such way.

And yet we are not content with talking about the secularity of the national life, as if it were formed and included in purely temporal and natural conditions. This is a superficial idea of life, and especially that corporate life of a nation which is made up of the citizens or souls composing it. What of the items as against the sum? What of the individual life, however spiritual, if the aggregate life of the nation, and therewith its organization, institutions, relationships, aims and tendencies are simply unspiritual and only concerned about that material aggrandizement which has to do with this life on earth? Is it not plain that a life of this sort must weigh against, if it does not in the long run weigh down, the other? The late Mr. Bagehot wrote a book on "Physics and Politics," as if the national life, as Mr. Huxley would say of all life, has its formation in a physical basis. If this be true of the national life, how can the life of individual believers, or even the life of the Church, hope to withstand it?

That sort of Christianity, then, which is concerned about the spirituality of the national life is concerned to have it reach down into the depths of spirit and to find its formation and movement, in some sort, in that Divine Spirit which at the first moved upon the face of the waters. It would deny that the national life is the outcome of merely physical forces and relations. It would say, with Mulford, that "the nation was formed in the relationships of life and in the recognition of a relation to an

invisible one; it did not exist simply in an accumulation of men and in the construction of an external order." As such, the nation which has its deeper groundings in spirit and in spiritual relations is to be qualified in spirit—that is, most surely, in that which conforms to right reason, as profoundly ethical in its character, and was appointed of God to make for order, righteousness, and justice, not only in reference to this world, but the next. Not only so, but there is a sense in which spirituality may be as truly sought for and realized in the national life as in the life of an individual soul. And this would be an actual consummation if the nation were truly and ideally Christian, as we conceive to be the case in the celestial commonwealth.

If these ideas, "spirituality and national life," seem to be incompatible in American ways of thinking, it is, perhaps, a part of the price Americans are paying for the separation of Church and State. They have made the dividing line between the so-called temporal and spiritual order so sharp and rigid, that they exclude the idea of spirituality from the one, if not that of temporality from the other. But the truth is, Church and State in their deeper groundings have no such separation. The two have their ordering in the Divine Will, and are formed in the nature of man with reference to his temporal and extra-temporal well-being. This idea has been held to with concurrent voice by some of the greatest of English statesmen and divines, such as Warburton, Hooker, Burke, Coleridge, Dr. Arnold, and Gladstone. Their Christianity, over and above being something which concerned the Church and the individual lives of believers, almost equally concerned the life of the nation. For the same reason the organ above spoken of, though strongly liberal in most things, says it will uphold the Established Church, being concerned to maintain that sort of Christianity which has to do with the spirituality of the national life.

THE CHURCH OF LAW AND THE LAW OF THE CHURCH.

A CHARGE TO THE CLERGY OF THE DIOCESE OF WESTERN NEW YORK.*

Moved by the Holy Ghost, and not by any mistaken idea, the inspired authors of the New Testament always spoke of "the Day" as at hand. "That day" is their familiar expression, and they impressed the early faithful with the thought that theirs was "the Last Time." It seems to have been the Divine Will concerning us that Christians should always live under this impression. For this is the great incentive to soberness, watchfulness, fidelity and hope, as well as to a wholesome and filial fear. Our preparation for "that Day" must be made in our

own lifetime, and practically, therefore, the Day is ever impending. In my own diocese there is at least one person alive, and in possession of all faculties of mind and body, who was born more than a hundred years ago. Eighteen such lives touch the Apostolic age. How short, therefore, has been the period since the times of the Apostles; how very short in the reckoning of Him with whom "a thousand years are as one day."

The Christian age and dispensation were designed to be short; "cut short;" and He who bids us to pray that He may "come quickly," means not to delay His coming. The six thousand years which apostolic men supposed to be the fulness of time are nearly filled up. We ourselves are living in the Latter Day. Prophecy has been fulfilled in our own times, before our eyes, and, as I suppose, the last prophecies concerning "the times of the Gentiles" are now verified. The Imperial Image of Daniel has dwindled to the toes, and "iron and clay" are rapidly crumbling at this moment. Feudalism is "the iron" and democracy "the clay," which refuse to mingle. There is no more a base for—

"Those pagod things of sabre-away,
With front of brass and feet of clay."

"Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased;" but other signs are about us of which we should take heed. "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Iniquity abounds; the love of many waxes cold, and emphatically it is the age of lawlessness. The Antichrist must be near—the lawless one. All who break law are his children. "How is it that ye do not discern this time?" says the Master.

The nations are disorganized. Dynamite has not been invented by chance. It is the prophetic doom of "Feudalism" to be thus smitten. Imperialism perishes before lawless violence. Henceforth, popular governments only can stand. It is a day when the Church itself exhibits that restless tossing on the waves which leads to the outcry, "Save, Lord, or we perish!" It must be so when, in our sight and hearing, a bishop of the Church, having no more right to innovate than the merest layman, has forged two novel dogmas and bound them on the consciences of millions of Christians, although they are false and undermine the foundations of the Faith and the entire fabric of Catholicity. Internally the Roman system has undergone this terrible revolution, and at the same moment its external form and relations have been annihilated. Its temporal sceptre has departed, and not a potentate in Europe is its friend. "Never since the days of Charlemagne," says an Ultramontane journalist, "has the Roman See been in such a situation of isolation and helplessness." And while this ignoble character of our times is otherwise reflected in the outpourings of unbelief, its restlessness and lawless self-assertion have been seen in the unstable souls who have deserted Catholicity for Vaticanism; and equally in such characters as Rönán and Lamménais and Lacordaire, who have ignobly rushed out of superstition only to "run violently down a steep place and perish" in the gloomy flood of Scepticism. Oh! how blessed are they whose feet are on the Rock, and who can say with St. Paul, "None of these things move me."

The Church of which we are members is historically the Church of Law. From the Venerable Bede to the judicious Hooker, this is her character. Nay more, the whole system of the common law is the product of her spirit. The Church created it, and the boasted Constitution of England was as really constructed by her "as the honey-comb is made by bees." So also her sober and gradual reformation at every step was ordered by law. Her own bishops under Warham took the lead, and her whole body by regular canonical proceedings had rejected the papacy as an alien and usurping power while Cranmer was yet a presbyter. Thus she reasserted the Nicene constitutions against decretalism and its forgeries. She, alone, gave the reformers of the continent this example, and their failure to copy it has only made her wisdom the more conspicuous. Again, when the lawlessness of the Puritans seemed for a time to destroy her, God had secured for her a glorious resurrection in the mighty work of that great asserter of law, Richard Hooker. Those books of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" embody the very spirit of her quaint language in the XXXIV. Article of Religion: "Whosoever, through his private judgment, willingly and purposely doth openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the Church which be not repugnant to the Word of God and be ordained and approved by the common authority, ought to be rebuked openly, that others may fear to do the like, as he that offendeth against the common order of the Church and hurteth the authority of the magistrature and woundeth the consciences of the weak brethren." Not inadvertently did our compilers retain those words, "hurteth the power of the magistrature," which might have been supposed inappropriate to our freedom from the State. Our children are taught to "honor and obey the civil authority," and he who by his private judgment breaks the Church's law (of all laws the most sacred), does at the same time stultify himself as their catechist. He gives an example of lawlessness in himself, and teaches the young to "despise government," and so to disregard the law of the land.

Public men have often recognized the influence of this American Church as that of a blessed conservatrix of law. Those who seek to reproach her, generally find their text in some circumstance which only proves her anchorage to be good, while storm and wreck make havoc round about. A very eminent jurist, a Puritan, and the son of one who filled a high seat upon the bench in the days of Washington, once said to me, "Your Church is nearly the only conservative influence in this country, while popular religion contributes only to solvent and centrifugal forces."

Now, what if our salt should lose its savor? Shall we, also, "hurt the authority of the magistrature" by lawless individualism? God forbid! But need I remind you, brethren, that ("yea, even in them that are regenerate,") even in our own fold, lawlessness has asserted itself. On the one hand we see daring innovations which threaten doctrine through ceremonial; on the other, we confront a flagrant and impious assault on the Faith itself by priests of God, who have voluntarily bound themselves to minister, not by caprice of private judgment, but "as this Church hath received the Doctrine and Sacraments and the Discipline of Christ."

* Delivered by the Bishop of Western New York, in Trinity church, Geneva, in his Diocesan Council, September 10th, 1850.

In the day when I was admitted to Holy Orders, how sacred was the rubric in all eyes! Our rubrical law, it is true, in all particulars, had never been quickened into active service. Our colonial orphanage had lain on them like a long winter; but there was the law. Wise men loved it, and zealous men strove to revive its operation. To violate a rubric which had been operative, or to which the diocesan directed attention, was to forfeit all character for Churchmanship; save only where it was proved, that under a rigid necessity and with no disloyalty in mind or heart, the seeming offender had transgressed the letter, but not the spirit of the law. An anecdote may illustrate the dutiful spirit of that period. Dr. Muhlenberg (saintly and venerable name) had something of the revolutionist in his nature; but, when I once playfully accused him of "circumventing a rubric," he rose from his seat and resented the charge; stopping his ears with a benevolent smile, and crying out—"circumventing a rubric? no, never! I wish I could abolish some of our rubrics, and canons, but, I never trifle with what I have sworn to obey." Once, inspired by a new scheme of benevolence, he said to me: "Will you let me come into your diocese and carry it out?" He was more than half in earnest, and I answered, "Yes, and welcome, with a whole heart! and all I can do as the Ordinary shall be done to give you liberty; but more than that I can't promise. I often think you have a special mission, like John Wesley, and Wesley should have had a special license." I told him that in my opinion the law was good, but that all laws must have exceptions, yet, "I also was under authority, and beyond certain limits of missionary precedent, I had no more right to relax the law than he." He recognized this in his delightful way, and then broke out into a sort of rhapsody, "O, that our successors of the apostles were not tied up in their apostolic powers!"

Now, such a reverence for the Law was the spirit of this diocese when it was left to me by my eminent predecessor, a man who was the embodiment of law and order, and reflected their spirit in all that he did. Impressed with this conviction, I very early committed myself to preserve the traditions of my diocese, inherited as they were from White and Hobart, the great exemplars of Bishop DeLancy. Not, indeed, was I committed to what my own Gamaliel, Bishop Whittingham, once called in my hearing, "a hide-bound conservatism." I have always recognized a legitimate progress, and have favored every advance toward the realizing of all that Hooker and Andrewes and Ken, or even Laud, recognized as rightfully ours in the reformed Church. But, these were my conditions and limitations, viz.: (1). This rule respects only things always recognized as lawful and always asserted, like that dormant right of convocation, which Dr. Johnson said he would face a park of artillery rather than surrender, dead though it seemed to be in his day. And (2). Restoration itself must be authorized. It must not be in the power of every novice to innovate, nor to resuscitate the obsolete, however innocent in itself. For example, it is lawful and right to offer the Morning Prayer at daybreak all the year round. I wish it could be done with propriety; but the rector who should insist upon his right to deprive the great majority

of his people of their accustomed Sunday Morning Service, by uniformly celebrating this service before they were out of their beds, would deserve my rebuke. He who in his private judgment would scandalize a diocese or disregard his bishop's fatherly counsel in such a matter, would strain at the gnat of a private scruple while swallowing the camel of disloyalty. And, to concede the utmost, if the weak only are offended, yet it wounds and wrongs those "consciences of the weak brethren," which Scripture and our Holy Mother the Church ordains that we should tenderly respect, in Christian charity. The lines of legitimate progress, then, are in things lawful, to use lawful and expedient means. All things may be lawful, but "all things," says the apostle, "are not expedient." Where rubrics and canons are ambiguous, or where they are silent, the bishop is the ordinary whose golly counsels are the ecclesiastical authority, till the Church, in her synods, legislates. This is the ordinance of God, if, as we believe, we have the apostolic succession in our bishops and the power of the keys committed to their charge. And further, as to any supposed improvement or advance in things lawful in themselves (the law being recognized by common consent, though dormant by usage), the innovator, who would proceed under the favor of God, must personally apply the three queries of Bishop Hobart, as follows:

(1.) Should this thing be done? (2.) Is this the best time to do it? (3.) Am I the man whose duty it is, very clearly, to take the lead accordingly? Against the remonstrances or kindly and affectionate request of one's own "father in God," he would be a bold man who should answer all three of these inquiries affirmatively. He ought to have great learning, a large experience, and what one of our educating canons calls "extraordinary strength of natural understanding, a peculiar aptitude to teach, and a large share of prudence." To such a gifted individual, what bishop of the Church would not surrender his own limited faculties, and concede the authority due to special inspiration?

My reverend brethren, for twenty years I have endeavored to administer the affairs of my diocese on these principles, never departing from them consciously, much less intentionally. In all that time, only a single instance has occurred of insubordination and contemptuous breach of law; and that one instance was so quietly disposed of that I suppose few will recognize the case to which I refer. In a very few other instances, a gentle and fatherly request for a compliance with the order of the diocese has been instantly complied with, and God no doubt will bless the loyal and filial spirit, even supposing any instance of paternal judgment to be an honest mistake. Thanks be to God, brethren, that I can say this of you, with a grateful heart. To such a spirit in the clergy of the diocese, far more than to any faculty of their bishop, we owe it that there has been everywhere among us a rapid and healthful growth of Catholic ideas, naintained by Mediseval ceremonialism, puerility, or superstition—a beautiful development of rubrical observance and ritual propriety, with a great improvement in constitutional legislation and the order and solemnity of diocesan synods. And yet these twenty years have been marked by exceptional con-

vulsions and revolutions in the religious world around us. Even in the Church it has been a period of excitement and agitation, of caprice and extravagance, and such assertion of self-will and individualism. It has been a period of nrippe and frivolous dogmatism, of childish itching for the novel and the sensational, and of imbecility and arrogance, defying law and trampling oaths and promises under foot. The mere innovations of enthusiasm have been dignified as a "Catholic revival," and the name of "Catholics" has been arrogated by half-educated youths, perhaps recently imported from sectarianism, or revolting from a pseudo "evangelicalism." We have seen revolutions undertaken by tyros in theology, ignorant alike of Catholic history, the criteria by which Catholicity is defined, and yet more ignorant of the Holy Scriptures, without a deep study and knowledge of which the most zealous declaimer against an uncatholic system is but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." If, then, my diocese is unvexed by these theologasters, does any one ask, "Why such pastoral admonitions?" My dear brethren, hear my answer. I speak these words in order that your love of order and law may continue to be the traditional spirit of this diocese. The times are fruitful in disturbing elements. The late revisions of our English Bible have been attended with deplorable results. Our Prayer Book itself is in the crucible. Laws seem to be, everywhere, in a state of flux, and the "spirit of disobedience," alike in Church and State, is the spirit of our epoch. Now, then, let us trim our own vessel and set sail for a safe navigation. As I have often said, I covet for my diocese a thoroughly Catholic spirit: its rightful reputation will then vindicate itself, in time. Let me mention a few particulars, to which I trust you will see the propriety and wisdom of my references just now. I purpose, hereafter, to illustrate my positions in this charge by citations from Patristic authority, with Gallican or Greek illustrations, as well as from Anglican and American canonists, doctors, and jurists of eminent wisdom. My positions in this charge are none of my own manufacture. The torrent of Catholic and Anglican testimony would sweep away all pretences to the contrary.

[Here follow the charges to the diocese, omitted in this place. The concluding portion, on Law, is of general purport, and will be given next week.]

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER ON DIESTABLISHMENT.—The Bishop of Chichester (Dr. Durnford) has addressed a pastoral to the archdeacons and rural deans of his diocese, stating that the question of diestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England will, beyond all doubt, be brought before next Parliament, and probably on some early occasion. He says, "The advanced Liberal party has taken up the question as an election cry, and the more moderate members of that party, so far as I have observed, for the most part speak hesitatingly in support of the National Church. The programme of the Liberaionists means nothing less than total subversion. They are bent upon root-and-branch work. The small measure of mercy shown to the Church in Ireland will be denied to us. Our endowments are to be confiscated, the incomes of all bishops and clergy to end with their lives, the Church, so far as the law of the State is concerned, to have no corporate existence after diestab-

ment; all ancient churches to be vested in a parochial board, with power of sale at a fair valuation." He speaks of the necessity of the new constitutions being instructed as to "what disestablishment and disendowment really means—what results would be brought about thereby in country towns and yet more in villages—what is the truth about the endowments of the Church—how the clergy are paid—what tithes are, how applied now, and how they would be dealt with in case of disendowment—what are the duties of the clergy—how they are fulfilled now, and how they would be fulfilled under conditions such as the Liberatorists have in view." He does not believe the future electors care for none of these things; but the manifestoes of the Liberatorists are scattered broadcast among them, and if nothing is done to contradict these, they are sure to be more or less believed. He condemns the supineness which permits this, and while not advising political sermons, he calls on the clergy to be faithful in upholding the constitution in Church and State, and warning their people what their loss would be if it were overthrown. He calls upon the clergy "to influence the public opinion of their parishes, to set before them refutation of the falsehoods so widely circulated, and enable them to give a reason for their attachment to the Church of their fathers. In fact," he says, "the question of disestablishment and disendowment concerns the laity even more than the clergy: it is they who will suffer if their resident pastors are violently ousted; if the ministrations of religion are given in scanty measure or wholly withheld; if they lose the friends and helpers of the poor and afflicted—the fathers as well as teachers of their parishes."

THE WAKEFIELD BISHOPRIC.—The fund for the proposed new bishopric of Wakefield progresses slowly—\$450,000 in all is required for its endowment. Of this about \$170,000 has already been subscribed, while the Bishoprics Act of 1878 assigns \$1,500 to the see, which, if capitalized makes about \$50,000 more. The Bishop of Ripon is pushing the matter of making up the large deficiency, in order to have the bishopric established, and some large additional subscriptions are being made.

A QUESTIONABLE FIND.—An honorary canon of Canterbury writes to The Guardian that he has discovered the Canterbury Stone, vainly sought for at Rome by the late Dean Stanley. He says: "I found it, with a number of relics, in the sacristy of a church at Sienna, on my way here (Lucerne) from Rome a month ago. The stone itself is of a brownish color, and only 1.1-3 of an inch square; probably a portion may have been once cut off and taken away as a relic. On the edges is the incised inscription of which I send you a rubbing, and I shall be glad if you can throw any light on what it refers to. There is a small hole in the stone, through which is drawn a bit of narrow parchment, and it has the following writing, which the archivist of the state papers at Sienna had some difficulty in deciphering, but which he pronounced to be in the characters of the twelfth century: "De lapide super quo sangui. Beati Thomas Cantuariensis effusus est." From the stone on which was shed the blood of the blessed Thomas of Canterbury." Not being an antiquary, I was unable to decipher the incised inscription."

On the other hand, a letter signed J. O. W., and dated from Magdalen College, Oxford, states that "the small piece of stone mentioned in the Times of the 25th inst., and described as 'the Canterbury Stone sought for at Rome by Dean Stanley,' and found in the sacristy of a church at Sienna, proves to be a medicine stamp, the letters inscribed on the

four narrow edges of the stone being inscribed backward, so as to be legible only when reversed, either by pressure upon a waxen or other soft surface, or by having the incised letters filled with ink and printed off upon paper."

SCOTLAND.

THE COADJUTOR BISHOP OF MORAY AND ROSS.—Bishop Kelly arrived at Inverness on Tuesday, August 25th. He was met by several of the clergy and laity, and welcomed to his new sphere of work.

Bishop Charles Wordsworth, of St. Andrew's, corrects the statement that the confirmation of Bishop Kelly's election was unanimous. Bishop Wordsworth did not join in the confirmation, and says that he has no intention of doing so, for reasons which he will give at his diocesan synod.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT QUESTION.—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Roseberry have each written a letter for publication stating that the question of the disestablishment of the Scotch Church is purely a matter for Scotchmen to deal with, and ought not to be made a test question at the coming Parliamentary election. At the last session of Parliament there were 1,361 petitions with 690,022 signatures against the Church of Scotland Disestablishment Bill, and only 108 petitions with 3,799 signatures in favor of the bill.

SYNOD OF ABERDEEN AND ORKNEY.—The annual Synod of the United Dioceses of Aberdeen and Orkney was held in Aberdeen on Thursday, August 27th. The bishop (Dr. A. G. Douglas), in his annual charge, spoke of the disestablishment question, and also reverted, with strong disapproval, to the suggestion of the use of unfemented wine in the Eucharist, and commended the Church Temperance Society. He thanked God for the abounding of signs of a healthy growth in the diocese, and also for the signs of a growing desire for unity among those now separated from the Church.

Dr. Walker of Moneyman moved "that this synod, while rejoicing in the recent happy meeting with our brethren of the American Church at the Seabury Centenary, trusts that such happy meetings will be less rare in future, and that our Church will respond readily to the evident desire of the American Church for a more frequent interchange of visits between America and Scottish Churches." He was of opinion that such meetings would be greatly for the benefit of them all.

Dean Ranken of Old Deer, in seconding the motion, said, aided by a wise and willing staff of organizers and helpers, the bishops and clergy succeeded in making the Seabury Centenary a magnificent success. But it would have been short of much of its meaning without the presence of the American element, and he thought it was right at this first meeting of the Synod of Aberdeen and Orkney to give permanent expression in the synodical records of what they all thought and felt, and he had, therefore, great pleasure in seconding Dr. Walker's motion.

The motion was carried unanimously, and on the motion of Mr. Wiseman of Buxburn, it was agreed to send a copy of the resolution to the Diocese of Connecticut.

The following petition, largely signed, was presented and supported in an able speech by the Rev. J. M. Dawson of St. Andrew's church, Aberdeen: "That your petitioners are deeply attached, by long familiarity, to the Liturgy commonly called the Scottish Communion Office. (2) That your petitioners are much dissatisfied with the position of inferiority assigned to this rite by Canon xxx. of the Code of Canons now in force, and more especially by section 4 of this canon, which ordains that 'at all Consecrations, Ordinations, and

Synods the Communion Office of the Book of Common Prayer shall be used.' (3) Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your lordship, in your place in the Episcopal College, will take such canonical steps as are necessary so as to secure perfect equality of position for the English and Scottish Rites."

The bishop assured the petitioners that nothing should be wanting on his part to urge the petition upon the Episcopal College at its next meeting. One member of the synod went so far as to say that the Scottish Church would never prosper until her national office was reinstated in its supremacy.

JAPAN.

JAPANESE CHRISTIANS.—The Danish "Aldindelig Kirkeliste" quotes from the "Japan Mart" to the following effect: "In the recent census more than 80,000 Japanese avowed themselves Christians, of whom 30,000 were Romanists, 10,000 Russo-Greeks, and the rest connected with British and American missions. But the Russo-Greek form of Christianity seems to promise most. The Mikado himself is said to be inclined to it. Its head, Bishop Nicholas, is certainly the most popular of all the missionaries in the empire; he has ordained no small proportion of his adherents to the priesthood, some of whom, after further study in Russia, are to be raised to the episcopate. On the other hand, the Romish native clergy are now extremely few."

MAINE.

EPISCOPAL ACTS.—The North-East gives the following summary of Episcopal acts of the bishop of the diocese:

Camden.—On Monday, August 17th, the bishop preached at Evening Prayer at St. Thomas's church, and confirmed a class of four candidates presented by the rector, the Rev. Henry Jones.

Rockport.—On the following evening he preached and confirmed three persons, also presented by the Rev. Mr. Jones, in St. Mark's church. There were good congregations at both of these services.

Rockland and Thomaston.—St. Peter's church, Rockland, was visited by the bishop on Wednesday, August 19th, and St. John Baptist church, Thomaston, on the 20th. He preached at Evening Prayer on both occasions. It was a sore disappointment to the faithful missionary in charge of these stations that he was unable to present any candidates for confirmation, but there is evidently a growing interest in the services of the Church and in the labors of the missionary, at least at Thomaston.

Wiscasset.—In St. Philip's church, on the 21st, the bishop preached and confirmed one candidate presented by the rector, the Rev. Canon Fry. Extensive and substantial repairs and improvements have been made upon the church building in this parish during the present summer, and the congregation have now the satisfaction of worshipping in a comely and attractive "house of God." When a like work shall have been done upon the exterior of the rectory, the parish buildings will form a very pleasing group.

Poland Springs.—An interesting service was held by the bishop, on an urgent invitation of some of the guests at Poland Springs, in the Music Hall of the Spring House, on Sunday evening, August 23d. A congregation of about two hundred was assembled, the responses were hearty, and the musical parts of the service were excellently rendered by a selected choir. After the sermon, and a few remarks with respect to the missionary character of our Church work in this diocese, a substantial offering for the support of that work was made, for which a grateful acknowledgment is due.

Mechanic Falls.—Previous to the service above referred to, the bishop had driven to Mechanic Falls, six miles distant from Poland Springs, and there officiated for the first time. Several of our Church people in Buckfield came over to the neighboring town for this service, and, bringing Prayer Books with them, materially aided in the responsive parts of the worship. The use of the Universalist meeting-house was kindly proffered for the occasion, and some excellent singers rendered valuable assistance. The congregation, numbering a hundred or more, though generally unfamiliar with our mode of worship, gave heedful and reverent attention both to the service and sermon, and the few Church people of the town felt and expressed great satisfaction in the privilege thus afforded them.

Newcastle.—In St. Andrew's church, on Monday evening, St. Bartholomew's Day, the bishop preached, being assisted in the service by the Rev. Canon Fyne, who also presented one candidate for confirmation. The beautiful church was entirely filled by the assembled congregation, and a very real and deep interest was manifested in the discourse of the preacher.

At an early celebration of the Holy Communion in the same church on the following morning, nearly twenty participated in the blessed sacrament.

At the stated weekly evening service on Wednesday, the bishop, having remained in Newcastle for a day or two as the guest of some dear friends, again preached to a large congregation, many of whom subsequently gave him the opportunity of an hour's social converse with them. The entire community was at this time anxiously concerned for the recovery from a sharp and serious illness of an honored citizen and beloved physician, Dr. Dixon, and the prayers of the Church on his behalf were most heartily seconded by all of his fellow-townsmen.

VERMONT.

DIOCESAN ITEMS.—After his mid-summer rest the bishop proposes, God willing, and with improved health, to begin the autumnal visitation of the diocese, on Sunday, September 13th.

The ordination of the Rev. W. F. Weeks to the priesthood is appointed for Michaelmas, September 29th, at Enosburgh Falls.

The Vermont Church Choir Guild is to meet in Burlington, on October 22d, Mr. S. B. Whitney of Boston, being the conductor. The Vermont Branch of the Women's Auxiliary is to meet in Vergennes, on October 7th.

Church property in the following parishes and in one mission have been conveyed to the new corporation of "The Trustees of the Diocese of Vermont," viz.: those of Brattleboro, Burlington, Enosburgh, Island Pond, Northfield, Richmond, Poultney, Sheldon, St. Johnsbury. To these is now to be added the parish at Fairfax; and other parishes have the matter of transfer under consideration. The object of this transfer is to secure a better title to the Church property, without divesting the wardens and vestry of their usual rights in care and occupancy, and in use of insurance money in case of loss by fire. This very desirable object, the security of title to Church property, commends itself to all members of the Church. Its loss by debt, mortgage, sale, alienation, or by the death of the parish itself, is thereby prevented.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LENOX—Trinity Church.—The corner-stone of Trinity Church (the Rev. Justin Field, rector), was laid on Monday, September 7th, in the presence of a large congregation, which

included Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, Mr. J. H. Choate and Judge Rockwell of New York, and many others of note who have subscribed liberally towards building the church, which is to cost \$40,000. The tin box containing the church history and other things was deposited in the stone by the Hon. Chester A. Arthur, Ex-President of the United States, who is one of the subscribers to the building-fund.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE—St. Andrew's Church.—This church, the corner stone of which was laid on St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, 1883, was opened for divine service on Thursday, September 3d. It is not entirely completed, but nearly enough to warrant its formal opening. The church was filled, every seat and chair being occupied. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers, the altar, font, lectern and organ being almost covered. There were present of the clergy, the Rev. Messrs. T. H. Crocroft and G. S. Pine, late rectors of the parish, and the Rev. Messrs. E. H. Porter, G. H. Patterson, W. N. Ackley, Percy Barnes, C. E. Blanchet, A. E. Carpenter, and E. J. H. Van Deerin. The clergy assembled in the sacristy, and having vested, entered the church in procession, as the choir sang a processional hymn. The services were conducted by the late rector, the Rev. George S. Pine, in the necessary absence of the bishop. The Holy Eucharist was celebrated, preceded by Morning Prayer; the sermon being delivered by the first rector, the Rev. T. H. Crocroft. Before the sermon the Rev. Mr. Pine made a few remarks stating what had been accomplished, and expressing the hope that a large part of the debt remaining on the church, about \$350, would be provided for by the offertory. The offerings amounted to \$109, thus providing for nearly half the debt. After the services the visiting clergy and laity were entertained.

St. Andrew's had its origin in the winter of 1876, when the Rev. T. H. Crocroft began to hold services. Mr. Crocroft was rector of St. Phillip's, Crompton. Under his ministration the mission prospered, and in 1879 a Sunday-school was organized. Initiatory steps were taken to raise money to build a church, and these developed two years ago, into the appointment of a committee of the Lord's Guild, to solicit subscriptions and build the church. The corner-stone was laid in 1883, and the work progressed so well that the church was ready for occupancy at the beginning of the current month. Mr. Crocroft resigned in 1883 to take charge of a parish in Providence, and the Rev. G. S. Pine succeeded him, who recently resigned to take work in Boston. To the energetic work of these two faithful priests, earnestly backed by a faithful laity, is due the success of this mission.

St. Andrew's church is gothic in style, with a tower; it is forty feet by thirty-four, and is a handsome addition to the number of beautiful churches which this diocese possesses.

ALBANY.

TANNERSVILLE—St. John the Evangelist's Church.—The work on this little church, in which so many of our readers have taken an interest, and which they have aided with their offerings, has progressed more rapidly than its friends dared to hope. The expectation was to be able to roof the building, add the porches, put in the windows and the floor, thus enabling the church to be used for purposes of worship. In addition to all this, the walls are being plastered, the roof will be panelled and the arches put up, and, with the exception of painting and interior decoration, stalls, etc., the church will be entirely finished. The church will seat over two hundred people; one

hundred and fifty chairs have been given for seats.

The church was opened for divine worship on Sunday, August 9th. There were three services, at 7 and 11 A.M. and at 4 P.M. It was a joyous and thankful day for those who had worked hard for this result. There was a large number of residents present, and the church was well filled. At the early celebration there were twenty communicants and thirty at the second celebration.

Some beautiful gifts have been presented to the church, among them a handsome Brussels carpet for foot pace and steps of the altar, two eucharistic and six vesper lights in brass, a dossal cloth, two alms basins and a very handsome bell. The altar cross and the brass altar desk are promised, and a lady is considering the giving of the west window.

Architecturally the church is correct and very effective. The interior impresses the beholder very much, and will, when finished, be very handsome.

About sixty persons have been baptized and thirty confirmed; and the bishop visits the church for confirmation on September 21st.

PAUL SMITH'S—St. John's in the Wilderness.

—There is probably hardly another summer retreat in the country where a strong interest in church work and services is so well sustained as at this popular resort in the Adirondacks. The visitors are appreciative of the Church privileges which by many are unexpectedly found here, and throughout much of the summer have filled the picturesque Church of St. John in the Wilderness and joined in the common prayer and praise with great heartiness. The ministering clergyman during August were the Rev. Milton Dotten and the Rev. Parker Morgan. The St. Regis Lakes are frequented by many campers, who in themselves form a considerable community, and are an important element in the church's congregation. It is a pretty scene on a Sunday morning to see the boats of these appearing from the different inlets and shores and gliding over the lake toward the hotel landing, whence the wagon road and a shaded wood path lead up to the church-crowned hill. "Be still, and know that I am God," was the subject most appropriately chosen for one Sunday's sermon, and made suggestive by the earnest preacher of the soul's opportunities in a season of retirement in the woods.

The services here impress anew upon the mind the importance of the Church's ministrations to her people, and to strangers at their retreats for rest and pleasure. Change of air and surroundings, and even the change from their own parish church and pastoral teachings, however dear these may be to them, quicken the mind and heart as well as the body, and a fresh interest and susceptibility are ready to meet sacred influences. And then the blessedness to the invalids compelled to spend months at such retreats! The Church seems to them a loving mother indeed, when she seeks them in their weakness and loneliness with "the means of grace," and her words of help and comfort. The clergy at such places, whether resident or visiting, may be sure that no work of theirs is apt to prove more influential for good than that done for those whom they thus meet by the way.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society.—The first meeting of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, under the new management, was held in the chantry of Grace church on Wednesday, September 9th. It was preceded by a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the Assistant-Bishop of New York being the celebrant. At the business meeting Mr. James

M. Brown was elected treasurer of the board. It was decided to extend to the remainder of the financial year the appropriation for both the foreign and domestic department, on the basis of the appropriation for the last three months. From an examination of the books, it appears that all liabilities connected with the foreign department have been paid, and a balance of \$300 remains in the treasury.

NEW YORK—Funeral of the Rev. Dr. Tyng.—The burial service for the late Rev. Dr. Stephen Higginson Tyng was held in St. George's church (the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector), on Tuesday, September 8th. There were present the Presiding Bishop, the Assistant-Bishop of New York, the rector of the parish, of which the deceased was rector-emeritus, and about sixty other clergy. The remains were met at the door of the church by the bishops and clergy, preceded by the wardens and vestry of the parish and the full surpliced choir of men and boys. The opening sentences were said by the rector. After the singing of Hymn 531, the Rev. W. H. Benjamin read the lesson. Hymn 297 was then sung, and the assistant-bishop said that the Presiding Bishop, who was a life-long friend of the late Dr. Tyng, would make the address.

The Bishop of Delaware spoke with much feeling, giving some account of Dr. Tyng's character and ministry, and especially of his greatness and successfulness as a preacher. The Church was now much larger than when Dr. Tyng was in his prime, but it had no more effective and eloquent preachers. He instanced such men as Hawks, Bedell, etc., saying that Dr. Tyng stood first. He was sustained and eloquent in his preaching, was never at a loss for words, and, notwithstanding his vehemence and force, was full of feeling. He had no other theme save that of Christ and Him crucified. As a man, the speaker said, he was absolutely without fear. At the conclusion of the address Hymn 485 was sung, when the committal service was read by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the assistant-bishop, and the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton. The remains were taken to Greenwood for interment.

By invitation of the assistant-bishop, the clergy met in the chapel, to the west of the church, to appoint a committee to prepare a minute as a testimonial of the deceased, to be published in the Church papers. The assistant-bishop presided, and called on the Rev. Dr. Newton, successor to Dr. Tyng at the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, for some remarks. He asked him especially to relate an incident which he had just related to himself. Dr. Newton stated that during the Native American excitement, some years ago, the mob determined to burn the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. Augustine, and to kill the Roman Catholic bishop. The bishop was in such peril of his life that he came to Dr. Tyng for protection. The latter received him in his house, and, going out on the door-step, told the excited mob that they couldn't touch a hair of the bishop's head without riding over his own dead body. As a result, the mob slunk away, and the bishop was unhurt.

Various incidents were also related by the Rev. W. H. Platt, the Rev. C. Walker, and the Rev. Dr. G. D. Wildes, the latter stating that a happy and pious old colored woman, a servant in the family, first called Dr. Tyng's attention to the subject of religion, and that he was largely indebted to her for his religious convictions.

At the conclusion of the addresses the assistant bishop appointed the Rev. Drs. Dyer, Morgan, Ryland, Eaton, Wildes, and the Rev. Messrs. Platt and Newbold, to draw up a minute expressive of the feeling of the meeting.

The bishop of the diocese sent a message by the assistant-bishop, regretting his inability to

be present at the funeral, and testifying to his great respect for the character of the deceased. The assistant-bishop remarked that though the relations between the bishop and the former rector of St. George's were at one time strained, it came, at length, to be far otherwise.

NEW YORK—Church of the Holy Cross.—This church, which was erected through St. John the Baptist Foundation, was consecrated on Monday, September 14th, by the assistant-bishop of the diocese. The attendance was large, quite filling the church. At 10 a. m. the assistant-bishop and other clergy, for the most part in cassocks and surplices, entered the church, when the service of consecration was proceeded with. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. G. H. Houghton. In the evening of the same day confirmation was held by the assistant-bishop at eight o'clock.

The mission was recently incorporated under the statute providing for the incorporation of free churches, and by the terms of the statute no rent charge or exaction can ever be demanded of any person occupying a seat in the building owned or occupied by the mission, during public worship. In addition to the amount now guaranteed to the trustees, the sum of \$2,000 will be required to carry on the work for the coming year, the trustees submit that this attempt to extend Church influence in this part of the town is of great importance to the Church at large. They feel that it is the duty of the Churchmen to see that this mission does not languish for want of support and trust that their appeal will be generously responded to.

The work of the mission began about ten years ago. The population reached is largely German, and the aim has been from the beginning to meet the needs of the German speaking people. Services have been regularly held in the German language, and after a time it was found necessary to supplement these services by those in English.

The number of communicants, German and English, is now two hundred and fifty, while five hundred children are cared for in the Sunday-school. The mission also embraces guilds for women, for boys and for girls, and sewing schools. In addition to this instruction is given to about one hundred persons.

The services during the octave on weekdays, and on all week days thereafter will be celebration at 5:30 o'clock in the morning, Matins at 9 o'clock, Evensong at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and mission service, German or English, procession of guilds, etc., with short sermon, at 8 o'clock in the evening.

On Sundays there will be English celebration at 7:30 a. m.; German celebration, with sermon, 9 a. m.; English Matins, 10:15 a. m.; English celebration, with sermon, 10:45 a. m.; English Evensong and catechizing, with sermon, 2 p. m.; German Vespers, with sermon, 7 p. m.; and English mission service and sermon, 8 p. m.

A cordial invitation is extended to Church people and others interested in Church-work among the poor, to visit the mission at any time the better to see the nature and extent of this work.

The spiritual charge of the mission will continue as heretofore in the hands of the clergy of the Order of the Holy Cross, assisted by the Sisters of St. John the Baptist.

NEW YORK—Church Temperance Society.—Mr. Robert Graham, the organizing secretary of the Church Temperance Society has addressed a letter to several of the bishops, asking that they bring to the attention of their clergy the subject of preaching sermons on temperance on the first Sunday in November. A few days after the letter was sent, a communication was received from the Bishop of

Long Island, copies of which had been sent to all the clergy of the diocese. The communication is as follows:

"As the annual convention of the Church Temperance Society is to be held during the first week in November, it will greatly extend the interest of its work, and do good in many ways, if the clergy generally in this State and in others contiguous to it, will, on the first Sunday in November, preach on the terrible evil which the society is laboring to overthrow, and on the duty of the people of God everywhere to do what they can for the same end. Should there be any attempt at concert of action in the matter, I am sure the clergy of my diocese will promptly and zealously cooperate."

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Christ Church.—There has been placed in the chancel of this church (the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington, rector), a fine oil painting, presented by Mrs. Wyndust of Locust Valley, L. I., as a memorial of her old and cherished friend, the Rev. Alfred H. Partridge, late rector of the parish. The Scripture scene delineated is that of the "Tribute Money," where our Lord meets the shrewd questioning of the Pharisees by answering, "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The figures of Christ, the Apostles and Jewish priests are of heroic size, and the central figure of the Saviour is of remarkable beauty and majesty.

This large and finely executed painting was purchased and brought to this country many years ago by Mrs. Wyndust's husband, recently deceased. Becoming, through her thoughtfulness, a memorial of a justly venerated servant of God, it has now found a permanent and appropriate resting-place.

GARDEN CITY—Cathedral Schools.—The Cathedral School of St. Paul, since coming under diocesan management, has shown a most vigorous growth. The committee determined, at the start to exert every endeavor to make known the extensive educational facilities provided by the schools of St. Paul and St. Mary, and have advertised extensively for this purpose. The schools will open on September 23d. Prospects indicate for St. Paul's about one hundred scholars, who will be provided with superior educational advantages by a most competent corps of instructors, each one of whom, though new at St. Paul's, is possessed of large and successful experience to qualify him for his work. St. Paul's promises, in a few years, to be one of the leading Church schools for boys in the country, and in this, its first year under diocesan management, it makes a long step in the right direction. The times demand nothing more, if so much, as Christian education for youth. The Diocese of Long Island, by its admirable schools in Garden City, and St. Catharine's in Brooklyn, is doing much in the line of this great duty.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

AUBURN—St. John's Church.—A local paper gives the following account of this church (the Rev. F. A. D. Launt, rector), and the installation of the new vested choir on Sunday, September 6th: "St. John's church, the bare walls of which in the past have been bleak and unsightly, has been handsomely kalamined and decorated by Downer Brothers, and the interior now presents a cheerful and finished appearance. The work has been done in the best manner, and reflects great credit upon the skill and exquisite taste of the Messrs. Downer, whose combination and blending of colors is not only appropriate to the edifice but pleasing to the eye. An appro-

prize text of Scripture ornaments the wall over the altar, and adds an agreeable finish to the decorations. Mrs. Mary A. Davids, who donated one-third of the amount required to carry out the improvement, and Mrs. William B. Chisholm, who obtained by donations the remainder of the money, are entitled to the thanks of the congregation of St. John's for their efforts to beautify and adorn the church. A large congregation attended service there on Sunday night. A choir of male voices, fifteen in number, appeared for the first time in the service, dressed in black cassocks and white cottas. The choir was instituted by permission of Bishop Huntington, the rector, Mr. Launt, using the appropriate service written by the late Bishop Doane, of the Diocese of New Jersey. It was an impressive ceremony, and was performed in Auburn for the first time at St. John's on Sunday evening."

WESTERN NEW YORK.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

- St. Sunday—A. M., Poon Yan; P. M., Brasenport.
St. Monday—Bradford.
St. Tuesday—A. M., Catharine; P. M., Cayuta.
St. Sunday—A. M., Olean; P. M., Cuba.
St. Monday—A. M., Boliver; P. M., Belmont.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Convocational Work*.—As the regular fall meetings of the convocations which form this diocese will soon be held, attention may be properly called to the means at hand for the accomplishing very much good work for the cause of missions. It is one of the causes of complaint against the old system that no one but the rector of the parish knew in what condition the Diocesan Missions were, and he was not always fully posted. Under the new order this is changed. The whole convention of the diocese is a general committee on missions; and the clergy and lay delegates of each parish are a special committee for that parish upon missions, who, being members of the convocation, hear the reports of missionaries and vote upon the appropriations. They are thus able to stir up a far greater interest in missions than was possible in the old way. Much greater results will flow than there ever has. As an example, a parish by no means strong, raised its assessment of \$100 in a few minutes by the clergy and deputies getting together and talking over the matter. If this was done in each of our parishes much more than \$12,000 would be raised, and an interest would be aroused that would surprise even the most sanguine.

PHILADELPHIA—*Death of George L. Harrison*.—Mr. George Lieb Harrison, who for some time has been in ill health, passed away at his summer residence, School Lane, Germantown, on Thursday morning, September 10th, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He was a Philadelphian by birth and residence. Having been a student at law he was admitted to the bar, which profession he never followed, but took charge of his father's chemical works. In 1849 he became a partner in the firm of Powers & Weightman. Afterwards he was instrumental in organizing the firm of Harrison, Havemeyer & Co., whose towering sugar refinery looms up as one approaches the city from the river.

He was for many years connected with St. Luke's church, being the senior-warden for a large part of the time. He was a member of the General Board of Missions, and treasurer of the Episcopal Hospital. He was one of the trustees of the Philadelphia Divinity School from its establishment. He was also prominent in many charitable works, as well as the president of the first General Convention of Public Charities. He interested himself largely in the

amelioration of the condition of the insane. To this end he collated, had printed, and distributed gratuitously a voluminous work on the laws which have been enacted bearing upon the care and protection of the insane.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON—*St. John's Parish*.—The steady growth of this parish cannot be well represented in figures, yet even these indicate something of the yearly increase of interest and zeal on the part of the congregation. The communion alms have grown from \$1,400 to \$1,900; the number of communicants in 1883, 600; in 1884, 700; in 1885, 800; Sunday-school pupils, from 400 to 600; total parish contributions from \$23,000 per year to \$32,300. Nearly two hundred sittings were called for and added in 1884. This year nearly \$1,500 were contributed for missions alone. The enlargement and beautification of the church cost \$23,000, and has been paid from the surplus funds of the parish.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. Alban's Church*.—This parish (the Rev. N. Falls, rector), having church, chapel and vestry of the total value of \$12,000, seventy communicants, annual contributions averaging \$600, about forty-five families including upwards of one hundred and sixty-five persons, holds its own, though at times against many odds, and under the present rector goes bravely on in good works. Though in government employment during the usual department hours, he makes abundant time for parochial duty, and his earnest works testify to his zeal.

WAYNE—*St. John's Orphanage for Boys*.—On Thursday, September 6th, the bishop of the diocese formally opened the building lately erected for this institution. It is a frame cottage, lined with brick, having sixteen rooms. It is built of the best materials, in the most complete and substantial manner. But it is hoped that in the course of time this much-needed charity will be so far developed and receive such aid that a larger and more substantial edifice of stone will be provided. The present house has cost about \$6,000, and the trustees have \$7,000 invested as the commencement of the endowment.

Evensong was said in the church, there being present in the church, besides the bishop and the rector of the parish (the Rev. F. H. Stubbs), the Rev. Messrs. John S. Miller, Geo. S. Johnson, Geo. W. Harrod, William F. Lewis and Robert H. Gernand. The bishop made an earnest address, his theme being "The true wealth of the Church." He gave a touching illustration of his meaning by describing the act of St. Laurentius, who, being summoned in Rome to reveal the supposed hidden treasures of the Christians, brought the Church's poor as her living "jewels" into the presence of the astonished judge. The wealth of the Church, the bishop urged, was not to be measured by the ability to do good, but by doing good. The treasures of the Church are souls and bodies succored and brought to Christ.

After the service in church a procession was made to the orphanage ground, immediately adjacent, the choir singing the 202d hymn. The bishop said prayers at the house door, in the chapel, refectory, kitchen and dormitories. He then returned to the chapel and concluded the service. The chapel, with its altar bright with lights and flowers, was beautiful to see. Before the bishop vested, the sisters and children knelt and received, one by one, his blessing.

This new orphanage, we understand, is the only Church institution for orphan boys in Maryland, and it ought to receive liberal support. Its income from all sources at present is adequate to maintain only seven children.

CUMBERLAND—*Emmanuel Church*.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. P. N. Meade, rector), on Sunday, September 6th, and preached at both the morning and evening service. He also catechized the Sunday-school in the afternoon. After the second service the bishop confirmed four persons presented by the rector, and delivered to them an instructive and earnest address. The offerings amounted to over \$40, and according to the announcement of the bishop were devoted half to the Diocesan Missions and half to the Bishop's Contingent Expense Fund.

St. MARGARET—*Death of the Rev. Dr. Ridout*.—The Rev. Dr. Samuel Ridout, rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, died suddenly on Tuesday, September 8th. He was paying a visit to a relative about a mile from his own residence, and complained of feeling unwell. He lay down on the sofa, and in a few moments expired. Dr. Ridout had just returned from Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, and was apparently in excellent health. He was about sixty-six years old, and had been rector of St. Margaret's parish for twenty-five years. Dr. Ridout was universally respected as a man of preëminent piety and sound judgment.

The burial service was held at Dr. Ridout's residence, "White Hall," the Rev. Messrs. W. S. Southgate and T. C. Gambrell officiating. The interment was in the family burial lot on the place. It was desired to bring the clergy of the Annapolis Convocation, of which Dr. Ridout was dean, together to the burial, but it was found impracticable to do so.

EASTON.

THE BISHOP'S FAILING HEALTH.—The bishop has returned from Massanutta Springs, Va., and is now at the Church House in Baltimore. He is falling rapidly, according to late reports, and it is said that his continuance is now hut a matter of a few days.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS—*St. Thomas's Church*.—This church has not received the aid during the past summer that it had every reason to expect, considering the number of visitors, and the apparent interest taken in it.

Years ago the idea of a consecrated edifice in which to worship, instead of having prayers in the ball room, commended itself to many of the guests who disliked using the same room for dancing and worship. This led ultimately, after some years of patient labor by the Rev. R. H. Mason, who was missionary in this part of the State, and the ladies of the hotel, to a practical result in the shape of a fund of several thousand dollars. The fact, however, of the residents and guests uniting in the work gave rise to a serious difficulty. On the one hand the number of resident Churchmen was so small, that a church of very contracted dimensions would suffice for their use; while on the other, the congregation in summer is swelled to a great size, owing to the number of visitors, so that a large church is required to seat them. It was necessary, therefore, to build the church to suit the latter requirement, and the expenses have been in proportion. The church is built of Georgia pine, is of very pretty design, and has, besides the vestry, a chamber called the "Prophet's Room," where the visiting clergy can be accommodated while taking their meals at the hotel.

In time there will be sufficient work here to keep a resident clergyman constantly employed. In winter there is the resident population, and in summer the guests at the hotel require clerical ministrations. At present, though there are apt to be clergy among the guests, the only dependence is on the Rev. R. H. Mason, settled at Union, several miles distant.

For years he has faithfully labored, not only in his own parish, but in missionary work here and in other settlements, and his labors have been of the most self-denying character.

The bishop of the diocese has the success of the church here very much at heart. About \$5,000 is required to finish the chapel, and one of the bishop's conditions is that workmen shall be employed only when there is money to pay them and no debt shall be incurred.

The lot on which the church is built has been paid for. The church is roofed in and partly completed, so that services can be held in it on dry Sundays. The chancel window has been presented by the Rev. Dr. Osgood Herrick, chaplain at Fort Monroe, and money for another has been given through the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim. The other windows have not been provided for. A reading desk has been provided for, and an altar and chancel chair, as well as an organ have been presented. It is now intended to complete the vestry before winter, so that it may serve for the use of the resident congregation; otherwise there will be no place for them until next summer. About \$1,000 has been raised which will be used in paying for the work done this summer, and work will not be resumed next season until funds are in hand.

It is earnestly desired that funds may be had for the completion of the church. The comparative smallness of the amount needed leads to the hope that some one may contribute thereto of his abundance. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. R. H. Mason, Union, West Virginia, or to the bishop at Parkersburg.

NORTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL VISITATION.—The bishop of the diocese has just completed an interesting tour of visitation through several of the mountain counties. Leaving Asheville in company with the Rev. D. H. Buel on the morning of the 8th of August, he drove to Waynesville, in Haywood County. Here on Sunday, August 9th, at Grace Church, in the mountains, there was morning service, with adult baptism, confirmation, and the Holy Communion, the bishop preaching. In the afternoon at the chapel lately built, but not yet completed, in a lovely mountain valley three miles distant from Waynesville, there was evening service with adult and infant baptisms, the bishop preaching. This chapel, with its school room (a transept of the chapel), is in the midst of a large population of hardy mountaineers, many of whom have come and are coming into the Church.

The next point visited was Webster, the county seat of Jackson County, where services were held.

The little band of church folk here are zealous and earnest, and the prospect of growth is encouraging. From Jackson we went still westward into Macon County, and here, in the mission field of the Rev. Mr. Deal, there were services, at St. John's Church, Castogee, and at two other stations, with confirmation and the Holy Communion. There is here every appearance of encouraging progress. While here a very eligible lot in Franklin, the county town, was secured, and steps taken toward the erection of a nice church. From Macon County, we came into the valley of the Cullowhee, in Jackson County, where we spent Sunday. Here a church (St. David's) has just been erected, which, though very plain, is substantial and beautiful. It is not yet completed, but we held services in it, having confirmation and the Holy Communion, and the bishop preaching. Through the kind efforts of two earnest Christian women (one of whom is sojourning in that valley and the other had come from Waynesville to be with us), the service was enriched with all the

usual music, well rendered, and such a service held for the first time in the very heart of these mountains was most impressive. A prominent resident of this valley, who is very helpful in building the church, and three of his daughters were confirmed; and the first fruits, we have reason to believe, of a goodly harvest ere long to be gathered there.

From Cullowhee we drove to Cashier's Valley, a beautiful valley three thousand six hundred feet high. This mission is under Mr. Deal's charge, and he is doing a good work here among the native population. We held services in the Methodist building, and the bishop preached and celebrated the Holy Communion. A chapel has been erected here (the chapel of the Good Shepherd), but it is not yet finished. It has been built hitherto mainly by one family, Colonel C. F. Hampton and his sisters, of Columbia, S. C., who have a summer home in Cashier's Valley. Aid is now urgently needed to complete this church, and any aid that may be kindly sent for this object will be most usefully bestowed.

From Cashier's Valley we drove to Brevard, Transylvania County, thirty-five miles; and in descending a mountain were for a few moments in imminent danger of our lives, but were mercifully preserved.

On that evening at Brevard, the bishop received the intelligence of the death of his daughter, the wife of General William R. Cox, and was obliged immediately to return to Raleigh; setting off at once, and travelling all night in order to take the train at Hendersonville. At the bishop's desire, Mr. Buel remained and held services as he had appointed them. On Saturday we had service at St. Paul's, in the valley. On Sunday, August 23d, we held service with the Holy Communion, in the new, but yet unfinished church of St. Philip's, in Brevard. On Monday, the Feast of St. Bartholomew, there was morning service, as the bishop had appointed, at Bowman's Bluff, a most beautiful point on the French Broad River, near which five families of intelligent English Church people have lately settled. The service was in the open air, under the shade of a spreading old oak tree, and in full view of an exquisite landscape of lovely valley, grand encircling mountains, and winding river. There is the prospect of immediately supplying this point and others adjacent with the services of an excellent English clergyman who has just come to labor among us.

This missionary tour impressed the bishop more deeply than ever with the importance of this mountain region and its encouraging prospects. The railroads are now here, and are vigorously pushing their way through the mountains, opening to the world their fertile valleys and plateaus, and disclosing the wealth of the mountains themselves, in forests and mines, and in their fertile soil, and withal a climate of the utmost salubrity. Population is flowing in, and now is the Church's opportunity. We need missionaries, and still more (for missionaries can be had) we need the means to build plain churches and school-houses. With these, by God's blessing, a rich harvest, sure to be gathered, is here at hand.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON—St. Mark's Church.—Several of the churches of this city were damaged by the recent storm. The most seriously injured was St. Mark's (colored) church. Of this the News and Courier of September 3d says:

"The roof is entirely stripped; the interior of the church of course is destroyed. The fine new organ is exposed to all the rain. It will take all of \$3,000 to restore the church. The congregation is undaunted, however. They worship now at St. Timothy's chapel, at

the corner of Ashley and Bee streets, and wretched as last Sunday afternoon was, a sufficient number gathered there to organize for the arrangements to repair the church. Those present subscribed \$563, a pretty good beginning, and an evidence of their zeal and steadfastness. Every member of the congregation will be called on by the committee, and, what is peculiar to that congregation, every member will give as much as he is able."—*The Church Messenger.*

CHARLESTON—St. Michael's Church.—The Charleston News and Courier of September 4th, has the following regarding the damage to this church during the recent cyclone:

"The havoc wrought by the storm in St. Michael's church is much greater than was at first supposed. Most of the damage to the interior, however, was done by the rain which followed the storm. During the entire week oceans of water poured through the roof and flooded the church, breaking the ceiling, in some places and deluging everything. Strange to say, however, the water percolated through the tile floor and had disappeared in the ground below. The handsome chandelier has been taken down for fear of accidents, and all the furniture in the church, including the cushions, etc., has been taken out and placed in the sun to dry. It is a subject of congratulation that the splendid organ escaped uninjured, the sexton, Mr. Bealy, having taken extraordinary precautions to protect it by covering it with canvas and such other textile fabrics as could be secured.

The historic ball which was blown down by the gale is lying in the vestibule of the church, and is at present the source of much care on the part of the sexton. Many persons have applied at the church for the privilege of seeing the ball, and this was freely granted, Mr. Beasley never dreaming of the dangerous animal known as the relic hunter. A day or two ago he saw a gentleman with a lead plate in his hand and instinct caused the sexton to ask what it was. The man was a relic hunter. He had carefully detached the plate from the table to which it had been nailed and was quietly and coolly walking off with it. It was taken away from him and then it was discovered to have been the plate put on the ball when the steeple was repaired in 1832 by the father of the late Mayor Schriener. On it is the following inscription cut into the lead: "W. Kelley, of Philadelphia, contractor for painting work, etc., 1832."

Since this little incident the sexton has watched the ball with as much intensesness as a well trained cat will watch a mouse. Otherwise it would be carried off piecemeal. When he made the first discovery some other enterprising relic hunter had commenced operations looking to the removal of another lead plate which was tacked on during the repairs to the steeple, just after the war, by an apprentice."

FLORIDA.

ORLANDO—St. Luke's Church.—The Rev. C. S. Williams, General Missionary of the diocese, writes as follows to the Church and Home, of this parish (the Rev. C. D. Barbour, rector):

"New parishes are apt to be so absorbed in effort to secure their own maintenance and permanence as to ignore the interests of the Church in other places. But St. Luke, Orlando, gave to the General Missionary very clear indications that it is not infected with the congregationalism which is dead to others' call for help. On the morning of the twelfth Sunday after Trinity, a large congregation assembled in the church. There was an evident eagerness to know what the Church is doing, and how the means for doing are obtained. The fact of the existence of spiritual destitution at manifold points, led to the con-

sideration and understanding of the 'Woman's Auxiliary Society,' the sole channel through which money gets into the missionary treasury, if an occasional offertory be excepted. Steps are taken for the immediate organization of a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary Society. On the same day, in the evening, a fair congregation gathered in the Church of the Good Shepherd, at Maitland. Here, too, the people desired to learn about missionary operations. Some, perhaps most, will seek to participate therein, by becoming members of a branch of the Diocesan Missionary Society.

"At both services the rector, the Rev. Mr. Barbour, added very earnest words to what had been spoken by the General Missionary.

"Winter Park, almost within sight of Maitland, beautiful for situation, is bound to be entitled by its splendid private residences, its large and elegant hotel, its magnificently endowed and thoroughly equipped college, to the designation, 'The Superb.' A church in keeping with the prevalent magnificence will be erected the ensuing year. The site has been given, and five acres of land will be donated for a glebe.

"It will not be long before two clergymen will be indispensable to the proper care of the places above named."

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE—*Church Home.*—During the past month a number of children have been cared for in the free ward of the Church Home, which has been opened for the special purpose of giving to sick children and weary mothers the great advantage of pure air and careful nursing.

This is strictly a charitable work, there being no charge for admission, and the doors are always open to any sick child, and if desired, the mother also. It is not necessary that the child should be dangerously ill and in peril of death, but children will be received who are enfeebled by the hot weather or any other cause, and who would probably be benefited by a change of air and escape from the heated city.

Dr. Bodine, physician in charge of the home, with ready gladness gives personal attendance to all inmates of the home who may need his services.—*Kentucky Church Chronicle.*

OHIO.

DEAF MUTE SERVICES.—The Rev. A. W. Mann, the general missionary to deaf-mutes, has been closely at work during the summer. He has attended conventions and reunions of deaf-mutes in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio, holding services at all of them.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

COLUMBUS—*Deaf-Mute Services.*—The sixth triennial reunion of the Ohio deaf-mutes was held at the State Institution, at Columbus, in the latter part of August. A large number attended. The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes was represented by the Rev. Dr. Francis J. Gore and the Rev. A. W. Mann. Two services were held. At the last one the Rev. Mr. Mann baptized a child of deaf-mute parents.

INDIANA.

TERRE HAUTE—*St. Luke's Church, Nail Works.*—On Monday, September 7th, the ancient ceremony of "turning the sod" was observed on the McLean lot, recently given to St. Luke's church. At 4:30 P.M. a procession started from the Sunday-school room, consisting of the children and teachers of the school, followed by the officers of St. Luke's and St.

Stephen's Brotherhood, after whom came the rector of St. Stephen's church (the Rev. Dr. Walter Delsfield), while the rear was brought up by visiting friends. On reaching the lot, a hollow square was formed, with the stake marking the northeast corner of the foundation in the centre. After the hymn "Blest be the Tie" was sung by the brotherhood, portions of Scripture were read and prayers said by the rector, and while the doxology, "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow," was sung, Mrs. Major Donaldson was escorted to the northeast corner of the foundation, where she proceeded to dig the first sod, in the form of a Latin cross. The rector then stated that all felt honored to have this venerable lady present on this occasion, as she was one of the few Church people who welcomed Bishop Kemper to Terre Haute nearly fifty years ago. This was to be a free church, built especially for the Nail Works district, and therefore it was earnestly hoped that many friends would contribute toward its erection. The corner-stone would probably be laid with Masonic ceremonies on Sunday, September 20th, and the bishop of the diocese was expected to conduct the religious services on that occasion.

TERRE HAUTE—*Opening of St. Matthew's Hall.*—Visitors to the new hall which the congregation of St. Matthew's have opened beheld a delectable sight on the afternoon of Sunday, September 6th. Such a host of bright-eyed girls, with each a bunch of sweet flowers, and such a cluster of happy-looking boys, were surely never seen. Mr. Longman, the superintendent of the mission, and Mr. Griffith, the treasurer, were busily occupied trying to extemporize seats for the increased number of scholars. Hereafter there will be benches for all. The rector of St. Stephen's church opened the new hall with appropriate exercises, and St. Matthew's Mission started on its career under good auspices.

CRAWFORDSVILLE—*St. John's Church.*—The Rev. Montgomery H. Throop, Jr., has resigned the rectorship of this parish, to take effect on December 1st. His rectorship has lasted a year, and has been one of the most successful this parish has ever known. The church has been repaired within and without, painted, carpeted, and decorated, and the chancel has been newly furnished. The average congregation has increased from twenty-three to seventy-eight. There have been twenty-five baptisms. The reason of Mr. Throop's resignation is the removal of nine Church families from Crawfordsville, including the two wardens. The parish will probably be united with some other.

CHICAGO.

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS—*Consecration.*—The consecration of the Northeastern deanery was held in St. Jude's Mission (the Rev. John Rushton in charge), on Monday, September 7th. Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. H. G. Perry and M. V. Averill, and addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. Clinton Locke and T. N. Morrison, on "The Good Parishioner" and "Punctual Church Attendance." On Tuesday morning there was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the dean (the Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke) being celebrant, after which the Rev. J. S. Smith read a paper on "The Reality of Spiritual Things." At the business meeting statements of the condition of the mission work and its needs were made by the Rev. Messrs. T. N. Morrison, Jr., H. G. Perry, J. Rushton and A. Lechner and Mr. T. B. Townsend. Measures were taken to foster the services of the Church at several points in the deanery brought to the attention of the meeting. In the evening, Evening Prayer was said by the priest in charge and the Rev. Edward

Oliver, and a sermon preached by the Rev. M. V. Averill.

QUINCY.

QUINCY—*Church of the Good Shepherd.*—A choral festival was held in this church (the Rev. Dr. W. B. Corby, rector.) on the evening of Wednesday, September 2d. The choir of St. Paul's parish, Warsaw, joined the choir of the parish in the services. There were present, besides the rector, the Rev. Messrs. William Bardens, A. Q. Davis and W. W. Corby. The vested choristers, thirty two in number, preceded by the crucifer, carrying a processional cross, entered the main door singing "The Church's One Foundation," and proceeded up the middle aisle to their seats on the chancel platform. After the regular Evening, a Te Deum of thanks was sung, the rector taking the solo parts.

The rector made a few remarks, expressing the pleasure it gave all in having the St. Paul choir visit them, stating it was the first time they had ever received such a visit from, or held such a service with, any choir. He then introduced the Rev. William Bardens, who spoke of the object of boy choirs. He stated that it was difficult to get boys to attend church after they were about fourteen years of age, and when they would go to church they usually took a back seat. Now, with a boys' choir, they have something to interest them; they feel that they can be of use to the church, and when once in the habit of attending they usually continue to do so. And they learn the beautiful service of the Church and accomplish a vast amount of good in assisting the priest and teaching the people.

After the 169th hymn, the rector pronounced the benediction, and the choristers and clergy retired, singing as a retrocessional, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS—*St. Barnabas Hospital.*—On Tuesday, August 25th, a fire starting from the chimney of the laundry of the hospital, rapidly spread through the older building and into the Welles Pavilion, which was full of fever patients. Fortunately, all the patients were safely removed to the new building and to the neighbors'. The old building and the Welles Pavilion were a total loss, and this just after they had been put in excellent order at an expense of about \$3,000.

The insurance barely covers the repairs recently made, so the buildings are a loss to the hospital. This great blow comes at an especially unfortunate time, as during the three autumn months it was expected that the hospital would be filled to its utmost capacity. The time has come when a generous public ought to consider the great work of mercy done by St. Barnabas in past years, when for a long time it was the only hospital in the city. Its good work is also sorely needed to-day, for since the College Hospital closed there is hardly hospital accommodations for the demand during the typhoid fever season. The insurance money ought to be used to build a kitchen, laundry and servants' quarters separate from the wards in the centre of the lot, and the public ought to enable the trustees to build a permanent fireproof building where the old one burned down.—*The Church Record.*

IOWA.

FORT DODGE—*St. Mark's Church.*—In May last, when the Rev. R. J. Walker assumed charge of this parish, the parish had been without a rector for a whole year, and during that period there had been no services held; there was no Sunday-school, neither pupils nor teachers. The work of the present rector has

NASHOATH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to send Nashoath. The great and good work which we require, as in times past, the offerings of His people. Offerings are solicited: 1st. Because Nashoath is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated. 4th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination. Address, Rev. A. C. COL D.D., Nashoath, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. Give and it shall be given unto you. Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK, 1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY, Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITFIELD, Corresponding Secretary, 47 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

In answer to our appeal for \$125 to complete the rectory at Law Center this district we have with many thanks, the following amounts since Aug. 1st: - F. L. T., Cobourg, Canada, \$5; "A. Friend, \$2; - L. H. T., the Rev. H. Nash White, the Rev. J. Peterkin, Jr., \$2; Mr. W. M. Halblom, \$1. Total, \$20. Who will help? U.S.S.K.S., Missionary, September 12th, 1885. Lawrenceville, Va.

I need to acknowledge most thankfully, \$100 sent for the work in this district, a time of great need, by "Tithes," Trinity church, Hartford, Conn. W. B. ELLIOTT, Missionary Bishop of Western Texas.

The undersigned gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$10, in aid of Church work from "Tithes," Trinity church, Hartford, Conn. J. A. PADDOCK, Missionary Bishop, Tacoma, Washington Territory.

"BISHOP TUTTLE here to acknowledge with warm thanks, the gift of \$100 for help in his missionary work from "Tithes," Trinity church, Hartford, Conn.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY AND CONFERENCE OF CHURCHWOMEN.

DIOCESE OF WISCONSIN.

The bishop of the diocese, in accordance with the wish of those who are engaged in Church work, will be glad to meet the Churchwomen of the diocese, and all who are interested in any branch of Church work, in Milwaukee, on Wednesday, September 23d. Rectors of parishes and all missionaries, officers of the various parish societies and Churchwomen generally, are asked to make this invitation as widely as possible.

There will be a business meeting of the Wisconsin Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, at 9:30, Wednesday morning, in St. Paul's church, in the afternoon from 1 to 5 o'clock, a session of the Conference will be held in St. Paul's chapel, with the following subjects for consideration: 1. Sunday school work. 2. Sewing schools. 3. Work among the poor. 4. Mother's meetings. 5. The Guild as embracing all parish societies. 6. Girls' Fraternity Societies. 7. Children's Societies. 8. Society of the Royal Leagues. 9. The organization of St. Paul's chapel, with the following subjects for consideration: 9. To what extent, if at all, should Churchwomen do with "unofficial" agents? 10. How can we interest and hold young people, non-communicants, who are attracted to the Church? 11. How can we interest and hold young people, non-communicants, who are attracted to the Church? 12. Report of woman's work in the diocese. Those connected with parish work may be brought forward by any person present; and those who do not care to take an active part in the Conference are invited to send in a paper or address for the bishop in writing. The Conference will be closed with an address and benediction by the bishop of the diocese.

ANNUAL CONVENTION DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

The opening services of the Centennial Convention of the Diocese of New York will be held in Trinity church, New York, on Wednesday, September 30th, 1885. Morning Prayer will be said at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion and a historical discourse. Immediately after this service the Convention will organize and adjourn.

On the evening of the same day, September 30th, there will be a commemorative service in St. Thomas's church, New York, at 8 o'clock, at which addresses will be delivered by the Bishops of Western New York, Central New York, Long Island and Albany.

The clergy are especially requested to ascertain as far as possible the names of those who are to be having been chosen, intend to be present, and forward them to the secretary before September 30th, FRANCIS LOBBELL, Secretary.

TENTH CHURCH CONGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES, 1885.

Programme of the Tenth Annual Meeting, to be held in the City of New Haven, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d, 1885. PRESIDENT.

In accordance with the rules adopted by the General Committee, the Bishop of the diocese in which any meeting of the Congress is held, is invited to preside.

Having accepted the invitation extended to him by the Executive Committee, the Right Rev. John W. Williams, n.d., L.L.D., Bishop of Connecticut, will take the chair.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Clergy.—The Right Reverend the Bishops: the Rev. D. W. Hodson, n.d., L.L.D. the Rev. Montgomery Schuyler, d.d.; the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, n.d.; the Rev. George H. Norton, d.d.; the Rev. Richard Newton, n.d.; the Rev. John Fulton, n.d.; the Rev. J. H. Maulsner, n.d.; the Rev. J. H. Eccleston, d.d.; the Rev. C. Minnegrode, n.d.

HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The Rev. E. H. Plumtree, n.d., England; the Ven. Archbishop Emery, Esq., England. Lay.—The Rev. H. Morrison, R. Walton, d.d., L.L.D.; the Hon. John W. Stevenson, L.L.D.; the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, L.L.D.; the Hon. John W. Andrews, L.L.D.; the Hon. E. Edwards, McCordy, Esq.; the Hon. W. H. Shaffly, L.L.D.; the Hon. A. S. Hewitt, L.L.D.; the Hon. A. A. Lawrence; the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, L.L.D.; the Hon. E. Edwards, McCordy, Esq.; James S. Biddle, Esq.; J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq.; Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq.; George C. Shattuck, n.d.; Prof. J. S. LeConte; the Rev. J. M. Peck, n.d.; the Rev. J. H. A. Charles E. Graves, Esq.; Stephen P. Nash, Esq.; Samuel D. Babcock, Esq.; the Hon. B. Starks; W. M. Verrity, n.d.; Gen. C. A. Augur, n.d.; Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; the Hon. George H. Pendleton, L.L.D.; the Hon. George F. Edwards, L.L.D.; the Hon. John Jay, L.L.D.; the Hon. Henry B. Pierce, L.L.D.; Harcourt Amory, Esq.; Irving Grinnell, Esq.; Gen. Joseph B. Anderson; the Hon. J. H. Baldwin.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

The Bishop of Rhode Island; the Bishop of Connecticut; the Bishop of Minnesota; the Bishop of Virginia; the Bishop of Louisiana; the Bishop of Chicago; the Assistant-bishop of New York; the Assistant-bishop of Mississippi; the Rev. W. R. Huntington, d.d.; the Rev. Edwin Harwood, d.d.; the Rev. Samuel Buel, d.d.; the Rev. Herman Dyer, d.d.; the Rev. E. Wharton, d.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. J. H. Ryland, d.d.; the Rev. C. M. Butler, d.d.; the Rev. J. H. Eccleston, n.d.; the Rev. R. H. Newman, d.d.; the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, n.d.; the Rev. George D. Wildes, n.d.; the Rev. J. F. Garrison, d.d.; the Rev. W. M. Morgan, d.d.; the Rev. J. S. Shipman, d.d.; the Rev. F. D. Van Hook, n.d.; the Rev. W. W. Williams, n.d.; the Rev. Arthur Brooks; the Rev. J. W. Kramer, n.d.; the Rev. Thomas Gallasset, n.d.; the Rev. J. M. Marston, n.d.; the Rev. R. H. McKim, d.d.; the Rev. E. B. Boggs, d.d.; the Rev. C. O. Haffay, n.d.; the Rev. W. B. Hattershall, d.d.; the Rev. R. S. Smith, n.d.; the Rev. W. M. P. Frost; the Rev. Arthur Lawrence; the Rev. T. M. Peters, n.d.; J. S. Biddle, Esq.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, n.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. Herman Dyer, n.d.; the Rev. Samuel Buel, n.d.; the Rev. T. M. Peters, n.d.; the Rev. J. H. Ryland, d.d.; Tiffany, n.d.; the Rev. Edwin Harwood, d.d.; the Rev. H. Hezer Newton, n.d.; the Rev. George D. Wildes, n.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. Arthur Lawrence; the Rev. J. S. Shipman, d.d., d.c.l.; the Rev. T. M. Peters, n.d.; the Rev. Wm. R. Huntington, d.d.; the Rev. W. W. Williams, n.d.; the Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, n.d.; the Rev. Thomas S. Frost; the Rev. Cornelius B. Smith, d.d.; the Rev. Arthur Brooks; the Rev. J. W. Kramer, n.d., Secretary of the Executive Committee.

GENERAL SECRETARY OF CHURCH CO-ANGRESS.

The Rev. George D. Wildes, n.d., L.L.D.; P. O. address, "Riverside," New York City.

ASSISTANT SECRETARIES.

The Rev. John W. Kramer, n.d., New York City; the Rev. Thomas S. Frost, Brooklyn, New York; the Rev. Cornelius B. Smith, n.d., New York City; the Rev. Arthur Lawrence, New York City.

TREASURER OF CHURCH CONGRESS.

Thomas Whittaker, Esq., New York.

ORDER OF SERVICES AND TOPICS.

THURSDAY, 10:30 A.M.—TRINITY CHURCH. Holy Communion.

Address by the Right Rev. Henry B. Whipple, n.d., L.L.D., Bishop of Minnesota.

THURSDAY, 12 M.—CARL'S OPERA HOUSE.

INSURGULAR address by the Right Rev. John Williams, d.d., L.L.D., Bishop of Connecticut. Memorial of deceased members by the Rev. G. D. Wildes, d.d., L.L.D., General Secretary.

FIRST TOPIC:

"CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT." Writers.—The Rev. C. A. L. Richards, d.d.; the Rev. Wm. R. Huntington, d.d.; the Ven. Archbishop Farrar.

Speakers.—The Right Rev. A. M. Bandolph, d.d.; the Rev. A. C. A. Hight; the Rev. D. R. Gooden; n.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. R. H. McKim, d.d.; the Rev. Prof. Wm. Clark, n.d.

SECOND TOPIC:

"GROUNDS OF CHURCH UNITY."

Writers.—The Right Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, d.d., L.L.D.; the Ven. Archbishop Farrar. Speakers.—The Rev. Prof. Thomas Ribey, d.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. W. W. Newton; the Rev. Julius H. Ward; the Rev. Davis Seaman.

THIRD TOPIC:

"ETHICS OF THE TARIFF QUESTION."

Writers.—Gen. Henry E. Tremain; the Rev. Francis A. Henry. Speakers.—The Right Rev. T. U. Dudley, n.d.; Chas. Heber Clark, Esq.

FOURTH TOPIC:

"AESTHETICISM IN WORSHIP."

Writers.—The Rev. W. A. Selvey, d.d.; the Rev. Percy Brown; Joseph Packard, Esq. Speakers.—The Rev. G. R. Vandewater; the Rev. C. W. Ward.

FIFTH TOPIC:

"FREE CHURCHES."

Writers.—John A. Beall, Esq.; R. Fulton Cutting, Esq. Speakers.—The Rev. J. C. Brooks; Canston Brown, Esq.; Frances Welles, Esq.

SIXTH TOPIC:

"DEACONHOOD AND SISTERSHOOD."

Writers.—The Right Rev. G. F. Seymour, d.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. T. M. Peters, n.d. Speakers.—The Right Rev. Wm. Cresswell Deane, d.d., L.L.D.; the Rev. C. F. Berry; the Rev. A. St. John Chabrand, d.d.

SEVENTH TOPIC:

"PLACE AND METHODS OF BIBLE STUDY IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE."

Writers.—The Rev. G. W. Douglas, d.d.; the Rev. C. H. Babcock. Speakers.—The Rev. E. S. Thomas; the Rev. W. W. Maturin; Russel Stoddard, Esq.; the Rev. W. Hay Aldrich; the Rev. G. Z. Gray, n.d.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Members of the Congress whose names are on the respective lists of officials and appointees, are requested to notify their presence to the Secretary of the "Local Committee," the Rev. C. C. Camp, who will keep a register of the names of those thus presenting themselves.

Vice-Presidents and members of the several permanent committees are requested to occupy chairs upon the platform. Writers and speakers will address the chair from the platform.

A cordial invitation is extended to all persons interested in the topics to be discussed, to attend the several sessions. Ladies will attend ladies to their seats.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Through accident, several notices of acceptance by appointees, and a record of the same, have been lost. The General Secretary requests that appointees, whose names are put found on the list of topics, or who in any instance are assigned another topic than that accepted by them, will kindly and immediately notify him. Any correction so needed will be done as made in the proof of the programme to be used at the sessions, and also in the authorized report.

GEORGE D. WILDES, General Secretary.

Office of Church Congress, 3 Bible House, New York, September 24, 1885.

The annual meeting of the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York will be held in the first basement room of St. Augustine's chapel, Houston street, New York, at 3:30 p.m., directly after the close of the morning service on the opening day of the ensuing convention, to be held at said chapel on Wednesday, the 9th day of September next, at 11 A. M. SPENCER, Secretary. September 16, 1885.

The annual meeting of the "Clergyman's Mutual Insurance Society" will be held in the Sunday school room of the Chapel of St. Augustine, Houston St., near the Bowery, on Thursday, October 1st, at 6 o'clock, P. M.

OFFERING FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

This issue contains the names of our subscribers sending same of a new subscriber and \$4. M. H. MALLORY & CO., THE CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE, 40 Lafayette Place, New York.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

SCIENCE IN THE BIBLE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Without coming before the Rev. Dr. Fuller and the gentleman to whom he refers in his letter in your paper of September 5th, allow me, for the general reader, to give a few instances of some things which the "Old Testament says" about "clouds, vapors, rain," and a few other matters of science. (I take them from "Moses Right," etc., by Cumming.)

"All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." Here is the doctrine of aqueous circulation, too popularly known now to require comment.

"The wind whisteth about continually, and returneth again according to his circuits." Here is that of currents and counter-currents of air.

"He hangeth the earth upon nothing." Gravitation before Newton.

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain and distill as the dew upon the grass. Dew neither ascends nor descends; it distills."

"The sun also ariseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he ariseth. The sun goeth towards the South, and turneth about towards the North." (If it be right to read the sun for "he.") Rotation of earth on axis, and course of planets in orbit. Ask any astronomer what this verse means.

"The life of the flesh is in the blood." Medical fact, that the blood is the life. Venesection is now nearly unknown. Ask any doctor.

"He maketh weight for the winds." Galileo in prison explained to the peasant the theory of atmospheric pressure, why water would rise in a tube only 33 feet. But Job was ahead of him.

"Through the scent," inhaling "of water, will it bud and bring forth boughs like a plant." Plants literally breathe. Parks are the "lungs of cities." We exhale carbonic acid gas; plants oxygen; the underside of leaves is full of pores, and the lungs, and so man and vegetation exchange. A tree is a sort of vegetable animal, with stomach, glands, lungs, veins, arteries, need of rest and sleep, etc.

"Though the fig tree shall not blossom." The fig, botanically, is a thorn; really this tree has the thorn on its stem. What we eat is small "unsexual flowers" attached to a succulent base. (So the calla is not a flower, but a blanched leaf. Nature is full of these "methods in its madness.") Consult your botanists.

"They shall be burned with hunger." No one dies of starvation—a comfort to the poorly-paid clergy! They cannot die (scientifically) of that, anyhow—they who "starve" are only burned up by the inhaled oxygen, which, having no food in the stomach to exhaust itself on, consumes the stomach itself and other parts. Yet Moses told us this before science found it out. Ask any chemist.

"The sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall be as blood, when the Lord shall visit his own wrath, when he will smite his own people." Yea, verily, do St. Peter and science agree. Melting daily by the slow but sure process of oxygenation are all the elements. Rusty iron is iron melting. Every old roadside horse-shoe confirms St. Peter. Iron ore is iron melted, or smelted in the gigantic furnaces of the blast and open hearth. We get iron out of her own rough moulds, where, millions of years after, the pick of the miner finds it.

"He stretched out the North over the empty place;" and "canst thou hind the sweet influences of Pleiades," our authors use as further instances, but these and others will be passed by for lack of space.

I have not seen Dr. Fuller's commentary, nor the article of the president of the university, and may be going over ground. If so, the editors who are supposed to know all such things, and most others, can easily suppress at once my lines and myself. I have thought, that perhaps, these instances in which, in one way or degree or another, the sacred writers who "dipped their pens in inspiration," pre-

ceded by thousands of years the modern man of science, might be of help to, at any rate, the general reader.

Job, Moses, Solomon, St. Peter and the rest, long before Newton, Harvey, Plato, Fiteroy, or any of the rest of our useful company to which they belong, stated scientific facts in scientifically exact terms. Back from the plains of Shinar, might Galileo have heard the whisper which, in Roman Catholic chains, he himself dared not utter, lest he should die, and not suffer and linger only in his dungeon. Pope and cardinal might have had fewer sins of omission to repent of, had they better studied their Bibles: "He maketh weight for the winds."—"He hangeth the earth upon nothing."—"The sun ariseth . . . goeth down . . . goeth towards the North . . . turneth about towards the South." But, *nil mortuum bonum*: may they rest in peace.

No doubt, the most beautiful instances of Biblical accuracy is the Mosaic account of "light;" "face of the deep," i. e. fluid-state of original matter; and those distinct distinctions (never confused, by Moses) between lux and luminaria; phos and phosterea; ovr and maaroth. But, *juw satia*. R. W. LOWRIE.

UNIFORMITY, OR NOT?

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Of late years there seems to have been a decided move in the Church towards lack of uniformity. And the objection is made against the enrichment of the Prayer Book that it will increase this tendency. But if the revision of the Prayer Book is adopted, it will give the sanction of constitutional law to many diversified practices that have grown up in different dioceses and parishes. And the failure to approve of other practices in vogue in some churches, when the subject of ritual has been formally considered, should, and probably would, for a time lead to the abandonment of unwelcome and unwholesome applications.

Until some action is formally taken by the Church on these matters, her loyal sons are placed between two fires upon many such questions. Rubrics or canons forbid, or have for years been regarded as forbidding, practices which custom in a large number of parishes sanctions. Which shall prevail, rubrics and canons or custom? How general must a usage become before custom establishes it as fairly permissible or binding?

But in another direction there seems as great diversity of practice arising, without, however, the same hope of relief to the lay joy-seeker. I mean in the matter of vestments. Here fashion—call it works of ecclesiastical—as unsettled the minds of the lay clergy, as to what should or should not be worn as the official dress. So far as I am posted, the only legislation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States in reference to her priesthood and diaconate upon vestments, is to the effect that her priests and deacons shall be clothed in the accustomed habit worn by the same orders in England at the time of our organization as a National Church. That was then the white surplice, black stole and collar bands, with the black collegiate gown for the parson. The collar bands are discarded. The black stole is largely supplanted; and even the surplice's whiteness is frequently greatly abridged so as to display much of the casock beneath or largely covered by gaudy hoods of various colors.

The modifications in the cut of the surplice need trouble no one. But the matter of the stole is difficult. One who has always been accustomed to the black stole, and who believes it is that which is alone sanctioned by Church law, may, I think, justly hesitate to use the white or green or purple stole, because he cannot give a fair reason for the change. He cannot say that A, B, and C, used colored stoles should not be allowed to depart from the alphabet follow! If he appeals to Anglican or Romish use may it not be answered, Are they sufficient authorities to justify innovations in the American Church without action by our Church? If he claims that the newer customs in such things are allowed, because never condemned by the General Convention, would not parity of reasoning justify many imitations of

the Romish Church that have sadly disturbed loyal Churchmen!

These matters of vestments and ecclesiastical colors are of comparative insignificance with the preaching of the pure Word of God and the due administration of the Sacraments. Because judicious men so recognize them, some have more readily adopted them because urged to do so by ambitious laymen. These same ambitious laymen or lay-women, while pressing the point of the comparative little moment of these externals as a reason for their adoption, do seem to make them out as all important.

It may be beneath the dignity of our Church legislators to pass canons upon habits and colors ecclesiastical. Or, being men, they may hesitate to decide on matters, which in the secular world are almost entirely surrendered to women. But, while here, as in liturgies, it may be wise to grant greater liberty than an old-fashioned Churchman thinks is now lawful, it surely would settle many vexed discussions if the permissible vestments and the proper Church colors were distinctly declared by the Church.

CHARLES L. NEWBOLD.

Manhasset, L. I., Sept. 2d, 1885.

PARISH RECORDS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The letter of the Rev. D. A. SANFORD in your issue of Sept. 5, brings up a matter of very real and practical importance: The safety of Parish Records. That all the clergy carefully and accurately write the minutes in these volumes (which is, I fear, assuming too much), the volumes themselves are often exposed to injury, and the danger of destruction or loss. Thus, I know of one such volume from the midst of which half-a-dozen written pages at some former time were snatched out with a knife. In a Southern parish with which I am very familiar, the records from the beginning were found by the new rector after a long *interregnum* at the bottom of a barrel of old rubbish, the haunt of mice and beetles, where they had been tossed months before by the servant in charge of the rectory, as part of the general clearing up of the parish. In my own parish, the volume with records extending from the beginning of the Revolution well into the present century has been missing for, probably, forty years. I could multiply illustrations, from my own knowledge, but spare your readers. Now, these records are often the most interesting that a parish has, and, manifoldly, baptisms, marriages, ages, deaths, and the like. To say nothing of spiritual considerations, questions of legitimacy, the descent of property, army, and navy pensions, and the like, are settled by appeal to them. Their mutilation or loss by fire, or otherwise, then becomes a very serious matter; and, manifoldly of this, I had prepared a draft of a canon which I meant to propose to the last General Convention, but the pressure of work in the House growing out of the Ritual Revision prevented that.

The canon, if passed, would be incorporated with Section 5, Canon 12, Title I. It would direct the recording of each baptism, marriage, or in case of vacancy, the wardens or trustees, to make a return to the bishop at each annual diocesan convention of all baptisms, marriages, confirmations, and burials during the past year, and make it the duty of the bishop to have such entries written in the Bishop's Register. The result to be that where a parish record is destroyed or stolen or lost, easy reference can be had to the Diocesan Register, which it may be assumed would be kept in some fire-proof receptacle. I cannot but think that such a scheme would commend itself to the common-sense of the Church, and if I should be in the next General Convention, I propose to bring it forward.

Lancaster, Penn. C. F. KNIGHT.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

It is known to those of your readers who are in the way of seeing the English Church papers, that, at a public meeting held in April last, it was resolved that a canopied recumbent effigy of the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth should be placed in Lincoln Cathedral.

It has been thought not improbable that some American Churchmen would wish to unite with their English brethren in such a tribute to the memory of one whose consecrated abilities were at the service and whose learned writings and holy influence and example are now the heritage of the whole Church. The committee charged with the reception of subscriptions for this memorial have, therefore, placed in my hands some copies of the papers issued with this end in view.

It will give me pleasure to send a copy of these papers to any one wishing to make such a subscription, and to receive and transmit to the committee any sums which may be entrusted to me for the purpose.

WM. CHAUNCEY LANDON.

Bedford, Pa., September 10th, 1883.

GRACE CHURCH, WEST FARMS, N. Y.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In a kindly article in your paper of the 5th inst., reference is made to Grace Church, West Farms, and to those to whom it is indebted for the revived interest in its welfare and enlarged usefulness. So far as others than the writer of this note are concerned, its praise is well deserved; but I am sure that they will agree with me in saying that no story of this new work and its large promise would be complete which did not own our preëminent obligations to the singularly unselfish and efficient services of the Rev. Alfred Poole Grint, the late rector of the parish. Mr. Grint, our great sorrow, felt his duty, at Easter, to accept of a call to the Diocese of Long Island; but, with a rare generosity, continued, after he had removed thither, to give us his most helpful services in manifold ways, and with most important results. We want him to know (for I am sure I may venture to speak for the parish as well as for myself), that we can never forget what we owe to him.

HENRY C. POTTER.

New York, Sept. 10th, 1883.

"SUFFER US NOT."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

It is a sad thought that your correspondent is so annoyed by those grand words of our Barial Service, which I would not have changed for all the world: "Curse God, and die," said Joh's wife to him (see Job. ii. 9.) And when your fair correspondent takes into consideration the terrible sufferings which God may send upon us, for our sins, through, she will see the exquisite beauty of having such a necessary prayer put into our mouths by our mother, the Church. I think we may be allowed, with Bishop Andrews, to pray daily that our death may be "as free from pain as may be," yet, if it be not God's will, "suffer us not at our last hour for any sins of death to fall from thee."

W. S. HAYWARD.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CONGO AND THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE. A Story of Work and Exploration. By Henry M. Stanley, with over one hundred full-page and smaller illustrations, two large maps and several smaller ones. Two volumes. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) pp. 388-400.

Mr. Stanley has addressed his book more especially to the commercial world. But he appeals to a far wider range of readers than those who are interested in the opening of African railways and for trade to be opened in the equatorial regions of the great region watered by the river which gives its name to the book. As a story of persevering and successful effort

it is far above most novels. It is not easy to lay down the book when once it is taken up. It is a book, too, for the student of history, for it exemplifies in the present the same task that has been undertaken in the past by the founders of great colonial empires. It brings freshly up in contrast the two great struggles for a foothold on this continent of the rival nations of France and England, for it discloses a method singularly combined of the best qualities of each, with a careful avoidance of the errors of both.

But it has a still greater interest for the friends of Christian missions, because it meets as no other work has done, the practical questions involved, viz.: how to deal with the natives, and how to meet the dangers of the climate. Making all allowance for Mr. Stanley's interested views, we cannot but feel that he has here given a very just and impartial picture of the native negro. He shows that it is very easy to deal mistakenly with these savage tribes, and that there is required the highest degree of patience, justice, tact and good temper, in order to manage them. But he shows also that there is that which has always been wanting to the North American tribes—a willingness to labor, and a capacity of doing good work in subordination to the abler and better educated European. He shows, also, that while the Indian races have no "staying power," but rapidly die out before the white man, the African thrives and multiplies, and that only where the slave trade has come in with its incredible waste has there been any check to population. What he says of the prosperity which can be developed in the Congo regions is supported by careful statistics. Indeed, one charm of the book is its striking contrast of matter-of-fact detail with the most romantic adventure. In its indirect way it is as good as a sermon to young men. We have rarely seen the ideal of duty better set forth than it is in these pages; the impression of a temper which believes in doing with all one's might the thing one's hand finds to do, the thoughtful consideration of others, the casting aside of all selfish "nonsense" about one's dignity and position. What he says concerning the climate is worthy of very careful consideration. He speaks from an experience emphasized by one hundred and twenty fevers, and we are fully persuaded, has discovered the secret of dealing with the dangers of the African atmosphere. That lies in avoiding violent changes of temperature, all intemperance, and all mental depression. A cool head, a light heart, a watchful look-out for sun-strokes and draughts, will go very far toward preserving life on the Congo. Ignorance and recklessness have done more to fill African graves than any other causes. We have been able only to touch upon the leading features of this book, but we must not pass by the important one that it sets forth the true position of the Free State of the Congo and its relations to the civilized world. Whether it can be successfully carried out in the future is impossible to say, but the idea of Mr. Stanley seems to be that of a free native community which shall be, so to speak, the ward of the Christian and civilized world. Hitherto all colonization has been the exclusive and jealous work of particular nations. Here the effort is apparently to elevate the natives themselves through the contact of civilized life, while guarding them against oppression and extermination, by restricting the ownership of any one of the white peoples. Whether it will be practicable without a man like Stanley at the head of every trading station is somewhat problematical, but with men like him, it surely would be. "Hands off and fair play" would be all that could be asked. But it does require men trained in the peculiar school of journalistic enterprise or in some like pursuit. The governing idea of Mr.

Stanley is evidently just what, as employee of the Herald, he formerly had. He is to be on the watch for the interests he represents; not merely to fulfil a routine duty, but "to help the paper," to push it on in every rightful way and to have his eyes ever open to any chance which could be seized. At the same time he is to combine a very wide discretion with a very small amount of *proppr*, great independence with implicit obedience to orders. The journalists' creed is, "Be ready to start for the North Pole by the 4 r. m. express, get there by hook, or crook, but get there without fail. Look about you, and use your opportunities for the best interests of the Daily —"

In the way of making men equal to almost any practical emergency, if in no other, the newspaper is a true aid to civilization.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EMORY UPTON, Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Artillery and Brevet-Major General of U. S. Army. By Peter S. Michie, Professor in U. S. Military Academy. With an Introduction by James Harrison Wilson, late U. S. A. (New York: D. Appleton & Company.) pp. 311.

There is a measured quality and tone in this biography which entitles it to great respect. It is intended, no doubt, to be in some sort a justification of West Point, and we must say that we think it a case fairly made out. There is such a thing as military genius, by which great triumphs may be attained. But so long as wars continue to be waged, the study of the art of war will be necessary, and the higher the art the greater the economy of life and treasure. This is quite distinctly brought out in this volume. General Upton was a great professional soldier, that is, one who reinforced exceptional abilities by the most assiduous study and care. While his work in the War for the Union was distinguished work, it was after its close that he rendered the most important service to his country, in the perfecting of his system of tactics and in his exhaustive reports on the military organization of the nations of the Old World. Professor Michie examines the history of General Upton's sad suicide, and makes it morally certain that the act was the result of disease overcoming the mental and moral power of the General. The story of the General's more intimate and domestic life is a very touching one, simply told, in good taste. His Christian character stands very high, and the fact is well worth noting that West Point will compare favorably with many other colleges in the high moral and religious tone of its young men. The book is a more than an ordinarily favorable specimen of what a biography should be.

THE SEVEN AGAINST THEMES OF AESCHYLUS. With an Introduction and Notes. By Isaac Flagg, Professor in the Cornell University. (Boston: Ginn & Co.) pp. 138.

Those who are in fear lest the new school in education should drive out the study of Latin and Greek may take comfort in this careful edition of a Greek play by a professor in Cornell University, supposed to be the representative institution of scientific and practical culture. To edit a Greek play was once popularly supposed to be a qualification for an English mitre. We suppose Professor Flagg hardly looks for any similar result from his work, but he certainly will have the satisfaction of giving an edition with a well-considered text, full and useful notes, and various other proofs that scholarship has not yet lost its value. It is in "Aeschylus" that the old Greek tragedy appears in its most perfect form, chiefly as a monologue and chorus, and with little of the dramatic element as it is now understood. The plays of Aeschylus compares with other classical works as the ruins of the temples at Paestum seem, in their stern Doric simplicity, beside the edifices of imperial Rome.

We do not feel that the immediate abandonment of the study of Greek will take place, though Harvard makes it optional, as never

before, and a member of the Adams family pronounces against it. If the scientific truth of the survival of the fittest be a truth, that which survives longest has claim to be considered most fit. Therefore, a play which has come down to us from such remote antiquity has a certain claim also to be studied in the same university which puts upon its shelves the trilobites and orthocerata of Glen Watkins.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION OF COMTE. By Edward Caird, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. [New York: Macmillan & Co.] pp. 319. Price \$1.75.

The object of this ably-written volume is to show how Comte was compelled to reject the logical consequences of his own philosophy. After proving that theology and religion are impossible, he admits that they are necessary, and therefore undertakes to construct (upon the secret model of the Roman Catholic Church) a new religion for man's use. One is reminded of the Jesuits in Asia, who found it unwise to deprive their neophytes of any of the adjuncts of their old worship. They simply re-baptized the beads and renamed the genuflections, and found everything satisfactory. It is highly creditable to M. Comte that he felt the impossibility of a life which was to be without ethics and without religion, and that he supplied them as he best could, in conformity with what his followers were accustomed to. But as the secret attraction of Positive Philosophy, Agnosticism, or whatever it is pleased to style itself, is in its real license, we suspect that most of its devotees are like the old border baron in Scott's "Monastery." They fling off the bondage of the monks, they had no notion of putting on that of the Knoxites.

THE COLORED PICTURE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN. [New York: K. J. B. Young & Co.]

This little book, published under the auspices of the Tract Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge in London, and in this country by the Messrs. Young, is a very attractive volume. It consists of four sections:—The first from the Creation to the Death of Moses; the second, Judges, Ruth and Kings; the third from Hesechial to the End of the Old Testament; and the fourth, the Holy Gospels. The story of the Bible is told in simple and attractive language, and the illustrations, most of them colored, are such as will fix the interest of the little ones. The book can be recommended to those who desire to lead their children to take interest in the Holy Scriptures as their book.

OUTLINES OF PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY. Dictated Portions of the Lectures of Hermann Lotze. Translated and edited by George T. Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale College. [Boston: Ginn & Company.]

We confess to an utter indifference to any system of ethics which does not find its basis upon Christianity, and Christianity alone. If we fail to find this volume particularly interesting, it is because the best that Herr Professor Lotze can say is said, and better said, in the New Testament.

LITERATURE.

"HEADS AND FACES, HOW TO STUDY THEM," is the title of a work in press by the Fowler & Wells Co.

E. P. DUTTON & Co. have in press for immediate issue "Easter Sermons," by Canon Liddon. 2 vols., crown octavo.

THERE is a very interesting paper in the Overland Monthly for September on the "Last Days of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.)," and many articles of interest and merit.

THE PROCEEDINGS at the Hundredth Anniversary of the Academy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, are published in

a handsome pamphlet which has a historical value.

"OLDHAM, or Beside All Waters," a tale of New England life, by Miss Lucy Ellen Guernsey, and "Expositions," by the Rev. Samuel Cox, D. D., late editor of the *Expositor*, has just been issued from the press of Mr. Thomas Whittaker.

It will perhaps add interest and weight to an "English Opinion of the Prayer Book Revision," reprinted from the *Guardian* in two numbers of THE CHURCHMAN, to know that its author was the well-known liturgical authority, Canon Bright.

"WIKKEY, A Scrap," an excellent story which recently appeared in THE CHURCHMAN, many readers will be glad to know, is to be published in book form in a few days by E. P. Dutton & Co. The same publishers announce for next month the second of the series of Question Books, by the Rev. George Hodges, on the Creed, the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer in forty lessons. It is intended for children who have not yet learned to read.

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CALENDAR FOR SEPTEMBER.

19. Ember Day—Fast.
20. Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
21. ST. MATTHEW.
25. Friday—Fast.
27. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
29. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

BY E. S.

If life is measured by the span of life
Allotted unto man—threescore and ten—
And all that time be used to learn and know
The right, the noble and the best alone;
If all that time were filled with earnest zeal
To reach the beacon, throwing forth its light
From far we know, but yet appearing near;
Perchance we might look back, when death

appears,
With quiet, calm serenity, and feel
We tried at least to do, to will the best.
But life to most is short, and youth absorbs
So great a part to strengthen heart and mind,
That man arrives at man's estate and knows,
Nay, hardly knows, his aims, pursuits in life.
He hears, he reads, he dreams of great suc-
cess
Achieved by men in past and present times,
And reading, dreaming, wonders what it
means.

A life successful seems to have a charm,
A spell; it seems to wish each calls:
Thou too canst enter here and reach the goal!
Is it the Hero's on the battlefield?
Is it the mighty Ruler's on the throne?
Is it the Statesman's with his sober mien?
Is it the Courtier's in his gay attire?
Is it the Artist's at the height of fame?
Is it the Poet's in his laurel wreath?
Is it the Scholar's at his midnight lamp?
Is it the Merchant's, raining precious gold?
Is it the Hermit's in his forest cave?
Are these the lives we call successful ones?
We answer ye or nay, but know it not.
Our aims fulfilled, our pursuits nobly reached
May be success in many, many ways.
As stars are bright, so is the fame of man!
But meaneath fame, renown, successful life!
We creatures on this earth do not exist
By choice of ours, but for a purpose wise
And good; a loving Father put us here
A mission to fulfill. To one and all,
In high estate or low, in health or not,
The gates are open wide to enter in.
A life successful means a happy one.
To gain it we must render others so.
That life is truly noble, brave and great,
Which worketh only good to other lives!

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XL.

Five Years Afterwards.

"Her letters, too,
Tho' far between, and coming fitfully
Like broken music, so in the land
Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,
Charm'd him thro' every idylmish till he saw
An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him."
Tennyson.

"Yes, it was love, if thoughts of tenderness
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,
Tumour'd by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet, oh, more than all! untired by time."
Byron.

Two more years passed on, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, since Meg closed the eyes of the poor prodigal, and took up the fresh burthen of her grief and her widowhood together.

At first the shock seemed to have stunned her, and then she wept till her poor half-blind eyes could weep no more. It was sad to witness that terrible waste of love and sorrow; she grew worn and gray—thin almost to a shadow; a sick loathing of all her duties came upon her; she shrunk even from her children, and for a little while cared to do nothing but to sit by Jack's grave and to brood silently over her

trouble. But the dark hour passed and the pale face grew placid again under the widow's cap; and strangers, as they lingered in the churchyard in the summer evenings, often paused to hear the wonderful rich pealing of the organ, and stealing into the empty church in the twilight, saw Meg sitting alone with upturned face in the moonlight and playing fragments of strange requiem masses. Was it Jack's requiem she was playing? Hark! it breaks into a low, monotonous chant. The moonbeams play on the chancel pavement. The perfume of fresh lilies, dim white globes with golden hearts, bound up with scented sheaves, pervades the air; a voice tender, tremulous, breaks into deep, rich tones—"I will arise and go to my Father—"

Ah! Jack's dying prayer. The broken sentence unfinished and suggestive. The strangers steal away. Meg comes out, a black shadowy figure, and pauses for a moment by a white tombstone, whereon is the name "Jack Carruthers," and underneath it that noble clause from the Creed—"I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

"Where have you been to-night, dear Meg?" And Meg, with the solemn light still shining in her eyes, would often answer:

"Half-way to Paradise and back. And the music seemed like angels' wings, and carried me away till the chords jarred. And then I went to Jack's grave and wished him good-night." And Meg would turn the wedding-ring round and sound on her thin finger with a happy smile. And Rotha would know that that strange communion had strengthened and refreshed her, and that for many a day Meg would be bright, almost joyous.

But the anniversary of Jack's death had come round twice, and it was now more than five years since Robert had come up to Bryn to wish Rotha good-bye. More than five years, for then the rough March winds had been blowing, and now the soft May breezes swept refreshingly over the blue summer sea, and the primroses and the cowslips had long ago made golden hollows in the Burnley glens and Leatham woods, and the children went out in the fields to make daisy-chains, and to hunt in the hedges for briar-roses and bunches of pink and white May blossoms. And Meg had taken all her nurslings to drink fresh new milk at a farm, and to see the young calves and lambs and the brood of yellow ducklings at Gammer Stokes', and Rotha was up at the vicarage helping Mary to arrange her plans for the Sunday school treat.

"Austin has decided that it must be Burnley-upon-Sea this time," began Mary, as Rotha entered the room. Mary was sitting on her low chair by the open window, watching Arty playing on the lawn with his father. They were attempting a game of cricket, with Jock and Jasper as long-stops, and the root of an old tree for a stump. And, to enhance the glory of the game, Arty had already scored more than the vicar. Arty had taken to a jacket and trousers now, and looked very boyish in his turned-down collar and blue ribbon. And Laurie, who was lying on the grass lazily watching them with his broad-brimmed straw hat tilted over his eyes, was now a tall, thin stripling of fifteen, with a fair, effeminate face, that had grown strangely like poor Belle's, and which bid fair to be

almost as beautiful. In fact, Laurie's beauty and his laziness, his sweet voice and his lovable, indolent ways, often made Mary and the vicar anxious about their boy's future—Mary on account of his delicacy, and the vicar for fear that his talents should outstrip his energy. But they need not have feared if they could have known the future. For the seeds of self-sacrifice and self-renunciation were somewhere hidden in Laurie's sweet nature, and came to light nobly at a fitting time; for, having been trained by his own desire for the priesthood, he was one of the few who, on the great day of intercession for the missions, consecrated his fresh young life to the arduous work of a missionary; and among the names of those who were reckoned as the first-fruits of that mighty prayer which pulsed through the length and breadth of England was the name of Laurence Garton Ord.

And the mother who gave up the flower of her flock to this noble work, and the fair young creature who had promised to follow his fortunes as soon as he can make a home for her in that foreign clime, will long remember the day when Laurie, coming out from the church "ruddy and beautiful" as a young David, walked silently home beside them, and then, putting his arm round his mother, told them that he had dedicated himself to a distant ministry, and asked his father's blessing on his undertaking.

But on this May afternoon in question Laurie was nothing but a fair-haired stripling, graceful and lazy enough indeed to justify Rotha's name, still applied to him, of "the little king." Rufus, loose-limbed and freckled still, but handsome enough in his mother's eyes, had joined his uncle long ago in New York, and was doing well. "As sturdy and independent and Rufus-like as ever," wrote Robert. While Guy and Reuben, the young men now—Guy nearly twenty-one—were two young undergraduates at Queen's. Reuben was a reading man, and hoped to take high honors, but Guy had joined the boating set; they were still chums and inseparable, but Reuben, the younger and staidier, kept Guy straight, and pulled him up every now and then when his fun and inextinguishable spirit were likely to get him into mischief. Both of them wrote to Rotha dutifully, and called her "the little mother," but Rube's letters are the more affectionate and frequent. Five years have passed very lightly over Rotha Maturin. She is seven-and-twenty now, but she hardly looks it; she is a little thin and pale, slightly grave perhaps, but the sweet face is as calm and good as ever, and she looks a mere girl this afternoon in her fresh summer muslin, with her smooth brown hair and a breast-knot of lilies of the valley. There is a pretty dimple still when she speaks, and the large eyes grow bright and dark in a moment; it is only in repose that a vague air of sadness still lingers—a quiet curve or two, an added thoughtfulness on the brow, which would tell a keen observer that Rotha Maturin has not been exempt from her woman's lot of love and suffering.

"Austin says it must be Burnley-upon-Sea, after all," repeated Mary.

"I am sorry for it," replied Rotha quietly; and then the vicar threw down his hat and came across the lawn to shake hands with Rotha.

Five years have made less havoc with the vicar than with any one else; he is not thinner, of course, and he continues to mourn over his superfluous weight, which he has sometimes been heard to declare is worse than even St. Paul's thorn in the flesh, but the kind, benignant face is as kind as ever, and the wide-open gray eyes are quite as keen, but the crisp curls are slightly tinged with gray; but Guy says his father is as young as ever, and Mary declares that Austin will never grow old, and the vicar tells his wife privately that he is afraid that he is a boy still in his heart, for he likes a game as much as Arty does, only Arty runs faster and gets longer innings.

"Well, Mary, have you told Rotha the news?"

"No, dear; I've been leaving it to you," returned his wife, smiling. "He has been dying to tell you himself, Rotha, and so I would not spoil his pleasure."

"Oh! I know Nettie has another boy. I met Mr. Effingham, and he told me all about it. Aunt Eliza is so disappointed—she wanted a girl this time; she had quite made up her mind for a little Eliza, but Nettie and her husband both like sons best."

"My son's my son till he gets him a wife," Mary is always saying that ever since Guy danced six times with Laura Tregarthen. Poor Mary! she does not understand calf-love; she thinks at twenty boys ought to think of nothing but their mother."

"Now, Austin, I call that too bad. Laura was a little flirt, or she would never have gone on so with Guy; and I do say, and say so still, that Lady Tregarthen has very frivolous young sisters-in-law, and if Guy is to marry I hope he will not choose such a giddy little thing as Laura for his wife."

"My dear, Guy will fall in love possibly with a dozen Lauras before he hits upon the right one; boys always do, and handsome ones like Guy especially; but here we are talking about Nettie and Guy, and quarrelling as usual, and Rotha has not heard the news yet."

"I can guess it is good news though, by the way you are rubbing your hands," said Rotha, merrily.

"Ha, ha," laughed the vicar, "so it is—so it is. Capital news—first-rate news—old Bobus is coming home."

"Robert coming home?" returned Rotha, feeling suddenly rather giddy. She felt a quick flush rise to her face, and turning her back for a moment on them both, went to the table and busied herself in finding some work. "When is he coming?" she said from a safe distance.

"When? Oh, he may be here any day; the letter has been detained, and ought to have reached us a week ago. He was on his way then. I will tell you all about it if you will leave that work alone and come here. I thought the news would have interested you."

"Oh, Mr. Ord?" returned Rotha, dismayed at this inflated imputation of indifference. "Of course I am glad he is coming home—poor Robert!" but her voice was not very steady, and her face was growing hotter than ever under the vicar's keen eyes. What would she have said if she had known that Robert in his despair had made his brother his confidant, and that Austin was looking at her and wondering whether Robert had really any chance,

and whether he had been wrong in advising him to come home and try what three more years had done for him, and was speculating whether the sudden burning of Rotha's face meant only confusion or pleasure.

He was to remain in doubt on this point, for Rotha now regained her self-possession. "Is he bringing Rufus with him, or will he come alone?" she asked presently.

"Oh, no. Rufus is doing too well where he is, and Robert says that a year or two more of that work will be of great service to him; and that, though he is so young—barely eighteen—he is already a valuable assistant; he means to have him over by-and-by when an opening presents itself. Do you know, Rotha, I always guessed Mr. Ramsay would send for Robert when that accident disabled him. Poor man! he will never be able to go down to the work again."

"And is Robert to be manager there?" asked Rotha, not lifting her eyes.

"Yes; manager and partner, too, I believe. He is to have double the salary he now receives, to begin with. The firm are very loath to part with him; but Robert says that he hardly feels justified in throwing away such a chance, and especially to refuse Mr. Ramsay after what he has done for him. Don't you think he is right?"

"Quite right," returned Rotha quickly; "only he said nothing to me about all this in his last letter, so I cannot help feeling a little surprised. I suppose he has made up his mind rather suddenly."

"Yes; he tells me that he had no idea when he last wrote. By the bye, that explains a rather misty paragraph. He says—let me see, what is it he really does say!—oh! here it is—I am afraid Rotha, for one, will think me somewhat inconsistent after what I once said to her, but I think you can explain my reasons for acting on this sudden impulse, and why I cannot feel justified in refusing so kind a friend and benefactor as Mr. Ramsay. A man may sometimes alter his mind without being open to the imputation of weakness. There, perhaps you can interpret that mysterious clause better than Mary and I can." But Rotha said nothing, and colored so exceedingly that the vicar rather abruptly changed the subject, and Mary, after a few warm expressions of pleasure at the thought of seeing dear Robert again, and wondering how he would look, and when he would arrive, and telling Rotha that Deb and she had been beautifying and arranging the spare room that very morning for his reception, in case he should come any day, took up the subject of the school-treat again, and assured Rotha for the third time that the vicar and Mr. Tregarthen had already fixed on Burnley-upon-Sea. "You see we have exhausted all the places. We were at Nab Scar last year, and at Finnock's Hollow the summer before, and Burnley is so near, and the children can go by train, and it is so much less fatiguing for the teachers than jolting over those country roads in open carts; so if you do not mind, dear—being your treat—Austin thinks he could save you expense and trouble that way, for the season is not far enough advanced to go a long distance, and the gardener's wife at the head of the glen could boil our kettles for us, and it would not be far to carry the hampers; you know Austin can always get license for us."

Rotha was silent for a moment. It was

more than five years ago now since Garton and Reuben and she had spent the day there, but she had only been there once since, and then quite alone. It was summer then, and she had walked where they had walked, and sat in the same place where she had sat, and dreamt of the fairy prince, and then lifted up her eyes to see Garton striding through the dim woodland aisles. She had taken a mournful pleasure in thus following his footprints, and in thinking what he had said and how he had looked, and it had seemed as though the very place were sacred to her; it would jar on her sadly to see it again surrounded by merry and shouting children; but she now banished this thought as selfish, and quietly told Mary that, if the vicar wished it, there was nothing more to be said, and then, in her usual self-forgetful way, tried to throw herself into her friends' plans, and to calculate the number of buns and the pounds of seed and plum cake that would be wanted, but she had never found it such hard work to keep her attention on anything—she made a mistake in her addition twice, and Mary, with placid surprise, put her right.

She was undecided, too, till the last minute, whether Meg should not go in her place; but on Mrs. Ord objecting to this, on the ground that it was Rotha's treat, and that she need not do anything to tire herself, and that the children would amuse themselves, and that there was nothing but to give them their tea and marshal them to the train, she reluctantly consented; and then scolded herself again for her selfishness, and told Mary that she was getting old and lazy, but of course she would go, and that perhaps Meg would be glad to be spared the fatigue; and, when this was settled, she rose to take her leave.

"But, Rotha, dear. Mrs. Carruthers is out, and Austin fully expects that you are going to stay to tea," pleaded Mrs. Ord, "and we have not half discussed dear Robert's coming home." But Rotha would not be persuaded; she had some work to do for her children, she said, and should rather enjoy a quiet evening. She felt stupid and tired, and her head ached a little, and, if Mary did not mind, she would come round in the morning and arrange everything for Thursday, and she thought, after all, the vicar had been right in fixing on Burnley.

If Rotha had any work to do she certainly did not do it that evening. Meg found her sitting at her window looking out at the sunset, as though she had been doing little else for hours.

It would be difficult to describe Rotha's exact feelings when she heard of the news of Robert's speedy arrival; but from the moment the words "he may come any day" had been spoken, a curious mixture of confusion, terror, and excitement had thrown her into such a whirl of conflicting emotions that she hardly realized herself what his coming home would be to her.

Three years had passed since she had answered that passionate letter of Robert's, and the correspondence which had been carried on between them had been in a measure somewhat constrained on both sides. Robert's letters especially had been brief and rather forced; and though he had never referred to his disappointment since then, even in the most distant manner, it was in a way brought home to Rotha in every word. Robert never spoke of himself now, never even answered

her friendly questions as to his health and prospects. His letters related mainly to Rotha and her affairs, every trifle to which she had alluded was canvassed and magnified; but the unrestrained outpourings of the writer's heart seemed kept in check and forced back by a strong hand; only a tender phrase than usual sometimes conveyed to her that the writer himself was unchanged, patient but hopeless, and perhaps no eloquence could have touched Rotha's heart more deeply than those letters—so brief, yet so suggestive; so thoughtful for her, so forgetful of himself.

Once he had been ill, but Rotha never heard of it till long afterwards. He had met with an accident, and inflammation and fever had set in, and Austin told her one day very gravely that his life had been despaired of for days, and his recovery was chiefly owing to the watchful nursing of his landlady and her daughter.

Rotha wrote a reproachful letter to Robert after that, a letter full of sisterly affection and tenderness; but he wrote back in a little surprise, thanking her for her kindness. "I should not have thought that you would have cared so much whether I lived or died," it said. "I never fancy that I am much good to any one, or to myself either. I sometimes think that my life has been a failure, and that it would be better to go to one's long rest than to labor without hope in the heat of the day. When the laborer is weary he can go home. I have no home—not a soul belonging to me but Austin; the only woman who loved me lies under the grass sod. Sometimes I wonder why God permits such loneliness, such desolate hearths, such broken 'denied lives.' Forgive me, Rotha, I am weak still from recent illness, or I should not write like this. Just now, Rachel, my faithful nurse, brought me some nourishment, and told me I was getting faint, and must be more careful of myself. I will not tell you how I thanked her. I was very ungrateful, and she went away with her eyes full of tears. Rachel is a good creature. She thinks I ought to put a higher value on my life. She little knows—There, I will not finish that sentence. Good night, Rotha. Thank you for your goodness to me, dear—I was going to write 'Sister,' but I have sworn never to call you by that name; I will substitute 'Friend.'—There; it is cold enough, it makes me shiver, but many a man might think himself rich with such a one; but not when he is sick and solitary—growing old, but still far enough off his end—as I am, Rotha. Adieu, ROBERT."

That was the last letter Rotha had received, nearly three months ago, and now he was coming home. She showed no word that letter, but put it away with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. It was hardly in woman's nature not to be touched and made proud by this passionate fidelity—this patient hopelessness. For the first time she lost sight of Garton's love, to wonder upon the length and breadth of this man's affection, that could survive distance and time and disappointment, that could refuse to be satisfied with the crumbs of her comfort. "Could Garton have loved me better?" she thought, as though for the first time she realized Robert's feelings in all their intensity, and a little fear and trembling seized her. She thought: "What if he should ever renew his suit? Would her

purpose remain as unflinching and steadfast as it had done three years ago? Would Garton wish it? Would Belle?" But at this point she always broke off, shrinking from her own thoughts, trembling and blushing even in the darkness, and, foiding her hands, would pray that He who had guided her through her troubled youth, and had brought her feet out on these pleasant places, would lead her still through the shadows of the future in a plain path; but not now, because of her enemies.

These petitions always calmed her, but to-night they failed. The mere recollection of the words "coming any day" threw her into a state of distressing restlessness and excitement, a longing to go away somewhere, to fly from some inevitable fate which seemed to come upon her. She resolved to avoid the vicarage, to shut herself up in the fortress of Bryn, to live at the "Home," to do anything, in short, to put off the evil day of their meeting; and yet, such was her inconsistency, she longed to be somewhere that she might see him without his being aware of her presence. "Just to see him, and to be sure that it is Robert, and that he is well and safe, and to go away where he could not find me, or ever say what he said to me in those letters."

These were some of Rotha's thoughts; but it would be difficult to describe half of them. The leading idea seemed to be terror at what Robert might say to her, and yet in her secret heart she rejoiced at the knowledge that he was still unchanged. She fell asleep trying to recollect the contents of his last letter, and awoke depressed and restless and passed a most unsatisfactory day, and, as often happened, everything jarred with her mood: the children were troublesome, and Caroline had a raging toothache and was obliged to go down to the infirmary; Meg was called off in the middle of the afternoon by the vicar, and Rotha had to take her place just as she was most longing for quiet.

The children had got through their stage of fractiousness by this time, and were playing at Nebuchadnezzar and the burning fiery furnace. The game struck Rotha as slightly profane, but she was languid and lacked energy to interfere. It struck her as rather droll, however, that Shirlee Pearl, who was still there, should enact the part of Nebuchadnezzar and the Golden Image as well, and she got once or twice slightly confused over it; and she could not understand for a long time why the youngest boy there should be playing the Jew's harp industriously in the corner, till he told Shirlee crossly that he wasn't going to play Dulcimers forever, and that he thought it a stupid game, which woke her up in earnest; and after she had reprimanded Shirlee gravely, and had taken the refractory Dulcimer from her lap, she told them a story, and then made them sing the hymns Meg had taught them, and told them softly about the Child Christ, who had come to their beds when they were little and weak, with His arms full of tiny crosses, and had laid one down by the side of each child, bidding them carry them bravely for His sake.

"And what sort of cross did the Child Christ leave you, Shirlee?" asked Rotha. "I think it was a knobby one, mother," returned Shirlee promptly, for Shirlee was an orphan, a mere waif and stray cast upon Thornborough streets, and Rotha had classed

him among her adopted children. "A very knobby one, bursting out with abysses and such like."

"I should think being almost dark is worse than abysses," put in Sallie, a diminutive child with a patient, sickly face and a shade over her eyes. "Shirlee can learn to spell, and cast up, and read pretty picture-books, though his bones is so sore that he cries sometimes."

"But Sallie can pick up shells and dig on the sand, and feel the sweet sea-breeze—can she not?" returned Rotha, putting her hand tenderly on the cropped head, for she knew that by and by it would be quite dark, and not almost, with Sallie. "And what did the Child Christ say to little Sallie when He laid on her this heavy cross?"

"Carry it, and it will carry you," returned the child in her shrill little voice.

"Yes; and, heavy as it is, it is not so heavy as His—we must remember that. And when do we lay down our crosses, children?"

"Never," returned one, and "When we die," responded others; and one small boy opined, "When their backs ached or they were tired;" but he was a cripple and a hunchback, and spoke feebly, and every one knew that poor Teddy was breaking down under the weight of his.

"Oh, Teddy, I wish we could!" said Rotha, with a compassionate glance at the deformed boy. "I wish we could lay them down, Teddy, sometimes, you and Sallie and I—when we are so tired, and our hearts and arms are so sore with the weight!" And, in that fanciful imagery so dear to children, she told them they must lie down in their narrow beds with their crosses beside them to the last—they and their crosses under the shadow of one mighty one; and how they must carry them right up to the Golden Gate itself, and there, laying them down forever, should receive tiny jewelled crowns; and where there crosses had fallen should spring up roses, white and red, and lilies fairer than any they had seen, and the Child Christ should lead them into the City—cripples and blind, and suffering no longer. "Now, children, sing the hymn Meg taught you last Sunday," and the children united their weak, quavering voices and sang, "We are but little children weak," but the Dulcimer had gone fast asleep, and Teddy came and laid his heavy head against Rotha's dress.

CHAPTER XII.

Won at last.

"Some one came and rested there beside me,
Speaking words I never thought would bless
Such a loveless life; I longed to hide me,
Feasting lonely on my inappetence,
But the voice I heard
Pleaded for a word,
Till I gave my whispered answer, 'Yes.'
"Yes; that little word so calmly spoken
Changed all life for me, my own, my own:
And the cold gray spell I saw unbroken,
All the twilight days seemed past and gone,
And how warm and bright
In the ruddy light
Pleasant June days of the future shone!
"So we wandered through the gate together,
Hand in hand, upon our future way,
Leaving shade and cold behind for ever,
Out to where the red sun's westerling ray
Gave a promise fair
Of such beauty rare
For the dawning of another day."
—Helen Martine Burnside.

The Sunday-school treat was fixed for the following day, and when the children were safe in their dormitories, Rotha meant to go round to the vicarage to make the final arrangements with Mrs. Ord.

It was a lovely evening, and the setting sun streamed into the long low room where Rotha sat among the little ones; the children had broken down in the middle of the hymn, and Rotha's sweet voice took up the refrain and hummed it softly with a sort of weird accompaniment from Teddie; the rest crooned out a dolorous chorus of "We don't know it, mother," when the garden gate suddenly clicked. Fidgets, who was fast asleep, got up and limped to the door on three legs and began a furious barking, every hair bristling with excitement. Firm footsteps crunched up the garden path, voices were heard in the little passages, the door of the mother's room opened and closed quickly.

"Run and tell the vicar I am here, Joe," said Rotha, breaking off her humming; "and, children, do not forget to get up and cartsey to him."

"May we come, little sister?" said the vicar's cheerful voice over Joe's head. "Do not let the children disturb themselves; they look far too comfortable. No, do not come in just yet," he continued to somebody in the background. "Guess what visitor I have brought to see you, Rotha?"

"That is not hardly fair," returned a well-remembered voice; "let me introduce myself, Austin." A firm hand puts the vicar aside—a dark figure blocks up the entry, a tall man, gray-haired, with a worn, handsome face. Rotha stands up, white and trembling, with the sleeping boy still in her arms—it is Robert!

"Rotha, are you surprised to see me? I did not mean to startle you like this."

Her only disengaged hand is taken and pressed kindly, and then Robert replaces her in her seat. She has not spoken one word of welcome—not one, except that low uttered "Robert!"—but her heart is beating so that she can hardly breathe.

"That is not a very warm greeting after five years' absence," says the vicar, mischievously; and Robert, gravely as before, just touches her cheek with his lips, and says quietly that Austin has brought him in to see the little sister in the midst of her children, and that he is glad to see her looking so strong and well, and so on. All spoken in the same calm kind manner, as though the blood that swept over Rotha's pale face did not stir every pulse within him at the thought that he had the power to stir her thus, that those burning blushes and quivering lips could not mean only that he had taken her unawares.

"I hope you do not mind my bringing him in like this? Robert was so anxious to see you," said the vicar, trying to put a stop to this painful embarrassment. "You are so completely one of us, you know, Rotha; and Mary said she was sure you would be pleased to see him."

"I am very pleased," returned Rotha, finding her voice with difficulty. "When did you come?" lifting her eyes timidly to Robert, who was leaning against the mantelpiece watching her.

"Only an hour ago; I got off the dust of my journey, and talked to Mary and Austin a little, and then Mary proposed our coming round to fetch you. How well dear Mary looks, to be sure? and as pretty as ever; only her hair is gray—not so gray as mine though." And he tossed it carelessly from his forehead as he spoke. "Do you not think me very changed, Rotha?"

"Very much changed. You look as though you had been very ill," she returned, softly. She was regaining her calmness at the sight of his, but her color still varied dangerously.

Yes, he was changed, wonderfully so; but she thought she had never seen a nobler face. His dark hair was quite iron-gray, though he was hardly more than thirty-six; and his face was thinner and paler, and the forehead deeply lined. But the hard-nerve curve of the lips had relaxed, and the curve round the mouth was exceedingly sweet and sorrowful; only when he smiled, which he did rarely, his smile was like Gar's.

"I was very near death," he returned, reading the unspoken sympathy in her eyes. "I suppose if I had not been with good Samaritans it would soon have been all over with me. Rachel cried when she received your present, Rotha. When I gave it to her I said it was so like the little sister that Austin talks about."

He had used the vicar's title twice, but not as though he had appropriated it. Was it merely to put her at her ease with him, or to remind her that he had no hope? Somehow the name jarred on her for the first time.

"You do not find Rotha much altered, do you, Robert?" struck in the vicar, briskly. Rotha's eyes fell again before Robert's swift, keen glance.

"No; she is not a day older. How do you manage to preserve your youth, Rotha—you look so young? And do you always wear that little cap? Do you know, it reminds me of the day I met you first in the Castle gardens? You had a cap on then, had you not?"

"No; only a lace kerchief tied over my hair," returned Rotha, with a smile. "This is our uniform, Meg's and mine," she continued hurriedly. She knew intuitively why Robert looked so grave. Would he ever forget that day when he saw her under the low apple trees, a slim creature in her black dress? It made her speak to him in her own frank way to see that look of pain on his face. "Meg will be so glad to see you, Rotha."

"Ah, to be sure. Poor Mrs. Carruthers! I was so sorry to hear about her trouble; but you told me in one of your last letters that she has been more settled ever since. How good you have been, Rotha, to write to me so often!"

"You were lonely, and I knew you would like to hear about everything," she returned, beginning to get hot again.

"You have no idea what letters she can write," he continued, turning to his brother, who had half a dozen of the children round his knee, and was talking to them in an undertone. "They used to be like a series of pictures to me, and clever pictures too. I don't think all these five years I have ever had to ask after anybody."

"We did not know you were a scribe, Rotha," returned the vicar, laughing; "but here we are keeping Mary and ten waiting. Do you know we have orders to carry you off?"

"Indeed! But I do not think I can leave just yet; I have my working dress on, and the children are not in bed, and—"

"Perhaps not," interrupted the vicar; "but Mrs. Carruthers is on her way to help Caroline, so that excuse has fallen through. And as for the working dress, if you want

to honor Robert by a festive attire, we will willingly escort you to Byrn; but I can assure you that that gray serge is quite as becoming in our eyes as gray silk would be."

A mischievous little speech which made Robert smile, and after that Rotha would have gone in gray sack-cloth, if there were such a material; but as she still hesitated, though for far different reasons, Robert settled the matter by lifting the drowsy Dulcimer off her lap and, taking out his watch, told her that they would wait for her just five minutes—a piece of pre-emptory which reminded her of the old Robert Ord, and brought one of her sunny smiles back in an instant.

Rotha was in a curious state of mind all the evening; an uneasy sort of happiness, too nearly approaching nervous excitement to quite deserve that name, seemed to be the prominent feeling; it was very strange and very pleasant to have Robert back again. Now for the first time she realized how she had missed him, and what a blank his absence had made. The vicarage had never looked so like itself for five years, and the vicar seemed so wondrously content and so proud of Robert, and the boys hung about their uncle eager for news of Rufus, and the family tea-table had never looked more cheerful than it did to-night.

Rotha was very quiet and kept in the background all the evening, but no one seemed to notice it. For Robert and Austin had so much to say to each other, and were so busy in discussing the former's prospects, and every one had so many things to tell him and so much to hear, that no one seemed to perceive what a silent listener Rotha was; and though now and then Robert turned to her with a quiet word or smile, as though to show her presence was by no means forgotten, he never once strove to bring her into the conversation. But more than once the uneasy conviction seized her that her silence was understood and respected. And deeply as this thoughtfulness and delicacy touched her, it made her still more conscious. Now and then she started and flushed painfully as some tone or some expression of Robert's recalled Garton vividly. She had never thought the brothers alike, but a hundred times this evening some trick or turn of Robert's voice brought him before her. Now and then she could look at him unperceived, and then she was struck afresh by the great change in him; and once or twice the thought crossed her, of what noble metal the man must have been made that the fire of suffering had so purified and strengthened him.

She had been perfectly content in her quiet corner, but she was more than ever tongue-tied and embarrassed when he walked with her to her own door. A dread of being alone with him, a terror of what he might say under these circumstances, was strong within her when she went out of the vicarage gate. But she need not have been afraid, Robert seemed bent on putting her at her ease. Nothing could exceed his quiet gentleness. He spake about the beauty of the night, and asked Rotha if she ever took long walks now. And he described an excursion Rufus and he had taken, which lasted till they had got to Byrn; and then he shook hands with her and bade her good-night, as though he had been doing so every evening for the last five years.

Rotha gave up her thoughts in despair

when she reached her own room. To disentangle and arrange such a hopeless confusion of ideas was next to impossible. A sense of disappointment and regret—inconsistent regret—at Robert's callousness and brotherly kindness were the paramount feelings; it increased her admiration and respect tenfold, but it humiliated her. He had loved her for five years, and only three months ago had hinted at his despair. But now he was by far the calmer of the two, and she herself had been taken unawares, and had betrayed her embarrassment in a hundred ways. The calmer of the two! What if she had looked out that very moment and seen the lonely figure pacing up and down the sea-wall for hours?—could she see him standing in the moonlight beside Belle's grave, and leaning his hot brow against the marble cross, and could he hear him say, "Dearer than ever—the one face—the one woman in the world—to me. Oh, my God! to see her every day and not to win her, will be more than I can bear. I must—I will win her! Something tells me that I shall, Rotha."

The next day was that appointed for the school term, and Rotha had promised to be round at the vicarage as early as possible to help Mary and Aunt Eliza pack the hamper. But, early as it was, Robert had already started for Stretton, where he would probably be detained the greater part of the morning.

Rotha felt a little chill of disappointment, for she had quite made up her mind to be her old self with him to-day. It relieved her, therefore, and sent a glow of satisfaction to her heart, when the vicar casually remarked to Aunt Eliza that she would certainly have her wish to see Robert gratified that very afternoon, for he had promised him faithfully to take the four o'clock train from Blackscar, and to be present at the distribution of buns; and, as he always kept his word, she might be certain that he would make his appearance at the time specified.

Rotha said nothing, but she worked with redoubled zeal, and at the appointed hour joined the phalanx of teachers and children on the Blackscar platform, looking singularly appropriate to the occasion in her pretty spring dress—a soft blue—with her white clip hat. Dress always set off Rotha, but she never looked prettier than she did to-day, as Mary remarked to the vicar and to Aunt Eliza about half a dozen times.

There was nothing worth recording in the afternoon itself. As in most other school treats, the children were wild with pleasure, and ran all over the glens like a herd of young colts. Rotha strove once or twice, in quiet moments, to bring back the sweet and mournful associations of the place, but for once the effort was manifest. The day was so glorious, the sunshine so bright, the play of light and shade so delicious in the bosky dells and hollows, the little river ran underneath so brimming over with ripples and tiny gurgles of joy, the children's mirth was so infectious, the knots of eager, rosy faces such warm, vivid pictures set in the green, lowery depths, that a less happy nature than Rotha's must have expanded to the cheering influences; and more than one bright thought kept her pulses beating to a tune they had not heard for many a long year, as she walked up and down the shady walks, or sat on one of the tiny lawns keeping watch and ward over the little ones.

But about five o'clock, when the children were ranged in orderly files on one of the green lawns, and the vicar was called upon to say grace, Rotha's eyes often wandered to the little white gate in the hope of seeing a tall figure advancing from the road; but tea was over and the children scattered to their games again, and still no Robert made his appearance.

Mr. Townsend, the vicar of Burnley, had just entered the gardens, and Rotha was slightly surprised when, after a brief conversation, our vicar walked quickly to the gate with him. She was tolerably near them, and saw that both looked rather grave and anxious, the vicar especially; and the latter spoke almost irritably to some boys who surrounded him with entreaties to join their game.

"Run away, children, I can't attend to you now. Now, Sam, don't block up my way, please; Mr. Townsend and I have business in the town." And he swung round one small lad who was in his path so hastily that he nearly tripped him up.

"Elliot," said Rotha, addressing a young Sunday-school teacher who had been with the vicar most of the time, "what has Mr. Townsend been saying to make the vicar look so grave?"

"Haven't you heard?" returned young Elliot, eagerly. "All the teachers have been talking about it: there's been an accident to the Blackscar train—some collision, I believe; and two or three people have been killed. Murray heard it in the town."

Rotha turned suddenly white, and then began to shiver.

"What train, Elliot?"

"Why, the four o'clock from Blackscar—a goods train or something ran into it. There are not many people hurt—only the engine-driver and the stoker and one passenger were killed. The line will not be clear for another hour or two, and that's why the vicar has gone up to the station."

"No, no," returned Rotha, half beside herself; "don't you know his brother was to be in that train? Oh, Elliot, for mercy's sake, don't say anything to Mrs. Ord. Suppose anything has happened to his brother. There, go, go; don't you see Mr. Tregathan is calling you?"

"We are going to take some of the children on the pier," called out Mr. Tregathan; "the ladies and the younger ones can stop behind, if they like. You know there is no possibility of getting home for another hour or two."

Rotha heard no more. She was in a high winding walk, just under the suspension bridge and near the entrance to the gardens; and feeling giddy, and even her limbs tottering, she sat down, thankful that no one was witness to her violent agitation.

A collision, a railway accident, and he was in it—that was her first thought; he—Robert—Garton's brother, the man who had loved her so patiently and so hopelessly for more than five years, and whom, as she knew too well by this terrible heartache, she was already beginning to love in return. Poor Rotha! it needed this shock to reveal the real nature of her feelings for Robert. For months past—ever since his last letter—she had been fighting against her own heart, and hiding her eyes like a child from the destiny that was in store for her. This had been the secret of her trembling eagerness to escape a meeting. One word from him

whose fidelity she had so severely tested might in a moment, she knew, overthrow the resolutions of years. And if she had doubted her heart even yesterday, one glance at Robert's face, with its evidence of suffering, would have undeceived her; and now—now, when he might be lost to her forever, mortally hurt, or even dead—now did she realize for the first time that, however she might have tried to blind herself, her heart was assuredly and entirely his.

But to have another lover destroyed in such a cruel way—impossible, merciful God, impossible!

(To be continued.)

THE QUIET CORNER.

BY THE BISHOP OF EASTON.

XXVIII.

The hope founded on the virtues we possess, on our good deeds, on the plea that if the good and bad were balanced, and due allowance made for inborn frailty and ever-recurring temptation, the result would be favorable to us, changes the whole ground of confidence.

It surrenders all appeal to mercy. There is no room for mercy to those who have behaved themselves as well as a reasonable Master could expect under the circumstances. We cannot in one breath plead Not Guilty, and in the next ask for Clemency.

No; this Hope is founded on God's justice. If it fails, there is no falling back upon Pity. If your allegation be true, you have a right to immunity, if not reward.

Ah! my friend, you know better than any one the secrets of your own heart and your own life. Are you ready to defend them all at the bar of strict justice? Are you ready, in the presence of the Holy Ones, and in the clear light of the Judgment, to face your record and claim that in all equity it is all that a just God can expect of you?

One thing is certain. In so doing you sever your case from that of all those whom most we revere for saintliness of character and beauty of life. There is not one of them, from Abraham to St. Paul, but shrunk with alarm and dread from the prospect of defending his innocence from a just God. The language of Job expresses the conviction of them all:

"Now a thing was secretly brought to me, And mine ear received a little thereof: In thoughts from the visions of the night, When deep sleep falleth on men, Fear came upon me, and trembling, Which made all my bones to shake, Then a spirit passed before my face; The hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof;

An image was before mine eyes, there was silence, And I heard a voice, saying: Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no trust in his servants, And his angels he charged with folly: How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, Whose foundation is in the dust."

And, yet again, if this hope be safe, as you have parted company with the saints, so may you bid farewell to your Bible. Or, if you retain it, it must be in copies mutilated as with Jehudi's penknife, its most wondrous leaves crackling on the hearth where they have been ignominiously thrown.

A just God, who will make some generous allowance, is to inspect your record. You have done little harm and some good. The first table of the law will be tacitly ignored. Your violations of the second table have not been very numerous or flagrant. Thus you are entitled to a verdict of acquittal. That is the Hope.

Farewell, then, to the Bible.

There is no more Saviour—I will stand on my deserts and save myself.

No more atonement—there is nothing to be expiated.

No more repentance—I have nothing to reproach myself about, or to be sorry for.

Farewell to our Prayer Books, also. Let us hush those pleading cries: O Christ bear us, Lord have mercy upon us. Christ have mercy upon us. Lord have mercy upon us. One sentence will suffice for our Liturgy—God, I thank thee that I am not as other men.

Oh, it is enough to break a Christian heart to know, as we do know, and must know, that the men we see busy in their offices, or on their farms; parents of Christian children, or children of Christian parents; young men in the springtime of life, and old men almost ready for the sickle that shall reap them down, are hoping to be saved, whereas, if the Hope shame them not in the end, it is because the Gospel of the Lord Jesus is a shame and a delusion.

But let us now consider the Hope that neither disappoints nor puts to shame. The Hope which is the Helmet in our Christian armor, and which has covered the head of God's warriors in the day of battle.

The Hopes of which I have been speaking centre all in ourselves. There is nothing outside to lean upon. The Hope is in our ability to make a fair showing and to offer a satisfactory defence.

But listen to St. Paul. "Paul an Apostle of Jesus Christ by the commandment of God our Saviour, and Lord Jesus Christ, which is our hope" or again "Christ in you, the Hope of Glory."

How does the horizon all at once brighten at such a word!

My Hope is to be saved not of and by my own frail self, but by the strong grasp of one outside of me, one who, standing serene upon the shore, can reach out a hand to me, struggling in the deep waters.

I am not to be held answerable for my indebtedness. Another has already discharged it.

I am not amid curses and banishment to be made a terror to evil doers and to expiate any crimes. Another has vindicated the law and made it honorable, assuming my penalty, and exhibiting to the universe a proof of the inexorable justice which will not tolerate iniquity, more portentous, than all the pains I could endure in the Gehenna of fire.

I am not to stand without counsel at that tremendous bar. I have an advocate. And Thou shalt answer for me, O Christ, my Hope. I am not to be tried according to the rules of strict justice, but under the terms of a special covenant of amnesty and mercy, whose benefits have been secured to me by deed and contract.

Three books shall be produced: and the dead shall be judged out of the things written in the books. There is the book of God's law settling forth what I ought to have

been. And another book which tells all that I have actually been. I have no hope that there shall be such correspondence in these as shall entitle me to acquittal. But there is a third book, the Lamb's Book of Life. And if my name be written there, justice is disarmed, the law hath no terrors, mine accuser no indictment. I shall have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates, into the city.

Is this a hope to disappoint, a hope to make ashamed?

But it is not the mere naming of this Hope that can rightly assure and comfort us. It is available for all, and yet we sadly confess that of some, Christ our Hope will be ashamed and say, I never knew you.

On what reasonable ground, then, may we hope that Christ our Hope will not be ashamed of us and disown us?

The Christian's answer is very simple: I hope that I have come to Him, the Hope of sinners. I hope that by His grace I am abiding in Him. That is all—and it is all-sufficient.

And here arise two questions, which, if we can rightly answer, may relieve us of all the amazing fear which hangs around the great Assize.

Have we come to Christ, not in some vague, unreal, fanciful sense, but in the way that He has bidden us to come?

He has not left it to each one of us to devise a manner of approach. He has given us a definite faith which we must accept—a distinct confession to be made with the mouth—a religious discipline to be accepted. The gifts of His Spirit are not bestowed accidentally or capriciously, but come to us in the discharge of well-known duties; in the use of various instruments, and chiefly through the Holy Sacraments, which through the two golden pipes empty the golden oil out of themselves.

Have we come to Him just as He has bidden us to come? He told us to believe, to repent, to be baptized; to ask, to seek, to knock at the door of His compassion. He has told us to do somewhat habitually in remembrance of Him, seeking therein the bread that came down from Heaven. Have we thus come to Him in penitence, in prayer, in earnest endeavor, in high resolve; in the closet, in the congregation, joining the open confession to the heart belief; bearing the Church, submitting ourselves to those who are over us in the Lord, devoutly using sacred ordinances and Holy Sacraments?

If we have thus come, there stands His own word to strengthen our hope—Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.

It is thus that the past is assured. But how about the present? You have come to Him—are you now abiding in Him?

Is your choice unchanged, your mind the same? Do you abide in Him, as the tempest-tossed bird abides in the shelter of the cliff until the storm has passed? As the long-lost child abides in the loving arms that have recovered him? As the branch cleaves to the vine from which it has derived all its strength to put forth buds of promise?

To abide in Christ is to think of Him, and to speak to Him. It is to cherish loving thoughts of Him, and to strive to pattern after Him. It is to hasten to the door when He passeth by, to covet the falling of His shadow, to touch the very hem of His

garment, in all the means and instances whereby He blesses men.

It is, in a word, the honest endeavor—far from being so successful as we would desire—but still the honest endeavor, to live the prayerful life, the unworshipful life, the life of gentle charities, the churchly and sacramental life, the life of watchfulness and holy expectations.

It is not that we have once had an experience, as men say, or once in our lives afflicted ourselves and mourned and wept.

It is not that we come with decorous seriousness to Church and to the Lord's Supper. The true hope grows out of the patient abiding of the soul in Christ, seeking daily to drink in more of His spirit, cementing our union with Him by prayer and vows, by acts of praise, by works of mercy done after His example.

Let the aged Apostle, the Apostle of love and gentleness supply our last thought: "And now, little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE REV.
STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

BY THE REV. EDWARD O. FLAGG, B. D.

I.
Not many heroes grace the eternal cause
As beacon lights;
On Zion's heaven-lit towers the gaurdsman
pause,
Nay, yield the fight.

II.
It brightens hope to trace—where softness
reigns—
Unflinching nerve;
The valiant few who offer self, time, pains,
Their King to serve.

III.
One hence has gone, with iron purpose fraught,
To speak as told
From Sinai's mount, or where the Saviour
taught
In words of gold.

IV.
His matchless trust he did not vend at will—
A huckster vile—
To changing markets in celestial wares
Of any style.

V.
One central truth enlisted thought and breath,
'Twas Jesus' love;
Discouraging how it brought up Life from Death
He fain would move.

VI.
Crowds pressed to hear, because he held the
cross
In open view;
Like Paul, he deemed all else but loss,
Such mind they knew.

VII.
As shied to Constantine the signal wiewd
By which to win,
There seemed before his daily sight, upreared,
This cure for sin.

VIII.
Socratic power informed his ripened speech,
Instructing youth;
'Unmoved by threat or favor,' apt to teach
Fair Wisdom's truth.

IX.
Take heart, ye timid guides, who fear to tell
The "narrow way;"
Let champions brave in Christ who war so well
Thy spirit sway.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

BY W. D. GROUND.

III.

It can hardly need proof that anyone who firmly grasps and holds a conception so large as that of a life on the scale of a Moses will, in virtue of such a faith, start away from all the men of his generation, and will begin to build up his inner life of thought and aspiration and emotion on a far greater scale than they. Whilst they wish to become the foremost men of the day, he is wishing to become one of the foremost men of all time; whilst they are aiming at a local success, he is aiming at a world-wide influence; whilst they think of exerting a force that shall last a few years after they leave the earth, he is seeking to make his mark deep and broad, and to wield a mental and moral sovereignty for thousands of years. Now, it must be plain, I think, that the mental framework of such a one differs from the framework of even the very greatest men of the day in a very marked degree—differs in that it is indefinitely larger and grander, is of far more majestic compass and build, is set up on the scale of Eternity, and spheres a soul to whose strength and scope no limits can be set. That seems to me the necessary result of such a daring idea as that of rivalling a Moses—it cuts one who holds it away from the narrowing influence of his age, it sets him free under the open heaven of God, it introduces a fresh factor of unmeasured force and scope, brings influences to bear upon him of incalculable strength. For myself, when I grasp the conception, I soon become conscious that an enormous force is pouring into me, that, under its power one is carried through vast regions—I had almost said empires—of thought, that it makes one's mind dilate to a degree which causes all the greatest thoughts of all but the greatest men to appear but trifling, and that it seems to be a power to which all things become possible.

When the mind has thus been dilated by the firm grasp of one idea of very vast extent, it requires a breadth that is competent to contain all the greatest generalizations that man has ever fashioned. Instead of having to master these carefully in their details, and to mount up by slow, painful steps to the larger and broader truths, and to leave the largest and broadest truths not grasped at all, as is the manner of most men, a mind of such a stamp will, on the contrary, see first and most plainly all the greatest and broadest aspects of truth, and will feel most at home in dealing with those vaster matters. In other words, whilst most men are shut up in narrow areas, and can see only the little struggles in their own locality, a mind thus heightened occupies a higher standpoint, and from this higher place can see over the whole region, can see the true aspect of things, can see all the broad features of the land, and can fit all the details each into its appropriate place. This great breadth gives very special facilities for mastering the realms of Science, Philosophy, Theology; for becoming acquainted, indeed, with all the thoughts that have moved mankind. It brings a many-sided nature, a nature vast and varied, with thoughts and sympathies and aspirations wide as the race of man.

It seems probable that to build up such a universality of soul is the object of our Lord—is the "divine idea"—in our present generation. The gathered thoughts of the world, the religions of the East, the fulness of present day science, contributions from every nation under heaven, are pouring in upon us in bewildering variety. To what purpose? Surely it is that we, the servants of God, may take from all this proffered wealth whatever is lovely and of good report, whatever will help us to build up a greater nature—a nature more distinctly after the scale of universal man. The Christian is to show that he is the king of the universe, the sceptred sovereign of every department of thought. As the great apostle of the Gentiles challenged all humanity to point to one single thing in which he did not excel, so Christ means His Church to show that it can attain a breadth and grandeur of nature, a richness and volume of holy humanity, that no other systems can hope to rival. We are to be divine men—men in whom God is really living—men who in the strength of that indwelling are able to do all things.

I have a notion that the two main types of life which were the ideal of the Greek race in the childhood of the world, Apollo and Hercules—genius and strength—were shadows which our Lord employed the great minds of Greece to fashion in order that they might adumbrate the grandeur of nature man should finally attain, and that now, in our generation, our Lord is calling on all the best and greatest of His people to carry out His idea, and to show the lofty Greek ideal actually realised in living man. Obviously such a majesty of nature as I have shewn will result from the largest faith would go very far to realize that ideal. A man of such a stamp might easily be an Apollo, lord of many lands, master of the whole mental realm.

It would not surprise me to learn that America is called upon to play a great part in realizing this ideal of universality. Already it may be you have realized it in some of its lower types. Men like Mr. Vanderbilt and Mr. Jacob Astor show a remarkable breadth in matters commercial, and it may be they only shadow forth the dimensions which the children of light are to attain. "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we are incorruptible." Those upon whom the glory of the spiritual realm has dawned, who see a soul to be greater than an empire, who hold that to be great and Godlike in soul is a more worthy object of ambition than the most colossal fortune that millionaire ever acquired, will be able to use the doings of such men to serve as the mental framework on which they build a spiritual creation that will endure for ever and ever. Their greatness we want to use in our Master's cause; their riches they may have for themselves.

Enough has now, I think, been said to show that a great faith will bring about such an enlargement of nature as to make possible many things which without such faith are impossible. It will make any man as great and as powerful as he wants to become. I have preferred to shew its working on the very largest scale, and as conducting to the very highest elevations, partly because that comes most naturally to me, but also because in proving that the highest can be reached, there is included

a portion, the proof that any lower elevations can be attained. If a great faith can bring a Mosaic greatness, it can assuredly bring any lower degree of power any one may desire.

Thus it seems to me the principle is proved. It is universally true that the measure of a man's faith in heaven determines the measure of his soul, his life, his destiny. This then throws down the wall of unbelief which ever since apostolic ages the Church has chosen to set up. She had no authority so to do. It was nothing but her worldliness which made her do it. She never dared to formulate it. It was only a mist, intangible, but blinding and benumbing. We now revise this decision of unbelief. We set it aside as a thing of darkness, having no right in the Church of God. We all are free to aspire to, and in the strength of heaven to attain to, the supreme elevations of mortal endeavor. When once the Church of God accepts this truth I venture to think her foremost sons will actually attain these elevations; and God's mightiest champions, men who through faith can subdue kingdoms, will actually be living on the earth. And in one generation from the time those men get to work, I prophecy that the whole world will be prostrate at the feet of Christ. Now, then, Americans, to your work. If what I have said be true, then act upon it, discuss it, make use of it, carry it out in life, and drive it home by your faith and fervor until all Christendom is rejoicing in the light thereof.

In future papers I hope to show some of the practical applications of this truth.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

BY THE REV. A. J. TARDY.

In chapter xxxvii. of the charming story, "Robert Ord's Atonement," now being published in THE CHURCHMAN (and which has interested and delighted so many of the readers of your journal), the beautiful hymn 335 of the Church Hymnal, "Abide with Me," is spoken of as Keble's glorious Evening Hymn. The celebrated Evening Hymn of John Keble is the 336th of the Hymnal, "Sun of my soul," etc. The author of "Abide with Me" was Henry Francis Lyte, a clergyman of the Church of England, and it has been appropriately called a "Hymn for the Dying," as will be seen by a brief account of the sadly pathetic circumstances under which it was written, and which have much to do with the tone of the hymn and the sentiments it breathes forth.

The author, being in bad health, was compelled to seek for strength in travel.

Before leaving home, although scarcely able to do so, he dragged his attenuated form into the pulpit and delivered his parting address to his beloved flock, and also administered the eucharistical feast to his dear spiritual children. After this, wearied and tired, his heart still beating with emotion, he went home, and the old poetic inspiration coming over him, he wrote the words of what proved to be his last hymn—a hymn for the dying, written by the dying.

He had prayed that his last breath might be swan-like—"In songs that may not die"—and so, in answer to his prayer, his death at the foot of the Alps was like that of those Christian poets, Charles Wesley and George

Herbert, singing while his strength lasted, and then quietly and calmly falling asleep in Jesus, his sweet spirit awaiting the glad resurrection morn, when rising from the sleep of death he should join the hallelujah of heaven.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

BY I. M. C.

"You must not be discouraged in this way; these little *dozems* will come. Don't think about yourself. Haven't you something cheerful to read—something light? Try to get out of yourself. I wouldn't attempt to sit up to-day," Dr. Raymond continued, as he felt his patient's quick, feeble, nervous pulse. "Keep perfectly quiet, and you'll be all right in two or three days. It must be the weath—." No; that threadbare excuse would not serve this time. The weath was faultless. Not even a kindly-disposed doctor could pick a quarrel with it on behalf of a nervous patient. "Go on with your tonic as I told you, and keep your courage up. Good morning. I'll see you to-morrow," and Miss Duncan was alone.

Oh, the utter wretchedness of the last three days! Not that they had differed materially from most other days in the past year since she broke down suddenly with nervous prostration—"went all to pieces," as their family physician had said with a "told-you-so" tone in his voice. That was just before their dear old home in Central New York was broken up, before her brother's removal to this new home in a Pennsylvania village. It would take a year or two to get back to anything like her ordinary health, her old doctor had said; and she must not expect to get well in a hurry her new doctor has assured her. "You had been speculating with your nervous capital till you were almost bankrupt. You must be willing to give a long time to suspension, then you'll be ready to resume payment on a safer basis," he had added with a most unamiable smile.

Was not a year a long time? It seemed so to the invalid now as she lay on the bed quivering in every nerve of mind and body.

How could she "get out of herself?"

Her home was with a brother immersed in business cares; with a brother's wife engrossed in household worries and perplexities. They were still among comparative strangers in the village, for circumstances had not been propitious to forming friendships or even making acquaintances.

"Read something light, something cheerful." The Doomsday Book itself would seem painfully frivolous in her present frame. "I could patiently bear the physical suffering," she had written to a dear friend two days before, "and even this unutterable weariness and prostration, were it not for the awful depression that is so much worse than anything I could have imagined. My whole *soular* system seems out of order. There is no longer any star by which to guide my course; blazing meteors of dread and apprehension dart across the darkened horizon—the Sun of Righteousness is obscured, eclipsed—there is no light anywhere." How could she bear it? she asked herself now as she turned wearily on her pillow and resigned herself to another day of unmitigated nerves. Of what use was it even to try to get better? What differ-

ence did it make to anyone whether she were ever better or not? Of what importance was her life in any respect? Had it not been an utter failure from beginning to end, and would it not really be better if she were out of the world and no longer a drag on those who had the care of her? She was of no use; no one would miss her. She was no better than she was at the very beginning, and she never would be. It was cruel in the doctor to tell her she could help herself more than any one could help her. She was utterly incapable of helping herself or any one else, and there were so many needing help in this world of sin and sorrow. *How dare* she lie there day after day in idleness! It was enough to drive one wild to see everyone overtaxed because she was not up and doing her share of this life's work. How tired dear John had looked when he bade her good-by that morning, and how sweet Jessie had been when she came up to ask her if she had slept, saying nothing of her own wakeful night with the fretful baby. Were ever brother and sister more sympathizing and appreciative?

Dear little Miss Duncan! At the end of an hour her mind felt like a hotly contested battlefield. But common-sense had gained the victory. She could at least *try to bear her love spirits cheerfully*; she could hold her mind open to all helpful influences, and be ready to brighten at the first opportunity.

Oh! for something to lift her out of herself, to float her in these deep waters; and she looked helplessly around upon the painfully familiar objects in the room, turning with a sick revulsion from everything associated with the like effort of the last few days—the scrap-book she was making for little John—the ball she was knitting for the baby.

Ah! there was mall-time yet to come—there might be a letter! That was something to look forward to, and with renewed determination she lay quietly back to try to wait patiently till her brother should come up from his office at one o'clock, two whole hours hence.

"Come in," in a spiritless, lifeless voice (the struggle had been a hard one). "Come in," with an effort at resuscitation as the knock was renewed, and a bright-faced young girl entered—Jennie Markham, a teacher in the neighboring academy, whom Miss Duncan had met a few times on the rare occasions of her noon constitutional, and with whom a friendship was fast forming, notwithstanding the disparity between eighteen and twenty-eight. "Bridget was minus, and Mrs. Duncan had her hands full of the ba—, had the baby I mean, so I came right up. I stopped at the office and brought your mail. Four letters and a postal to answer, and a package to acknowledge! I would rather it were you than I. Letters are a horrid nuisance, I think." Had she noticed the quick change in her friend's expression? No, for she continued: "What people can find to write about, I cannot imagine. I should have nothing to say but 'Bessie Turner behaved like a witch all the morning,' or 'I haven't yet found the temper I lost in the algebra class yesterday,' etc., etc., and I cannot conceive that anyone would be interested in such information as that."

"That is because you do not belong to the modern army of martyrs," Miss Duncan

answered, with kindling eye, as her trembling fingers busied themselves with the string about the package. "Wait till you are a nervous prostrationist and see what you will say. Oh, the little darling! the beauties!" she exclaimed, as some exquisite lilies of the valley revealed themselves among their damp cotyled wraps. "Who could have sent them? Here is a letter in the same hand; why it is Ellen's, our good Ellen's; a servant who married two years ago and went to Virginia to live. Will you put some water in those vases on the bureau while I see what she says? How did she happen to think of me—and the lilies?" she continued, half talking to herself, and opening the letter she read aloud:

"MY DEAR FRIEND, MISS SARAH.—It is with great pleasure I write you these few lines to let you know that I am well, hoping to find you in the same. Mr. John he wrote asking me what kind of a girl was my cousin, Maggie, for to wait on you, miss, and then I knowed you was sick it made me feel lonesome like to think of you stopped and quiet as used to be always so busy doing everything for everybody. I felt like I did last year when the mill where He works stopped all on a sudden I missed the sound of the noise and the life like, but the engine was all sore out they said and they put in a new one and now it is as good as ever it was, and I'm thinking it'll be the same will you, miss, for Mr. John says it is the nerve as is the matter with you, and I see so many advertises in the paper I'm sure they'll find something to make you new ones and it is a pair of little twin babies I have this time, and little Sarah not well out of my arms yet. They was very delicate, no one thought they could live, they slept for three weeks and never woke but when I would wake them. I had them baptised when they was only 2 days old, I was afraid of them dying and without names, but now they are all stirred up and He held them for me whiles I done up the lilies for you this morning, miss. You mind I brought some roots from the old home when I come they done splendid and when I looked at them so cool and fresh and clane like I says miss Sarah must have some of them. I says she was always sending them to every sick body she knowed and I knowed just how to do them up from seeing you doem them so often, miss, don't think I have forgot you miss, there are not a week that I am not talking of you, and not one but all I could make no exceptions, so no more at present. From your friend,
ELLEN DOLAN."

There was a twinkle in Miss Duncan's eye as she closed with the stereotyped "no more at present." She had been likened to a steam engine before!

"How sweet of her to think of me with her hands so full," she said, noticing with pleasure Ellen's carefully dotted 's and crossed 't's, the result of many patient hours of labor on her part as well as Ellen's. "I shall miss the lilies this spring; those must be fully a month earlier than ours," she added, her mind reverting to times and seasons at home. "If you would care for them you can have as many as you wish to send away; we have plenty of them in our garden. I should never have thought of sending them by mail; I didn't know they would carry."

"Better than almost any other flower. See, they have been two days coming, and they will keep fresh three or four days yet. Was there ever anything lovelier!—so 'cool and fresh and clane like,' as Ellen says; the darlings!" and Miss Duncan almost caressed her new found treasures.

"I mustn't stay another minute. Ah! one of your letters has a foreign post mark; will you read it to me some day if it is from your niece? Good-bye; how bright

you look this morning! Can you spare them?" as Miss Duncan held out to her some sprays of her precious lilies. "There, I'll wear them just here and think of you all the afternoon. I'll look up some empty boxes and some cotton, and we'll have a little flower mission all to ourselves. Good-bye in earnest this time," and once more Miss Duncan was alone, but in such good company!

She lay quietly back upon her pillow, in no haste to enter upon the enjoyment yet before her, for well she knew that treasures were yet in store for her.

The postal next. This was merely a few words from the Rev. Mr. R., in Montana, thanking her for a Seaside copy of Farrar's "St. Paul," which she had recently sent him. Her thoughts went back to the day her first letter had come from him—a day similar to the present one; and then to still another day when still another time the doctor had told her to try to get "out of herself," and she had cast about in her mind for some means of doing so by doing something for some one else. Suggestions always come to those ready to receive them, and she had remembered having read of a call for papers and magazines for Western missionaries who were without the means of obtaining reading matter for themselves and their families. A postal was sent to Miss E., the Secretary of the Women's Auxillary, asking for the name of any missionary to whom a copy of an illustrated paper would be acceptable after it had done duty in an Eastern home, and in a few days had come an answer giving Mr. R.'s name. The paper had been mailed to him with a little note of explanation, and she would never forget the help Mr. R.'s letter of acknowledgment had been to her.

"Much of the encouragement and success of the missionary on the frontier," he had written, "are due to the consideration and constant kindness of ladies at the East, as manifested by the enormous aid given by the different ladies' societies, and to the watchful, ever generous help of loving Christian individuals." And then had followed a full account of his interesting field of labor.

From then till now the paper had been sent regularly, and there had been an interchange of expressions of kindly friendliness, till she had almost grown to feel that she possessed a personal proprietorship in the jurisdiction from which her postal had just come.

Was there actually a smile on her face as she lay with her hands clasped over the three yet unread letters, her thoughts travelling from Virginia to Montana and home again in a pleasant round? So Maggie, coming in with her dinner, found her; and when her brother came up to say a word or two before returning to his office, there was the pair of twin babies to tell him about, and a spray of lilies for his button-hole, in return for which she received a loving kiss and a cheerful "I'm so glad to see you so much better than yesterday."

Then came the necessary after-dinner rest, and then she took the first letter her hand fell upon; any one of them was sure to be a treat. Not a letter, after all, but some "Thoughts" from dear Mrs. P., an invalid friend, with only their internal evidence and the initials K. J. P. to tell of their authorship:

"Special opportunities for development of character arising from the limitations of my life.

"1. An opportunity never to make things worse than God intended them to be.

"2. For much more versatility of character than I could possess were I permitted to work in the direction to which my inclinations prompt me.

"3. An opportunity to make apparent interruptions in what appears to me my appointed task, guide boards to the real work which God wishes me to do.

"4. For leisure to do many odds and ends of work in ways impossible to a person whose duty calls to unbroken lines of occupation.

"5. An opportunity for cultivating a habit of thoroughness in doing many little things which would otherwise necessarily be done slightlyly.

"6. An opportunity to learn how to rest.

"The habits we are forming, rather than the actual work we are doing, are educating us for the work awaiting us under different conditions hereafter. Camille Urso worked cheerfully for months on a dumb violin to learn positions and motions. So can we work if we have equal confidence in the Master. Who places before us our daily duties as the best present training for the music that will accompany the new song. All impediments may help us to gain the right positions and motions."

It was many minutes before Miss Duncan even thought of the remaining letters. Her mind was filled with the one glad thought that she was not necessarily idling as she lay there day after day doing nothing; she was really "working together with God," if her spirit were acquiring the right positions and motions. She could no doubt, she reflected, have gotten the same idea from the many helpful little books upon the stand beside her; she had, in fact, gotten the same in substance from her text for the day; but coming from one whom she loved, and to whom she knew just how much they meant, these "Thoughts" seemed so personal, so *individually* helpful, that her heart went up in gratitude to Him who had spoken to her through her friend.

Nellie's letter from Mentone was full of pleasant generalities, such as most tourists write now-a-days, followed by particularities told in her piquant fashion, as only she knew how to tell them, and then came a few lines which almost took away the invalid's breath: for, by some occult rule of psychological mathematics, the truth of the intelligence imparted had increased in force in inverse ratio to the square of the distance it had travelled.

"Mamma has been so good as to leave it for me to tell you the very best news that ever was heard. She has had such a nice letter from Dr. Raymond—I will tell you in his own words. 'Notwithstanding the very slight apparent gain, and the great need for care for some time to come, your sister is making steady progress towards recovery, and every probability is strongly in favor of her being restored to her normal health in the course of the coming year.' That means—Oh! do you know *what* it means to us all, you darling, darling auntie!"

At this opportune moment Mrs. Duncan walked in, leading one baby and carrying another (the nurse had suddenly departed the day before). To sympathizing ears was

the good news imparted, and then again Miss Duncan was left alone, for though the crowing and squealing elicited by the baby's unsuccessful efforts to swallow his little brother's head did not disturb the invalid in her present state of elation, the fear lest they might do so was more than the young mother could bear with equanimity.

Half an hour later Miss Duncan opened her last letter, glancing at her watch as she did so. Four o'clock, and she had actually twice forgotten to take her medicine, the only recollection left her she had thought that morning.

This was just one of Mary's dear home letters, quiet and restful, with its record of daily duties and interests; little snatches about the books she was reading; church news; loving inquiries as to her friend's condition; words of sympathy and cheer; accompanied by some clippings from their local paper that were so irresistibly ludicrous that the hearty laughter which followed the reading of them could not be restrained.

When Mr. Duncan came up to say good-night to his sister before her early bed time, he found her lying upon the lounge, an atlas opened at the map of France on the table beside her, and in her hand the latest magazine containing a delightful article on Mentone, the very one to which he had directed her attention in the early part of the week, but at which she had not had the spirit to look till this moment. All talking must be postponed till morning or sleep would be an impossibility, but the good-night kiss was given with her natural brightness, and a few minutes later when the sound of merry laughter came up from the parlor where Mr. Duncan was reading to his tired little wife the newspaper cuttings which Mary had sent, an unmistakable echo might have been heard from the invalid's room.

And this was the day which had seemed so hopelessly endless at its beginning.

THE VALUE OF THE REVISION.

Mr. Martin F. Tupper, the well-known author of "Proverbial Philosophy," has written to the London Times his impressions of the Revised Version. "Revision of King James's Bible was needed," he says, "only in very sparse instances, enough for the whole book to fill a small page or two of errata and corrigenda, with, perhaps, additionally a short treatise to explain; this thin pamphlet, in various sizes, to be gummed into or bound up with our own family and pocket Bibles, thus saved from being obsolete, and still our most revered possessions. So should we have a perfect Bible at a minimum of cost and trouble. As things are, after enormous expenditure and some fifteen laborious years, the issue of all seems to be that practically the faith of the nation has been shaken by the innumerable needless changes in the letter of Scripture, which almost *passim* has damaged the rhythm of our best and grandest classic, without adding to its clearness, (especially as the familiar volume is now by these revisers systematically despoiled of those headings to chapters and pages so useful to the eye,) and that our theological pundits have unwittingly aided the normal scepticism of the age by their feeble imitation of the sin of Uzzah." This is rather strong language, but in effect it is a perfectly valid criticism.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THREE JIMS.

"Uncle Harry, I'm so glad you've come at last! I want to show you my birthday present!"

"Which one, small Hal? I heard that you boasted of having a dozen this year."

"Yes, so I did, and they were all nice. Here's the smallest of them in my pocket;

see, uncle, little Nellie sewed this round pin ball for me with her own cunning little fingers; wasn't she a darling!

"And I had three books; and a box of papers; and a new ball; and some games and goodies. But the best of all is Jim.

"Here, Jim, where are you? Come and see Uncle Harry! Why where is the scamp!"

"I guess he is asleep in his old box!" laughed little Nellie.

"Oh, yes. I dare say. Come and see him, uncle, please.

"Here's the little rogue; isn't it funny that he has laid claim to this old hat-box? See, he has made a doorway to suit himself. Hi, Jim!"

The four-footed treasure roused at this call, and stood gravely surveying the new-comer.

"Isn't he cute, Uncle Harry? Don't he look knowing? Oh! I mean to teach him lots of funny tricks! He's just the kind for a performing dog; don't you think so, uncle?"

"I dare say he will learn easily," answered Uncle Harry.

"A very promising pup, you are, Jim; but you will need to be wide awake to deserve your name!"

"Why, Uncle Harry? Do you know any other dog named Jim?"

"Yes, I have the honor to be acquainted with two of the name."

"Tell me about them, please!" coaxed Hal. "Here, Jim; come sit up and hear about your namesakes!"

"One is a bull-terrier; a funny fellow, who belongs to the family with whom I boarded this summer. We had great sport with him on the Fourth of July; he was so excited over the boys' fire crackers.

it his duty to put out the lighted crackers. Poor Jim! What a martyr to duty he was that day, to be sure!

"Jim has one particular chair, with a cushion in it, in which he sleeps at night. One evening I chanced to be sitting in this chair, reading by the lamp; I sat there until it was past Jim's bed-time, and he grew very uneasy.

"He came and looked at me, and whined; then ran and fetched his blanket, laid it down by the chair, whined

again and pulled me by the sleeve. His mistress offered him another chair, but that did not suit; so, after keeping my seat a little longer to tease him, I was obliged to let him have the chair.

"Another time the cat curled herself up in it. Now Jim had been taught to be very respectful to Mrs. Puss, so he did not venture to disturb her. He stood still a few minutes, watching the intruder and whining, then he ran away and coaxed his mistress to the spot by pulling her apron; when there he looked beseechingly at her, and then at the cat, as much as to



"THE FOUR-FOOTED TREASURE STOOD GRAVELY SURVEYING THE NEW-COMER."

"They had a good stock of them, and Jim would rush after each one as it was lighted and thrown. He hawed and barked at them frantically, and even caught them in his mouth; we could not hold him back when he saw one lighted. The poor fellow's hair was burnt black in spots all over him, from his encounters with the exasperating squibs."

"What made him do so?" laughed Harry.

"Why, he had been taught to put out fire when he was a pup; and so he felt

say: 'Do please make her get out of my chair!'"

"I think he was a good Doggie Jim," said little Nelly.

"Why, my wee girlie?"

"'Cause he worked so hard to put out all the fire, and 'cause he didn't hurt the pussy!"

"So I think. I'm afraid I cannot say as much for the other Jim. He is an English pug, and is a great pet with his master and mistress—in fact, he is a good deal like a spoiled child; but he is very funny sometimes. This Jim likes

to be fed from a plate with a silver fork, and he is best pleased when his mistress feeds him herself. Sometimes, when she is busy, she asks Betty to feed him. In that case, Jim puts on a great many airs. He insists that Betty shall stay outside the dining-room door, in the kitchen, and feed him over the sill; she must get down on her knees, too, and hold the plate. Betty is generally very good-natured with his lordship's whims; but one day she got out of patience, and thrust a bit of meat into his mouth rather ungently. Away ran Jim, with his napkin about his neck, found his mistress, pulled her dress and whined, looking back toward Betty.

"What's the matter, Jimmy?" she asked. "Did Betty tease you? Tell her she mustn't do it."

"Jim went back to his dinner with a triumphant air, which plainly said, 'You'd better not try it again!'"

"There is one dog in the neighborhood to whom little Jim has taken a very strong dislike. When he is looking out at the window, if he is heard to give a peculiar, short, angry bark, one need not look out to be sure that that dog is in sight. One day the lady who owns the obnoxious dog called to see Jim's mistress, and Jim behaved so rudely to her that he had to be sent from the room.

"Jim's home is in the city, and he is not trusted out for a walk alone; so when he sees either of the family preparing to go out he is delighted, and begs and coaxes in his prettiest way to be allowed to go.

"When his mistress goes out without him, Jim invariably watches at the window until he sees her coming; then he jumps up and kisses her, frantic with delight.

"One day, when his mistress was returning from some errands, she saw a crowd of children in front of her house, gazing up at the window, highly amused at something. And no wonder; for there sat Jim, demurely holding in his mouth his master's meerschaum pipe!

"Jim's love for his mistress is very remarkable. He is a proud and happy daggie when he can find and bring her slippers, or any article she is inquiring for. When she is ill he will lick her hands and whine and cry piteously.

"If Jim sees his master start for the depot with a valise in his hand, he instantly sets himself to watch over his mistress with special care; he is very fierce towards any intruder, and no one can coax him away from his charge, until her proper protector returns home.

"He never spoils any of her belongings, in his most mischievous mood; and he does not like to see any one else wearing them; if she gives any half-worn garments away he always recognizes them, if he sees them worn.

"He dearly loves a frolic: he may seem to be asleep, but if some one says, 'Where's the strap?' Jim will rush to the drawer like a crazy thing, and whine until a leather strap is produced. He fastens his teeth in one end, and then they may slide him the whole length of the hall, upstairs and down, or whirl him round and round, and he will not let go his hold. If he wants a young lady of the family to frolic with him, he will rush into her room and seize something that he ought not to have, and wave it in her face to provoke a chase.

"Last winter poor Jim was very sick with pneumonia. Poor little fellow! there was no fun in that. He breathed so hard that a little child who came in exclaimed: 'Hear him sneak!' 'Sneak' she meant, Nelly.

"But Jim liked the petting and coddling which he received, and when he was better and able to indulge in some of his old antics, if any one said: 'Poor Jim is sick!' he would take a languishing attitude directly.

"But, dear me, haven't I told you enough about little Jim, the pug?"

"It's funny, Uncle Harry, I wish you could think of some more!" said Nelly.

"There, Jim," cried Hal, "have you heard what those other doggies can do! I want you to go ahead of them both by and by—but you must not be a 'spoiled child!'"

"Poodle Jim here put up his paws in a deprecating way, as if promising to try to be good.

"Uncle Harry, they did not have such nice, dear doggies as we have in the Bible days, did they?"

"I hardly think they did, Hal; but why do you ask?"

"Why, I don't remember the words, but some verses I've read speak of dogs as if they were ugly and mean."

"Yes, there are many such expressions. I think these refer to the wretched dogs which are still found in troops prowling about the streets of Eastern cities. They have no owners, and live upon the garbage which comes in their way. They know enough to keep out of the way of the strict Mahometans, who would feel themselves defiled if their garments should touch one of them.

"But the Bible speaks of shepherd dogs, Hal, and watch-dogs; and of dogs which fed under their masters' tables; so they may have had some that were as intelligent and affectionate as ours.

"The ancient Egyptians worshipped the dog, under the name 'Anubis.' The Greeks and Romans had valuable breeds of dogs, and they trained some of them for hunting, and for war.

"And now good-by, little Jim; you have led me into a long talk, and I must be off."

"Good-by, Uncle Harry, and thank you for the dog stories."

ART.

The twenty-eighth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association takes place September 31st-25th, inclusive, in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Mass. Carl Zerrahn is conductor, one of the most accomplished concert-masters living. There is a chorus of more than five hundred, representing the well-known selections of that most musical region. It stands shoulder to shoulder with the old Handel and Haydn chorus of Boston for exceptional intelligence, beautiful tonality, and splendid delivery. There are not more than three or four Boston singers among them. And yet Boston and Worcester are near neighbors, and can, without inconvenience, unite these great choirs in an *ensemble* at once unique and unapproachable. The value of such a conjunction was for the first time understood in New York at the great Thomas festival, in the double choruses of "Israel in Egypt." Such a chorus as this of Worcester, properly distributed in a suitable building, is adequate to the highest services of choral art, and incomparably better than a miscellaneous assemblage of twice its numbers.

There is room for reflection in the conjunction of such a chorus and society with a "Mechanics' Hall." The traveller's ideal of Worcester is a world of rattling machinery, belching chimneys, factories humming and throbbing with grimy industry, nests of railway stations and interminable tangles of railway tracks, and its musical symbol, if any, the "Anvil Chorus." But the hall, with its great organ, and the aesthetic annals of the city set to rights all such hallucinations.

Here is a society holding its twenty eighth annual festival. It lasts four full days. It presents eight concerts, remarkable for breadth of taste and culture, exquisitely-contrived *chiaro oscuro* of tonal contrast, and the largest general edification. There is an orchestra of more than sixty instruments, most of them celebrities, and this is reinforced by a great organ specially constructed for such occasions. Among the eighteen solo vocalists are: Soprano, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mlle. Emma Juch. Mme. Blanche Stone-Barton, Misses Douglas, Howland, and Kehew; contraltos, Miss Clapper, Mrs. Belle Cole, and Miss Hall; tenors, Messrs. Mockridge, Pfueger, Parker, Want, and Webber; and basses, Messrs. Whitney, Stoddard, Babcock, and Metcalf. Among the solo instrumentalists are Teresa Carreu, Edward Perry, Frederic Archer, and Messrs. Lichtenberg, Loeffler, Listermann, and Heindl.

The days will be literally crowded. At 9:30 A.M. and 2 P.M. are daily rehearsals. At 3 and 7:45 P.M. are daily concerts. A season ticket, price five dollars, secures admission to all these events, with a reserved seat. Single admission with reserved seat, one dollar. We mention these particulars because they disclose the *half mission* spirit of the association.

An analysis of the eight programmes presents the following interesting results:

Selections are presented from thirty-two composers. Among them, Handel appears eight times, as the festival is commemorative of the two hundredth anniversary of the great master. There are Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Weber, Liszt, Raff, Rubinstein, Volkmann, Goldmark and Gade, and among the Germans; among the French, Guilmant, Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Saint Saens and Gounod; among the Italians, Donizetti, Verdi and Rossini; among the English, Henry Smart and MacFarren; and among Americans, one, distinctively, Mr. Arthur B. Whiting.

It would be easy enough, but not altogether wise or graceful to suggest grave omissions, for no festival can be made encyclopedic, and the range and test of such a long-lived associa-

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ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J., The Rev. J. LEIGHTON McKIM, M.A., Rector.

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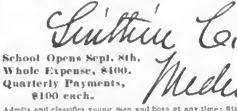
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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1885.

WHEN our Lord called His disciples they supposed that they had found the Messiah who was to restore the kingdom to Israel. They were His especial friends. He would raise them to honor and power, and they followed him gladly. But the time soon came when our Lord was tried, condemned and crucified, and they forsook Him. It is not an unmet representation of much of the religion of the day. It is a religion of luxury and ease, with room for the crown but none for the cross.

BISHOP HENRY CHAMPLIN LAY, D.D., LL.D.

The Church has heard with unfeigned sorrow of the death of the Bishop of Easton; he was one of the Princes in our Israel. There are few bishops on the long roll who were his superiors; there are none more widely and warmly loved. He was trained for his high office at the feet of one who has been called our St. John—Bishop Cobbs. He won men to him by his gentleness as well as by his force and strength of character, by the music of his voice as well as by the power and eloquence of his words. He was a popular preacher, but he was more. He was a man with a heart brimming over with sympathy and love, welcome ever in the home of sorrow as well as in the house of joy, a faithful shepherd and a successful priest. In Alabama his works followed him; as the chief shepherd in Arkansas and in Easton the growing sheep-fold was the speaking witness for him; in the House of Bishops he was the wise conservative counsellor whose wisdom always commanded respect. In his death it may well be said the mighty are fallen and the weapons of war are perished.

Bishop Lay was one of the very few men who have graduated Master in Arts at the University of Virginia, and this he did at the age of nineteen, proving thus at once the greatness and the early maturity of his mental powers. Taking orders in the Church, while yet a deacon he turned his steps to Alabama, then a frontier missionary field, and in that diocese, until his elevation to the episcopate, it is hardly too much to say that among her clergy he was *primus inter pares*. He was a favorite with her bishop; he was a strong man in her councils and in shaping her policy; he was her representative in the General Convention, and at Huntsville he built up a strong and vigorous parish.

Meanwhile he had made his mark upon the Church at large, and in 1859 he was made Missionary Bishop of the Southwest and took up his residence in Arkan-

sas. In that field he did what he could with the means given, but it was stubborn and barren, and was little suited to his peculiar abilities. The Church said Go, and he went obediently, but he was thrown away as a weapon not suited to the warfare. His life was one of labor and self-sacrifice; he "crooned," (to use his own word) along the fences and floundered along the muddy roads; his work was not without results. In 1869 the Church's error was amended by the translation of Bishop Lay to the Diocese of Easton. There he lived and labored until he died, at the same time serving the Church in various commissions of the General Convention, especially on the Committee on the Revision of the Prayer Book and as one of the Trustees of the Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm and Disabled Clergymen. In behalf of this institution he did a yeoman's work, and was instant in season and out of season. He appreciated its great necessity to the continued prosperity of the Church, and his eloquent appeals were often heard. The Church must provide for her clergy—the laborer was worthy of his hire—they could not without shame be left with their wives and children to the cold charities of the world. It was a vital question and he did not spare himself, and if that Fund shall ever be worthy of the Church it will be the fruit of the labors of Bishop Lay in its behalf.

Bishop Lay held the pen of a ready writer, his words were like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Few excelled him in aptness of thought and felicity of expression, and there was a rhythm in his prose that pleased the ear and mended the heart. It was a talent that God had given him, and in His service he turned it to valuable account. He believed in the press and in its use. He published occasional sermons: "Tracts for Missionary Use," "Letters to a Man Bewildered among Many Counsellors," and for many years he had been a most valued contributor to THE CHURCHMAN. In these columns first appeared his "Studies in the Church," "Ready and Desirous," a work upon confirmation, which has had so large a circle of readers, "The Return of the Southern Bishops to the General Convention," and "The Quiet Corner," which was to have been continued through the current year, and which he took great delight in. By those works and his lectures at the General Theological Seminary on "Law, Liberty, and Loyalty in a Church National and Pure," being dead, Bishop Lay will long speak to the Church which he loved, as well as by the memory of a sainted life. He was

but two years past sixty, but he had reared a lasting monument to himself, and left a fragrant name to the generations to come.

THE HILL MEMORIAL AT ATHENS, GREECE.

The Rev. C. R. Hale, D.D., of the diocese of Maryland, is about returning to this country from Europe, after a year of foreign travel of exceptional interest. He is the American Basire and has done much to make the American Church known and understood abroad, especially among Oriental Christians. Besides England, he has visited Norway and Sweden, and important points in Russia, such as St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kieff. The Russo-Greek Church has been a special study with him for many years. He visited it in comparative youth, and has maintained close relations with it, by correspondence, ever since. Dr. Hale has also visited the Holy Land, receiving marked and cordial Christian kindness from the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, and other dignitaries. But, we notice this interesting tour chiefly because of a letter lately received from him, in which he speaks of his visit to Athens. He remarks: "What most interested me here was not the classical associations of the spot, but, above all, the Christian school here founded by the American Church, fifty years ago, under the care and by the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Hill. Nothing, even in Athens, is so well worthy of a Christian's admiration and thoughtful study. Here, ever since the overthrow of the Mohammedan tyranny, have daughters of Greece been trained in Christian morals and a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, till now all Greece feels the leaven of its influence. Bishops of the Hellenic Church are numbered among the sons of those whom Dr. Hill has educated. Reflect on what that imports. As for the results of this work, and its far-reaching influence, 'the half had not been told me.'"

Such is, in substance, Dr. Hale's testimony, and it confirms all that has been written before by eminent English and American visitors. The late Bishop of Lincoln corroborated a like eulogium from the very different stand-point of a professor of Harvard, the late accomplished Mr. Felton. Of all the foreign work ever yet undertaken by our American Church this must be allowed the most extensively fruitful, and certainly the most successful, in earning for us the respect of our fellow-Christians in all parts of the world.

Now, is "the Hill School" to be given up? An effort is in progress to pur-

chase the property (leased at present) for a permanent foundation, and to make it the "Hill Memorial." We do not learn how the subscription comes on, but we understand that a most benevolent lady of Hartford is very earnestly engaged in promoting its object, and that the Rev. F. Goodwin of the same city is the treasurer, to whom funds may be remitted for this noble and most interesting form of making this Christian school "a memorial forever." We shall be glad to record more of the history and progress of the project.

RENAN'S ROMANCE.

A man of genius often concentrates the principle of all his views in one pregnant sentence. In a word he may reveal his whole position.

In a report of a late familiar talk, by M. Ernest Renan to his fellow Bretons, occurs this sentence: "They (the Bretons) were a very religious people, but were quite willing that everybody should compose as he pleased his romance of the infinite."

Alas for Renan, and for the multitudes in both hemispheres whom he represents! Only a romance! The one only source and means of definite hope for this life and the next, only a fragment of the imagination, something for the mind to create and contemplate! Nothing for the other faculties of the complex person man? Especially nothing for his complete, yet single, whole ego to rest on and dwell in, with "the comfort of a reasonable, religious, and holy hope!"

Is it madness, or the "foolishness of wisdom" that is taking possession of the current literary and scientific evolution? Can they who follow it not see that Renan has spoken for them all in using the word "romance"? This should be the last stage of mental devotion. When religion, the only channel of true wisdom, ceases to be real to their convictions, and becomes a mere variable product of men's own conceptions, then is time to "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Are the "wise men" of the day ready for this practical result?

Or, if they scorn such a test, and demand consideration for the mere argument of their position, what have they to say to their confinement of such a vast subject as religion not merely to the mind, but even to one faculty of the mind?

One thing, at least, Christians can congratulate one another upon. Their religion is no romance to them. It supplies the imagination, indeed, with pictures, such as eye hath not seen nor thought conceived; but at the same time it satisfies the reason, fills the heart, and assures even the body of its own resurrection. Moreover, it is not confined to the future. It promises future perfection. But even now it enters into the

whole complexity of the unit person, and enables man to know God in the assurance of present companionship. Christianity does not paint a portrait of One absent, and let hope alone dwell upon the delineation in anticipation of hereafter seeing the Original. It is not a mere art. The Christian religion is now as it ever was, not only catholic for all the world, but the same for every man, inasmuch as it fills him full of the Divine presence, and makes his whole natural constitution religious. If it did less than this it could not be the religion for man.

THE MERCERSBURG MOVEMENT AND CHURCH UNITY.

IV.

We have reached, by elimination, the plan of the Muhlenberg Memorial. That seems thus far to have been acted upon only in the House of Bishops, but it was addressed to the bishops "in council assembled." The former body, harnessed to a denomination by the side of an assembly of mere legislators always tempted to sectarianism, cannot do that "work of an American Catholic Episcopate" asked for in the Memorial, and pertaining to a College of Apostles.

Were the bishops to appear in their apostolic character, it is altogether probable that denominational legislatures would be slow to acknowledge them, and that individuals would often be prevented from accepting their offer by a sense of obligation to municipal authority. Those whose sense of obligation to the Catholic Church should lead them to persist might be ordained without impropriety, for while apostles need not make war on denominations, they can hold no truce with sects. In such a case the candidates, and the local churches which might receive them, would drop for the time into congregationalism, or the system of local autonomy, and that system might play a great part in the work of unification. But should a movement of this sort assume larger proportions, the various legislatures would undoubtedly adapt themselves to the new situation, and devise methods for receiving the episcopal element without fatal consequences. This is quite possible in every case, it would be easy to show, with support from high authority, were there time for it, that even the principle of party need not be compromised even by reordination. As far as Presbyterianism is concerned, the rapid disappearance of the old Puritan theory of an unalterable polity (applied also to Congregationalism in the Cambridge Platform) is removing the one insuperable obstacle in that quarter. And though episcopal government is not here in question, it is worth observing that an approach even to that has been made (in one case avowedly) by the appointment of missionary superintendents at the West. The (German) Reformed Church has lately taken this step, and may yet take another by making the president of the classis (elected for a term of years), chairman of an executive committee, having "general supervision . . . within the bounds of the classis."

But what concerns us just now is the probable attitude of this Church toward such

an Apostolate as Muhlenberg pleaded for. On this point no "outsider" is entitled to speak confidently, but any man may tell what he knows. First of all, then, in a Church of continental origin the insular, or Puritan theory above referred to, has no historic root, and probably need not be reckoned with at all. Dr. Nevin, indeed, a Puritan born, at times showed traces of it, but he, as well as his German associates, habitually treated the whole question of polity as of secondary importance, to be settled after there should have been a general return to "the Catholic life of the Creed," and to a worthier conception of the Church itself, as Christ's living Body. Furthermore, the historical temple of the Mercersburg school enabled them to acknowledge from the outset not only the great antiquity, but the other and perhaps higher merits of episcopacy as an institution. Such men have no such inherited dread of bishops as would make them shrink from accepting the gift of unity at their hands, should bishops prove themselves able to bestow it. And while such men would be the last to endanger internal unity, the exercise of their legitimate influence in behalf of any action which should promise a great reunion seems not too much to hope for. And were their influence to be exerted in favor of Catholic ordinations, it can at least be said that no other Presbyterian body is so unlikely to drive its members into Congregationalism in search of Catholicity. It is true that there has been less talk about unity in later years than during the first period of the Mercersburg movement. Prolonged dissensions, the absence of proposals at once Catholic and Apostolic, the failure of various well-meant efforts for union, the natural influence of renewed denominational vigor, and of the absorption of energy in a recognized denominational mission, all help to account for this. But early convictions and aspirations have not perished, and both were vigorously expressed thirteen years ago, in words which, should occasion call for it, would doubtless be repeated now. They also furnish valuable testimony about the permanent attitude of the Church as a whole. In 1872, when the proposed union of the Dutch and German Synods was under discussion, the former synod was addressed by the delegate of the latter, Dr. P. S. Davis. Dr. Davis is editor of *The Messenger*, the principal newspaper of the (German) Reformed Church, published in Philadelphia. His whole address is most interesting, but a few sentences will indicate its drift. The italics are his. "For the oneness of life which would express itself organically in one body, my synod has an undiminished craving. . . . While we may not be as sanguine in regard to movements in this direction, which we see being initiated, we do not regard ourselves as standing in the way of a true organic union of all the members of Christ's mystical Body. No Church would go farther than my own, if that higher union could be authenticated to her consciousness as something about to be practically realized. Clear and distinct and positive as her life is, she would not hesitate to surrender her individuality to such a blessed consummation. That is saying more than others could say; but any branch of the Church that cannot say it, after all, puts its denomination above the one Holy Catholic Church, and with it the unity of

the Church may mean nothing more than absorption into its own narrow bounds. To such a thing we could not submit, nor would we ask it of others. . . . We have no uninspired symbol except the "Heidelberg Catechism," which sets forth, as the articles of faith, "the Apostles' Creed, that grand old symbol, broad and catholic enough, not only for our own Church, but for all the confessions of Christendom. . . . The Person and work of Christ . . . is the first thing for us, and this will be a point to the key-note that our synod would sound on the question of union."

Some statements of this address are bolder than a stranger might be warranted in making, and promise more than a Catholic episcopate need ask. It would have been worth much to hear them from the platform of the congress, and pleasant to see there some representative of the Mercersburg confessions for Catholic unity. And this all the more, that the spiritual presence of Horace Bushnell was in a manner invoked, and his serene face was there, as if to welcome one of the "vast assemblages of believers flowing together in a sublime concourse of brotherhood," which he foresaw. For his career presents a striking parallel to that of Dr. Nevin, widely as they differed, and the latter was one of the first orthodox divines to perceive that the former was "struggling in his spirit towards great truths."

The Mercersburg movement and the Memorial movement are both alive, and neither has ever ceased to act powerfully within the communion where it originated. The Directory of Worship is scarcely more a fruit of the one than the Book Annexed is of the other. Consciously or not, the congress, so generously conceived, conducted with such skill, energy, and success, betrays the influence of the former as well as of the latter, and is, perhaps, a sign that the two are acting together in behalf of the Church Universal. It will be well if we, on our part, shall confess that our indispensable contribution to reunion has to be made in the way which the Memorial indicated. If we cannot yet make this confession, those who long for unity must wait till we can. Prophets often see farther beyond their own time than either they or others suppose, and barely a generation has passed since "the Word of the Lord came" to William Augustus Muhlenberg.

Note.—In the first line of Article III. of this series "purification" should have been printed "pactification."

USE OF THE SCOTTISH COMMUNION OFFICE IN SCOTLAND.

In the canons of the Scottish Church the Scottish Communion Office is excluded from all consecrations, ordinations, and synods—that is to say, whenever the Church wishes to engage in an act of unusual dignity and solemnity, she must leave her national liturgy at the church door.

At the late synod, the Rev. Mr. Danson introduced a resolution to do away with this restriction. His remarks in support will, we are sure, be interesting to our readers, especially because the Church of America has modelled its own Communion Office on the Scottish. Mr. Danson said:

"We may learn something of the true nature of this enactment by the way in

which it strikes strangers. Not long ago a famous American liturgiologist, Dr. Harison of Troy, remarked to me, 'Well, what queer folks yon Scottish Churchmen are! We sent over last October a lot of our men to glorify the Scottish Office which we had received as a precious gift from you; and after you had all assembled in St. Andrew's church, which we thought was the home of this Office, and everybody was expecting to see a genuine Scottish service, they were told by the bishop they could not have it, because the bishops were meeting in synod.' Now, it strikes me that the proposal made by the Bishop of St. Andrew's in 1863 was the one that would have exactly met the difficulty: 'At synods, ordinations, and all other special occasions, the ordinary use of the church in which the synod or ordination is held shall be followed in the administration of the Holy Communion.' If this wise suggestion had been adopted, there would at the present time most likely have been at least five dioceses in which the Scottish Office would be used at all the episcopal functions specified by the canon. Some may ask the question, Upon what do you base your hopes of effecting the desired change in the canonical resolutions of 1863? My lord, I think there are three grounds of hope, which I will briefly recite. The first is in those silent and gentle changes which are wrought by death. Of the eight bishops who signed the canons in 1863, six are now dead, and of the thirteen presbyters who were then delegates, ten are now dead.

With a change of men there comes a change of sentiment. Heat and passion are only mortal, and when a controversy has ceased to rage, there comes a time of peace, in which men are willing to take a calm and intelligent view of truth. My second hope is founded in the deep effect produced by Dr. Dowden's learned and admirable treatise on the Scottish Communion Office; and my third is based on the high honor in which our American visitors declared, in eloquence whose glowing periods we shall be slow to forget, that the Office is held among Trans-Atlantic Churches. The words of the Bishop of Albany were not spoken in a corner. No member of the vast assembly gathered in the Music Hall could fail to carry away with him food for deep reflection upon the wisdom and duty of treasuring for ourselves what Kilgour and Petrie and Skinner commended to Seabury and his flock. My lord, I will not sit down without avowing my sincere conviction that upon three grounds we are entitled to have the prayer of our petition acceded to. You owe it first of all to the great Church of America that after they have done your bidding in adopting your Office as the basis of their own, you shall not leave them in the lurch by leaving unremoved the badge of inferiority which your present canon affixes to your national liturgy. Some Churchmen there may be who attach little value to the doings of 'the new and democratic communion' of the West; but I would remind everyone that the American Church, with that adaptability to which Dr. Walker has just referred, is the Church of the city and the prairie; that she has enfolded in her strong arms the culture of Boston and the rugged simplicity of the Indians of the Western plains. She is the living mother of a living household. You owe it, again, to our hopes of ultimate re-

union with the great orthodox Church of the East. I remember that Mr. Palmer, of Magdalen, in his 'Appeal to the Scottish Church,' tells us that when he was attended at St. Columba's, Edinburgh, by a Russian Admiral, his companion remarked, after the celebration, upon the substantial identity of the Scottish Office with the one of his own communion, truly recognizing the lineaments of the parent in the face of the child; and, lastly, you owe it to our own children, who under the influence of the clearer statement of Scriptural and Catholic truth contained in the Scottish Office, grow up in habits of reverence and intelligent love of sacramental truth, acceptable to God and edifying to man. After the beautiful charge which your lordship has just given us, inculcating so forcibly right principles in worship and conduct, I leave with confidence the petition in your hands."

The bishop had great pleasure in receiving the petition, and he said nothing would be wanting on his part to urge its prayer upon the Episcopal College at its next meeting. He might simply state, for his own part, that when they took part in the Seabury Centenary, and when at the Synod the American members specially thanked them for the gift of the Scottish Eucharist Office, which gift they thought even greater than that of the episcopacy, it did seem outrageous that the Scottish Church should be unable to use that Office, and he felt certain that the doom of that canon, as it stood at present, was sealed.

THE CONNECTICUT OFFICE OF INDUCTION.

The Rev. John S. Beers of Natick, Mass., has presented to the Archives of the Diocese of Connecticut a copy of the rare pamphlet entitled, "An Office of Induction, adopted by the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese of Connecticut, in Convocation, at Derby, November 20th, 1790. By the Rev. William Smith, D.D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk. Printed at New Haven, by Thomas Green & Son."

This office, as is well known, is that on which the "Office of Institution" was based which was set forth by the General Convention in 1804, and which, as amended by the same authority in 1808, is now printed at the end of our Prayer Book. Prefixed to it is the seventeenth canon of the General Convention of 1790, entitled, "Notice to be given of the Induction and Dismission of Ministers, and prescribing the form in which the Bishop should be notified of the election of a rector or assistant-minister." Then follows the form of the Bishop's letter of Institution, as (in modified form) at the beginning of the Office in the Prayer Book. This copy of the service is made particularly valuable and interesting by the fact that the words "Trinity church, Newton," are once interlined in this letter, and were written in a blank left for the name of the parish in which it was to be used, while the blanks in the date are filled out so as to read, "At Derby, this 21st day of November, A.D., 1799, and in the third year of our consecration." The writing is evidently in Bishop Jarvis's hand, who also signed the letter as "Abram. Bp. Con." As the date is at Derby, and but one day later than the adoption of the service, it would seem that this was the first occasion of the use of the

Office, this very copy being the first one employed.

The service differs from that now in use in a few particulars. The first lesson is I. Chron. xxiv. 1-20. The junior warden is instructed to read the prefixed canon before the officiating priest reads the letter of induction and the senior warden presents the keys. No form of words is provided for use at the presentation of the Bible, Prayer Book, and Book of Canons. The anthem is pointed for chanting, each verse having the musical colon in the middle, while the mediation and the cadence are printed in italics. Dr. Smith had somewhat peculiar, if not original, ideas about Church music, which seem to have influenced him in his arrangement of this anthem, for it is not easy to see how to chant a verse thus pointed:

"O praise the Lord, laud ye the name of the Lord:—praise it O ye ser-vants of the Lord."

The verse, "Who is God over all, blessed forever more," is printed as to be said by the minister alone, and then by the people as a response. At the end of the "new inducted rector's supplication for himself," after the words "excellency of Thy holy Word," is the petition: "Grant me the help and comfort of all good men; and from wicked and unreasonable men, good Lord deliver thy servant who putteth his trust in Thee." Between the closing prayer of the service and the rubric relating to the sermon and the administration of the Eucharist is this rubric: "Then turning to the congregation, he shall read I. Cor. xii. 4.—There are diversities of gifts, etc.—v. 28 ending with the words 'thirdly teachers.' Or Eph. iv. 1 to 17." There is no provision for the bishop's performing the induction in person.

The following extract from the minutes of "A Convocation of the Episcopal Clergy of the State of Connecticut, holden at Derby on the 20th November, 1799," Bishop Jarvis presiding, and the Rev. Dr. William Smith being secretary, gives an account of the presentation and adoption of this Office of Induction:

"The secretary presented an Office of Induction for the consideration of this House.

"The Convocation resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, Dr. Bowden in the chair, in order to examine the proposed Office, paragraph by paragraph.

"The chairman of the committee reported to the president of Convocation that the committee approved of the proposed office.

"Voted, that the proposed Office of Induction be adopted by this House, and that the thanks of the same be presented to Dr. Smith for the same, that it be printed without delay, and that the Bishop be desired to transmit a copy of the same to the several Bishops in the United States, and to the Standing Committees of those States in which there are no Bishops." S. HART.

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH ON THE CHURCH.—The Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee) has made the following appeal:

"To Churchmen: Brethren, you who are devotedly attached to our Church, let that attachment be an increasingly, intelligent and religious attachment. Let Church and State be linked together in your mind, not as men join them over their cups, but as men join them in their prayers, in fervent and solemn

entreaty that 'peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us.' Learn to value your Church, her rights and privileges, not because they are hers or yours, but because she holds them in sacred trust for the good of all the English people. Stand up for the defence of your Church, because you believe in your hearts and consciences that she is set for the defence of the Gospel in this realm of England. Love your Church for the principles which she inherits from our reformers and our martyrs; for the scriptural doctrines she has embraced in her Creeds and her Articles; for the battles she has fought in days past for truth against error, for liberty against despotism, for England against Rome. Love her for the good fight she is fighting now against the sin and suffering, the ignorance and the crime, that must be fought with and conquered if England is to be saved from an invasion infinitely worse than that of any foreign foe. Show your love to her, not only by upholding her on the hustings or in Parliament, but by helping her in the great work for which she is even now girding herself and going forth in the name and the power of her Lord and Master. Do this, and you need have no fear for the result. The Church of England has not yet become in this country 'as the salt that has lost its savor' that we should dread her being 'cast out and trodden under foot of men.' Never was there a time when she displayed more vigor, more zeal, more spiritual life and activity. Never was the Spirit of God seen more visibly, more mightily working in her, moving her to still greater and greater effort in the cause of Christ. Day by day we see her regaining lost ground and conquering new. She is to be seen standing, as she was ever wont to stand, in the forefront of the great Christian battle with the error and the unbelief of the day, opposing to the enemies of truth the shield of her spiritual creeds and ritual, and the sword of her learned and able theology; she is making her voice to be heard among the rich and the great, and winning them to enlist with her in works of piety and charity; she is sending out her ministers to tell the story of the Gospel of Peace among the poor and the ignorant and the outcast. All over the land she is being more and more felt and recognized as a great power for good and for God. Let her but continue steadily in this career of self-improvement and of noble and strenuous effort. Let her but go on as she has been doing of later years, increasing her efficiency, removing her defects, spreading wider and wider the boundary of the influence she wields, and of the blessings she conveys, and you will soon cease to need Church defence associations. The defence of the Church will be the good sense, the justice, the piety of the English people. The strong, deep current of a nation's reverent love will flow yet deeper and stronger in the old-accented channel; the blistering breeze of agitation may ripple its surface, it never shall have power to turn back the tide. From the country at large will come the demand for her preservation; from the throne, to which she has been ever so unwaveringly loyal; from the legislature, whose best ends and aims she is so faithfully promoting; from the learned and the great and the good she has trained and nurtured; from the poor to whom she has ministered; from the outcasts she has reclaimed; aye, and at last, even from many a generous and converted opponent, there will come, in answer to those who may demand her overthrow, one universal, loud, united, grateful voice—'Destroy her not; she is a blessing in the midst of us.'

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.—The Rev. Dr. Frederick Bulley,

President of Magdalen College, Oxford, died in Fairford on Thursday, September 3d. Dr. Bulley was the first president under the new statutes, having succeeded the late Dr. Routh in 1855. He took his degree at Oxford in 1829, and shortly afterwards became a Fellow of Magdalen. The Oxford University Herald says of him: "His strikingly handsome figure was for thirty years one of the chief features of the procession of 'Heads' at University sermon. It is remarkable that Magdalen should have lately lost several of its senior members. Mr. Henderson and General Rigaud died a little time ago. Mr. Hopkins, one of the best known of the Fellows, died but a few days since, at the age of fifty-three, and now the venerable president has followed the others to the grave."

SCOTLAND.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S OBJECTION TO THE MORAY ELECTION.—At the Annual Synod of the United Diocese of St. Andrew, Dunkeld, and Dunblane, the bishop, (Dr. Charles Wordsworth,) in his charge, gave his reasons for not approving Bishop Kelly's election, as follows:

It is with sincere regret I have to say that I cannot think that the course taken in the election of a coadjutor-bishop for the Diocese of Moray has been a wise one; consequently, I have been unable to concur with my episcopal brethren, in confirming that election: and for these reasons. The form of confirmation, prescribed by our canons, is in these terms:—"We, the undersigned bishops, approve and confirm the election," etc. Now, it is impossible for me to say that, in the present circumstances of our Church, I approve of that election. On the contrary, I strongly disapprove of it. Again, looking to the canonical form of the mandate issued to the electors, which states plainly what their duty is, and also what is the duty of bishops under the responsibility imposed upon them of either confirming or setting aside an election, I cannot think that "the peace and harmony and good government" (not of a single diocese, but) "of the whole Church"—the objects which the bishops are told to look to,—have been sufficiently consulted in the choice of Bishop Kelly. Knowing as I do, and as you must all know, both from public and private sources of information, the strong and very general feeling which exists that (however excellent the character and qualifications of the bishop himself, and, though I have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, I quite believe they are excellent) the time has fully come, when, as a general rule, some previous service in our Church, and some practical knowledge of its peculiar circumstances, cannot be dispensed with in the appointment of its chief officers, without the risk of serious injury to "its peace and harmony and good government." In short, the simple truth is, that these essential ends are not to be hoped for, if, not once only, but again and again, our most deserving and most experienced clergy are to see strangers brought in and put over their heads who, however estimable and meritorious in other respects, have done no service and acquired no experience in our Scottish Church. Moreover, it is now nearly forty years since the foundation of our Theological College at Glenalmond, and surely, after such an interval, our Church ought to be allowed to show that she has been able, at least in some instances, to train up bishops for herself. Otherwise, how can we expect that, with so many difficulties and discouragements to encounter, as all our clergy have to do more or less, promising young Scotsmen, the very instruments whom we most require, will come forward and cast in their lot for life with our sacred ministry!

GERMANY.

COST OF THE RESTORATION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—A statement has appeared in the Cologne Gazette of the cost of restoring and completing the great cathedral at Cologne, from 1823, when the work was resumed after a neglect of nearly three-quarters of a century, down to the 1st of April of the present year. The amount, including a contribution of 350,000 marks from the cathedral tax, was twenty-one millions of marks, or \$5,250,000. This is quite independent of gifts of valuable objects for the religious services or the decoration of the building, and of a large number of private donations and funds for pious foundations.

INDIA.

THE ENGLISH CLERGY IN INDIA.—The Calcutta correspondent of the Guardian writes of the English clergy in India: "I have been much struck since my arrival in India with the amount of work done by the English clergy. I think I shall be right in saying that almost every chapel in this city is in charge of a church and parish which at home would be offered by a vicar and (at least) two assistant-clergies. I wish to hear this testimony, because I heard only recently of a community of sisters in England who tried to prevent a suitor from coming out with a chaplain's wife, because (so said they) the Indian chaplains are neither good Churchmen nor good workers. I confess that I could hardly believe that such advice had been given. Let me give you, to illustrate my assertion, the work done by a chaplain single-handed on Easter Day last: Morning Prayer and sermon in the jail at 6:30 A.M. (this includes playing the harmonium and leading the singing, as prisoners as a rule are not very musical); 8 A.M., celebration, with thirty-five communicants; 10:30 A.M., Morning Prayer, celebration and sermon, forty-six communicants; 6:30, Evensong and sermon. These last three services in the church of the parish. Four whole services, with three sermons, and the thermometer at ninety degrees in the shade, is not a bad day's work for one man, and this is but a specimen of what is done all over India—at least I can speak for the metropolitan diocese."

SWITZERLAND.

CONSECRATION OF AN ANGLICAN CHURCH.—On Sunday, August 23d, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol consecrated, under the commission of the Bishop of London, the new church of Christ church, Eggenhorn, Switzerland. The church, which has been vested in the Colonial and Continental Church Society, is 7,200 feet above the sea, and is mainly intended for the English and American visitors at the Mountain Hotel, the nearest village, Fisch, being nearly 4,000 feet below.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE SCOTTISH SUPPORT OF AFRICAN MISSIONS.—The Quarterly Paper of the St. John's Mission, Kaffraria, states that the Scottish Board of Missions (Episcopal) has found the stipends of both the bishop (the Rt. Rev. Henry Callaway) and the coadjutor (the Rt. Rev. Bransby Lancelot Key) of the diocese, besides contributing a very large share toward the other expenses of the work. Progress is recorded among both natives and European immigrants. The Pondo part of the mission is becoming as hopeful as the rest.

VERMONT.

MANCHESTER—Zion Church, Factory Point.—Some new chancel chairs have been placed in this church, the gift of the children of the

parish. A pretty hymn-tablet, presented to the parish as a memorial of a devoted communicant, was used for the first time on Sunday, September 13.

The Rev. Francis Gilliat of St. James's church, Arlington, has for a year and a half had charge of this parish very acceptably, and after faithful service has been permitted to withdraw at his own request.

By the authority of the bishop of the diocese, and at the request of the vestry, Mr. James C. Flanders of White River Junction, a candidate for Holy Orders, has taken charge of the parish, commencing his labors on Sunday, September 20. Mr. Flanders has been a successful teacher, and gives up a lucrative position at Holderness, N. H., to undertake this work. While teaching he has had charge of several mission stations, so that the work is not new to him.

MASSACHUSETTS.
EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.
 OCTOBER.

- 1, Thursday, Misson, South Lee.
- 2, Friday, St. John's, Williamstown.
- 3, Righteous Sunday after Trinity, A.M., German Mission, Adams; St. Mark's, Adams; P.M., St. John's, South Adams.
- 7, Wednesday, Christ church, Andover, Semi-Centennial.
- 10, Saturday, Grace, Oxford.
- 11, Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, A.M., Christ church, Boeddale; P.M., St. Thomas's, Cherry Valley.
- 12, Monday, St. Paul's, Gardner.
- 13, Tuesday, Good Shepherd, Clino.
- 14, Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, A.M., St. James's, Fall River; P.M., Christ church, Swansea.
- 25, Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, A.M., Trinity, Wrentham; Evening, Grace, North Attleboro.
- 26, Monday, Trinity, Bridgewater.
- 28, St. Simon and Jude, Ascension Memorial, Ipswich.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE—Church of the Epiphany, Elmwood.—There was dedicated on Sunday, September 20th, in this church (the Rev. Henry Bassett, rector) one of the finest organs in New England. It was built by Jardine & Son, of New York, the makers of the organs in the Roman Catholic cathedral, and St. George's church and Dr. Hall's Presbyterian church, all in New York. There is no other Jardine organ in this part of New England, and those who have been admitted to examine and play on it are unanimous in the assertion that it has no equal in Providence. One of the great features of the instrument is the large number of metal pipes in lieu of the wooden ones ordinarily used. There are two manuals of fifty-six notes, and pedals of twenty-five notes. There are thirty-three stops. The Great Organ has five hundred and sixty pipes, the Swell Organ, five hundred pipes, and the pedals two hundred pipes. There are seven couplers and seven other mechanical accessories.

In a printed description of this organ prepared by Roosevelt, the well-known organ builder of New York, he says: "Its tone is good throughout, both as regards individual stops and the combined whole, which is powerful and brilliant without harshness. The speech of the diapason is round and full; that in the pedal organ being particularly ponderous and pervading. The bellows has inverted ribs; the swell organ is of full compass (not stopping at tenor C, as is commonly the case); the swell keyboard is of the overhanging type; the draw stop knobs are patent oblique faced, arranged in terraces at either side; and the whole instrument is well laid out and everything rendered easy of access."

To the above, written by a rival builder, may be added, that the open diapasons of this organ possesses the true "cathedral tone," being round, rich, powerful and sympathetic; and entirely free from the reedy, fuzzy tone

so common in American church organs. The pipes of the Viol d'Amour and Viola di Gamba are all of the Bell Gamba type, and the tone is delicate and beautiful. The treble pipes of the stopped diapason are of the so-called chimney form, being much more expensive than the commonly used plugged wood pipes, and are more clear and ringing in tone. The trumpets are made from the same scales used by the celebrated French builders, and their tones are clear, prompt and grand. The chorus stops are smooth and brilliant without harshness, and the tone of the entire organ blends beautifully with voices. The opinion of disinterested experts who have examined this organ pronounce it second to none in this city, and in all it contains, as a whole, superior to any other they have heard.

The organ is supplied with wind by independent feeders operated by a Shriver hydraulic motor, attached directly to them, without the intervention of levers, crank-shafts, or any other medium, usually so prolific in squeaks and thumps; and is absolutely noiseless in its operations, and positively reliable in its action; advantages never yet attained in any other reciprocating water organ.

The case is rich in its simplicity and avoidance of all attempts at flagree work, the wood being of substantial black walnut, with a wainscoting of lighter hued wood in Gothic design. The pipes were painted in part by McPherson, of Boston, and finished by Mr. Barton, of Providence. The colors are subdued, the ornamentation very simple, yet just enough to relieve the pipes of stiffness. A private exhibition of the organ was given by Mr. L. T. Downes, on Friday, September 11th, who was especially pleased with the excellent tones of the instrument, and who pronounced its general features to be the best he had found in any organ of its size in this country.

At the formal dedication the sermon was preached by the Rev. G. H. Patterson, applying entirely to Church music, the writers and renowned interpreters, and at intervals during the delivery there were illustrations given by Mr. Downes and a choir of selected voices, who sang several of the old hymns.

CONNECTICUT.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

- 3, Saturday, St. Matthew's, Wilton.
- 4, Sunday, A.M., Christ church, Westport; P.M., Emmanuel, Weston; evening, Trinity Memorial, Westport.
- 10, Saturday, St. Stephen's, East Haddam.
- 11, Sunday, A.M., Grace, Saybrook; P.M., St. John's, Essex.
- 17, Saturday, St. James's, Fair Haven.
- 18, Sunday, A.M., St. Thomas's, New Haven; P.M., Grace, New Haven; evening, St. John's, New Haven.
- 19, Monday, Christ church, West Haven.
- 20, Sunday, A.M., St. Paul's, Norwalk; P.M., St. Luke's, Darien; evening, Trinity, South Norwalk.
- 28, St. Mark's, New Canaan.
- 31, Saturday, St. James's, Poquetannock.

HARTFORD—Meeting of the Society for the Increase of the Ministry.—The twenty-ninth annual meeting of this Society was held in Hartford on Wednesday, September 16th. The treasurer's report showed that the total receipts for the year had been \$14,656.53. The ordinary expenditures of the year amounted to \$12,338.25. The sum of \$2,318.28 was restored to the contingent fund, and there is a balance to new account of \$1,327.28, which includes \$1,000 for investment. The report of the Executive Committee showed that the following legacies have been received: By the will of the late Edwin E. Curtis of Meriden, \$1,000; of Mrs. Abby Harris Man, late of Providence, R. I., \$500; of Mrs. Martha W. Starr of Watertown, \$21.60. A bequest of \$10,000 is also expected at an early day. The following officers and managers were chosen

for the ensuing year: President, the Rt. Rev. John Williams; vice president, the Rt. Rev. B. H. Paddock; recording secretary, the Rev. Dr. T. R. Pynchon; corresponding secretary, the Rev. Elisha Whittlesey; treasurer, James Bolter. Managers: the Rt. Rev. F. D. Huntington, the Rev. Dr. A. B. Goodrich, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, the Rev. Samuel F. Jarvis, the Rev. Dr. Francis Lobdell, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Snively, s. t. d., the Rev. George J. Magill, the Rev. Dr. H. W. Spaulding, the Rev. J. H. Watson, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Jewett, the Rev. S. O. Seymour, the Rev. Dr. Edmund Rowland, the Rev. A. T. Randall, the Hon. Elisha Johnson and John S. Blatchford.

GAZTON—Seabury Memorial.—At this place, under the monument commemorating the battle of Fort Griswold, in full view of the home of Bishop Seabury and of St. James's church, New London, where his remains lie buried, stands a beautiful chapel, erected in memorial of the life and labors of the first bishop in the United States. The position, size and appointments of this memorial chapel are of the most satisfactory character. The building was reared and finished by private munificence, and is free from every pecuniary incumbrance. It is, however, without a resident minister. The population of this attractive and growing village is five thousand, largely of New England origin, intelligence, and culture. During the rectorship of a recent incumbent an interested congregation attended the services. The chapel is still opened every Sunday by a temporary supply. There is a small Sunday-school, with teachers devoted to their work and scholars to their studies.

The former congregations can be again gathered, and in time greatly increased and permanently established, with the pastoral care now imperatively needed. The Diocesan Board of Missions cannot attempt, unaided, the supply of this want. It is obvious, however, that the Church cannot make that impression here that she would do were there a resident minister. The sum of one thousand dollars, at least, is needed to supply one. It is thought that, as Bishop Seabury first brought the episcopate to America, the maintenance of a clergyman at his memorial chapel for at least one year might be considered a matter of national Church concern. Contributions to this good purpose would gladly be received by the treasurer of the Diocesan Board of Missions.

NEW YORK.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

- 4, Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, A. M. St. Mary's, Cold Spring.
- 5, Monday, P. M. Christ church, Patterson; Evening, St. Andrew's, Brewster.
- 7, Wednesday, P. M. Ascension, Rhinecliff; Evening, St. Margaret's, Rhinecliff.
- 8, Thursday, St. Mary's, Mohican.
- 11, Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, A. M. St. John's, Clifton. S. L.; P. M. St. Luke's, Rossville, S. L.
- 13, Tuesday, Christ church, Suffern.
- 14, Wednesday, St. Philip's, Gardesons.
- 16, Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, A. M. Trinity, Gaitersville; P. M. St. Luke's, Haverstraw; Evening, St. Barnabas's, Irvington.
- 20, Tuesday, St. John Baptist's, Gieham.
- 21, Wednesday, St. Thomas's, America Union.
- 22, Thursday, P. M. St. Thomas, New Windsor; Evening, Grace, South Middletown.
- 23, Friday, St. James's, Goshen.
- 25, Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, A. M. St. Matthew's, Bedford; P. M. St. Stephen's, North Castle.
- 27, Tuesday, P. M. St. Mark's, New Castle; Evening, St. John's, Pleasantville.
- 28, St. Simon and Jude, A. M. St. Andrew's, Walden; Evening, St. Thomas, Liberty.
- 29, Thursday, Christ church, Marlborough.
- 30, Friday, P. M. St. James's, North Salem; Evening, St. Luke's, Somers.

NEW YORK—The Seaman's Mission.—All departments of this mission are in successful operation, the services being well attended. The congregation has already outgrown the Mission House at West and Houston streets, which was occupied for the first time last year.

The attendance of the Sunday-school is so great at times that some of the children have to be turned away. It is very much to be desired that the church and parsonage may be erected in the near future. The land occupied by two or three buildings fronting on Houston street, was some years ago bought for this purpose. Plans for a church to accommodate about three hundred people have been drawn. The estimated cost of the church is \$30,000, and of this amount there is nearly \$10,000 in hand. If the society had the additional \$20,000 it would build forthwith, but being now free from debt does not purpose to incur any liabilities. The room below in the Mission House is now used for a reading room, which last month was patronized by more than a thousand sailors. The services are held in the room above, but on the completion of the church the upper room in the mission house will be turned into a reading room, while it is intended to turn the room below into a coffee house.

Services are held morning and afternoon by the missionary, the Rev. Thomas A. Hylsund. Immediately following the afternoon service the sailors are invited to remain, when the missionary makes a short address, as, also, calling upon others. He then asks any who wish for prayers or to take the temperance pledge to signify it by rising. A short prayer follows, this informal service being enlivened by the singing of one or two familiar hymns. Then comes a distribution of hymnals, Testaments and other books, these books being given for free distribution by a prominent layman of the church. In giving the total abstinence pledge, for three, six or twelve months, the missionary reads it aloud from a printed card, each person taking the pledge feeding it after him, sentence by sentence. Of the persons so taking the pledge, about half keep it.

At the Floating Chapel, at the foot of Pike street, services are conducted morning and afternoon, by the Rev. Robert J. Walker. Mr. Walker has been connected with the mission twenty-seven years. Like all the missionaries, he is allowed a vacation, but never takes one. At the afternoon service there is a distribution of books as in the case spoken of. The books are supplied by the same layman, and are in seventeen languages. On a recent Sunday the service was attended by a Slav, an Icelander, a Finn, four Spaniards, two colored men from the West Indies, and several Swedes, Danes and Norwegians. At the Mission House there is a reading room, at which also, the Missionary holds a temperance meeting each week. Its membership numbers five thousand, and the good accomplished has been very great.

At the Mission held in Coenties Slip the services are conducted morning and afternoon by the missionary, the Rev. Isaac Maguire. The services are held under a tent in summer, the congregations sometimes numbering two or three hundred. In winter they are held in the mission room at the corner of Coenties Slip and Water street. The shortened service adapted to the congregations have been used ever since the time of Bishop Wainright, who, indeed, used it for the first time. This is called the Mission at Large, and though the missionary labors under great difficulties, much good is known to be accomplished. As in the other cases, there is a free distribution of books, while the mission room also serves for a reading room. For the first time in thirteen years, the missionary this summer took a short vacation. The whole cost of carrying on all departments of this work was last year only \$10,000.

NEW YORK—Church Temperance Society.—The Assistant-Bishop has written the following

letter to be sent to each of the clergy of his diocese: "Permit me to remind you of the important work of the Church Temperance Society, and to ask that, if consistent with your views and engagements, at some service on Sunday, November 8th, you will, by a sermon or otherwise, call attention to the need of united effort, by means of the society and every other tried and approved agency to stay the scourge of the great and grievous moral pestilence of intemperance. If it were cholera or yellow fever that threatened us to-day the whole land would be on fire with efforts to arrest it; and yet this dread disease slays its millions for hundreds that perish in other ways. I pray that you may give us your help in confronting and checking it."

The Bishop of Pennsylvania has also addressed a letter saying he cordially approves of having sermons preached in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, and authorizes the secretary of the society to say so. The Bishops of Connecticut and Albany have written with like effect.

It may be said in this connection that the Church Temperance Society and the National Temperance Society have invited Archdeacon Farrar to speak on temperance at Chickering Hall, on Thursday, October 29th. The Assistant-Bishop will preside. The Archdeacon will be in New York from October 23d to the 30th inclusive.

NEW YORK—Church of the Holy Cross.—Some additional particulars concerning the consecration of this church which were received too late for last week's issue, are here-with given. At 10 A. M., the appointed hour on Monday, September 14, the procession passed out of the robing-room into Fourth street, and from thence into Avenue C, from which it entered the church. The procession consisted of about twelve or fifteen clergymen, the assistant-bishop, the Bishop of Central New York, and the Bishop of Springfield. These were followed by the Sisters of St. John Baptist dressed in the habit of their order. The bishops, etc., on entering the church, were met by the wardens and vestry, and on passing up the central aisle took their seats as provided, and, with the large congregation present, nearly filled the church.

The service of consecration at once began, Mr. Folsam, a vestryman of the church, reading the instrument of donation. This was received by the assistant-bishop sitting in his chair, who then said the appointed prayers. The sentence of consecration was read by the Rev. J. O. S. Huntington, rector of the church, and handed to the assistant-bishop, who laid it upon the altar.

Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Warren C. Hubbard, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Edmund D. Cooper, and the Rev. J. O. Davis.

The Communion Office was said by the assistant bishop, the Bishop of Springfield reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Central New York the Gospel. The sermon, from St. John xii. 32, was preached by the Rev. Dr. G. H. Houghton.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. Luke's Church.—The rector of this parish (the Rev. George R. Van De Water) has been during the summer in Garden City, actively engaged in promoting the interests of the cathedral schools, by the appointment of the bishop, and with a success which promises to make them soon self-supporting and flourishing. The services at St. Luke's have not been suspended, but have been sustained by the rector and his efficient assistants, the Rev. Messrs. Foster and Davis. The distinguished organist and choirmaster, Mr. S. Lasar, has been gaining needed rest in the White Mountains, but has now returned to duty, prepared to render the music, through

the large surplised choir, more than ever beautiful and impressive.

The energies of the parish are now enlisted in effort to secure a new parish hall, to be called the Woolsey Memorial Building. Funds are steadily increasing for this purpose. With the view of promoting this object, the Women's Auxiliary of St. Luke's propose to open in the month of November a room in the present parish building, 515 Vanderbilt avenue, for the sale of fancy-plaid, and useful articles, cakes, preserves, etc., the proceeds of sales to be added to the funds in hand. It is intended to continue this enterprise through the season. In November a Church Mission is to be held at St. Luke's, some of the plans of which have been previously referred to in these columns. The effect of these special revival services, it is hoped, will so deepen the spiritual life of the congregation as to carry the entire parish and all its work and projects forward to a gratifying success. Every Sunday, after the first of October, a children's service, with a five minutes' suitable address, will be held. The choir will be composed of Sunday-school children, properly vested and in the stalls, the boys having been already well trained for this purpose by Miss Bolton. Honor scholars among the boys will take up the offerings. The entire service will occupy but twenty minutes, and will be followed by recitation and instruction in the Sunday school room for an hour. The carrying out of this plan will enable the children each Sunday to worship before the altar, and receive pulpit ministrations adapted to them.

The work of enlargement of St. Luke's chapel, on Bedford avenue, spoken of in THE CHURCHMAN at the time of its incipency, is still progressing, and will be completed by October 15th. The new chapel will be formally opened on Sunday, October 18th. It is believed that with this important addition, and every facility for a proper service, the success already attained in establishing worship in that quarter will be all that can be desired.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

DIOCESAN COUNCIL.—The forty-eighth annual council met in St. Peter's church, Geneva, (the Rev. Dr. James Rankine, rector,) on Tuesday, September 18. Morning Prayer was said at 10 A.M., and after a brief recess, the procession of the bishop preceded by the clergy, moved from the adjoining chapel, and entered the church repeating antiphonally, Psalm 123. The bishop then made a bidding prayer in which the pastor, Bishop DeLancey and the Bishop of Easton were specially mentioned, after which the bishop proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. Dr. L. Van Bokkelen. The sermon was preached by the Rev. S. R. Fuller. The offerings were for the Hill Memorial Mission House in Athens, Greece.

The council organized by the re-election of the Rev. T. M. Bishop as secretary.

After a recess, the council reassembled at 3 P.M. The bishop presented the Rev. Dr. James A. Bolles, who was present at the primary convocation of the old diocese of Western New York. Dr. Bolles was received by the council standing, and conducted to a seat by the president.

The report of the Standing Committee was read by the secretary, the Rev. C. W. Hayes.

The bishop then read his annual address. In the evening the bishop read his charge to the clergy, which has already appeared in THE CHURCHMAN.

[NOTE.—Owing to the non-arrival of our report, the above is all we are able to give of the proceedings of the council.]

ATON SPRINGS—Zion Church.—During the past summer, in this delightful resort, this

parish (the Rev. Dr. H. F. Darnell, rector,) has not been inactive, though somewhat fewer visitors than usual have attended the excellent sanitarium and hotels. Several most successful garden parties have been held in the grounds of the different Church families, and the proceeds of the annual fair given by the Ladies' Aid Society and the Guild were very satisfactory. The results of the season's efforts may be set down at about \$400.

During the rectorship of Dr. Darnell the congregations, morning and evening, have largely increased, the Sunday-school has been restored to its former efficiency, the rectory has been renovated and occupied by the rector, after a lapse of some thirteen years, and the finances of the parish have been placed in a sound condition. It is a matter of congratulation that this parish, organized about sixty-five years ago, and this church, the pioneer in all this district, should be showing so much vitality and be once more enjoying the privilege of regular ministrations and a permanent rectorship.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

PATERSON—St. Paul's Church.—A new and beautiful window has just been added to those already in this church (the Rev. E. B. Russell, rector) and is placed in the conventional north side of the chancel. It is given by the Hon. William Prall, a vestryman of the parish, as a memorial to his wife, Lillian Porter Clapp, and their daughter Lillian, who only survived her mother something over a year. Mrs. Prall was a young and beautiful woman, of great nobility of character, unaffected religious devotion, and widely beloved. Her unexpected death was deeply felt by all who knew her. At her funeral, on the Feast of the Annunciation, in 1884, and which was preceded by a celebration of the Holy Communion, the altar was vested in white and the chancel filled with rare flowers and a profusion of lilies, in honor both of the holy day and in correspondence to her name.

In the exquisite window to her memory and that of her little girl, the scene of the Annunciation is represented, and the borders are composed of lilies. The glass, made by J. & R. Lamb, is very rich in color and very delicate in treatment. The faces of the angel and St. Mary are beautifully done. The general effect of the window is like that of the best medieval specimens, with the richness of color found in the old early English work. It forms one more of the costly memorials, which are filling the old parish church of Paterson with lovely and affectionate tribute to those at rest in Paradise.

PENNSYLVANIA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

4. Sunday, A.M. St. James's, Perkiomen; P.M., St. Paul's, Lower Providence.
11. Sunday, A.M., St. Paul's, West Whiteland; P.M., St. James's, Downingtown.
18. Sunday, A.M. St. John's, Lower Merion; P.M. St. Ambrose, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA—The Northwest Convocation of Philadelphia.—In this convocation a different system prevails from that of some of the others. The business meetings are held on the third Tuesdays of September, January and May, while a missionary meeting is held once a month, from October to June inclusive, at the various churches in rotation. That for September was held on the afternoon of the 25th, at the Church of the Epiphany. The Committee on Claims to Seats presented a report, in which they stated that the question was before them of the eligibility of a member to a seat in this convocation who was at the same time a member of another, whereupon it was resolved that in the opinion of

this convocation no person being a member of another of the convocations can at the same time be a member of this convocation.

In the report of the rector of the French Church of St. Sauveur it was stated that 798 persons are now inscribed on its register; that it is really a mission to the French-speaking people, and not a parish, as many suppose. It deals with a floating population, many of whom are scattered throughout the land. Roman ecclesiastics frequently seek counsel and guidance from the Rev. Dr. Miel, the rector. Fourteen have already joined us, either in their ministerial office or as communicants, and several are now preparing to do the same. Three Armenians had their names entered on the Sunday before the meeting of the convocation.

The rector of St. Ambrose reports much to encourage him in his work. He has a large choir. A claim against the church has recently been paid. He has just secured additional teachers for his Sunday-school, and the Young Men's Guild are taking steps to put up a guild hall. If the ground upon which the church stands could be sold and the church placed in a more eligible situation, nothing would prevent the very rapid advance of this parish, as the city is building up very quickly in its vicinity.

PHILADELPHIA—Convocation of Germantown.—The regular meeting of this convocation was held in St. Mark's church, Frankford, (the Rev. E. C. Booth, rector,) on Tuesday, September 15th. Morning Prayer was said by the rector, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. R. E. Dennison, J. De Wolfe Perry, and J. Thompson Carpenter. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Samuel Uppjohn. At the business meeting in the afternoon the convocation authorized the president to draw \$150 for the maintenance of the services at the Centreville Mission. Appropriations for the already existing missions were continued upon the existing basis. By amendment to the by-laws the stated meetings were fixed for the third Tuesdays in October, January, April and May. The assistant-secretary, the Rev. R. Bowden Shepherd, having removed from the bounds of the convocation, tendered his resignation, and in his stead the Rev. J. T. Carpenter was elected. In the evening a missionary meeting was held, at which addresses were made by the missionaries within the convocation.

PHILADELPHIA—The Divinity School.—The exercises of the Trinity Term of the Divinity School began on Friday afternoon, September 17, in the temporary chapel, where, after Evening Prayer by the Rev. Messrs. Peters and Bartlett, a most admirable sermon was delivered to the students, clergy and others, on "The True Preparation for the Ministry," by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Garrison, in which he set forth the importance of having a proper understanding of their duties and obligations as clergymen, that they would "so minister the doctrine and sacraments, and the discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded, and as this Church hath received the same." He urged that we have a far higher view of the Church and her work than we have, not the mere tinsel of vestments or the mere performance of a service, but the presentation of her as the divinely appointed means of lifting up humanity. He urged deep, broad and loyal learning, and above all faithful and true study of the Holy Scriptures. It was a masterly production of a master mind, and if it is published and broadly circulated it will be productive of untold good, and give to those who read it a far truer conception of the work of the ministry in Christ's kingdom, the Church.

The last year has fully realized what was

hoped to be accomplished in for the school. The opening sermon was but one of the few features that have been proposed, and which it is hoped will soon be carried out, such as lectures by leading clergymen and laymen upon such topics as will help to supplement the regular course. By the efforts which are so earnestly being put forth it will soon become better known, and receive the confidence and support of the Church as it richly deserves. It begins the new year with all the classes larger than last year, though there is room for more in its finely equipped hall and dormitories. The new chapel is rapidly approaching completion, and will, when finished, add very much to the school's efficiency. A post-graduate year has been provided for, which will be of much benefit to those recent graduates who can find time to avail themselves of its privileges.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

THE ASSISTANT-BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

5. Church Home for Children, and St. Mark's, Jonestown.
6. Trinity Mission, Steelton.
7. Board of Missions, South Bethlehem.
8. Founder's Day, Lehigh University.
11. A. M., St. John's, Lawrenceville; P. M., St. Andrew's, Tioga.
12. Adjacent missions.
13. St. Paul's, Wellboro.
14. Trinity Mission, Antrim.
15. St. James's, Mansfield.
16. St. Luke's, Bloomingburg.
18. A. M., St. Paul's, Troy; P. M., St. Luke's, Altoona.
19. St. Mark's, Lewisburg.
20. A. M., St. Peter's, Tunkhannock; P. M., St. Paul's, Montrose.
27. P. M., St. Mark's, New Milford; evening, Grace, Great Bend.

PITTSBURGH.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

1. Thursday, Holy Trinity, Houtsdale.
2. Friday, Missions in Clearfield County.
3. Saturday, Clearfield.
4. Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, St. Andrew's, Clearfield.
14. Wednesday, Rochester, Southern Convocation, Ordination.
15. Thursday, Titus, Ordination.
16. Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, St. Thomas's, Verona.
20. Tuesday, Ridgway, Northern Convocation.
21. Wednesday, Canton.
22. Thursday, A. M., Sugar Hill.
23. Thursday, P. M., Intercessor, Sugar Hill.
25. Friday, Emmanuel, Emporium.
26. Saturday, Fort Allegheny.
28. Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, St. Luke's, Smithport.
27. Thursday, Ascension, Bradford, Consecration.
29. Thursday, Oil City, Executive Committee, Board of Missions.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—An Interesting Collection.—For twenty-two years a Churchman of this city has been collecting autograph letters having an historical value, and is now the possessor of what is undoubtedly the most valuable private collection in the country. One hundred and thirty-nine bishops, and three or four hundred presbyters and deacons are represented. The letters of the bishops include a letter of Bishop Seabury, dated October 26, 1792, and a letter of Bishop Ferguson written in the present year. There are thirteen letters of Bishop White, (one of them a twelve-page document on the Revision of the Prayer Book, republished in THE CHURCHMAN of December 27, 1884.) several of Bishop Provoost, (one the certificate that he had admitted Philander Chase to deacon's orders, a fine document, with pendent seal, dated June 10, 1798.) several of Bishops Claggett, Benjamin Moore, Parker, Hobart, Griswold, Dehon, Kemp, Coes, Richard Channing Moore, Bowen, Philander Chase, Ravenscroft, Meade, B. T. Onderdonk, Hopkins, McIlvaine, Otey, G. W. Doane and Polk. There are over fifty letters of Bishop Whittingham and a number of Bishop Green, in-

cluding one on non-episcopal ministrations, several from Bishop Payne, one of them in eight folio pages giving an account of an inscription among the natives in Africa, when the missionaries were compelled to take refuge in vessels. All, or nearly all the late bishops, are represented in the collection. Besides this array of patiently collected original history, Mr. Hollinson Colburn possesses about one hundred portraits of bishops, engraved or photographed. In addition to these there are autograph letters of Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Dublin, Bishops of London and other English sees, and letters of such distinguished clergy as Drs. Samuel Farmer, Jarvis, Harry and William Crowell, F. L. Hawks, John Gardair, T. W. Coit, William Farquhar Hook, and others too numerous to mention.

SHARPSBURG.—Consecration of St. Paul's Church.—This church (the Rev. Henry Edwards, priest in charge), was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese on Wednesday, September 17. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. W. Nott. A large number of clergy were present from this and the adjoining counties in Maryland and West Virginia.

The cornerstone of St. Paul's church was laid in October, 1871, and it has just been completed. The present church stands on the site of the old church that was destroyed during the late war. It is of Gothic architecture, and will seat about two hundred persons. In the bell tower hangs a bell that was imported from England for the use of the old church in 1820.

EASTON.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP.—The Right Rev. Henry Champlin Lay, D.D., LL.D., first Bishop of Easton, died at the Church Home, in Baltimore, Md., on the afternoon of Thursday, September 17th, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the twenty-sixth year of his episcopate. His illness began during the last spring while he was delivering a course of lectures before the General Theological Seminary, and the cause of his death was a dropsical affection, complicated with heart disease.

Bishop Lay was born in Richmond, Va., December 6, 1823. He was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1842, and from the Theological Seminary of Virginia in 1846. He was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Meade July 10, 1846, and served six months of his diaconate in Emmanuel church, Lynnhaven parish, Va. In 1847 he took charge of the Church of the Nativity, Huntsville, Ala., where he was advanced to the priesthood July 12, 1848, by Bishop Cobbs, and became rector of the parish, which position he retained until his consecration to the episcopate. He received the degree of Doctor in Divinity from Hobart College in 1857, and that of Doctor of Sacred Theology from the University of Virginia. He was a member of the House of Deputies from 1850 to 1859.

Dr. Lay was consecrated Missionary Bishop of the Southwest during the General Convention in Richmond, Va., on October 23, 1859, by Bishop Meade, assisted by Bishops McIlvaine, Polk, De Lancey, Whittingham, Elliott, Cobbs and Atkinson. In 1861 he resigned the portion of his jurisdiction lying outside of Arkansas, but the resignation was not acted upon. During the Civil War, in November, 1862, the Diocese of Arkansas elected him its diocesan, but the election was not accepted until 1864. During the war he acted as a general chaplain to the Confederate forces in Georgia and Tennessee.

Bishop Lay's services in 1865 will never be forgotten. He attended the General Convention in Philadelphia as Missionary Bishop of

the Southwest, and it was largely owing to his efforts among his Southern brethren, seconded by those of Bishop Atkinson, that the return of the Southern bishops and their dioceses to the General Convention, at the time and in the spirit in which the return was effected, was brought about. At this convention Bishop Lay's title was changed to that of Missionary Bishop of Arkansas and Parts Adjacent. In 1867 he was one of the bishops attending the Lambeth Conference in England, and in common with the other American bishops received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Cambridge.

In 1868 the Diocese of Maryland was divided, and a new diocese created, formed of all that portion of the State lying east of the Chesapeake Bay and the Susquehanna River. The new diocese adopted the name of Easton, and on April 1, 1869, Bishop Lay was elected diocesan, and was translated to his new field.

In his new diocese Bishop Lay's work has been very laborious, and faithfully attended to so long as his health permitted. For some time past his health has precluded his giving the diocese the careful attention he was accustomed to bestow on it, and this fact added much to the distress of his illness. A few weeks ago he appointed the Standing Committee as the Ecclesiastical Authority, in order that it might provide episcopal ministrations for the diocese.

Bishop Lay was universally respected and generally beloved for his nobleness of character and the sweetness of his disposition. His labors will be felt throughout the whole Church, as a defender of Catholic Truth, as a true Apostle, and as a true Christian man.

Bishop Lay's writings were numerous. Among his sermons may be mentioned that on "The Anglican Church and her Longings after Unity," that at the Centennial of the Diocese of Maryland, and that before the Provincial Synod of Canada, in 1883. Among his miscellaneous writings are "Letters to a Man be widened among many Counsellors," "Studies in the Church," "Tracts for Missionary Use," "The Lord and His Basket," "Ready and Desirous," published in THE CHURCHMAN in 1873, and recently in book form, and "The Return of the Southern Bishops," published in THE CHURCHMAN in 1883. His last work was "The Quiet Corner," published in these columns, which he continued up to the time of his death, and the last number of which appeared in THE CHURCHMAN of September 19th.

Bishop Lay married, in 1847, a niece of the late Bishop Atkinson, and leaves, besides his widow, three sons and one daughter, Henry Champlin, a civil engineer in Deaver, Colorado, the Rev. George S., a clergyman in deacon's orders, Beirne, and Louisa.

INDIANA.

DIOCESAN ITEMS.—The diocesan paper gives, among others, the following interesting parochial items:

LAFAYETTE.—St. John's Church.—The memorial altar recently placed in the chancel of St. John's church, presented by Mrs. Mary L. Curtis, in memory of her daughter, Mrs. Matie Curtis Frey, who died so young and so early after her marriage, is very beautiful. It is greatly admired by all who see it. The work was done by R. Geisler of New York City, except the three brass panels in the frontal which are three handsome pieces of hammered brass, by Miss Jessie Levering, of this place. This parish has also just put in a beautifully carved eagle lectern of black walnut, the gift of Miss Levering; also a handsome and most convenient preaching desk, the gift of the Young Ladies' Guild, which, under the management of Mrs. George B. Williams, is doing good work and prospering. Both of

these pieces of furniture are from Geissler. The singing in this church has become now quite an attraction. The music is churchly and well rendered. Plans for new church and general improvement of the building have been adopted.

MICHIGAN CITY—Trinity Church.—A parish school was opened August 31st, with upwards of sixty pupils. It consists of kindergartens, intermediate and advanced departments, and has three teachers. The tuition fees will pay all current expenses, thus making the furnishing of the school the only outlay.

NEW CASTLE—St. James's Church.—The new St. James's church building has been used for service every Sunday since the formal opening. This has been done by the help of lay readers, Mr. Edward Olcott, of Muncie, and Mr. James A. Duthie, of Indianapolis, having rendered acceptable service. The Sunday-school numbers over forty scholars. The foot, for many years in the bishop's church, in Minneapolis, was used for the first time on August 24. Money has been raised for the purchase of a bell.

On August 1st, the Rev. W. D. Engle held a service in the Christian church, at Cadiz; and on the 15th, one in the school house at Kenard, a new and growing town of about one hundred and fifty inhabitants, eight miles west of New Castle, in which there is no church building and no regular service of any kind. Quite a delegation from New Castle attended this service. The missionary has another appointment there for September 5th. August 29th, he also held a first service at Wilkinson, thirteen miles west of New Castle, a place of three hundred inhabitants, without church building or regular service by any one. The New Castle people again assisted, and did much to make a good impression by the proper rendering of the service.

FOND DU LAC.

EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS—Ashland.—August 30, the Thirtieth Sunday after Trinity, the bishop visited St. Andrew's Mission, the Rev. Edward B. St. George in charge. In the morning the bishop celebrated the Holy Communion, preached, and, at the request of the missionary, baptized two children. Later in the day he made a brief address to the children. The new church is inclosed, and promises to be a commodious and comely building. It is a little larger than demanded by the needs of the present congregation. But Ashland grows so rapidly that it is likely that soon the church will be found too small, rather than too spacious. It is not always easy to forecast the future of a Western city, but the signs are that Ashland will be of much commercial and manufacturing importance, and possess many inhabitants. Hard work and liberal measures now may produce good results of the greatest spiritual value in the future.

Bayfield.—The bishop, with the Rev. Mr. St. George, crossed Chequamegon Bay after the service at Ashland, arriving at Bayfield in good time for Evening Prayer. The missionary said the prayers, the bishop reading the Lessons and preaching. The church was crowded, and the service spirited. Bayfield is not "booming" like Ashland, but is as exquisitely beautiful and pleasant as ever. Two Swedish services have lately been held in the church, the Swedish forms being used by a Swedish reader. It is hoped that this proper courtesy may lead on to the closer relations recommended by the Archbishop of Upsala.—*Diocean Paper.*

IOWA.

MISSION REPORTS.—The dean of the Northern Deanery, in compliance with the action of

the Board of Missions, has issued a form for the quarterly reports of the diocesan missionaries, comprehending the statistics of baptisms, changes in the communicant list, particulars of Sunday-school and general mission work, and adding pertinent queries as to the payment of the diocesan dues, the representation of the mission in the diocesan schools and other matters of a general interest. These reports, carefully filled out and sent to the secretary, will be forwarded to the bishop, who will thus have a constant oversight of the whole mission field.

DAVENPORT—St. Katharine's Hall.—The Dubuque Herald has the following appreciative notice of this excellent diocesan school:

"The educational institutions of Iowa, aside from her excellent common school system, stand in equal rank with those of the older States, the matter of age alone excepted, and as time goes by they are rapidly elevating themselves to a first-class grade in all respects. The boys of Iowa, who have an ambition to push beyond the limits afforded by the public schools, have been pretty well provided for. The girls of the State, however, have not been so well looked after, except in the institutions affording educational facilities. But even this want is being rapidly supplied. Among the institutions lately established and devoted to girls alone, which promise well, is St. Katharine's Hall, at Davenport, which was opened last year by Bishop Perry, of the Episcopal Church. It has jumped at once into immediate success, so much so that at the end of the first year it has been necessary to build a larger addition that will more than double its accommodations. The principal of the school is Miss Rice, who has been so popular at Fairbault, and its active business manager is Mr. N. P. Richardson, a brother-in-law of Bishop Perry. Those who have examined the school closely are loud in commendation, declaring it to be equal to the best of the eastern schools. Its advantages are many, its drawbacks none, so far as heard from. It is a school of which Iowa will hear more one of these days."

KANSAS.

MIDLOTHIAN—Mission.—Several years ago a number of families came from Peoria County, Illinois, and settled in Harper County, in this State. They have since been joined by some English people. They were all Church-people, but, as they started out upon new lands and with but little means, they were not able to sustain regular Church services among them. For a short time they were favored by visits from the Rev. J. S. Chamberlain, who was sent there by the bishop. There are a number of very interesting children growing up in the settlement. The people have been anxious for services and a place of worship, but did not feel able to build a church and sustain a minister. They have had some money laid aside to help them to build, and have received some gifts from England. Last year they determined to build according to the means on hand and their ability to give. They called on a missionary (the Rev. P. A. Johnson) to visit them, and desired him to reside in the vicinity, teach the children on Sunday and hold regular services, and they purpose giving all that they are able to give.

The church building has recently been enclosed. It is well and tastefully built. Great care has been taken about expense, and thus far everything is paid for. An organ has been lent until it can be paid for. A stove, plastering and seats are still needed. In this church services and Sunday-school have been held for several weeks.

The church is situated on a prairie, near where most of the people live. It is a monument of their zeal and good will. Persons

desiring to aid this purely missionary enterprise can send contributions to the bishop of the diocese, or to the missionary.

COLORADO.

DENVER—Emmanuel Church.—This church was built in 1876, and has just paid off the last of its debt. The congregation is very small and has labored efficiently to master the troublesome problem of liquidating the debt that has weighed upon the parish. This successful clearing of incumbrances is largely due to the efforts of the ladies, who have been indefatigable in the work. The last cent of the debt was paid off on Saturday, August 29th, and the next day the gratifying fact was announced to the congregation.

The late rector, the Rev. C. E. Dandridge, resigned in June, and from that time, until the coming of the present rector, (the Rev. A. B. Hunter,) Mr. A. Dupont Parker acted as lay reader. The new rector was given a reception on Tuesday, September 8th, and earnestly welcomed by the congregation. Mr. Hunter will be formally instituted by the bishop on the first Sunday in October. The prospects of the parish now appear very promising.

MONTANA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

4. Sunday, Martindale.
12. Friday, Ubit.
11. Sunday, A. M. Cottonwood; P. M. Lewistown.
18. Sunday, A. M. Fort Maginnis; P. M. Malde.

ANNUAL CONVOCATION.—On Sunday, August 23d, the fifth annual convocation met in St. James's church, Bozeman. Two morning services were held: Morning Prayer at 9:30, Holy Communion, with ordination, at 11. At the second service the Rev. Wm. Horsfall preached the convocation sermon, and the bishop advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Hector E. Clowes, deacon. At 8 P. M. Evening Prayer was said, and the bishop delivered his annual address.

On Monday, after Morning Prayer, the convocation was organized for business, eight clergymen being present, with lay representatives from one mission. The reports of officers and committees were presented, and such action taken as seemed necessary. These are all interesting and important papers, and very suggestive. The Committee on the Missionary Enrolment Plan stated their proposed scheme of action, and it was heartily endorsed by the convocation.

Monday evening a short missionary service was held, the report for the Woman's Auxiliary was read, and brief addresses made. The convocation then adjourned.

In his annual address the bishop made the following general review of the work of the year:

"It is well to take in brief review the general aspect of the whole field. In that way we shall be able to see what progress we are making. The result will not prove disheartening. In one place there will be increase; in another we stand still; and in a third we seem to go backward. It must be so always.

"It has been a hard year financially; and financial depression affects Church enterprises. But on the whole, there has been improvement. We have been eleven workmen, including the bishop. Services have been maintained with more or less regularity in twenty-six places, and occasional ministrations have reached eighteen more. No churches have been built, but some debts have been paid and some improvement in Church property accomplished. The remnants of debt on the churches in Butte, Benton and Miles City have been extinguished. The rectory debt in Helena has

been paid, and that in Boseman reduced from a thousand to three hundred dollars. In Livingston, a small building has been purchased and fitted up into a neat chapel. The churches in Helena, Butte, Dillon, Benton and Miles have been improved. In all cases, except-one, the money to pay for the improvements has been raised before they were made. I wish this might always be the case. The parish schools in Helena and Miles have done good work and have been carried on without expense to the Church. St. Peter's Hospital, in Helena, has proved a useful institution, and has progressed so far that it seems certain to become a permanent agency in our work. The amount contributed for domestic missions is probably more than twice as large as we have ever given before. From this summary I gather courage for the future, while I am thankful for the past. In every place the women are organized for work and are working with a will. The clergy find in them their most helpful encouragement. It must be that as the years pass, the number of those willing workers will increase and results will multiply before our eyes."

UTAH AND IDAHO.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

- 4. Mount Idaho and Grangeville.
- 4. Cottonwood.
- 11. Lewiston.
- 12. Moscow.
- 19. Fort Cooner d'Aene.
- 19. Rathdrum.
- 26. Murray.

SCOTLAND AND AMERICA.

The following resolution has been sent by the Bishop of Aberdeen to the Bishop of Connecticut:

Extract from the minutes of the Annual Synod of the United Diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney, held in St. Andrew's church, Aberdeen, on Thursday, August 27, 1885.

"That this synod, while rejoicing in the recent happy meeting with our brethren of the American Church, at the celebration of the Seabury Centenary, trusts that such happy meetings will be less rare in the future, and that our Church will respond readily to the evident desire of the American Church for a more frequent interchange of visits between American and Scottish Churchmen."

ALEX. HANPER, Synod Clerk.

St. Mary's, Inverness, August 29, 1885.

BAPTISM in the Greek Church generally takes place at home. The font is filled with warm water, and the priest takes the child, which is nude, and plunges it three times in the water. He then anoints the eyes, ears, hands, and feet with sacred oil, and a sort of ointment out of a silver box, and cuts three little bits of hair from the head. The priest finally places round the child's neck a little gold chain, from which is suspended a date cross, inscribed with the name and the dates of birth and baptism, and then a tonic which has been blessed is put upon it.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Giles B. Cooke has been elected rector of All Faith Parish, St. Mary's county, Md., and enters on his duties October 1.

The Rev. F. M. Gibbons has accepted an election to the rectorship of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Baltimore, Md., and enters on his duties on September 27.

The Rev. J. W. Gilman's address is Bacone College, Bacone, Okla.

The Rev. Archdeacon Kirkby will remain at St. Ann's, Brooklyn, N. Y., during October, at the request of the vestry.

The Rev. S. Gregory Lines has been elected to the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, San Francisco, Cal., in succession to the bishop of the diocese.

The Rev. J. R. R. Robinson has become rector of St. John's, Wash. D.C.

The Rev. Dr. G. D. Wildes has received the ad eundem degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology from Hobart College.

The President of Trinity College, the Rev. Dr. George Williamson Smith's address is changed to 4 Vernon street, Hartford, Conn.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, of *Love, non-parol* (see *Three Cent's a Word*, prepaid).

DIED.

Entered into rest at Hye, N. Y., September 11th, 1885, CORNELIA BUTLER, wife of G. H. Van Wageningen, and daughter of the Hon. Wm. C. Pierpont of Jefferson county.

On Sunday, September 13th, at the residence of her uncle, Clifton Gilbert, 20 West Tenth street, Newark, N. J., of Whitehead, AILEY WAGNER.

Entered into the rest of life eternal, on Sunday evening, September 13th, at Kineo House, Moosehead Lake, Me., in the 76th year of his age, FRANCIS F. FRANKS, a faithful warden and member of the Episcopal Church for the last forty-five years. "Blessed art the dead who die in the Lord."

Sunday, September 13th, at Newport, K. I., entered into life eternal HERBERT AILEY WAGNER, infant son of the Rev. Dr. Charles G. and Eleanor M. Gilman.

At Fulton, N. Y., on December 18th, 1884, RICHARD DENNIS HICKMAN, in the 86th year of his age, and on Monday, September 1st, 1885, the Rev. St. Matthew, CHARLOTTE MOONEY, widow of Richard D. Hubbard, in the 88th year of her age, granddaughters of the Rev. Warren C. Hubbard, rector of St. Paul's, Brooklyn, N. Y. "In death they were not divided."

On Tuesday, August 25th, 1885, at Chicago, Ill., Mrs. JAMES W. LYON, daughter of the late John Kirby of Eastville, Md. Baltimore and New Haven papers please copy.

HIRAN WOOD of Fayetteville, N. Y., born December 21st, 1806, received into Paradise, August 27th, 1885.

MRS. MARY RICHMOND ADAIR.

Entered into her rest, Mrs. MARY RICHMOND ADAIR, late of New Brunswick, N. J. We laid in the beautiful Cemetery of Christ church, under the shadow of the cross, familiar to all, in the 67th year of her age, the remains of one to whom Providence had granted a long and useful life.

Born in the year 1800, she had seen many changes in her pilgrimage of nearly eighty-six years. She was, as a venerable bishop of the Church said, who knew and admired her, "a lady of the widest time." Inheriting her strict Church principles from a long line of English ancestry, she passed nine years of her life in the "mission" school of Miss Hay's boarding school, "one of the most renowned in this country. Granted the privilege of planting every tree, and gifted with rare intellectual powers, she found her sphere in the domestic circle, and made her earthly abode "her home." A good wife, a devoted mother, earnest in prayer and good works, her life flowed on, calm, even, and uneventful, full of sweet amenities, and the charity "that thinketh no evil," self-denying, ever considerate of the health and welfare of others, ready at all times to give and forgive, her homely virtues brought her many friends. Her Heavenly Father, "In His wise providence," thought fit to cloud her last days with heavy shadows, and she became gradually blind. None but those nearest and dearest to her knew how many months, say years, of mental torture and agony of prayer were needed to bring her mind to such a state of resignation which made her countenance so beautiful. She bore her heavy trial with so much fortitude and cheerfulness, that one almost forgot to pity her. She was a consistent, cheerful Christian. In our Father's house are many mansions, God grant a mansion to our friend, one whose light perpetual may shine upon her."

JAMES GOODLOE BOWMAN.

Entered into rest at Brownsville, Pa., September 1st, 1885, JAMES GOODLOE, eldest son of Nelson B. Bowman, in the 74th year of his age.

In the death of the above named his family has lost a loving and dutiful son, a kind and affectionate brother, his association a true friend and amiable companion; the community a good and patriotic citizen. Although his illness was of long duration, he bore the sufferings with that fortitude and heroism which only the true Christian can show. He was a lover of the good, the true, and the beautiful. In manners courteous, and though his earthly pilgrimage was short, he left behind him innumerable friends, and we believe no enemies. Let us trust that although the tomb has closed within its precincts a noble and true man, yet his noble and his deeds have created such ties of friendship with the living, that his memory will be a lasting monument to the living. Let us know him. Let us know him. "For every deep sorrow was an Adwayer pilgrim A blessing is given when we cry heaven"

Who waits at the gate of the far away city When the tides under the laden, the worn, and the weary. To that happy land."

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

Immediately after the impressive services at the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, on September 5th, in St. George's church, were concluded, the clergy in attendance, to the number of more than a hundred, assembled at the invitation of the assistant bishop of New York in the chapel adjoining the church.

Bishop Henry C. Potter took the chair, the Presiding Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Tracy, on September 5th, in St. George's church, were concluded, the clergy in attendance, to the number of more than a hundred, assembled at the invitation of the assistant bishop of New York in the chapel adjoining the church. Bishop Henry C. Potter took the chair, the Presiding Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Tracy, on September 5th, in St. George's church, were concluded, the clergy in attendance, to the number of more than a hundred, assembled at the invitation of the assistant bishop of New York in the chapel adjoining the church.

It was then decided that a committee be appointed to embody the sentiments of the meeting in an appropriate minute, and to convey the same to the family of the deceased, and through the Church papers to his many friends.

At the request of the meeting the chair appointed the following: The Rev. H. Dyer, D.D., chairman, and the Rev. Dr. William F. Morgan, William S. Eberhardt, Theodora A. Eaton, and George D. Wildes, and the Rev. Messrs. C. W. Bolton, G. Lewis Platt, and the Rev. Dr. Tracy, as members. The committee subsequently prepared the following:

MINUTE.

In the ordering of Divine Providence the revered and venerated Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., departed this life on Thursday night, September 3d, 1885. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-two years, six months, and three days. His work was done; at the hour of midnight the Bridegroom came, and he was ready for his many friends.

Dr. Tyng was born March 1st, 1800, in Newburyport, Mass. At an early age he graduated from Harvard University, and for a brief period was engaged in business in Boston. While thus employed there came to him religious convictions so deep and strong that he felt impelled to give up his worldly career. He was converted, and he was at once called: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" And the answer was: "Follow me." He was baptized in flesh and blood, but from that day forth consecrated himself to the service of God. He had been bought with a price, and was no longer his own.

While pursuing his studies under Bishop Griswold, preparatory to Holy Orders, he made himself especially useful in such missionary work as a layman could do. Upon his ordination he entered at once on the duties of his sacred calling. For several years he was in charge of the parishes of Georgetown and Georgetown, D. C. He often said he learned to preach the Gospel widely in his country parishes in Maryland, where a majority of his parishioners were colored people, and quite ignorant. He considered this experience as of the greatest benefit to him in all his subsequent ministry. He was ever ready to state the truth plainly and with much simplicity. Subsequently he removed to Philadelphia, where his first charge was St. Paul's, which was the church of the Epiphany. It was at this period that his fame as a preacher became so great. At the Epiphany, a new parish was organized, and a very large congregation, the largest Episcopal congregation in the city. The Sunday-school and Bible classes were exceptionally useful. His ministry in Philadelphia was a decided success.

In 1845 Dr. Tyng was called to succeed the Rev. Dr. Mitchell in the charge of St. George's, New York. Here he labored for more than the third of a century with unflagging zeal and energy and with remarkable success. He was ever ready to overflow, and his Sunday school and Bible classes numbered nearly two thousand children and young people. His church was a shining light and a tower of strength. It was indeed a great power in the Church and in the land.

By reason of broken health and the infirmities of age, he retired in 1878 from the active charge of the church, but continued his connection as rector emeritus to the end of his life.

In studying the life and character of such a man there are many features which attract attention, and which are worthy of special notice. His gifts, his almost matchless eloquence and power as a speaker and preacher, there was an supreme devotion to his duty, and a readiness to sacrifice his life for the truth, these were his chief characteristics. His attention from this one great purpose of his life. His reading, his thinking, his studies of every kind were directed to the glory of God and the salvation of his people was ever upon his heart. To them he gave his time and his concentrated energies. He knew and cared for the poor, the sick, and the sorrowing. His heart was ever ready to sympathize and struggling ones in all classes. These traits drew his people to him and bound them together in the most intimate and interesting ties, and gave him great influence over them.

Then again, Dr. Tyng had very clear and distinct views and the opinions of his own mind. These truths, as he understood them, he set forth with great boldness and plainness. The Divinity of Christ, the atonement, redemption and salvation through Christ, the holiness and the glory of God were his constant themes. He never tired of preaching Christ and Him crucified. Such like character and life were his chief characteristics, and mightily in winning souls to Christ. While differing from many of his brethren upon theological and ecclesiastical questions, and from many of his own views, yet he ever retained the cordial respect and command of his admiral on all classes of his people.

Such was the man, the minister of Christ, to whom we would pay this, our affectionate tribute of respect and love. We would say, as he himself said of one of our old: "There is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel." The death of such a man rarely occurs in a church, and he is a remarkable figure. He has passed forever away

from our sight, but his example and memory remain. May they inspire us to follow him as he followed Christ.
To his stricken, sorrowing family and mourning friends our deepest and tenderest sympathy. May the God of all grace have them in His holy keeping.

THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.
At a meeting of the Vestry of St. George's church, held September 5, 1865, senior Ward David Dow, Esq., announced the death of the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D., rector of the church, and greatly affected by the fact that the following minute be entered upon the records of this Vestry, and published in the Church Journal:

"The presence of God was called to mourn the departure from this world of the Rev. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D., long the honored and greatly loved pastor and rector of this church. He was taken to his rest on Thursday night, September 3, at the advanced age of 84 years, 3 months and 3 days. At the close of midnight he fell asleep in Jesus and was not, for God took him."

Dr. Tyng's ministry in this city commenced in 1827, when he was called to succeed the venerated Dr. Minor, as the rector of St. George's church. The church building was then in Beekman street, and consequently a new site was obtained on Broadway square and Sixteenth street, where a very large and imposing building was erected. His untiring labors, his untiring care and labors of the rector were very great. It was a venture of faith. The new church was built by subscription, and the subscription was not without much delay. But Dr. Tyng was equal to the emergency. His indomitable energy and untiring labors soon procured the completion of the administrative ability—and aided by a united vestry—removed all doubts and difficulties, and rapidly carried the matter forward to a complete close. In a brief period the great church was full of overflowing, and the Sunday school building was erected. The vestry and scholars of the metropolitan Sunday-schools were established, and two chapels, one in East Nineteenth street, and one in the city, were built. His labors were of the most extensive and noble character. His services were held. This rapidly-growing work was under the supervision of Dr. Tyng, and with all its details he kept his hands in it. His example inspired every important movement. The result was, in a few years, St. George's had the largest congregation, the greatest number of children and youth under Sunday-school and Bible class instruction of any church in the city, if not in the country, and the most prominent foremost in all benevolent and Christian work. The contributions to missionary and other charitable objects were unusually numerous. From this portion of the city were under his the legitimate fruits of the message and teachings the people received from his rector.

As a pastor, Dr. Tyng was unceasing and untiring in his labors. Personal convenience or comfort never stood in the way of his ministerial duties, and all who needed his service. Among the poor he was always warmly welcomed visitor. They felt he was their friend and helper. With the children and youth he was a special favorite, for he entered most fully into their thoughts and feelings, and identified himself with their interests. From this portion of his people he had very large additions to the communion of his Church. In a word among all classes, the people of the great city were under his most cordially welcomed and his ministrations were gratefully received and most highly prized.

His earnest and effective advocacy of their claims on public occasions. The announcement of his name as a speaker was sure to draw a crowd. As a preacher of the Gospel he had few equals in his day. His views were distinctly evangelic, and he never failed to preach Christ and Him crucified as the only hope of a lost world. He was clear and emphatic in his presentation of the truth, and his ministry was greatly honored of God, and through the instrumentality of his labors, the souls of many were brought to the comforts and joys of His great salvation.

Such briefly was the man, the preacher and the man of God, for so many years minister of the great church. In 1874, when age and infirmities had disabled him, he retired from active service, but retained his connection with the church as rector emeritus.

In placing this minute upon its record, the Vestry desire to express their profound gratitude to Almighty God for the gracious providence which has preserved to this church such a gifted and faithful minister of the Gospel. He has sustained him through many years of arduous labor.

Resolved, That this Vestry desires to express its deep sympathy with the family of their late beloved rector.

Resolved, That this Vestry desires to take charge of the funeral of the late Dr. Tyng, and that the treasurer be instructed to pay all the expenses of the same.

Resolved, That the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, D. D., Presiding Bishop, be requested to deliver the address at the funeral; and that the Rt. Rev. Gregory T. Bedell, D. D., Bishop of the Western States, be requested to deliver the address commemorative of the life of Dr. Tyng at a service to be held in St. George's church at such a day as may be fixed by the vestry.

Resolved, That the amount heretofore paid to the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., be continued to the 1st of November next, and that the same be paid to his widow.

W. S. RAINSFORD, Rector.
W. H. SCHIEFFELIN, Clerk.

THE REV. THOMAS FREDERICK CORBELL, M. D.
At a meeting of the Vestry of St. Stephen's church, Brooklyn, held August 28th, 1880, the following minute was adopted:

"Whereas, It hath pleased our Heavenly Father, in His inscrutable providence, to remove from us, by the hand of death, to the place which He hath prepared for His children, our beloved rector, the Rev. Dr. FREDERICK CORBELL, M. D., of the parish, his happiness and companionship in the society of those to whom he ministered, and, above all, his fervent zeal, his faithful and eloquent presentation of the Word of Truth, and his earnest desire to employ the last strength of life in the service of his Heavenly Father, and many grateful memories that will ever retain an abiding place in our hearts; And, further,

"Resolved, That we, the vestry, express to the afflicted widow and family of our late rector our heartfelt sympathies, praying our Loving Father, through His dear Son, that He will bestow upon them daily such an abundant measure of grace and strength as will enable them to bow in humble trust and resignation to His will, and to be sustained in their affliction."
Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the parish records, that a copy be furnished to the family of the deceased, and that a copy of the same be presented to the afflicted family.
(Signed) CHARLES STIKEMAN,
CHARLES A. FARGWELL,
ROBERT J. EDWARDS,
SAMUEL TEATHER, Wardens.

JACOB REESE.
At a meeting of the Vestry of St. Bartholomew's church of the City of New York, held on September 22nd, 1885, the following resolution was ordered to be placed upon the records of the vestry:

"At a meeting of the senior wardens and trustees of our church, at Jacob Reese's, has been taken from our counsels and from his place in the Church and in the world."
Resolved, That he has a longer personal and official relation to St. Bartholomew's church than any of us who survive him. He was the only one of us who was a member of the vestry when the present rector was called, and was doing his full share in the work of the parish for some years prior to that time. His active interest was never manifested in any other way; his place on the most important committees and at the head of the Sunday-school, his untiring labors as father and grandfather.

"The changes which the coming in of a new rector necessarily brought about, among other things, had there was no change in his interest and his interest in the parish or in his willingness to work. As, with the lapse of years, one and another of us have come to our present condition, and never wearied in or complained of any form of work that was laid upon him. He was the one to whom we all came in our deliberations to guide us by his knowledge of our affairs, and to carry out our resolves when action was required. His kind nature, his willingness to please, his gentleness, his selflessness, the warm heart that loved us all individually, as well as the cause which we sought to serve, all these things are to be remembered and cherished by him, while the ability with which he discharged all his trusts gave us entire confidence in his wise and judicious course in the management of the church, which we have lost almost as much personally as our church has lost in wise management and constant love and effort."

"But his record was so long, and good, and complete that we feel that the benediction of the Master: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' came none too soon for him, and that we can say no more for our beloved one, for he has left us no more than that it may prove a stewardship as full and acceptable as was his."
Resolved, That we, the family, the assurance that we give with them, and trust that they will find strength and blessing in their review of a life so full of truth and goodness.
Clerk pro tempore.

APPEALS.
KAROBATH MISSION.
It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashobah. The great and good work entrusted to our requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.
Offerings are solicited:
Nashobah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio.
Resolved, Because the instruction is second to none in the West, because it is the most healthfully situated Seminary.
Resolved, Because it is the best located for study.
Resolved, Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination.
Address: NASHOBAH, WAUKESHA COUNTY, WISCONSIN.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY
aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a few more for the work of the present year.
"Give and it shall be given unto you."
Rev. ROBERT C. MTLACK,
1284 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Rev. Dr. Langford:
REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER: I am pleased to state that since my last report I have lost more than half my income—viz., that derived from the labor of my own hands—by the loss of my hands in a week. My employers informed me in August that they could no longer afford to give me work. I was struggling hard to secure the means of subsistence, and my own unflinching self-supporting, and with good prospects of success.

Now this terrible blow comes upon us at a most critical time, and, unless we receive prompt aid, I greatly fear that all we have done and paid to secure our home will be for naught. If our friends and children to support and edify me must be secured to secure the home, which I cannot possibly do on a salary of less than five hundred dollars per annum.

Our beloved bishop fully understands the situation, and has, we have the highest confidence, and great that all who read this, to whom He has given the ability, may at least contribute something, and that promptly, to secure the home. All remittances should be sent by draft or P. O. order on Racine, Wis.
Faintly yours for Christ and the Church,
E. H. WOLF, Missionary.

WESTERN UNION, RACINE COUNTY, WIS.
The bishop of the diocese wishes to commend most heartily this statement and appeal. He knows the faithfulness of Mr. De Wolf's work and the serious character of the present affliction. Hoping that there may be a response to this urgent call, he is sure that all who are that their offerings will be most wisely bestowed.
K. B. WELLES, Bishop of Wisconsin.

MISSION AT LAWRENCEVILLE.
We have not been blessed with the required amount of money to complete the rectory, which is so badly needed in the mission at Lawrenceville. The work has already gone on for some time, and for this object, yet we confidently believe that our constant friends will not suffer us to fall short in this worthy object. If our kind friends in the North would like to help on this good work please send us a contribution for the rectory.
To finish the rectory we will, pale in the yard and garden, and make the necessary improvements about the lot, it will require between \$40 and \$500. Are there any of our friends who would like to send \$25 each, that the work may be completed by old weather. Any amount very acceptable.
Bishop Randolph has written me that he will gladly do all in his power for the appeal.
JAS. B. RUSSELL, Missionary,
September 18th, 1885.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.
Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITFIELD, Corresponding secretary, 27 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.
THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sum: For African Mission, from Mrs. George Anthony, Warwick New York, \$1, \$1.50.
BISHOP SPALDING thankfully acknowledges the receipt of \$100 for his work from "Tithe, Trinity church, Hartford, Conn."

ANNUAL CONVENTION DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.
The opening services of the Centennial Convention of the Diocese of New York will be held in Trinity church, New York, on Wednesday, September 23rd, 1885. Morning Prayer will be held at 9 o'clock. At 10 a. m., there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion and a historical discourse. The entire area of the church will be reserved for the members of the Convention and invited guests, who will be admitted on the basis of the order of the Convention, immediately after this service the Convention will organize and adjourn.
On the evening of the same day, September 24th, there will be a commemorative service in St. Thomas' church, New York, at 8 o'clock, at which addresses will be delivered by the Bishops of Western New York, Central New York, Long Island and Albany.
FRANCIS LOBBEL, Secretary.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York, has given notice that the Mission will be held (D. V.) November 27th, that the headquarters of the committee, previous to the starting of the Mission, will be at the store of E. D. DODD, corner of West Twenty-third street, where all communications should be addressed, where information may be obtained, and the literature of the Mission be procured.
H. Y. SATTERLEE, Chairman,
HENRY MOTTET, Corresponding Secretary.

The annual meeting of the Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York will be held at the residence of Mr. Augustine Houston, at Augustine's chapel, Houston street, New York, at 3:30 P. M., directly after the close of the morning service on the opening of the Convention. The meeting to be held at said chapel on Wednesday, the 29th day of September next. J. A. SPENCER, Secretary,
September 24th, 1885.

The annual meeting of the "Clergymen's Mutual Insurance League," will be held in the Sunday school chapel of St. Augustine, Houston street, near the Bowery, on Thursday, October 1st, at 4 o'clock P. M.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

MUSIC AMONG THE CLERGY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

Does it not seem strange that in a Church like ours whose various services depend so largely for their full effect upon the use of music, the subject of the art in its relation to those services should receive so little consideration as to arouse almost no general interest and lead to no improvement in the usual way of performing divine service? Can it be truly said that the mass of the clergy are any better informed in this part of their education than were generations before them? Is anything being done at all commensurate with the growing importance of the subject? These queries are not inopportune. Recent letters to THE CHURCHMAN, and remarks appearing from time to time, coupled with the wretched quality of hymnals and chant books that come now and then from the hands of clergymen who seem to be regarded as leaders, go together with every one's experience to prove that the average clergyman has been left at the end of his divinity course wholly ignorant of one of the most important things in his future service. While we may be pleased at the spread of a better class of musical works through the Church; while there are a few places witnessing by their beautiful musical services to the generous provisions and wonderful possibilities of the Prayer Book, still we cannot avoid confessing that whatever improvement is noticeable has come not so much from the clergy as from the importation of English talent, and the following of the fashion which has taken up the works and ways of men on the other side in music as well as in everything else. The pointing of canticles and psalters more often apparently made on whim than on principle, the shocking use for hymn tunes of parodies on secular airs, the bad taste in which hymns are rushed and chant-cadences and amens drawn, the miserable track to which the *Te Deum* and other canticles are often sung, and the all but universal subordination of the minister with his people to the organ gallery, show how foreign the present position of a rector is to the conception of him formed by the Church.

The canon says it shall be his duty "to give order" concerning the music of the services; but the Church leaves him without anything on which to base an opinion that gives him reason for any discrimination.

"It shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music." But the Church nowhere shows a way he should be able to discern between good and bad in music without going through that to which others give years in order to reach a like point. The minister has a duty to perform. Those of his cure who stand possessed of sensitive feelings have rights, indeed they have interests that—if aesthetics are anything at all—are at stake when bad or frivolous music is performed. But he is helpless to protect them. He can suggest nothing. No matter what outrages on taste are perpetrated that the vanity of the musicians may be gratified, he must stand still and submit. He cannot rebel because he can give no reason for his position if once taken. Very likely the circumstances of his education have been such that his musical knowledge is less than that of his people. He cannot criticize, because he knows nothing of the subject. His inmost soul may abhor the self display of his choir as they cut up the stately *Te Deum* into interminable solos, which sound more like love songs than psalms. But how shall he express the difference between love song and psalm? It does not suffice to say they *seem* thus and so to him. They are, they are to the choir. Where shall he begin, who may be at any moment less more helpless still. A clergyman is generally very cautious about meddling with the organist or the choir. These people know their advantage. The service can be *read*. They were hired by the clergyman and the music committee. The clergyman confesses that he knows nothing about the matter.

The committee always consists of the least musically inclined of the vestry. And so in church after church all over the land, the worship of God is marred and oft-times ruined, and the feelings of sensitive and devout souls lacerated because not only the commonest dictates of common sense and taste are outraged, but the sacrilegious works and performances of incompetent musicians are offered up as a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, and no word of protest is heard. Such a state of things exists. It is a fact. The present luxurious race is hardly one in which church organization will demand a plain service. The country church with a wheezy organ and an asthmatic choir will do everything that Westminster or St. Paul's will attempt.

Occasionally some little church with a few boys and men doing plain things "decently and in order," makes a veritable Pentecost of every service. The lamentable results of such lack of provision by the Church are seen in other denominations. The Church exercises more influence in music among other Protestant denominations than any other body. The ignorance of any Church clergyman on the subject of Church music is a loss to every other church in his town. Must such a state last forever? Surely there are enough unfortunate things resulting from it to argue for the placing of music among the studies of the theological course. That it can be successfully included has been proved elsewhere. I have not yet learned that anything like the needed attention has been given it in the Church; but a case in another denomination might be cited, with which to point the argument. Without going too far into details, let me mention the course pursued in the Congressional Theological Seminary, called Hosmer Hall, in Hartford, Conn. On his entrance into this institution, the student begins a regular and exhaustive study of the whole subject of sacred music, with a thoroughly competent musician who has his regular place in the faculty, and whose work is never intruded upon. The student is furnished with a good knowledge of the elements of harmony and the principles of melody; he goes over in the most careful manner the whole history of sacred music; is grounded in the construction of chants and hymns; is instructed as definitely as possible in a school not professedly musical on all matters pertaining to voluntaries and interludes, and in the performance by a chorus of nearly two hundred voices, with full orchestra and organ of all the greatest oratorios, masses and cantatas he finds the opportunity of judging how, in the master-pieces of the art he has studied, the principles taught him have been applied. This is all purely technical and can be measured. Who can measure the far-reaching effect of this noble training in matters of taste? Has the Church, with wealth of music at her disposal and requirements meant to be exacting, with a service that demands much because it offers nearly everything, any provision whatever comparable to this? Ought it not soon to have such provisions everywhere?

Hartford, Conn.

W. C. RICHARDSON.

THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

I believe that something has already been said in your columns about the House of the Good Shepherd, but the great importance of the missionary work being done there will be my excuse for calling your attention again to this field of our domestic missions.

I shall simply attempt to enumerate briefly some of the chief phases of the Rev. Mr. Gay's work, which it was my privilege and pleasure to witness during the past summer.

First and foremost, a few words concerning the house itself. This institution, or perhaps more properly home, is intended principally for the orphan and destitute children of the neighboring mountainous country near Tomkins Cove. There are at present some thirty children, both boys and girls, who are being trained and cared for within its walls. They are educated on principles which tend to send them out into the world strong and healthy Christian men and women. There is no danger here of moulding boys and girls as if by ma-

chine after one pattern, but just as in a family, room is left for the development of each individuality. The spirit of independence and self-reliance is taught as well as obedience and submission to authority, so that when the time comes for leaving the shelter of their childhood they are able to grow like strong and sturdy plants, instead of fading away like plants raised in some hot-house. They are under the best influence mentally, morally and physically, and resemble more a happy family than the children of any of our other typical orphan asylums.

This feature of Mr. Gay's work could and ought to be made the central point of missionary work in that part of Rockland County. For perhaps the best and only way of influencing permanently for good the ignorant and wretched people of the neighboring mountainous country is by sending them from such homes as this young men and women to live in their midst, reflecting some little at least of the light which they have absorbed. If Mr. Gay were able to do so, he would on a more extended scale attempt to influence the basket makers of that region in this way.

Now, a few words about missionary work proper, and perhaps first, no better way can be found of presenting a clear idea of its extent than by an outline of the services held on Sundays.

In the morning, at 7 A. M., there is Holy Communion, at 9 Morning Prayer and Sunday-school of the children of the house and neighborhood. At 10:30 Litany, sermon and Holy Communion on first Sunday in the month. All the services are held in a large room fitted up as a chapel, which must serve for this purpose until a sufficient amount is raised to complete the Church of the Holy Child Jesus, in process of erection. At 2:30 P. M. there is Sunday-school at the little chapel at Caldwell's (two miles from Tomkins Cove), and at 3:00 Evening Prayer and sermon. At 7:30, Evening Prayer and sermon at Grace Chapel (about a mile from the House of the Good Shepherd.) At 8:00, a religious concert is given, but by none of these are the people living back in the mountains directly influenced. They live at too great a distance, and are unable to attend many of these services. There are living, scattered here and there among the mountains, within a radius of ten miles of Tomkins Cove, many of the so-called basket-makers, earning their living by attempting to do so, by making and selling wicker baskets. One could little imagine that within a distance of forty miles from New York City a class of people in such poverty, and of so low an order of civilization, could be found. For the most part they are ignorant, and very poor, engaged in the hard struggle of earning enough to keep themselves from starvation. The care of these people falls upon the House of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. and Mrs. Gay spend as much of their time as they can afford in ministering to their wants, material as well as spiritual. Many of the basket-makers travel as far as ten miles to the rectory at Tomkins Cove, bringing baskets, for which they can obtain in exchange clothes, blankets, and other necessities. They are often made paupers of, but, whenever able, are expected to give pay in baskets for what they receive. Women sometimes bring their babies down from the mountains, carrying them all the way, in order that Mr. Gay may baptize them. This is one way in which some good is done among the basket-makers. But, in addition, Mr. and Mrs. Gay go back amongst them frequently, holding services, baptizing children, visiting the sick, and ministering to bodily wants. This summer, on every other Sunday afternoon, Mr. Gay held what he calls bus meetings, some six miles back in the country—a simple out-of-door service, held in a grove of trees, attended by fifty to a hundred men and women.

It is a noble example of a great and important work. The possibilities are vast, but, as too often the case, the means only too small. The burden of all this work rests upon the shoulders of one man, the means wherewith to carry it on depends mostly on voluntary subscriptions.

Would that I might think that perhaps some one reading this feeble attempt to give an account of the missionary work at the House

of the Good Shepherd might be impelled to help, and stir up others to help, in strengthening and supporting this missionary in this true work for Christ and His Church.

F. L. H. POTT.

Tomkins Cove, N. Y.

LECTIONARY OF THE REVISED PRAYER BOOK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Whilst no one would advocate any slavish or purposeless identification of our revised Prayer Book with the English, yet I would suggest that it would be convenient if the lectionary of the two Churches could be assimilated. Churchmen pass over from Canada to the States, and vice versa. Many of our sermons are based on the lessons for the day, and it would be a point of approximation and of unity which could be made without any sacrifice of any principle, and would be very convenient to travellers. The English Church revised her lessons some fifteen or twenty years ago, and could not very well change again. If we are now to have a revised Prayer Book we could move in the direction of assimilation more easily than the Church in England.

J. A. GREAVES.

MOVEMENTS TOWARD UNITY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In the closing sentence of the article on "The Mercersburg Movement and Church Unity," in your issue of September 12th, the Rev. Dr. Andrews says: "Our General Convention and the Methodist General Conference have each been waiting since the year 1868 for the other to speak first"—presumably, from the tenor of his article on Unity. May I ask Dr. Andrews through your columns, what was the nature of the communications between the two bodies, to leave them both in this expectant attitude? I know nothing of such communications, and perhaps many others do not. But if there was anything looking toward unity that passed between these two bodies, there are very many, doubtless, who will be glad to have it restated.

M. M. MOORE.

Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 12th, 1885.

BELIEVE "ON" OR "IN."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The inquiry of "Bible Student," in your issue of September 12th, p. 14, is important, I think, as *sermo in* is used first by our Lord and Himself, and the revisers ought always to have translated it "in," and not "on." In the LXX, we find generally the dative, rarely "and, never, I think, "in."

Geo. P. HUNTINGTON.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS—MICHIGAN. A History of Governments by Thomas Melstrey Cooley. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., pp. 378. Price 1.15.)

History has been too exclusively confined to imperial topics. Especially the history of the United States has been treated from the federal point of view, even where their colonial beginnings have been noticed, and from the War of the Revolution State matters have been overlooked. This series of "American Commonwealths" is an effort to repair the omission. As is well shown in one portion of this volume, the real interest of Michigan for a considerable time was purely in its local legislation. Except in the matter of postal facilities nearly every direct concern of its people was with State political action. The history of Michigan as a colony wrested from France by the great struggle which ended with the fall of Quebec, as a territory till after the War of 1812, and as a State to the time of the War for the Union, is one of great interest, and Mr. Cooley has told it with considerable interest and power. Pontiac's conspiracy, Hull's surrender, the "wild cat" banking

episode, the rise of the University of Michigan, are all matters which the general reader may have heard, but probably not one in twenty could speak intelligently upon these topics. This book supplies the want in a great measure, and is a valuable contribution to American history. We must here recall Miss Kirkland's very graphic and amusing volumes, the first of which, "A New Home. Who'll follow?" was widely read and universally enjoyed when it appeared. Re-read in connection with this book, it would give a very lively and useful picture of the development of the new State. And no one can understand North American history without learning something of the peculiar life of each Commonwealth. The differences which make each what it is to-day are differences going back to the foundation period. And no one can rightly consider general legislation without also taking into account the varieties of life which have arisen under State rule.

Michigan took the impress of its early history. Some flavor of the early French settlement was long perceptible in its ways and thoughts. It is peculiar, too, in possessing the longest water front in proportion to its area of any American State. It has a fertile soil, rich also in mineral deposits, and it is placed where much of the traffic of the Northwest must necessarily pass over its territory. Its population is largely of New England origin, while its close proximity to the more English part of Canada brings it in contact with other influences which are peculiarly its own. There is much in this history which it is well for the citizens of other States to read, especially its financial experiments. It tried more than one of these, and their failure on a small scale ought to point a moral to the theorists who would renew them on a larger field.

There is another motive for this book that we must briefly touch upon. History is always most interesting and most instructive when it treats of limited communities. Almost all past history is of this sort, because it takes the representative city or State when it would write of the fate of nations. Paris has for centuries been France, London in a few degrees was England. On the other hand, while the history of the German States is full of incident, nothing can be drier than the story of the German Empire as it is usually given. There is a good map given at the beginning of this volume, and a convenient index.

Mr. Cooley is indebted (and freely acknowledges it) to the charming works of Parkman, and if this volume should lead young America to give the time spared from dime novels to the true story of Indian warfare it would not be the least of its merits.

REPRESENTATIVE ESSAYS. Selected from the series of "Prose Masterpieces from the Modern Essayists." Containing twelve unabridged Essays by Irving, Lamb, DeQuincy, Emerson, Arnold, Morley, Lowell, Carlyle, Macaulay, Froude, Freeman and Gladstone. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 55.

These Essays are many of them well-known to the general reader. The first is from the sketch book of Washington Irving, viz., his dream in the library of Westminster Abbey, on "The Mutability of Literature." For Lamb is the paper on "Imperfect Sympathies" from the Essays of Elia. DeQuincy furnishes the first and second part of his paper on "Conversation." Ralph Waldo Emerson's characteristic lecture or essay on "Compensation," comes next. Quite unlike it is the next, which has given its author no small portion of his fame. Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light." John Morley's lecture on "Popular Culture" follows for a striking example of the variations in views and expressions among men who are essentially akin in thought. Next comes Mr. Lowell's delightful paper "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," per-

haps the best specimen extant of a well-bred retort. Carlyle and Macaulay both follow on "History," J. A. Froude on "The Science of History," and Mr. E. A. Freeman, who perhaps understands better than any of the three what history should be, contributed an admirable essay on "Race and Language," and Mr. Gladstone his review article "Kin beyond the Sea." One cannot help feeling that here is a very admirable collection of modern prose-writers, whether judged as specimens of style or of thought. There is a certain benefit which does not lie wholly on the surface in the essays of such writers as these. They introduce one to many things beyond their immediate scope. For a young man to take a paper of Lord Macaulay's, to look up and write out conscientiously all the allusions in it, would be almost an education in history and letters. To read one of Mr. Freeman's articles is to get a new light upon all history. We might say much more, but why praise individual dishes, when the bill of fare is so expressive.

NEW YORK AND THE CONSCRIPTION OF 1863. A Chapter in the History of the Civil War. By James R. Fry. Retitled "The Draft." New York: The Rank of Colonel, Brevet Major General United States Army, Late Provost Marshal General of the United States. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 85.

General Fry has issued this pamphlet, which is a defence of those in charge of the draft measures of 1863, and an attack in some sort upon ex-Governor Horatio Seymour. We presume few people will read it, and we confess that we do not greatly see the necessity of its publication. It is directed against practically irresponsible publications, which might rather be let alone. Of course it is not pleasant to be misrepresented, but the probability is that not one man in a million now believes the charges recklessly made at the time in the height of partisan feeling. No doubt there were those who honestly supposed that Governor Seymour was opposing the draft from secret hostility to the War for the Union. No doubt there were others who regarded the draft as a needless and cruel measure directed against New York and Brooklyn, because from those cities had come the anti-Republican majority. All this has passed away. Had men on either side no doubt imagined evil things, and freely uttered them. But the great majority can now calmly weigh the real and honest differences of opinion between those whose thoughts were fixed on saving the Union, or those who were anxious to have a Union worth saving. Therefore we cannot feel that this pamphlet is called for quite as strongly as General Fry (who feels himself censured) appears to think. He can afford to leave his justification to posterity, just as Governor Seymour can afford to leave his. There were men in that day to whom oblivion would indeed be mercy, but we hold that neither the one nor the other of the names named above have need to justify themselves.

JERRY McAULEY, HIS LIFE AND WORK. With Introduction by the Rev. S. Ingersoll Prime, D.D., and Personal Sketches by A. S. Hatch, Esq. Edited by the Rev. R. M. Oford. [New York: Mrs. Jerry McAuley, 304 West 82d Street, Ward & Drummond, 119 Nassau Street.] pp. 327.

We have no prejudice in favor of books of this sort. We are not wholly unsuspecting of that kind of enthusiasm which makes much of an interesting covert, and is disposed to parade pious talk as the proof of a changed heart. But we are free to say that we do not think this criticism will apply to the story of Jerry McAuley. Not only does it show him as thoroughly sincere, but after fairly admitting that his religious methods were open to improvement, we cannot but be struck by the practical shrewdness and genial common sense which were at the bottom of his work, and no doubt contributed much to his success. He seems to have understood his field, and to have

gone into it in the right way to make an impression. At the same time we say frankly that there is much about the book which does not wholly please us. We do not believe in the rough and superficial ways which savor of the Salvation Army and which have a still earlier prototype in the doings of the mendicant friars, as satirized in Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*. There is a tendency to confound noise and excitement with real religious feeling, and a roused imagination with a changed heart. But the one fact remains that there is a great moral cesspool into which nice tastes and delicate susceptibilities will not venture, and with which they can do nothing if they try. Our own view is that vigorous police work is the first thing needed, but as that is hopeless in a great American city, probably such work as that of Jerry McAuley is the next best. Best of all would be the shutting off of the influx of a degraded foreign element.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE. For the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1884. (Washington: Government Printing Office.) pp. 78.

As this is a "Congressional document" we suppose its coming to our readers must mainly depend upon their political relations. But we venture to suggest that if some enterprising publisher would take these books and have them put into popular shape they would furnish reading at once more fascinating and more useful than nine tenths of what goes over their counters. The public ought to know the greatness of the work done and its exceeding value. There are twelve districts, with two hundred and one life saving stations. Of these one hundred and fifty-six are on the Atlantic, thirty-seven on the Lakes, seven on the Pacific, and one at the Falls of the Ohio. The work done in a single year is as follows:

Number of disasters, four hundred and thirty-nine; amount of property involved, over ten and-a-half millions of dollars. Of this nine millions were saved. Number of persons on board, four thousand, four hundred and thirty-two. Out of these only twenty were lost, the rest saved—nearly all by means of the Life Saving Service. Take the superintendent's account of the more dangerous and disastrous wrecks and it is as exciting as anything of Mr. Clark Russell's writing. It is a story of heroism, self-devotion and manly courage which cannot easily be surpassed. It is the story of what is going on all the time, unnoticed, unpraised, almost unappreciated except by those who get the immediate benefit of it. There is much the public might do, in aid, outside the proper government work, and there is no call for the work of benevolence which is more wholly unexceptionable than this.

A WALK OF FINE. By Arto Bates. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] pp. 205. Price \$1.00.

There is shown in more ways than one that the author of this story is a student of the old English drama. While the dress is all modern—Boston of the latest—the idea is that of a Shakespearian play. There is that double tide of tragedy and comedy which flows through most of the Elizabethan stories. We do not think the book altogether pleasant, though it certainly is powerful. It seems to us that the ending should have been entirely different in order to justify the sorrowful picture of mental conflict, so skillfully and so tryingly drawn. In the lighter half of the book, the loves of the doctor and the coquette, all this subtle analysis is very pleasant to follow. It is a foregone conclusion that "the novel of the period" must be a character story. The old plots are all exhausted. The man who can write an historical novel no longer lives—perhaps because history is now written by telegraph and newspaper—so that unless a novel is one of character exposition it has no *raison d'être*. But

since this is so, it surely ought to be the care of the novelist to avoid morbid anatomy. There are a great many capital points about this book, touches so delicately clever that we were inclined to accept the title-page name of the author for a *nom de plume*, and to question whether it covered a male or a female personality. But since "Ario Bates" dedicates this book to his wife, and intimates that she was his critical "guide, philosopher and friend" as he was writing it, we must give the credit in part at least to the silent member of the firm. It is no small pity that some other of the stories which come under our notice should not have the same censorship.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S BOOK. For Schools and Families. By authority of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in North America. (Philadelphia: J. C. Fife.) pp. 169.

So far as we can discover, little Lutheran children require the same sort of musical and devotional provision as other little children not prospectively designed for consubstantiationists. They sing the same words to the same pretty tunes as all other children, save little Romanists and little Quakers, and possibly little Hebrews. It is mainly a question of difference of paging and order, and for superintendents of Sunday-schools to be able to say that they "use exclusively the books approved by the General Council," etc., but the article is at base just what will be furnished under any denominational flag whatsoever. We could moralize a good deal (if we thought best) upon this point, and our conclusions would probably be the very opposite of those which the cursory reader might expect. What the fact of unity being confined to the Sunday-school hymnology proves may possibly be that the Sunday-school (as an institution apart from the Church) has not vital Christianity enough to assert itself, and that compromise and weakness are often synonyms.

LITERATURE.

The September Musical Herald contains six pages of music and the usual variety of letter press.

We have received from Scribner and Welford the Monthly Interpreter for June and July, but no later numbers.

The colored plate in Vicks's September Illustrated Monthly is a group of Bouvardias. The number is specially good.

The Unitarian Review has a paper entitled a "Justification of Judaism," by Claudi G. Montefiore. It is one of a series.

GINN & Co., Boston, announce Wentworth's series of arithmetics for primary and grammar schools, with editions for both teachers and pupils.

ELECTRA for September (Louisville, Ky.) is promptly upon our table. It is a magazine devoted to pure literature, and nearly all its contributors are women.

The September Homiletic Review contains much matter that is valuable, but the chief contributors to its various sections are persons unfamiliar to the Church.

WRITE, STOKES & ALLEN have issued in red and black a descriptive catalogue of their publications, and among them will be found many new and valuable works.

"The City, a Study with Practical Bearings," by the Rev. C. E. Stevens, is published by J. J. Little & Co. The centralization of population is a very important problem.

"The Twelfth Annual Address of Bishop Paddock, of Massachusetts," delivered at the Ninety-fifth Annual Convention, has been published in pamphlet by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

ART AGE for September is illustrated by a design for a book-cover for Aulnay Tower, and a Portrait Effect in charcoal by J. C. Beckwith, who is the subject of one of the articles.

The latest of the alumni publications of the General Theological Seminary is entitled "The Rampton Lectures." It is a historical sketch of that foundation by Professor George W. Dean, D.D.

GOON HOUSEKEEPING for September 19, Holyoke, Mass., and New York, has an excellent bill of fare, and if it was generally digested we should have homes instead of boarding houses.

"PURGATORY Not Known to the Bible, the Early Liturgies, and the Christian Fathers, but a Modern Invention," by Dean Hart, of Denver, Colorado, in pamphlet form, is worthy of wide circulation.

The October Lippincott contains a great variety of light and pleasant reading, and should satisfy the tastes of many readers, and it takes them from a "Sheep Ranch in Texas" to a "Jaunt through Palestine."

The colored plate for the Art Interchange of September 10, is a "Shore Sketch," by H. Chase. There are other interesting designs in the number, and a supplement to the notes and queries, and directions for treatment.

"THE Case of Non-Episcopal Ordination Fairly Considered," is the title of the charge of Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of St. Andrews, Scotland, delivered at the recent Diocesan Synod. It is published in pamphlet form.

The articles of the September Journal of the Military Service Institution, for September, are for the most part of a professional interest, but here and there will be found historical incidents that make pleasant reading for the lay mind.

The Bay State Monthly for September possesses a varied table of contents, and its illustrations, some of them on steel, are excellent. It devotes much space to historical reminiscences, and has a paper on "The House of Ticknor & Co."

The Journal of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis makes a pamphlet of some one hundred and sixty pages, and continues among its papers much that is valuable to Biblical students. It is published for the Society in Boston.

The Church Temperance Society has published in pamphlet for general circulation and criticism, a "Proposed Excise Bill for the State of New York." The subject is one of very great importance, and the bill has been carefully considered.

FRANK LESLIE'S October Sunday Magazine is already out. It has a great variety of matter and wood cuts, many of them devoted to English scenes and subjects. There is a large class to which the magazine and its pictures are most welcome.

In the Foreign Church Chronicle and Review for September Dr. Langdon continues his papers upon "Early Relations to Catholic Reform." The number contains much interesting matter in regard to Church work in Italy and among the Old Catholics.

"THE Book of Mormon; Is it from God?" a series of lectures by the Rev. M. T. Lamb, a Baptist preacher, has been published by the author at Salt Lake City. They are said to be a searching examination of the foundation on which that monstrous barbarism rests.

MACMILLAN for September, continues Mrs. Bitchie's (Miss Thackeray) serial, "Mrs. Dymond," and there is an interesting paper on "The Question of Drink in England," and one on "The New National Gallery at Amsterdam." Macmillan's is one of the best of the English magazines.

"THE Church in the Nation, Pure and Apostolic, God's Authorized Representative," Bishop Lay's last work, will be issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. next month. It comprises the bishop's lectures before the General Theological Seminary on the Bishop Paddock Foundation delivered last spring.

THE Sidereal Messenger, Northfield, Minn., is intended chiefly for astronomers and those who are interested in the study of the skies. It is a magazine of high scientific character, but as we see by the September number, it is not ashamed of a text of scripture upon its cover. "An undevout astronomer is mad."

AMONG the tracts left by Bishop Lay none have been more admired and more widely read than his "Ready and Desirous" and his "Studies in the Church." It is, we are sure, a pardonable satisfaction which THE CHURCHMAN feels in having been instrumental in placing these works, as well as "The Return of the Southern Bishops" and "The Quiet Corner," before the Church.

THE October North American has in its October issue a paper by William Waldorf Astor, on "America and the Vatican," and one on "George Elliot's Private Life," by Edwin F. Whipple, a difficult subject for satisfactory treatment, and which, with all his ability, Mr. Whipple has failed to give; he speaks of her union with Mr. Lewes as "violating no principle of absolute morality."

THE July Quarterly and the Westminster Reviews (Leonard Scott Publication Co.) are at hand. In the former is an able paper on "The First Christian Council, A. D. 50," attributed to Dean Burgon, and in the latter are papers on "Dogma in Masquerade," and "Church Missions to Mohammedans in the Turkish Empire." The other articles in both reviews discuss historical, literary and political questions.

THE September Portfolio opens with a continuation of the illustrated series of papers on " Windsor," and there is a full-page etching of Windsor Park, by F. Slocombe. "Giotto, the Franciscan Artist," is the subject of a second paper, by M. H. Conway, on "The Influence of the Mendicant Orders on the Revival of Art." Among the many illustrations is a heliogravure by Dujardin of the "Statue of Demosthenes," and "St. Paul's from Paul's Wharf," by J. Pennell.

SOME time ago, in the Magazine of American History, there was an article on "Puritanism in New York," in which it was said in the matter of the Rev. William Vesey's conforming to the Episcopal Church and becoming the first rector of Trinity church: "This gave the Episcopal Church the primacy in the city, which by right belonged to the Presbyterian Puritans." That is so refreshingly cool, that it ought to have been written in the late heated term instead of midwinter.

THE Magazine of Art for October contains five full page illustrations, including the frontispiece, which is "Chivalry," from a painting by Frank Dicksee. "Arnold Böcklin" is the subject of the opening paper, and there are three reproductions of his weird pictures. "Chloris" is the subject of one of the full-page illustrations, and is from a picture by Raphael Sforza. Two interesting papers are those on "Celtic Metal Work, Pagan Period" and "Burmantofts Faience," both illustrated.

THE September Decorator and Furnisher is a number of great excellence both in its letter press and illustrations. Nineteen of its articles are accompanied with designs or sketches, and many with more than one. Some of the illustrations are in colors. We call special attention to the design in colors for ceiling and side wall, combining fresco with tapestry panels and cabinet work, by Mr. V. G. Stepienich, and to the reproduction in color of the stained glass windows in the Duke of Westminster's Eaton Hall. Its designs are taken from Tennyson's works.

L'ART, No. 508, opens with an article upon "St. Mark's, Venice," by G. de Leris, and it is supplemented by another paper on "The Treasury of St. Mark," by Paul Leroy. The etching of the number is "Parisiennes," by Ringel, after his figure in clay in the Salon of this year. There is also a full-page "Le Souvenir," a heliogravure of Dujardin, after a statue for the tomb of Madame Charles Ferry. There are many other fine illustrations in the number. In No. 509 there is an etching, "A Love Missile," by A. Mongin, from a picture by Alma Tadema, and a portrait of "Madame L—," by Pignet, which was in the last Salon. Among the many engravings is a "Family Portrait," attributed to Frans Hals, and it is an illustration of the first article in the number. The Courier de L'Art, for July accompanies L'Art, and abounds with information in regard to the current art of Europe.

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A VISIT TO HURSLEY, KEBLE'S HOME AND PARISH.

A recent sojourn of several months in England afforded us the good fortune of a pilgrimage to three "shrines," which, if not so ancient as many other places in that land, are nevertheless, to thousands of persons, among the most interesting and dearest of England's fair sights, namely, Eversley, Bemerton and Hursley—the homes respectively of Charles Kingsley, George Herbert and John Keble. These places, not unlike in certain of their characteristics and surroundings, have also about the same population, two or three hundred persons each. The lives, also, of the three noted men have some marked resemblances.

To most tourists Eversley will doubtless be disappointing in some respects, but Bem-

The old "George Hotel" at Winchester opened its hospitable doors to us, and one was made to feel quite awed when learning that upon that spot an inn had been kept for four hundred years! Ancient ghosts, however, did not disturb our slumbers; on the contrary, it was soothing to reflect upon the antiquities of the spot, where, so many generations of mankind had slept, and from whence they had been sent on their ways refreshed for the journey and the battle of life.

Upon inquiring at Winchester, as to the way of reaching Hursley, we were directed to a grocery "shop," whose proprietor was an attendant at the Hursley church. The shop-keeper being out, inquiry was made of his son, a young man of perhaps twenty-five years of age.

"Can you direct me as to the way of

long—and, when I was a little fellow, I would go to sleep."

It was on one of England's lovely autumn days that I enjoyed the ride from Winchester to Hursley, the distance being about five miles. The pleasure of the journey was not lessened because of the fact that the man driving us had known Keble. A more lovely ride, and more beautiful rural sights than those that day enjoyed it were not easy to have and to behold. On all sides, and away in the distance, was laid out before the eye that quiet, restful landscape which so bewitches the traveler in England.

About half way *en route* to Hursley is seen the pretty stone "Pitt Chapel," in Hursley parish, erected in 1858 by Miss Charlotte Yonge, authoress of "The Heir of Redclyffe." She expended about \$4,000 (£800), upon the chapel, which is used as a



HURSLEY VICARAGE—KEBLE'S HOME.

erton and Hursley have a charm and fascination scarcely less potent and real than those with which these places had been previously invested in the visitor's imagination.

Hursley not being directly upon any railroad, the best way of reaching it is from Winchester. The latter city, indeed, invites the attention of the sightseer, and richly repays one for an extended examination. It possesses extreme interest for the antiquary, the educationist and the general tourist, as being the original capital of England, and as having in its midst the ancient St. Mary's College and Wolvesey Palace, the noble cathedral (the largest in England), and the interesting St. Cross Hospital.

Arriving at Winchester on Saturday evening, we impatiently awaited the pleasure of spending the following day at Hursley, being especially glad that a Sunday could be devoted to visiting Keble's church. Most visitors to Hursley, doubtless, see it upon a week day,

getting to Hursley? Do you know at what hours they have services on Sundays?"

"I ought to know," he replied. "I go there, and my father is one of the 'sidesmen' in that church. Well," he continued, "they have 'church' there pretty much all day!—at seven, at half-past ten, at half-past two, and at half-past six o'clock."

Upon our speaking to the young man about the reputation of Mr. Keble, and observing that he was nearly as much beloved in America as in England, the youth remarked, in a business-like way, that Mr. Keble often used to come to the shop, and that "he was a very good man to do business with." I was told that Mr. Keble was very plain in his dress, even indifferent as to his appearance. A bystander in the store spoke with admiration of Keble.

"Yes, I liked him, too," remarked the young man before referred to. "No, I didn't, either," he quickly added, "he used to preach such awfully long sermons—an hour

mission for the poor country folk of the neighborhood. A day-school and a Sunday-school are also maintained. Miss Yonge lives in Hursley parish, two or three miles from the vicarage.

A mile or so beyond Pitt Chapel is an old, large chalkpit, having a deep interest in connection with Keble. In the famous "Oxford Movement" he was the originator, and Pusey and Newman were the others of a noted triumvirate. The secession of Newman to the Roman Church was a lifelong grief to Keble, who had in vain endeavored to dissuade him from "going over to Rome." One day Mr. Keble received a communication from Newman which he felt was to apprise him of his friend's determination to "secede." Mr. Keble withdrew to the seclusion of the lonely chalkpit, two miles away, taking with him the letter, which he there opened and read with much emotion in his solitude.

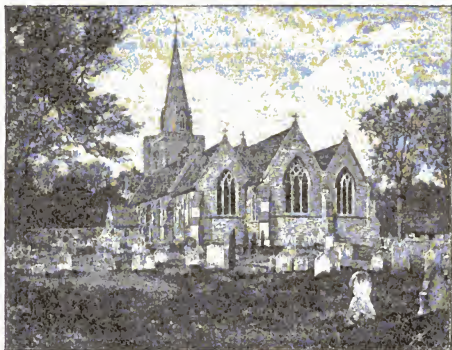
As we rode through the street of the little,

humble, narrow village of Hursley on that lovely Sunday morning, everything seemed to speak of the meek, yet noted man who was the spirit and the genius of the place. So restful, so poetic was it all, that involuntarily our delight voiced itself in declaring "This is, indeed, an ideal 'Hursley!' This is as it should be, for Keble's home." It was not disappointing. Some places associated with our heroes and heroines have a borrowed beauty or poetry added for the embellishment of the picture. Not so Hursley. The idealistic there is realistic, and the realistic is very idealistic.

With thoughts full of Keble all along the journey to Hursley—thoughts of his home, his church, his grave—it was grateful to hear, even before rounding the corner where the church comes into view, the sweet chime as the bells rang out upon the still country air. In a moment more the church appeared in sight, and the spire from whence the music of the bells sounded. Upon viewing the church I was disappointed, most pleasantly disappointed. Not knowing the character and size of the edifice I expected to find a humble, plain church, as Kingsley's is. Instead, one sees what is called, and not unfittingly, "a miniature cathedral." It is, indeed, "fair to look upon." When Keble became Vicar of Hursley, in 1835, an old church existed which was built in 1750. In 1848 Mr. Keble erected the present beautiful "miniature cathedral," defraying the expense out of the proceeds of "The Christian Year." The cost of the church was about \$30,000, (£6,000,) for which sum in England a much handsomer edifice can be erected than in this country, labor and materials being much cheaper there. The old tower was allowed to stand, a new spire being built above it, but the rest of the church is entirely new. There are a clock and chime of bells in the tower.

The church (it is called "All Saints'") has three distinct naves and aisles, plainly indicated outside, as well as within, recalling to the visitor Keble's own words:

"Three solemn parts together twine,
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine:
Yet all are one—together all
In thoughts that awe, but not appal,
Teach the adoring heart to fall."
Everything about the church and church-



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, HURSLEY.

yard betokens three facts: That Keble lived here; that a sacred regard is had to the fitting, beautiful preservation of all, because of him; and the fact that visitors being expected, it is determined that they shall find here a shrine worthy of Keble, from which

Of course, Keble's grave first engages the visitor's attention. Near the west end of the church, hard by the church porch and a walk leading into the beautiful vicarage grounds, are three monumental tomb, in which repose the remains of Mrs. Keble, who died six weeks after the poet's death. The next tomb is Keble's, corresponding with his wife's in size and pattern; and next beyond is buried his sister, who died about five years before him.

Keble's tomb is of purple and white marbles. A cross is carved the entire length. Upon one side of the top of the tomb is a chalice, indicating the priest; on the other side is a book, signifying the author and poet. Around the base of the tomb is the inscription: "Here rests in peace the Body of John Keble, Vicar of this Parish, who departed this life Maundy Thursday, March 29th, 1866. † Et Lux Perpetua Luceat Eis."

Upon Mrs. Keble's tomb are the words: "Here rests in peace the Body of Charlotte, Wife of John Keble, who departed this life May 11th, Ao. Dni. 1866." Lying upon the top of Mr. Keble's tomb was a wreath of fresh flowers.

In one corner of the Hursley churchyard is a very neat Sunday-school building, erected in 1835 (the year of Mr. Keble's entrance upon the incumbency), a tablet upon the building showing the date of its erection.

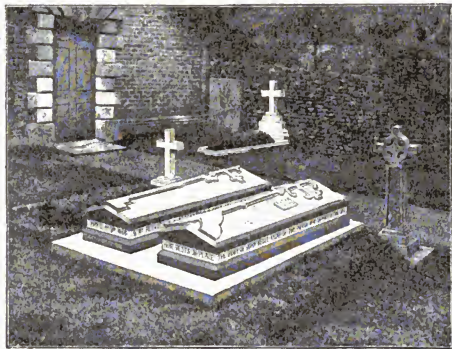
In the rooms within were about fifty children, in the midst of their Sunday lessons.

At 10:30 o'clock we accomplished a cherished purpose of attending a service in Keble's church, and worshipping with the people to whom he ministered and preached. A bulletin-board upon the door containing an announcement, that the sum total of the church contributions for 1883, was £185 (say \$900), a modest amount, truly.

In this beautiful church of Keble's there is much to remind one, in his own words, that

"Within these walls each fluttering guest
Is gently lured to one safe nest—
Without, 'tis moaning and unrest."

The church, it can be truly said, is all



GRAVES OF KEBLE AND HIS WIFE.

they shall take away only grateful memories. The church stands in the midst of a large, beautiful churchyard, in which are many fine lime and yew trees. The main entrance to the churchyard is by a pretty "Lichgate," erected by Mr. Keble.

that a church should be. Being seated some time before the service began, I attentively observed the beauties of the fabric, the excellent proportions, the striking reality impressed upon everything, the beautiful stone columns, the handsome pulpit, the fine cathedral-like choir, the elegant stained-glass windows, the tile floors, throughout the church, and the handsome, roomy pews. Everything portrays dignity, solidity and beauty. All is chaste and beautiful, (seemingly poetic, too), reflecting the poet's refined taste; and as well, serving as a worthy monument to the beloved man, priest, theologian and poet, who lived in this hallowed spot an humble, but eventful, illustrious life.

The beautiful stained-glass windows were not finished until the church was completed. They were placed in the church by Sir William and Lady Heathcote, by the mother of Sir William and by the Marchioness of Lothian.

In the centre of the chancel floor is a large marble slab, surmounted by an elegant horizontal brass cross, the latter seven or eight feet in length. The whole is a fine piece of work. It is a memorial to Mr. Keble by his parishioners, and marks the spot where his body rested during the service at his funeral, April 9th, 1866. The inscription reads: "John Keble, Vicar of Hursley, 1835-1866; fell asleep in the Lord, March 29th, 1866, aged 74 years. 'By Thine Agony and Bloody Sweat, By Thy Cross and Passion, By Thy Precious Death and Burial, By Thy Glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and by the Coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord, Deliver Us.'"

Upon the steps in the chancel, leading to the altar, are several inscriptions, on encaustic tiles. These inscriptions, and the manner in which they are placed, signify the gradual progress of a Christian in a holy life. As an old writer says: "By these steps the ascent of the virtues is sufficiently made manifest, by which we go up to the Altar, that is, to Christ, according to the saying of the Psalmist, 'They go from virtue to virtue.'"

Upon the first step, under the chancel-arch, is inscribed: "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and enter through the gates into the City." Upon the next step beyond are the words: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Inscribed upon the next step we see: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." These words are on the foot-pace of the altar: "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off."

The pews in the church at Hursley are very striking in their arrangement, affording nearly twice the space usually seen in churches from one pew to another. Under each seat on the men's side of the church (the men and women sit on opposite sides) a unique arrangement is seen, contrived by Mr. Keble, for the holding of hats during the service. Four or five sets of brass rods, two in each set, are fastened under each pew on the men's side. One wonders that somebody had not before conceived some such contrivance. Mr. Keble's considerate arrangement will be appreciated by all who have observed (or suffered from)

the operation of some female worshipper sweeping a hat through the aisle by her skirts, while moving to or from her seat.

The Hursley church seats about seven hundred persons. It is large enough to accommodate the whole village, and many from the surrounding country beside. The congregation was composed largely of plain country folk, but there was quite a percentage of persons from higher classes.

In the best pews, in the very front, were eight or ten old men from the "Union" (workhouse), in their simple uniform, to some of whom, doubtless, Keble preached. Speaking of the devotion of the latter to the old men of the "Union," the present vicar, the Rev. Mr. Young, says:

"Seating them in the front pews, Mr. Keble addressed himself especially to them, as he read the second Lesson, reading slowly and with pauses, almost as if he were alone with them and were speaking to them. He was rewarded not seldom by finding how much they learned of the Gospels in this way."

The sight of these humble old men, and the plain character of the bulk of the congregation, brought to mind the plainness of Keble's style of preaching to his people, as seen in his "Village Sermons on the Baptistical Office," which are marvels of simplicity and beauty. Yet a friend of Mr. Keble once complained to him that "he was preaching over the people's heads." He then meekly changed and simplified his style, and, in a letter to another friend, he alluded to his effort to render himself no longer amenable to the criticism of his friendly censor.

On the Sunday referred to the church was moderately filled. The services were rendered by the vicar and curate, the latter preaching, and by a surpliced choir of fifteen men and boys, the music, however, not being very good, the choir showing need of training.

After the service I strolled through the little village street, and with several of the parishioners spoke of the noted man known to them as their vicar and pastor. I told them how revered Keble was in America. "Yes," said a woman of the parish, "Mr. Keble was a very good man; very kind he was to the poor." Then, very quickly she added: "and so is Mr. Young; he gives away more than he can afford to do!"

Meeting the vicar, who is the immediate successor of Mr. Keble, I received from him a courteous invitation to dine at the vicarage. It was no small pleasure to "break bread" at Keble's table. The house, with its luxuriant ivy, its lovely flower-beds and the beautiful lawn and walks, seemed remarkably in keeping with the beauty and charm of all: an ideal picture, one might say. The vicarage was given to the parish for Mr. Keble's use, as vicar, in 1836, by Sir William Heathcote, then a parishioner, and formerly a pupil of Mr. Keble. In the careful, neat keeping of the vicarage and grounds exceeding taste is shown. While seated at a window in the library my attention was called to the spot as having been a favorite place with Mr. Keble when writing, because from the window he could see the church and churchyard.

At dinner the vicar referred to a visit made to Hursley by the late beloved warden of Racine College, the Rev. Dr. Koven. In the "Visitors' Book" kept at

the vicarage were the signatures of Bishops Clarkson, of Nebraska, Doane, of Albany, and other Americans.

When leaving the vicarage an irresistible inclination caused us to pluck some pieces of the ivy, some of it for friends at home.

Apropos of this, an American who visited Mr. Keble a few years before the latter's death asked him to pluck with his own hand some of the ivy, that he might take it to America.

"You may smile at my request," remarked the gentleman to a friend, "but I assure you I know and could name the persons at home who would give me—" he mentioned a large sum, "for every leaf I have in my hand."

An opportunity of attending another service at Hursley occurred at half-past two P. M., when the vicar conducted a Sunday-school "catechising." About fifty children and twenty-five or thirty adults were present. A funeral was to take place afterwards, an open grave having been made near Keble's.

Such is the spot in which lived John Keble. Beautiful as Hursley is in itself, there is also much to interest the visitor in its cathedral-like church, in its quiet, restful churchyard, and in the beautiful vicarage, with its well-kept, lovely grounds and walks. Here, amid Nature's quiet, gentle voices, Keble learned to speak in language that moved the hearts of thousands far distant, and quickened the thought of his fellows. In his rural parish he contemplated the toils of his humble flock and shared their cares; but his horizon was not bounded by Hursley, for he was deeply observant of and a sharer in events that were shaping themselves in the outside world. The world is richer and better for the quiet living of his secluded life, and for his communing with Nature and with Nature's God.

Keble beautifully voiced his thoughts in a verse written by him on Ludwell Hill, a spot whither he often went, and where he often loved to linger when oppressed with care:

"To himself, we've heard him say,
Thanks that I may hither stray;
Worn with age, and sin, and care,
Here to breathe the pure glad air;
Here Faith's lesson learns anew
Of this happy vernal crew;
Here the fragrant shrubs around,
And the graceful shadowy ground,
And the village tones afar,
And the steeples, with its star,
And the clouds that gently move,
Tune the heart to trust and love."

Many admirers of Keble's character and writings, and many who have recognized his capacities for leadership among men, have asked: "Why was such a man allowed to remain in that humble station? Why was he not taken from his isolation, and placed in some centre of influence commensurate with his talents?"

And yet the sphere in which John Keble moved, at home, was not so circumscribed and little as many persons are wont to suppose. The cure of Hursley comprised three churches, besides Pitt chapel, namely, the Hursley, Otterbourne, and Ampfield churches. Mr. Keble had assistant curates helping him in his scattered charge. He gave \$2,000 toward the erection of a new church at Otterbourne, during his incumbency; he also purchased ground and erected a parsonage there, the latter costing \$7,000. At Ampfield a pretty church, costing \$16,000, was built by Sir William Heathcote, who

also gave the ground for a churchyard. The parishioners of Otterbourne have erected in the churchyard there a lofty monumental cross in memory of Mr. Keble.

In the minds of most persons Keble will always be associated with "The Christian Year," although he was a learned theologian and polemic and an able prose writer. Keble originally intended "The Christian Year" to be a posthumous publication. He always published it anonymously. Soon after the book was issued he playfully endeavored to evade an acknowledgment of its authorship, in a letter written in reply to a friend's inquiry. He says:

"I have seen the little book you mention, and I think I have heard it was written by an Oriol man. I have no wish to detract from its merits, but I can't say I am much in expectation of its cutting out our friend George Herbert."

In the first nine months after the author's death 11,000 copies of "The Christian Year" were sold. During forty years subsequent to its original publication 400,000 copies were sold, \$70,000 being Mr. Keble's profit. He had originally offered the copyright to Mr. Joseph Parker for \$100 (£20), the latter refusing the proposal.

The visitor to Hursley should also see the noble memorial to Keble at Oxford, Keble College, erected in 1876 by admirers of the poet in England and America. The fine chapel, rich in elegant mosaics, and costing \$150,000, is the gift of Mr. William Gibbs. Keble College already ranks in prominence with the older-established colleges at Oxford. In the library of "Keble" are the original MSS. of "The Christian Year" and others of Keble's works, some being written on loose scraps of paper. The visitor will also be shown Mr. Keble's library, and the original painting "The Light of the World," by Holman Hunt. This great work of art, costing \$50,000, was presented to Keble College by a gentleman who formerly owned it.

Most reluctantly did I leave Hursley, after a day of such real interest and deep associations. I cast not one look, but many "last, long lingering looks behind," often stopping on the way, loath to leave, and delaying as long as possible the moment when village, church and vicarage should be out of sight. Obligated to walk back to Winchester, we enjoyed the lovely landscape even more, if possible, than during the ride of the morning. On the way I stopped at the "Pitt Chapel," where very humble country folk were worshipping. Although greatly enjoyable was the evening choral service in the grand Cathedral at Winchester, and likewise a later night service at one of the fine parish churches: still, the richer, more abiding pleasure far was that derived from the pilgrimage to the home of the author of "The Christian Year."

A NICKNAME FOR THE REVISION.—Sir Edmund Beckett, who is the "funny boy" of the London Times's controversies, has made an attempt to fix upon the revised version of the Old Testament the nickname of "The Capber-berry Bible" (Eccles. xii. 5), because of an alleged doubtful rendering of the word translated in the authorized version "desire." But he is sufficiently answered by the Dean of Wells, one of the revisers, who shows that the new reading has the sanction of every great Hebraist and every important Codex.

UNFIT TO LIVE, AND AFRAID TO DIE.

BY THE REV. E. W. LOWRIE.

'Twas thus a friend wrote me the other day. I was pained, for she is a valued friend of now many years standing, and one, too, whom I have ever found to be as consistent to duty, religious and otherwise, as it really seems given to us poor frail mortals to be. Yet I grieved not as I might have done at an earlier time of life when I was more in the green timber of life's experience, and less mature as guide, philosopher and friend. For I was (and am) convinced that it was only the language of confidence in a moment of depression; moments, to which all are liable, and many subject. The heart is deceitful above all things, and nothing is less safe as a standard than its feelings. They ebb and flow by no fixed law; or, at any rate, by no law that we can fix, and no time-table by which we can calculate. Like the winds, they have, doubtless, real causes, and like the rain a father, but you and I cannot tell whether they come, or whether they go. . . . Yet, no doubt, my poor sad friend is not alone. Our deceitful hearts may have often said that to us, and caused us, gazing from the windows out upon life, to moisten and hlur them with tears that we could not, or cared not, wipe away. If any others be so, take courage as she did, and go on, and duty done gives strength duty to do, and "grace sufficient," not grace before nor grace more than, yet none less than the need, and "strength as the day," not above it nor at all below it, shall be, as it ever has been and ever will be, vouchsafed. David was frequently depressed. His heart was often heavy (and it had heavy cause to be at times) as he swept some of the Psalms from the strings of his harp.

Elijah was. Did he not pray God to take his life? He was in the depths of depression. The clouds were near; the sun afar off. Yet that very man—went he not up to heaven at the last, in a chariot of fire?

John the Baptist, incarcerated in walls of stone, was imprisoned too in walls of doubt and distrust. "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?"

There are temperaments which are as sensitive as so many thermometers; such are, of course, particularly liable to hours, nay, days and weeks of almost continuous depression.

Often, if it be from physical causes, it will remove itself, as any other disease. The liver has much to do with the conscience.

And, then, too, this state of feeling shrinks from notice and outward expression. Our deepest feelings are often our unuttered ones. There is a natural feeling of delicacy about laying our hearts open upon the dissecting-table before another. "Every heart knoweth his own bitterness," you know; and "no other heart, tho' next our own, knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh." Everyone has a holy-of-holies which he will not often allow any foot to enter save his own.

And I can partly sympathize with all this. There is a sacredness about the deeper phases of religious experience which would fain keep inviolable. Yet, while this is so, while there are thoughts too delicate for speech (ordinary speech, any-

how) and which, spoken, seem to become coarse, yet this state, if persisted in, may become gloom; and while I appreciate the answer of a man who was rudely accosted, "My brother, how is your soul to day?" rejoined, "My brother, it is none of your business," still, while not favoring a class-meeting-like violation of good taste and natural instincts, nor an encouragement of dissimulation, or the possibility of cant, or mere goody pietism; granting all this, I say, while counselling to avoid at once Scylla and Charybdis, a confidence like that of my friend may lead to a better understanding of one's self, and help clear up the sky and off the clouds as a moderate storm in summer often does.

And, in doing so, in seeking fit and delicate language, how excellent a vehicle the Psalms. Some one compares them to Joseph. Under an assumed personality, he asked after his father and blessed his brethren. The heart of Joseph the kinsman spake thro' the lips of Joseph the chief ruler. —(Robertson). "Why art thou so heavy, oh, my soul?" . . .

Possibly we can give no answer, no reason why it is "so disquieted" within us; but whatever the cause, the rest of David's sentence comes in as the remedy: "Put thy trust in God, for I will yet give Him thanks who is the help of my countenance and my God." In what a veil of delicacy, I may observe, following the same writer, does this enable us to clothe our most sacred thoughts. Poetical and dignified (as he well says), never over-familiar, all appearance of exaggeration is excused by such as do not enter into their spirit; and by those who do, the psalm-spirit is cheerfully appropriated, so that this latter class unbend their hearts, hardly suspecting that they are doing so, and without the least feeling of that invasion of sanctity which they would have had had they been using the ordinary speech of every day. The Psalms are surviving the rest of the Old Testament in popular use and love, and for this very reason. As Joseph spake for his other self, so David speaks for men this day. Religious wants are much the same one era as another, my friend. Some one thinks that one reason why the class-meeting is becoming abandoned is because it infringes on the delicacy of personal experience; but I note that, as if to save these meetings, the "use" has grown up on the part of the younger members, at any rate, of modestly reciting some snatch of a Psalm as their "testimony," a tribute to the Psalter second only to our "use" of it in public worship. But I wander.

A friend of mine, General —, silenced an adversary, who was disposed to be hypercritical, if not skeptical, by replying some nine and-thirty times to his doubts, in pure Scripture: "Only that, and nothing more." After the thirty-nine strokes the "party of the second part" surrendered, and in time was—confirmed!

"Unfit to live, and afraid to die!" "Put thy trust," etc. You pain me, oh, my friend—my friends, if others there be—but not so much as you would once have done. I have a wholesome dread of emotionalism. My word for it, you are fitter than you think, and less afraid than you imagine. At any rate, live on, and die only when the time comes. Don't "die daily" in the arms of your bad feelings.

THE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.*

The course is finished. The weary life-journey ended. The day, with its early brightness and promise, its meridian fervor and shaded evening is closed. The voice that has often echoed within the walls of this spacious sanctuary, and which has aroused many a slumbering conscience is now hushed, and the lips that had uttered thrilling exhortations are pallid and dumb.

Many affecting memories are awakened by this solemn funeral occasion in the minds of those who knew the departed rector of this church in years gone by. We recall vividly, not the decrepid, and exhausted invalid, but the powerful advocate for truth and righteousness, as he stood up in his manly and unimpaired vigor, an earnest, fearless ambassador for Christ.

The current of life at the present day flows on swiftly—old landmarks soon sink in the distance—the men who were prominent a few years back are now almost forgotten—names and events of a half century or a quarter century ago seem already historical. But if the world loses sight of well-known forms and the recollections of the Church grow faint and dim, the life-work of Stephen H. Tyng is not destined to perish.

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." His hand-writing was not upon the sand to be effaced by the returning wave—but is inscribed in an everlasting register, and indelibly stamped upon souls won for Christ. "I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." What is done in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ is abiding and imperishable. There are those, not a few, now living unto God, active in the Master's service, who were brought under his ministry to the Saviour's feet, some of them, doubtless, in this assembly to-day. There are others, probably a still greater number, who have preceded him and have crossed the boundary line, and it may be now laid with joy his entrance into their blessedness.

Dr. Tyng was a man heartily engaged in many departments of Christian labor—a busy man while his working day lasted—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit." He did with his might what his hand found to do, and never overlooked or neglected any of his pastoral duties. But it was pre-eminently as a preacher that he improved his talents, honored his Lord and served his generation. Those who listened to him in the culmination of his powers cannot forget the impression made by his sermons. Our Church at that period was small in numbers and extent compared with its present state; but its pulpit was adorned by a number of ministers who, we may assert without

disparagement to the present day, have not been since surpassed. The sermons of such men as McIlvaine, Bedell, Hawks, the Johnses, Elliott, Burgess, Vinton and others whom I could name, were eloquent and instructive in a high degree, full of thought and beauty, and pervaded with an unction from above. Among these eminent and honored preachers of the Word, Dr. Tyng stood in the front rank. Each had his peculiar excellences, one distinguished in this respect and another in that. In some points our departed brother was not behind the chiefest. There was intense energy, burning zeal, direct and pointed application which powerfully affected his hearers. He was remarkably gifted as an extempore speaker. His words flowed in an unbroken stream, a torrent of thought and feeling that carried congregations with him. He never hesitated for a word—and

sermons, and of his whole bearing, was fearlessness. If he was for many years, in the best sense, a popular preacher, he never sought popularity by concealment or compromise of his views of truth and duty. He never consulted the prejudices of his hearers, nor kept back aught that was profitable lest he should give offence. Under all circumstances his courage was unflinching. Those who attended his ministry must count upon being forcibly reminded of duties and being plainly warned against sins. To some persons his boldness might sometimes seem to border on defiance, but his governing impulse was the desire to be faithful to the Master whom he served, and to the souls over whom he watched as one that must give account. And with boldness of rebuke he always set forth redeeming love in the most full and persuasive representations.

He magnified the Lord Jesus in all His offices of power and grace. The living, life-giving, loving Christ illumined his appeals; and if he sometimes seemed severe, he could also be tender and affectionate, and such expressions from his lips came with great effect.

The subject of these remarks was indeed a strong man—strong in his native endowments, intellectual and physical—a quick, active, penetrating mind in a vigorous frame. Had he chosen another calling, embarked, for instance, in political life, he would have been one to sway by his impetuous and fiery eloquence great masses of men, as well as to command the attention of listening senates. He was strong in faith, decided in his convictions, holding the truths which he had adopted with wise-like tenacity. He believed, therefore he spake. He was strong in his apprehensions of the magnitude of his office and the everlasting results of his ministry. He was strong in his knowledge of men and discernment of character and direct application of truth to the heart and conscience.

The closing years of life, when laid aside by the providence of God from the duties of his calling, might suggest to those who knew him in his prime the exclamation, "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!" But an aged and faithful servant of the Lord is not forsaken, nor less loved, because his strength faileth. The treasure is placed in an earthen vessel, and the vessel of clay is subject to deterioration and infirmity. But it is the casket that is impaired, not the jewel. In the glowing language of St. Paul, to which we have just listened, we find exceeding consolation for such an event as temporary eclipse and failure: "So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and there is a



THE LATE REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.—[From photo, by Bogardus.]

the word used seemed always the most fitting—and his sentences were as well rounded and complete as if carefully elaborated at the desk. But while so fluent in utterance he did not become merely rhetorical or declamatory. His sermons were enriched by the fruits of patient study and previous preparation. He was a diligent reader, and specially a close student of the sacred Scriptures. "The law of the Lord was dearer to him than thousands of gold and silver," his occupation by day and meditation by night, and he poured forth out of his treasure things new and old. One main attraction and element of power was the scriptural character of his teaching, and his lectures and expositions were exceedingly vivid, clear and interesting. His hearers gained new and striking views of the beauty and fulness of the word of God, and went from the church to their Bibles with increased zest and profit.

A marked characteristic of Dr. Tyng's

*An address made at the funeral of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D. D., on Tuesday, September 8th, 1885, in St. George's church, New York, by the Right Rev. Alfred Lee, D. D., LL. D.

spiritual body." "And, as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." With the natural body we associated corruption, dishonor and weakness. Though so admirable in its structure, it may become a wreck. The harp of thousand strings, disarranged and out of tune, is no longer able to discourse eloquent music. But to the spiritual body are ascribed incorruption, glory and power. It shall rise from ashes and decay to immortality, fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. Such, to-day, is the hope that cheers us respecting our brother departed. The Lord grant that our part may be with him in the resurrection of the just.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE PRESERVING THE BODY POLITIC.

BY W. C. PRIME.

It is not often that a volume of sermons is good reading for a summer afternoon in the woods. But I have spent this afternoon and evening with such a volume, reading sermon after sermon. And if you be of thoughtful mind, teachable, and liking to be led by a strong thinker and a strong writer, a man of earnest faith and accomplished scholarship wherewith to uphold his faith, I recommend to you a volume, "Life After Death, and Other Sermons," by the late Professor Edwin E. Johnson of Trinity College, published by Brown & Gross, at Hartford.

The death of Professor Johnson was a severe loss, not alone to Trinity College and the Trinity parish of which he was rector, but to the American Church of whatever denominational name. For he was a man of might, and possessed an unusual combination of qualities making that might. He was a scholar and a student, a man with large intellectual possessions and constantly increasing acquisitions, a rhetorician of unsurpassed ability, clear in language, eloquent in diction, and over and above all a man thoroughly in earnest. You felt, when you heard him, that he intended what he said; that he desired most earnestly to teach you that which he himself knew to be truth. His voice, as all who knew him remember, was peculiar. At first hearing it was strange, and you hesitated whether it was or was not unpleasant. But in very short time it became peculiarly musical, and then very penetrating and winning. No one accustomed to hear him read the Litany will ever forget the melodious power with which, now in pathos, now in entreaty, now in tones that would not take a denial, he led his people to the very throne of majesty as petitioning subjects who had right to pray there, and plead their bill of rights. Few men, if any man, had ever such a way of holding his hearers close with him from beginning to end of his sermons. And this, perhaps, because he never uttered a sentence which was obscure, and each sentence followed on the previous one as a forward step in a line of thought, and as he approached the end he grew more and more anxious that you should follow along with him, and you could not resist the power which drew you.

I had but a very slight personal acquaintance with him, and was not very often in his church, and yet when he was dead I felt that a very important part of my life sur-

roundings was gone; that I had counted on him, had thought a great deal about him, about his sermons, had looked to getting counsel, information, education from him all my life. This volume of his sermons is all I have left of him. But the Church and the world have much more. The works of such men follow them—do not go with them—follow long after, follow through the lives of those that remain, in public and in private life, from generation to generation, from age to age.

Are you who read this, my friend, one of those who regard the old orthodox religious faith as of no special account in the political, commercial, or social systems which surround you? You are in blind error if you so think. The work of the defenders of the faith lives in the body of our political and social fabric. It is not the blood, but it is that characteristic, without which the blood would be foul, would grow poisonous, abominable. Men talk a great deal about the permanence of republican institutions depending on the virtue of the people, and forget that the people are not virtuous. Whatever of the saving quality of virtue is in them comes from the religious faith of the fathers. They who are not profoundly sensible of personal responsibility to a divine law of right and wrong, which will reward merit and punish demerit, cannot be sensible of a personal responsibility to any human fabric of law. Men will either obey a God or follow the dictates of self interest. Exceptions to the rule are few. There is no natural law of humility, of self sacrifice. You will see this truth illustrated in countless ways. But a serious student of his country's history and condition needs no illustration. The truth stands out on every page of past or of contemporary history. The value of real estate depends on churches. The stability of society depends on the religion of those who are the actual leaders, the governors of society. The great charities of the day are founded by religious people.

The power of the Church in the middle ages, much despised and derided in modern literature, and without doubt having much evil mingled in its good, nevertheless, did establish in the minds of all civilized men in Europe the sense of a responsibility beyond this life, the fear of God even where there was no fear or respect for man; and this sentiment has been handed down from generation to generation, and remains in the soul of Europeans. No frenzy of infidelity among the people, no wild rush out of its restraining influences, as in the French Revolution, can eradicate it, so long as here and there the Church still preaches the doctrine of Immortality with future reward and retribution.

The Church has been thus far the salvation of this republic. Nor is there a sane man who reads this who can doubt that if the Church were suppressed, were to die of inanition, or become a mere rationalistic society, teaching the religion of natural humanity, the republic would have a short lease of life. And by the Church we mean the old orthodox Churches, teachers of the doctrine that God is judge as well as Saviour, that there is a hell as well as a heaven, that however men boast of liberty of thought there is certain judgment for evil thought as for evil deed.

Thus the restraining power of the teach-

ings of the pulpit is an element in the social and political forces of the day, which only superficial politicians overlook. There is an awful restraint on human action imposed by the power of an endless life.

Not many years ago a performer in a low class theatre or circus, who had many admirers among the lowest classes of our city population, died suddenly. His funeral was attended by a vast crowd of this sort of men. It was one of the most remarkable assemblies ever gathered in a church. The countenances were indicative of the class represented. These were men whom no Church, Roman or American, had under any influence. But a more solemn assembly never gathered. The silence which reigned over crowded pews and aisles was profound. No one whispered to neighbor or friend. When the voice of the minister was heard reading portions of the Burial Service I watched the emotional indications of the faces. There was no smiling, no sneering, no listless looking around, but after awhile, under the simple influence of the occasion, the surroundings, the sublime words of Holy Writ, the tears began to run down cheeks here and there. Such emotion is catching, even among such men, and in a few moments, out of a thousand New York roughs, a large majority were weeping like girls.

Perhaps they all went away and forgot it. That has nothing to do with my point. There was in them all a certain leaven of character derived from a knowledge of immortality and the responsibility to a God somewhere in the endless hereafter which made that strange scene. And that same leaven in the general character of the worst men of the sovereign American people is the restraining power which from day to day saves us from the terrors of unbridled popular no-government.

If it were possible to trace the effects of the teachings of the good men who have gone from the American pulpit, leaving their works to follow them; if we could see the influence on one and another individual character, and from those on others, we should recognize the indebtedness of the whole country to them. Why will not men be frank with themselves? They acknowledge the preserving power of virtue, but they have a vague idea that virtue means something not quite so rigid as pure and undefiled religion. Read the history of Europe for two thousand years, and learn from it that there has been no such thing as public virtue, and the only approach to it has been in the private individual acceptance by many of the faith delivered to the saints of old. We call ours a Christian country, because among us are such a vast number who accept the Cross and its lessons.

Beneath our whole system of law, as its foundation, lies the law delivered on Sinai. Nor is it possible to erect a system of law on any other basis than this—that the decalogue is the law of a God and not of man. If there be no God, there is no natural or possible ground for any such enactment as "Thou shalt not steal," or "Thou shalt do no murder." All the virtue there is in man can only teach him that for himself and for whomsoever he loves, it is his joy and duty to rob others when he can do it with impunity, and murder every one who interferes with what he calls his personal liberty. —*Journal of Commerce.*

"IN THIS WAS MANIFESTED THE
LOVE OF GOD."

BY G. A. MACKENZIE.

"Where is Thy love, my Father!" "Look
afraid:

Mark the soft cloud that dreams on yonder
hill—"

"Nay! from the cloud the red death leaps
to kill.

And soon the inconstant year robs wold and
weald

Of all their gladness." "See, then, love re-
vealed

In thine own being, and the gifts that fill
Thine easy lot!" "Thou sayest, Lord: and
still

Death darkens life, joys pass, and quickly yield
To pain." "Nay, then, fond soul, if love
divine

Thine own life prove not; if the prospect,
crowded

With loveliness, proclaim not love, the sign
In death and pain shared with thee shall be
found:

To Calvary's sacred hill lift up thine eyes,
And read love's perfect proof in sacrifice."

ROBERT ORD'S ATONEMENT.

BY ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

"Why are you sitting here alone, and
where are they all gone? Good heavens,
are you ill, Rotha?"

He might have thought so by the way
she uncovered her white face and looked at
him, and then clung to his arm with her
two hands, trembling from head to foot.

"Robert, is it really you—alive—unhurt?
Oh, Robert, Robert, what a fright you have
given us! Oh, I thought it must be too
terrible to be true," cried the girl, with her
eyes brimming over and her face perfectly
radiant.

"What is too terrible? Do you mean
you have heard of the accident to the
Blackcar train? I galloped round as fast
as Mr. Ramsey's horse would take me, that
I might arrive before any one heard of the
affair. I was afraid Austin would be
frightened, but I hardly thought—I hardly
hoped—that—"

He did not finish his sentence, but his
own face worked, and he was evidently
greatly moved at this frank expression of
joy at his safe return. For the moment he
held the little hands tightly in his, and then
with a sudden impulse lifted first one and
then the other to his lips.

"I did not expect such a sweet welcome,
Rotha. How could you—how could you
care so much, my darling?"

But Rotha, scarlet and confounded at her
own impulsive words, started away from
him like a young fawn.

"Where is the vicar, Robert? We must
go and tell the vicar; he has gone down to
the station with Mr. Townsend."

"Come, then," said Robert, holding out
his hand, with a smile.

He had no wish to take advantage of the
sweet impulse that had made her cling to
him. For this evening at least he would
respect the shy reticence that had grown
out of her impulsiveness. He walked be-
side her with a proud and swelling heart,
but outwardly as calm and kind as ever;
but Rotha, who had overheard his last

words, drooped her head and answered in
monosyllables, and, as soon as she caught
sight of the vicar, took shelter under his
wing directly.

The vicar did not say much, but he looked
from one to the other, and held out his
hand to Robert with an unsteady smile.

"We have had a terrible fright, Robert,
and I hear Edward Elliot told her, and so
she knew it, too. I would not go through
the last half-hour again for half my income.
By what providential means did you manage
to miss your train?"

"Mr. Ramsey detained me, Austin; and
while I was waiting on the platform, chaf-
ing like a blind fool at the tiresome delay,
we got news of the collision just outside
Leatham Junction; and, knowing what a
horrible state you would be in, I went round
to the mews where I had put Mr. Ramsey's
bay mare, and rode her off to Burnley as
hard as I could, and here I am."

"For His mercy endureth forever," ejacu-
lated the vicar. "Oh, Boh, if I had been
called upon to lose another brother—and
you only just come home!" And Robert,
touched by his agitation, linked his arm in
his brother's, and the two walked away to-
gether.

The line was pretty clear by this time, and
the officials informed the vicar that a special
train would be ready in half an hour. So
Rotha went down on the pier with the other
teachers to marshal the children and hunt
after stragglers. The work and the cool sea-
breezes did her good, and she was success-
ful in holding herself aloof from Robert
during the return journey. She got into a
different compartment, and as soon as they
reached Blackcar she headed the first divi-
sion of the children to the schoolhouse,
where they were to receive a final bun each;
and Robert, who had to see after his horse,
was left far enough behind.

Rotha left the other teachers at the school-
house and went off alone, in reality to get her-
self quieted for the evening, for Mrs. Ord had
made her promise to come to the vicarage
to supper to talk over the events of the day.
The church was always open, and it seemed
to her the quietest place. It did not matter
one bit that Meg was playing there; she
slipped into a dark pew by the door and
listened to the solemn strains, feeling rested
and soothed in spite of herself. She was so
absorbed by the music and her own thoughts
as well that she was quite unaware that
after a time she had been followed, and that
a tall, dark figure had silently entered and
taken up its station near her, awed and
silenced by the weird music that seemed to
peal out of the semi-darkness.

Rotha rose and went out after a time, and
then paused as usual by Belle's grave to re-
adjust the wreath which always hung over
the cross. Yesterday Rotha had placed a
fresh one made of sweet spring flowers, but
already it was withered; a mournful con-
viction that this withered garland was a
meek emblem of Belle's unfinished life and
broken hopes crept over Rotha, and, as she
laid her cheek to the marble cross, where
only last night Robert had rested his weary
head, she said more than half aloud:

"Poor Belle, how well she loved him!
But I can understand it now. Ah, it is
coming; I know it; I am sure of it, if only
Gar would have had it so!"

"What is coming, Rotha? Why would
Gar not have it so? Dear, I did not mean

to startle you. I could not help following
you here." A hand is laid softly on her
arm; the voice is very calm and reassuring.
What does she fear that she lays her cheek
only the closer to the marble cross, and
clings more tightly to its smooth stonings.

Only a churchyard—a white gleaming
cross—the moon shining from behind a bank
of dark fleecy clouds; only a tale of love
told over a gramy mound; only a girl listen-
ing to it with her arms entwined about the
marble headstone; only the tears from
happy eyes watering the dead girl's grave
with dew of blessing for the living, and a
voice with a tender break in it like Gar's
says:

"Just one word, Rotha—one word to tell
me that you have listened and heard; or, if
you cannot speak, put your hand in mine
and I will understand you then."

What if her hand goes out to him in the
darkness? What if strong arms draw her
from her stony support, and gather her close
to a faithful breast? Can she check those
happy tears flowing all the faster for his
mute tenderness? Presently, when she
grows calmer, she lifts up her face to him—
that dear face which he has learned to read
so clearly now—and asks him if he will
take her back into the church for a little
while.

And as he yields, in some little surprise,
the music breaks into some grander mea-
sure, swelling triumphant down the echoing
aisles; and then he understands that this is
their betrothal, and kneels beside her in that
mute thanksgiving prayer of hers; and
then, as the music ceases and Meg leaves the
organ, Rotha comes out of the porch hand
in hand with Robert, and walks down with
him to the vicarage.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Conclusion.

"Ah, who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And onward the lot myself had craved,
To set me higher?
What have I done that He should bow
From heaven to choose a wife for me?
And what do I deserve He should endow
My home with thee?"—Jean Inglow.

"My story he told out; the day
Draws over his shadow, time doth overtake
The morning. That which ended, call a lay
Sung after pause—a motto in the break
Between two chapters of a tale not new
Nor joyful, but a common tale, Adieu."
—Ibid.

They were at supper at the vicarage when
they entered, but Mrs. Ord had hardly time
for a reproachful exclamation before the
vicar, after one glance at Rotha's happy
blushing face, had jumped from his seat
and had fairly taken her in his arms.

"Is it so? God bless you, my dear child.
You have made us all very happy. Won at
last, and bravely too. Dear old Bobus!
There, take her to Mary."

But Mary, startled and overwhelmed by
what were to her such utterly unexpected
tidings, could only hold Rotha in her arms
and cry over her, and hope inarticulately
that she would be happy, very happy.

"That she shall be, God helping me," said
Robert, quietly. "Mother Mary, are you not
going to wish me happiness too?"

And, as he stooped his handsome head
over her, she put back the gray waves of
hair tenderly from his forehead and whis-
pered: "Dear Robert, I am so glad, and
our darling would be glad too," and then
hid her face—poor Mary—on his shoulder
and cried, remembering how, ten years ago,

he had come to her for her sisterly congratulations.

"Dear Mary, I understand you."

It was a proof of Robert's new gentleness that he should soothe this hurt of natural feeling so patiently and kindly. Rotha was looking shy and almost sad over this little scene, but Robert presently came to her side with a quiet, happy smile, and Austin soon cheered up his wife, and the remainder of the evening passed like a delightful dream. Robert walked as usual with Rotha to her own door, but before they parted he said a grave word or two that somewhat upset her.

"I shall leave everything to you, Rotha; but do not let it be long before you become my wife. For five years I waited for a blessing which never came, and for five more I suffered almost hopelessly, and now I feel as though many of my best years are gone; but you must come to me soon, dear, and make me young again."

Rotha pondered over these words, and grew hot and cold over them, but for a little time nothing more was said to mar the beautiful serenity of those first few days when Robert and she were always together; and she learnt hour by hour to appreciate still more fully the noble nature of the man who was to be her future husband, when the traces of his past faults became beauties in her eyes, and she could realize more and more that it was good to lean on the strong arm that was to be hers through life.

Rotha had respite for a little while, during which she learnt to know herself and Robert more thoroughly, days during which Meg and Mary were never weary of praising the sweet face that had grown so calm and tranquil under its new happiness; and then came a day when Mary and the vicar came to her, and when Robert pleaded in a few manly strong words that there should be no delay, no dallying with time.

"I shall never grow younger, darling, and I think you know me well enough by this time to trust me with your happiness. I want my wife, to have her dear presence always near me, strengthening me."

And Rotha, with the look of meek love she already bore for him, slipping her little hand in his, said:

"Whenever you like, dear Robert, and the vicar wishes," and quietly yielded the point, when they all said that it was no use waiting till the autumn, but that they thought the might be ready by the middle of August, and, when it was pressed upon her, Rotha said she thought so too.

Mary and Meg soon had their hands full of delightful business, and Rotha was quite passive in their hands. She did everything that her friends thought right. One or two of the rooms in Bryn were to be remodeled for the new master, and Meg, by her own desire, was to take up her abode in the Children's Home.

Rotha took far more interest in these arrangements than in ordering her fine new dresses. She made Robert come up to Bryn and look at his old rooms before the painters and whitewashers turned everything topsyturvy. Robert was strangely moved at these evidences of his boyhood, and at Rotha's care in preserving them. He knew all about her full-grown heir by this time, for one day the vicar basely betrayed her confidence in her presence. Robert went all over Bryn, from the garret to the basement, telling Rotha many anecdotes of his

old life. He made her show him Aunt Charlotte's jewels, and further stipulated that the pearls were to be worn on her wedding-day; and before he left he drew her to him, and told her in grave, tender tones how her generosity and magnanimity had humiliated him long years ago, and how the bitterness of his accusation had recoiled upon himself, and made his life for a long time barren; and how little he deserved to spend his future days under the shelter of that roof from which his bad temper and obstinacy had driven him, and how still less he deserved the crowning glory of her love.

"My future life shall be one long act of gratitude and atonement if I am spared," he finished, and Rotha, who knew his faithfulness and integrity, felt certain he would keep his words.

The summer, with its pleasant courting days, passed away only too quickly for Rotha. Robert spent all his leisure hours with her, either at Bryn or at the vicarage. He had a horse of his own now, a wedding present from Mr. Ramsay, and rode to and from Stretton every morning and evening. By and by, when it was in the stable at Bryn, a beautiful bay mare made its appearance from the same munificent donor, and Robert ordered a riding-habit from London, and taught Rotha to ride, and was not at all surprised when she made a splendid horsewoman.

"My wife does everything well," was a speech very often in Robert's mouth.

But at present Rotha had neither horse nor habit, but was quite content when Robert took her out for long country walks in the sweet summer evenings. They went over to Burnley once or twice, and Rotha told Robert all the girlish fancies she had had in the dim wintry woods.

But she loved best to take him to her Children's Home, and see him gather the children round his knee and tell them stories of the New World and its wonders; and before long Rotha found she would have a true helpmeet in all her benevolent schemes. Robert's large-heartedness and his secret ways of doing good were proverbial in the family; he threw himself into Rotha's plans for the new Home with an enthusiasm which surprised her, until she learnt more and more how his deep, still nature loved to do good for its own sake, and thought nothing too small if it could benefit a suffering brother or sister.

"You can build the Home, if you like, next summer, Rotha," he said to her one day. "I have been looking over your accounts as you wish, and I see you have a large surplus sum at the bankers, in spite of your munificent deed of gift to Reuben and Guy; and although the expenses of your two sons' education are very great, I think we can afford it, for I am a tolerably rich man now, and Laurie is going to be my charge."

"We can do so and so"—how sweet that used to sound in Rotha's ears! Never to be alone any more, to have Robert to work with her, to direct her with his man's counsel and strengthen her hands with his praise; what a rest to the lonely girl who had fought such a fierce battle, and who had accepted her bitter stewardship so bravely! No need to keep it all for him any longer, who prized one word of love from her lips more than the wealth and

comforts she could give him; no need to keep it all for him when she had given herself into that faithful keeping.

It was the evening before her marriage; it had been a busy, trying day, in spite of Meg's efforts to lighten her labors; and Rotha, when she came down to Robert, looked pale and harassed, a trifle moved from her serenity. And Robert, understanding how she felt, took her down on the shore that the fresh sea-breezes might blow her fatigue away, and let her stand there silently by his side undisturbed by questioning, till the tired eyes, dazzled by pomp of finery and the unreality of bridal garments, might grow rested by the calm of summer seas and evening shadows.

It was a proof of his unselfishness that he never spoke of his own exceeding happiness, or reminded her by look or word that this was the last evening she would be Rotha Maturin. Now and then he spoke to her, but only of the scene that lay before them, till he was rewarded by seeing the ruffled brow grow calm again, and the old color come back to the weary face.

"Dear Rotha, they ought not to have let you tire yourself like this. I shall take better care of you than that."

"They could not help it, Robert; there was so much to do, and Mr. Tracy came so late. I don't mind now. I am getting rested; I always do with you," and Rotha leant gratefully on the strong arm that loved to support her.

Presently, of her own accord, she asked him if they should walk towards the churchyard, as service was over, and it would be quite quiet now. Robert answered that it was just what he wished; but that he had feared to tire her by proposing it; and then they slowly retraced their steps.

They stood for a long time silently by the marble cross, till Robert saw the tears in Rotha's eyes, and questioned her gently.

"I ought not to have brought you here to-night, my darling."

"Why not, Robert? It is so quiet and beautiful up here; and see how the soft wind sweeps over the grass, as she said. Robert, I can't help thinking of Gar to-night."

"Oh, Rotha!" he drew her towards him, sorely troubled, almost jealously; "not of Gar to-night, surely, darling."

"Happily—only happily. Nay, Robert, you never thought that. I was so wishing he could see us to-night. I think he would be so glad, Robert."

"My darling, why should we doubt it? Surely the knowledge of our happiness, if they know it, will be as precious as ever to their sainted souls. But, Rotha, I am only a poor earthly lover, and earthly love is prone to jealousy and doubt. Tell me, dearest, if at this moment one shadow of regret for the past, one fear for the future, is in your heart to-night; for, as surely as we have crossed over two graves to each other, I believe that God intended each for each and none other."

Rotha looked up in his face, a little moved by his passion.

"Do you mean if I regret Gar still, Robert?"

He made an affirmative motion, but did not trust himself to speak.

She stole her hand in his. "What do you think, Robert?"

"My darling, it is for you to answer and not I."

It was nearly dark now, and she took up

the hand she held kissed it, as though that were the fittest expression of her love; but closing her suddenly in his arms, he prayed her to tell him.

"Oh, Robert, to think you need my words still! Do you know, Gar once told me that I had not given him all that was in me to give, and now I feel he was right."

"What then, love?"

"I have given it all now!" And then, speaking with her face hidden, "God has taken Gar, and for a long time I was inconsolable, now I know it was for the best; for if he had lived I should have loved him well, no doubt, but not as I shall love you." And, as he pressed her to his heart, the anguish of that doubt died away out of Robert Ord's heart for ever.

VISIONS AND DREAMS.

BY R. H. S.

We are ever visions seeing,
We are ever dreaming dreams,
As we watch the shadows fleeing,
As we stand by running streams.

Shadows show us sin and sorrow
Presently shall flee away,
Rivers, as they run, remind us
Mercies lost from day to day.

Things we see are ever turning
Into things that are unseen;
And our hearts are ever yearning
Further faith and hope to glean.

And these visions we may cherish,
For we learn from Holy Writ,
Without visions people perish,
And by visions life is lit.

If, as children, we are singing,
Happy in life's early gleams,
We shall find our old age bringing
Still more happy, sunset dreams.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The happy Christian families of native converts to be seen at some of our stations manifest the great good resulting from the early adoption of measures tending to the enlightenment and training of girls secured from heathenism. I say secured from heathenism, because such was really the case. It was found necessary to redeem the girls, *i. e.*, pay the marriage price required by their parents according to the heathen custom, in order to have complete control over them, and secure to themselves that freedom of choice which is a privilege that heathenism deprives them of. Notwithstanding the objection that has been raised to the practice—that it tends rather to encourage and perpetuate the heathen custom—I am of the opinion that the early missionaries to Liberia acted wisely in adopting such a plan; and while I would not advise an indiscriminate adherence to it now, still, in some cases, and more especially among those tribes that have not yet been reached by the Gospel, I regard it a necessity. Where the heathen estimate their girls as so much money, and cannot perceive any good accruing from their Christian training for which they should make a sacrifice, I think, for the purpose of starting a Christian community among them, the girls might be redeemed without compromising anything on our part. The end seems here to justify the means. Of course it is not a very difficult matter to get small girls into

our schools; but they will be allowed to remain only until they are paid for and demanded by their future husbands, which may be at any time between eight and sixteen years. One of the saddest things that we are forced to witness in the mission is when a girl in whom we have centered great hopes—intelligent and promising—is taken from us and carried off to become one of the wives of a heathen polygamist, whose right to her was secured by the payment of the customary dowry. The only chance left us to save the unfortunate girl is to pay the amount ourselves and thus liberate her. The amount required in each case among the tribes near Cape Palmas is about eighty dollars. To raise such a fund would be a good work for some new branch of the "Woman's Auxiliary." And a noble cause it would be, too—that of liberating their sisters far over the sea from the bondage of heathenism.

There are at present two boarding-schools in the mission for the girls—one at Cape Mount and the other at Cape Palmas. With some enlargements and improvements they can be made to answer present demands.—*Bishop Ferguson's Initial Report.*

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A FAMOUS RIDE.

BY M. V. W.

Nip and Tuck were two funny little boys who did nothing but laugh and play the whole day long. Their names were Lawton and Lewis, but Uncle John called them Nip and Tuck, and soon everybody else did the same. They had tops, and marbles, and wagons, and sleds to play with, but they liked playing soldier better than any other game. Uncle John bought each of them a shiny cap and a make-believe sword, and the boys had fine times playing soldier.

But one day they lost their soldier-caps, and this is how it happened:

Nip's aunt Lulu had sprained her ankle, and Nip's papa sent for the doctor, who came and drove close up to the side porch which the honeysuckle made so sweet in summer.

Nip and Tuck had been building a fort and playing soldier, too, and now they were tired and a very little bit cross; for Sambo had said they could not ride home on the big load of hay. They sat down to rest on the door-step at the carriage-house, where they could see the men down in the meadow piling up the hay. They had been watching them for a few moments when Nip said:

"Sambo is a bad, naughty man not to let us ride on the hay."

Tuck said, "Yes, indeed, he is a very naughty man. I wanted to ride on the hay, 'way up high."

"Oh pooh!" said Nip, "a load of hay isn't high."

"Yes it is," said Tuck, "it's as high, 'most, as the house."

"No it isn't," Nip answered; "it isn't any higher than the doctor's carriage."

They both sat very still for a few minutes. Then said Nip:

"Let's get on it."

"On what?" said Tuck.

"On the doctor's carriage, of course."

"Why Nipperkin! You wouldn't dare to!"

"Wouldn't I?" said Nip, in whose busy brain a plan was forming. "Just come with me, and we'll have more fun than playing soldier. Keep your hat on," he added, as Tuck was taking off his hat, preparing to follow his brother.

They went into the house and upstairs very softly, so that neither mamma, nor the doctor, nor auntie, who were in the parlor, would hear them. They went straight to mamma's room, climbed out of the window, and walked down to the very edge of the porch, over which the honeysuckle was climbing. It was easy to step from the edge down to the top of the doctor's carriage. Nip helped Tuck down first, and then Tuck gave his hand to Nip who was soon seated beside him.

"Now let's play this was a load of hay, and we were taking a ride," said Tuck.

"Let's take a ride," said Nip.

Naughty, naughty Nipperkin!

They reached down for the reins which were hung on a little hook just beneath them, and, almost without a word, Charley, the horse, started off. He walked slowly out of the gate and into the road. Then he started for home.

Tuck saw Sambo in the grain-field and said, "O, Nip, what will Sambo say!"

Nip only said "Get up!" and gave the reins a pull. The horse started off so fast that both Nip and Tuck were nearly thrown backward; but Nip clung to the reins, and Tuck managed, some how or other, to straighten himself. But his shiny soldier-cap, with the gilt cord and acorns on it, tumbled off and into the road and the wheel went over it.

When Sambo heard such a clattering on the road, he stopped mowing, and turned to see what was coming.

Then he said "Bress my soul!" and threw down his scythe to run as fast as he could after the runaway.

But the horse was growing tired, and before long Sambo caught up with the carriage, and brought Charley to a standstill. Then he stood up in the carriage and lifted Tuck down and then Nip; and Nip's soldier-cap, which had stayed on until this, all of a sudden rolled out on the road and into some muddy water. But Sambo looked so very sober that Nip didn't dare to say a word to him about it.

When all three were seated in the carriage, Sambo took the reins, turned the horse around, and drove back with two of the meekest little boys you ever saw.

They reached home safely, and Sambo told all about the boys' adventure. Mamma listened with a very pale face. There were tears in auntie's eyes when she said:

"O boys! how could you!"

The doctor said, "It's a mercy no bones were broken."

But mamma only hugged them closer to her, and, would you believe it, she didn't say a single word!

BILLY BICKERSTAFF'S REVENGE.

Billy Bickerstaff, as he started off to school, was in a high state of indignation and trying to think how to have his revenge on his aunt for boxing his ears, when he saw Bobby Blackhurst, aged thirteen, and Tommy Timpkins, aged eleven, coming up the road.

"I shan't go to school one step to-day," cried Billy, relating his grievances. I've a good notion to make Aunt Jem think I'm dead—drowned, or something to scare her—the hateful old thing! Say, boys, let's go on the mountain nutting! And let's not come back all night. It'll scare Aunt Jem half to death!"

The other boys agreed to the proposition at the risk of a good whipping when they returned; and without further parley they set forth.

The mountain for which they were bound rose high and precipitous before them, and was covered to the top with the most glowing red foliage the

sun ever shone upon. The woods on its sides and summits were thick, not only with chestnut trees but also with hickories and butternuts.

In accordance with the advice of Bobby Blackhurst, whose superior age and experience rendered him the leader of the expedition, they proceeded to a point half way up the mountain where there was a clear spring of water; and there they established their camp and left their books and dinner-pails.

They then went on to a group of chestnut trees further up the mountain.

Billy Bickerstaff forgot his revenge when he saw the ground under the trees just covered with nuts; and they all forgot the whippings they expected.

"Ain't been anybody here yet," cried Bobby Blackhurst, as they began filling their hats with nuts. "Say, Billy, ain't you glad you got mad with your Aunt Jiminy?"

"Yes," returned Billy. "I don't care now, only she ain't going to get none o' these nuts. I'll pay her!"

As soon as they had filled their hats they decided to return to camp and build a fire to roast their nuts at once.

"By jingo! we haven't any matches!" exclaimed Billy Bickerstaff in dismay.

"Yes we have, though!" cried Bobby Blackhurst. "See! I've got a lot! Ketch me getting left that way! Tommy Timpkins, you can make yourself useful piling up brush, can't ye? 'Cause Bill 'n I've got to cut the nuts, so they won't hop out o' the fire"; and while Bobby and Billy seated themselves on a log to make small incisions in the shell of the nuts, so that when the hot coals expanded the air inside it could find escape without any explosion, Tommy Timpkins set about piling up the dry brush.

When the nuts were ready and the brush-heap properly arranged, Bobby Blackhurst claimed the honor of setting

reduced to a large bed of red-hot coals ready for roasting the nuts.

"Let's boil some, too, Bobby," said Billy, watching the nuts, as they roasted on the glowing coals. "We can boil 'em in our dinner pails."

"That's so!" exclaimed Bobby. "They're elegant boiled."

"Let's eat our dinner now," said Tommy.

They ate their dinner, topped off with roasted chestnuts (which they did not succeed in getting out of the fire without burning their fingers all around a few times apiece), then they filled one of their pails with water from the spring, and, putting more nuts in it, left it on the fire to boil, and with the other pails they returned to the chestnut trees to gather more nuts, having first taken off their jackets and left them in camp.

As to whether they should carry out

the original programme and stay all night in the woods, to scare Billy's Aunt Jemima, they were in somewhat of a quandary. Billy had, in a great measure, recovered from his thirst for revenge; but they were all three agreed that it would be splendid fun to keep up the fire and sleep in their camp all night.

"I'd like it

like anything!" cried Bobby.

"So would I!" cried Billy.

"So would I!" chimed in Tommy.

"Only we ain't got nothing more to eat but nuts," said Bobby, prudently.

Then there was one more consideration. Staying out all night would greatly enhance their prospects for the expected thrashing. On the whole they thought, matters being just as they were, perhaps it would be rather better if they went back this time, and next time they would bring along enough to eat to last them (till they wanted to go back.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when they reached this decision. Their hats, handkerchiefs, and dinner-pails were full of nuts, and so were their craws; for they had eaten chestnuts roasted and chestnuts boiled all day. Before going back, they wanted to visit a group of butternut trees higher up on the mountain.

The sun was already beginning to go down when they reached the butternuts; and the air was growing chilly; but the



A FAMOUS RIDE.—"THIS IS WHAT SAMBO SAW."

it off, and in less than half a minute they had a crackling, roaring fire which sent showers of red sparks high up into the air, amidst the dry branches of the surrounding trees, and threw out such a torrid heat, the boys were forced to keep at a distance.

"Look out you don't set the woods afire," cried Billy Bickerstaff. "These is Aunt Jem's woods, and I've had 'nough of her lickings!"

"No danger o' that!" responded Bobby Blackhurst, confidently. "This ain't the first time I've built a fire in the woods. I ain't so green! Tommy, you oughter a' got more chunkier wood. This brush won't make the kind o' coals we want to roast chestnuts."

"I can get ye lots o' chunks, if that's what ye want, then," replied Tommy, running off with alacrity.

"I reckon you'll call these 'ere chunks!" he exclaimed proudly, as he returned with an armful of thick sticks.

"That's the ticket!" returned Bobby. In a short time their fire had been

boys were too active to miss their jackets, which were still in camp.

Suddenly, Tommy Timpkins, who had grown tired and was sitting on a log eating nuts, cried out:

"Oh, oh! Look, look! the woods is afire! Look how the dead leaves is a burning!"

And sure enough, great red flames of fire came rolling and leaping up the mountain with such swiftness that before the other boys could think how it happened, or exchange a word with each other, it was almost upon them. Not a word did they speak, but scampering for their lives, they ran in a different direction, and pausing a moment they looked back upon the flames, which licked up the dry autumn leaves on the ground and whirling and turning about sprang into the underbrush, and blazing higher, seized upon the dry moss on the trees, and shooting out in every direction upon each limb, it flew roaring and crackling to the very top.

"Our camp-fire set it," cried Bobby Blackhurst. "Our jackets and books 'll be burnt up!"

"And our dinner-pails and nuts!" cried Tommy Timpkins.

"And this is Aunt Jem's woods! How mad she'll be," cried Billy Bickerstaff.

"Let's get our things, quick!" cried Bobby. "Come on! Foller me!"

They started towards their camp in a round about direction, but they had taken scarcely a dozen steps when the wind shifted and drove the fire again directly upon them, and again they were forced to run for their lives.

"We'll have to get out o' this, fellers!" cried Bobby Blackhurst. "We'll have to go down on the other side. Our jackets is gone up, I reckon, and our books and nuts, too!"

And so they were, long before Tommy Timpkins gave the first notice of the fire.

Casting one rueful glance behind them toward the direction of their cherished nuts, and not oblivious of the increased probability of the expected thrashing occasioned by the destruction of their jackets and other things, they started down the mountain in the opposite direction from which they had come up; but in a moment the fire came rushing on behind them.

The wind, always high on the mountain, had risen to a fierce gale, shifting at every moment in all directions. The trees blazed and crackled over their heads, flaming brands of fire were showered all around them, and the dead leaves and dry moss burned to their very feet. In whatever direction they turned great gusts of flame followed them, the smoke nearly strangled them, and made their eyes smart so they could scarcely see, the heat was overpowering, and, terrified and bewildered, the poor boys were in peril of their lives.

Tommy Timpkins began to cry aloud. Hearing this Bobby Blackhurst who, up to this moment, could scarcely keep from crying himself, being aroused to a sense of superiority, made one superhuman effort of mind, and succeeded in thinking of a way out of the danger.

Grasping Tommy Timpkins by the hand, and shouting to Billy Bickerstaff: "This way, Billy!" he started toward a solid ledge of rocks at one side of the mountain.

There was a series of shelves in the side of the ledge at the upper part, and the boys had all three climbed down upon them many a time, as far as they could go, which was about twenty feet from the top. The remainder of the distance to the bottom was a perpendicular descent of fifty or sixty feet to another great ledge.

The top of the ledge was quickly reached, and the boys, looking frantically behind them upon the pursuing flames, hurriedly dropped themselves down from one shelf to another till they reached the lowest.

"I guess we're safe now!" cried Bobby, in vindictive triumph, trembling a'over from head to foot.

"I guess the fire can't burn this old ledge!" cried Billy Bickerstaff in the same tearful, spiteful tones. "I guess she can't!"

But their troubles were by no means over. The flames reached to the very edge of the rock, leaped down upon the dry shoots growing between the crevices, seized upon the brush at the sides, and then reached the gully at the bottom, and soon the flames of the trees burning beneath them shot up fierce and hot into the air. The heat and smoke were agonizing, and at last even Bobby Blackhurst, no longer caring whether he acted the booby or not, joined the others in their loud lamentations.

The sun went down, the wind rose higher, and the fires raged fiercely all night long. It was a grand spectacle to behold—the mountain ablaze! But the poor boys huddled together on the narrow shelf of rock, hungry, sleepy, and struggling for breath amidst the smoke and heat, saw nothing in the scene to admire.

"If somebody would only come and find us!" wailed Tommy Timpkins.

"Somebody'll find us, sure," returned Bobby Blackhurst. "Miss Bickerstaff'll get people to save the woods, and the whole village'll turn out and be up here fighting fire 'fore long. What you think, Billy, won't your Aunt Jem try to save the woods?"

"I don't know. I s'pose so," mournfully replied Billy, with too much smoke in his eyes to care about the woods or his Aunt Jem, or even to think what chance there was for rescue.

"I think she will," said Bobby hopefully.

And he was right. Miss Bickerstaff was up and about at the first word of alarm, and, sending in every direction for help, she was making vigorous efforts to save her wood-lot. Toward daylight the next morning the neighbors and villagers who had come to her assistance reached the ledge, and discovered the missing boys for whom they had been searching.

"If your Aunt Jem goes to lick you, Billy, you can tell her I set the woods afire," said Bobby Blackhurst at parting. "You know I lighted the match, 'cause you hadn't any. She can't lick me!"

Miss Jemina, however, had no idea whatever of "licking" her nephew for setting the woods afire, an occasional box on the ear being the only chastisement she was ever in the habit of inflicting upon that wayward youth. The whole party, in fact, received no further punishment than what they had already undergone; but they were forever agreed that staying in the woods all night was not such fun after all.

SCIENCE.

THE Metropolitan Underground Railway, in London, has adopted an electric station indicator, which shows in every compartment of the train the name of the station to which it is approaching. The apparatus is simple and easily managed, and it is to be regretted that our railways do not adopt it.

A MAGNESIAN limestone found at the entrance of the Tyne, England, is so flexible that thin layers of it three feet or more long may be bent into a circle when damp, and will retain the form when dry. It is more flexible than itacolumite, a sandstone existing in Georgia and the two Carolinas.

CURIOUS silicious pebbles are numerous in the quaternary gravels of the valley of the Loire, France, which are hollow, and contain, with a loose, stony nucleus, water, which can be heard striking against the walls of the cavity. M. Mennier can account for the presence of the water only by its seeping through the pores, as there is no sign of a crack.

SOME twenty Edison lamps were recently tested as to their durability under a continuous current of electricity, and all but one of them survived during the 1,065 hours of the trial. Of the Weston lamps, six in twenty survived. A Stanley-Thompson lamp lasted during the same number of hours. Incandescent electric lighting is still in its infancy, and future tests may bring other and better results.

TEN drachms of chloroform with ten and a half drachms of non-vulcanized caoutchouc cut in small shreds, to which when the solution is completed two and a half drachms of mastic are added, makes a transparent cement of great tenacity and without any yellow tinge. It should be allowed to macerate from eight to ten days without the application of any heat, the stoppered bottle in which it is kept being shaken at intervals.

MANY porous stones in good capillary condition can suck a wound, as it is called, with considerable power, and hence, probably, arose the superstition of the malstone. The same principle is seen in the boy's dab of mud, applied to relieve the pain of a hornet sting, and in the use of clay moistened with naphtha, ether, or oil of turpentine, to draw grease from clothing, or in the use of powdered chalk for a mosquito bite.

It is stated that steel articles can be perfectly preserved from rust by putting a lump of freshly burnt lime in the case or drawer where they are kept. The lime need not be renewed for a long time, as it can absorb much moisture. This will be found especially valuable for specimens of iron when fractured. Articles in use may be kept in a box nearly filled with pulverized slake lime, care being taken to rub them well with a linen cloth before using.

ART.

A STATUE of Victor Hugo is to be erected at Besancon, his birthplace, and a tomb in the Pantheon.

GIFFORD's palette comprised but six colors, white, cadmium, raw sienna, burnt sienna, permanent blue and vermilion. It is unusually restricted.

MR. ALBERT GUERRY has been summoned to Washington to paint a likeness of the President, to whom the published portraits do not do justice.

THE receipts of the last French Salon were \$70,000, a large increase over the preceding year. Of the 1,343 exhibitors 389 were foreigners, and of these 98 were Americans.

A CHAYON portrait of Schiller, made by the Meiningen painter, Reinhard, has been discovered at Gunningen, in Germany. Schiller himself speaks of this portrait as being a very good likeness.

A. A. MCGOER of Chicago has recently purchased Meissonier's Vedette for \$15,000. He is now in Europe to purchase pictures as the nucleus of an art gallery in Chicago, which shall equal any gallery in the country. Mr. Mungler is a man of large means and can carry out his purpose.

It is pleasing to know that the art treasures of the Vatican are made more accessible to the public, and that copies are allowed to be made of some of the most valuable. A copy, or mold rather, of the Venus of Callias was made two years ago, and more recently three tapestries from Raphael's designs, of which the cartoons are lost, have been copied.

THE Art Student's League has issued its programme of classes for 1885-6. Its teachers are among our best artists, and it is open to all who have attained the required standard in drawing. Unlike the Academy its Board of Control is made up of artists of both sexes. Every department of art is represented in the League, and we are not surprised to learn that last year it had more than four hundred students.

THE class of 1885 has presented to the law library of Columbia College a window of stained glass representing Sophocles, and executed by Louis C. Tiffany & Co. It is intended to fill all the windows with representative men of letters, the first two subjects selected being Homer and Sophocles. The window is beautiful both in design and execution, the whole being in selected mosaic of opalescent and antique glass with the colors so fused into the material as to be imperishable. No paint has been used except in the flesh and hair.

THE music world is just now undergoing unprecedented disturbances. Only a few years ago the detestable opera bouffe seemed to have fastened itself hopelessly upon a demoralized public, flooding society with indecency and profanity, while it supplanted the higher ranges of lyric art. It will unhappily cling while its constituency remains, and such a constituency is a sorrowful permanency in all great cities. But the nobler art just now displays unwonted vitality, and to no man is it so deeply indebted as to the late Dr.

Damrosch. It was peculiarly his mission to strip away the meretricious, and demoralising from lyric art, and present the higher forms of musical drama as an intelligent and wholesome recreation.

THE greater types of the Italian school have ceased to concentrate and to hold the music loving masses. Only a handful of luxurious "society" people cling to the usual brief and unprofitable Italian season. The opera bouffe, too, comes and goes like an epidemic pest. But the great masters of the musical drama have come to stay, both at the Metropolitan where the Damrosch triumphs of last year seem likely to be renewed year after year, as well as at the old Academy.

FOR Mr. Thomas insensibly drifted into the Damrosch wake, finding that the classic and nobler forms of opera not only grow in popular estimation but that they are remunerative, and thrive without the costly stimulus of large private subscriptions.

So while Beethoven, Mozart, Cherubini, Wagner, Weber, Gounod and other related composers, will fill the Metropolitan season, quite a new yet parallel movement is announced under the direction of Mr. Thomas, for the old Academy under the somewhat audacious title of The New American Opera. Mr. Thomas and his supporters, while presenting a repertory almost identical with that of the Metropolitan, propose the engagement of exclusively American artists for solo and chorus. To be sure the soloists are all drawn from European schools. Even the creation of an American ballet is under way, although the classic opera could well afford to dispense with such a barbaric adjunct. In any event the old, frivolous, preposterous Italian opera goes to the wall, and two thrifty well-considered undertakings for the production of the master pieces of lyric art appeal to a large and more intelligent musical public.

Plainly enough we have reached a tide in musical affairs where both popularity and thrift demand a steadily improving class of compositions, and so far the people are gainers. But very serious consequences threaten elsewhere. First, it is not yet clear that the Oratorio Society which Dr. Damrosch created and brought to such a remarkable proficiency, will be able to resume its work. The breaking up of such an organization would be a positive calamity. And yet again, Mr. Thomas' Chorus Society, which was established in competitive rivalry with the Oratorio Society, and which has made a brilliant record, is also threatened with dissolution, on account of the director's multiplied preoccupations. It lies in the highest interest of art that both associations live and thrive.

MR. Van der Stucken, whose delightful novelty concerts of last winter gained an enviable popularity, is organizing a chorus of mixed voices for the interpretation of cantatas, motets and other concerted works; and it is intimated that native composers are to have a generous place, hereafter, in the scholarly programmes of this brilliant director, who, if we mistake not, is certain of a higher distinction in our musical world.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

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The next session of the Seminary will begin September 28th. All applicants for admission to the Seminary or preparatory department are requested to be punctual. J. PACKARD.

THE SEABURY DIVINITY SCHOOL.

This school will begin its next year Sept. 29th, 1885. The new Catalogue, giving full information of the course of study and the requirements for admission will be ready in June. Students pursuing special courses will be received. Address Rev. FRANCIS H. BROWN, N. Y., and Mr. William T. Peck, a graduate and teacher of St. Agnes' School. Fresh is warranted in spoken to next year. Term, \$250 a year. Address Miss H. CLARK, 415 and 417 W. Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1885.

THE American Minister to England, who is representing this country most admirably in his speeches, in a recent address to workingmen said: "that their own interests required that they should not create a struggle against capital; that the interest of one class depends upon the success of another." This is thoroughly sound, and it is equally true whether addressed to wagemen or to employers. Religion and social good both require that the rich and poor alike should be unselfish.

ERROR often gains strength by being dressed in plausible language. For instance, there is something attractive in the plea of the advocates of disestablishment in England, who propose to disendow the English Church. They say that they are to take the money from the Church and devote it to education. This really means that they will take it from religious and confine it to secular education. They seek to have the education of the heart give place to the education of the mind.

THERE is a struggle going on in this State over the religious care of convicts and others who are cared for by the State.

It is the misfortune of religion that her friends are divided and that those who profess to care for her interests cannot agree among themselves.

What blame can be attached to the State if it finds itself unable to decide between the claims of opposing parties in religious matters and casts all religion out of its institutions? "Cannot all who profess and call themselves Christians be led into the way of truth and hold the faith in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace?"

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

The summer is ended. Pastor and people are again in their respective places. The work of the Church is now to be resumed with renewed vigor. Those who seriously have at heart Christ's work in the world are, now especially, thinking who around them are willing to be workers together with God in the salvation of the world. Alas that there should be such a sad discrepancy between the real workers in the Church and her mere adherents.

It makes the heart beat quicker and the pulse to throb faster to think of what might be done, and would be done, if all who have good-will to Zion would only make it manifest by trying to come up to the full measure

of their duty and responsibility. It is certainly safe to say that the efficient working force of the Church would be, at once, increased a hundred fold if even her better sort of adherents could be brought to appreciate the fact that they are quite as accountable for sins of omission as for those of commission.

In the great majority of parishes the really efficient workers are proverbially "the faithful few" while mere adherents are comparatively many. Yet they are, in the main, made up of estimable men and women who would gladly see the Church not only prosper, but become a great and mighty power among men. They are more or less conscious of what it could be and ought to be, of what it might do and therefore ought to do, but they sadly fail to appreciate their individual accountability—yes, culpability—for not doing what they might in the work of the world's conversion. They will admit, readily enough, that they are accountable for what they have done, but they have no sort of sufficient consciousness of the fact that they are no less accountable for not doing what they might have done. In a vague way they, somehow, seem to suppose that it is enough for them that they abstain from doing this and that.

They do not remember that they should strive to attain to every possible duty, that in the day of judgment they will be none the less responsible for what they might have done but did not. They know well enough that in the common things of life neglect is irreparable, and yet they seem to suppose that it will be otherwise with them in that day which will decide the sum total of this world's work and their small share in it. The boy at school is indeed to abstain from doing certain things, but not merely or chiefly that. He is to attain to certain things. And so, too, all through life success lies in what we do, not in what we refrain from doing. The husbandman who sows no seed reaps no harvest. The man who improves no opportunity gets no gain. "Fifty years ago," we hear it said. "I could have bought half the land that Chicago lies on." Yes, then, no doubt, but not now. "Inasmuch as ye did it not" is certainly a law that rules inexorably here. We have the Lord's word for it that it is a law that will obtain forever. The judgment that shall be endless will, for the one class, rest on the fact that "ye did it," and for the other that "ye did it not." "and these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

This is what people should by God's grace be brought to appreciate. Among

the adherents of the Church there is wealth enough, and to spare, as well as intelligence, ability, gifts, all needful powers. The great trouble is that in the case of the many these gifts and powers are not consecrated to God, and so are of little or no avail in the work of His Church. That wealth is only too often wasted selfishly or hoarded meanly, and the intellect and gifts that should be given to God wasted on the world apparently without a thought that the chief danger lies not so much in what men do as in what they leave undone.

GENERAL MISSIONARIES.

We lately called attention to the successful experiment of the Bishop of Western Michigan in the employment of a diocesan missionary. In other dioceses the plan has turned out so satisfactorily in its results as to be no longer a tentative measure. We have such confidence in its effectiveness, in the promotion of the missionary work of the Church, that we ventured to say that even the plea of poverty could not justify its neglect. We have been strengthened in this opinion by noting the action of the Diocese of Florida in its last annual council.

If any diocese could regretfully plead poverty as an excuse for not making use of this means in the prosecution of its missionary work, surely Florida might. But not so. It proves itself alive to its grand opportunity.

In the opinion of Bishop Whipple, Florida "presents the finest field for missionary work in America," and surely the Bishop of Minnesota is authority in the matter. His indefatigable work amid the rigors of his northern diocese has for several winters compelled him to seek brief rest and recuperation in the balmy climate of Florida. He has had ample opportunity to know whereof he speaks.

That the Church in Florida appreciates her calling is apparent in the recent report of her missionary board. Its receipts—larger than those of many a far richer diocese—showed a marked increase over those of the preceding year. The report says: "The stipends of all missionaries have been paid promptly each quarter," and, again: "In conformity with the Canon on Missions, passed at the last council, the bishop, in consultation with the Board, appointed the Rev. C. S. Williams General Missionary, on a salary of \$1,500 per annum. From this appointment the Board expects large results in the future, and the labors of the missionary strengthen this expectation."

The report of the Committee on the State of the Church, made at the same council, is further justification of the action of the bishop and his missionary board in so generously providing for a general missionary. It says: "The entire aspect of the diocese is cheering. The incoming multitudes from all divisions of the world would have been met by the Church in many counties in efforts to provide for their spiritual wants. The welcome accorded to the Church by all persons, irrespective of previous association and training, is remarkable and encouraging."

If the comparatively poor Diocese of Florida can so generously sustain a diocesan missionary, can richer dioceses longer afford to neglect so important an agency for the extension of the Church?

TEN YEARS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In a recent issue we referred to the fact that the Foreign Committee, when it closed its books on the first of September, was able to show a surplus in the treasury of three hundred dollars, after every obligation had been provided for. We have compiled some statistics of our foreign missionary work during the last decade, which seem to show that its operations are being very rapidly extended, and that it is receiving a much greater and more general support from the Church at home than ever before. The whole amount of money received by the committee between the years 1875 and 1885 was sixty per cent. greater than the total for the ten years next preceding. The receipts for 1885 were more than double those of 1875. Though the contributions for Church purposes in all the dioceses and missionary districts as given in the Church Almanac for 1885 were less than twenty-five per cent. greater than in 1875.

The number of parishes and missions contributing has also increased by about fifty per cent., though the number of new parishes formed within that time has been relatively small.

The work in the foreign field which these offerings have gone to support has also made great progress.

The number of missionary workers has increased three-fold, and the value of missionary property, including residences, schools, hospitals, etc., has at least doubled. The ordinations of natives to the Holy Ministry during this decade has been twice the whole number ordained in the forty years preceding, while the record of baptisms and confirmations is a cheering one.

We congratulate the committee and its secretary on this excellent showing. Reflecting that in 1870 the committee was in debt for \$41,000 of borrowed money, besides liabilities to a large amount for current expenses of each

mission, and that now they have gone out free from debt while sustaining a work of more than double the proportions of that of the former date, their success seems extraordinary, and should receive grateful recognition from the Church.

Total receipts for Foreign Missions, 1875-1885: \$1,515,108.84; 1867-1875: \$912,150.21.

Offerings for all purposes in 1875 (Walker's Almanac): \$7,566,573.50; same in 1885: \$9,042,628.84.

Receipts.—1875: \$97,627.56: number of parishes and missions contributing, 946; 1885: \$198,327.94; number of parishes and missions contributing, 1,417; total receipts for the decade: \$1,515,108.84.

Missionaries.—1875-1885: China—1875, 28; 1885, 99. Japan—1875, 8; 1885, 46; Africa—1875, 30; 1885, 37. Greece—1875, 13; 1885, 13. Haiti—1875, 10; 1885, 52. Total for 1875, 89; 1885, 247.

Ordinations.—1875-1885: China, 14; Japan, 3; Africa, 4; Haiti, 11; Mexico, 18. Total, 50. Total number of ordinations previous to 1875, 23.

Confirmations.—1875-1885, 1808; 1865-1875, 737.

Baptisms.—1875-1885, 3,109; 1865-1875, 1,907.

Value of Property, 1870—When valuation first reported, and not then complete, and that of Haiti not reported, about \$113,517.00; 1885, \$229,789.00.

The above figures do not include any report from the work in Cuba in charge of Bishop Young, and for which the board appropriated \$3,000 in the past year. From very imperfect reports from the Mexican Church while the board was making appropriations for it, it was gathered that there were 613 baptisms in four years, and 619 confirmations in three years.

THE CHURCH OF LAW AND THE LAW OF THE CHURCH.

(After specific charges as to Uniformity of Worship and Discipline, the charge of the Bishop of Western New York was thus concluded.)

With these understandings, then, as ministers of the Church of Law, our practical conscience must be guided by the Holy Scriptures: "Let your moderation be known unto all men." "Let all things be done unto edifying," "decently and in order," according to established "custom" and the primitive "Churches of God." "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory," "giving none offence," as "Christ pleased not Himself." These and others of like import. But, taking account with human nature, we may learn much from accepted maxims of human wisdom. The man of tact and of good taste always exemplifies these of the sayings: (1) "Simplex munditiis," (2) "Ne quid nimis," (3) "Qui nil molitur inepte." He feels the force, that is, of Shakespeare's equivalents: (1) "Neat not gaudy," (2) "Speak no more than is set down . . . o'erstep not the modesty of nature," (3) "Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar, nor give to unproportioned thought his act." In all this is reflected the character of the Anglican Church, as contrasted with Churches in which tawdry finery symbolizes anything but Christ-like virginity of spirit. How instinctively the Christian matron adorns herself with consummate taste and simplicity, avoiding all that is out of place, unmeet for the time, unsuited to circumstances. How absolutely

a man advertises himself by ostentatious jewelry, heavy rings on coarse fingers, and a stunning exhibition of ornament, like "the purple patch," which Horace satirizes, or like the South-Sea Islander, who stole the scarlet coat of Captain Cook, glittering with decorations, but wore it without the requisite accompaniment for nether nakedness. So some in our day have introduced a showy vestment, without the balance of parts which alone makes it symmetrical and suitable. It cannot be harmonized with the inartificial decorum of our solemnities. "Reform it altogether." Let us cultivate in the house of God, the same dignity of attire and of furniture which marks the home of well-nurtured respectability as contrasted with the abode of newly-acquired riches, where everything is spattered over with gilding and profuse display. A competent critic of such things was Madame de Staël, who, in speaking of the Holy Week at Rome, strikingly contrasts the severe grandeur of the Anglican ritual with the gaudy and wearisome ostentation of Italian parade and ceremony.

Here let me remind those who have a fancy for excessive ornament and decoration of two important points that must be taken into the reckoning. (1.) We are surrounded by an alien and meretricious system which calls itself "Catholic," and which indulges in unbounded display. We cannot deny that such excess belongs to it, and is no part of our primitive profession. Our profession is to adhere to the pure *theakria* of the virgin age of the Church: theirs is the attire of the Marozias and Theodoras, and of the age which gave the Papacy its monstrous birth. In the matter of show they have the claim and the possession. Shall we imitate like monkeys, or let it alone like men? That is the practical question. Let it be theirs. When men's minds are turned upon the contrast, let them say:—"Here is the religion of the Fathers and of the Nicene age, and there is the corruption of Feudalism and of the Ages that were Dark." (2.) The other point is that "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and that the plan of gorgeous decoration and attire can only be sustained by enormous expense. Hence, while the accumulated profusion of centuries often gives the Ceremonial of Romanism a splendor that is real because it is costly, in the majority of cases the show is merely theatrical, made up of tinsel and perforated paper, of artificial flowers and tawdry finery, which degrade the mind that can tolerate it. Reflect, that every mission station must be attended with vastly increased expenditure, or must sink into baby-house display, if we adhere not to the pure white raiment and chaste simplicity that has heretofore been our glory and has preserved the meek majesty of our Ceremonial alike from poverty and excess.

But, to return to "weightier matters of the Law." To understand Catholic Law, we must understand Catholicity. If we would define a practical Catholicity in few words, let us note the test of Catholicity, by which the holy Bishop Ken has supplemented the Vincentian Canon, *Quod Semper, etc.* If they could but be wakened to the Comprehensive Truth it unfolds, it would emancipate the enslaved prelatry of the Papal Obedience. Hear then, the majestic words of that saintly confessor's last will and testament: "As for my religion, I die in the

Holy Catholic and Apostolic Faith professed by the whole Church, before the division of East and West. More particularly, I die in the Communion of the Church of England as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovation, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross." Precious words. In modern times they have never been surpassed for felicity of expression and for condensation of thought. In this blessed spirit of fidelity to Scripture and Catholicity, let us live like Ken and like him be steadfast unto death. Let there be no effort to square our practices with external standards. Let us suffer nothing ambiguous to qualify our conduct or our words. Let our position be well-defined so that he who runs may read. For myself, as a student of Theology, I was nurtured in this School of unadulterated Catholic principle; I have never known any other; in this, by God's help I intend to die, and nobody shall ever mistake my meaning when I profess myself a Catholic, in the Communion of the Catholic Church of America.

1. Now, by Bishop Ken's criterion we are able to settle certain momentous questions, which perpetually embarrass the popular mind, and which even learned men, who have lacked this key, have failed to solve, or at least to make clear to the minds of others. For, apply this key to the whole perplexing mystery of the Western separation, and it thus unfolds itself. Just at the moment, when there was peril of a universal "falling-away," the great Head of the Church permitted a functional Schism to put a stop to General Councils. Supposing the Deutero-Nicene Council (A.D. 787) had been received by the Western Church as it was by the Eastern, then it would have been truly a Council Oecumenical, and the Catholic Church would have been committed to the heresy of Image-Worship. Our great High-Priest interposed. The Council of Frankfurt counterbalanced that pseudo-Council of the Orient, and, under the lead of Anglican Orthodoxy, rejected the leprosy of superstition. This was the real epoch of that division of East and West which is noted by Ken; and, deplorable as such a division must be, it saved the whole Church from apostasy, and must be recognized as coincident with the mysterious Providence of old, which permitted the schism between Judah and Ephraim. The Mosaic Church was thus delivered from an entire lapse into idolatry; and not only so, but Ten Tribes of Israel were saved from corporate participation in the guilt of rejecting and crucifying the Messiah.

As defined by Bishop Ken, the Canons of Catholicity accord to the Anglican Communion in our day the fore-front of Christendom. Here God has placed us, not as the antagonist of other Churches, but as a Witness to all Churches in behalf of Catholic restoration. In our testimony for Unity and our efforts to regain it, there is no self-assertion, no lust of self-aggrandizement. We assert the spirit of Unity as the spirit of Christ, and we seek to ensue it as a duty to God and one of primary obligation. It is the spirit of that all-embracing Charity, without which we are nothing. In maintaining this position we are content to be as "a little one," a mere Zoar, if such be God's will. We have no lust for dominion, no craving for mere numbers, without Truth. But it has pleased God to give us numerical

importance even in the eyes of men. However few, even in this land, we exert a commanding influence, but, in a world-wide survey, there is a true sublimity already accorded to us by Providence. The Patriarchate of Canterbury (so to speak) is felt everywhere, and is far greater than the whole of Christendom in the Nicene Age. In superficial extent it is universal: "Its sound has gone out into all lands, and its words to the ends of the world." And here is the strength and reality of her influence: she exacts nothing as essential to Catholic Unity which was not deemed essential in the days of Athanasius. Let other Churches revert to the Nicene Constitutions, and there we meet one and all. Unity is restored at once; external, visible unity, I mean, for Organic Unity has never been forfeited. Christ has never suffered the Catholic Episcopate to be lost, nor the Creed to be extinguished, nor the Holy Scriptures to be rejected in any remnant of the ancient Churches. Rome itself has never destroyed the underlying Catholicity of the Latin Churches. As Latin Churches they exist in the Cyprianic integrity of the Episcopate. As a Romanized Communion they are subjected to a superincumbent burden of Decretalism, which may be sloughed off like a leprosy, to leave them fresh as Naaman when he was seven times purified in Jordan. This Decretalism was what we threw off in the sixteenth century. This is what the Old Catholics are shedding at this moment. Make your people understand that the Anglican Reformation made us Catholics by emancipating us from this Decretalism, and from the Church establishment of the Carolingian Empire. At the same period this establishment enlarged itself into the modern system known as "the Roman Catholic Church," which was created at the Council of Trent, and with which the Anglican Church never had any communion whatever.

(2). Canons and usages may be good and expedient if they do not conflict with the Nicene and other Catholic Constitutions; but no usage or rite or law of any Eastern or Western Church or Council is of any Catholic authority since the epoch of division. The thoughtful student will see that the Council of Frankfurt (A. D. 794) is the pivot of history in this respect. It rejected the debased legislation of the Eastern Council of A. D. 787, and saved the Church from the universal taint of Idolatry. It cleared the way for what was called Gallicanism in France and Anglicanism in England, and made the Reformation of the sixteenth century a logical necessity. For convenience of date, however, let us consider the epoch of Ken's rule coincident with that of the Western Empire A. D. 800, for the Council of Frankfurt was called by Charlemagne a little before, and the establishment of his imperial system enabled Nicholas (A. D. 856) to promulgate the forged Decretals, and, by forcing them on the West, to create the Papacy. The Papal System, therefore, is the product of Feudalism, and cannot assert itself except under the despotic forms of the "Holy Roman Empire," now rapidly disappearing. Imported into this country, the Papal System is an anachronism, and cannot be reconciled with our free institutions. It must perish from America, or the Re-

public must perish in its coils. It is an alien religion, and as such must, sooner or later, antagonize our countrymen. Its premature grasping at political power is fortunate for us, as it must bring on the crisis before it is too late. Meantime, I have little anxiety as to the ultimate issues. That which Italy abhors, which France has virtually abolished, and which Germany is casting out, will never enslave America. The people who have freed Italy from Papal despotism were all born and bred under her supremacy, and I make no doubt that when the time comes, millions among us, now nominally under the foreign yoke, will assert their freedom, and give an Old Catholic emancipation to their fellow-religionists. When that day comes our own Mission may have been fulfilled; and the Catholic regeneration of this continent may be brought about, by a new and all embracing organization, into which we shall rejoice to be absorbed, if so the Gospel of Jesus Christ may be universalized and the Church restored to unity in the Confession of the Faith, as it was from the beginning.

(3). By the same rule, we learn to discriminate in Catholic Law, between (1.) Laws Organic and Universal, (2.) Laws Functional and Local, and (3.) Laws Specific and Temporary. Now, (1.) Laws Organic can never become obsolete; they are of Apostolic origin, and have the accumulated force of the Vincentian Test, the *quod semper*, the *quod ubique* and the *quod ab omnibus*. Take e. g., this Canon of Constantinople (A. D. 381.) "The Faith of the 318 Fathers assembled at Nicea, in Bithynia, shall not be set aside, but shall stand fast."

Again (2.) *Laws Functional and Local* are perhaps useful in their day and may furnish a precedent for local Churches; but, apart from Organic laws, to which they may be auxiliary, they are not Catholic nor imperishable. Of such, a memorable example is that of the Sardican Canon (A. D. 347) by which the Bishop of Old Rome was allowed to permit a new trial in certain cases, if a bishop in certain provinces should complain of an unjust sentence. This canon was of local application and force, and by conferring a limited jurisdiction on the great See of the West, is sufficient proof that no such jurisdiction belonged to it, or was recognized before. It was never truly Catholic, however, and perished alike under the protests of Western bishops and the forged Decretals of the Roman See itself, which arrogated more and made the Sardican Canon obsolete. And, lastly (3) of *Laws Specific* we have many examples which should be followed in our own legislation. When we wish to meet a specific emergency we make a general law and then abolish it as soon as it has effected its purpose. Not so the ancients. Take as an example the XXIII Canon of Chalcedon, which ordered certain clergy and monastics to be cleared out of the imperial city for their disorderly practices. There the Canon stands to this day; but its specific and temporary character are self-evident. Or take as follows: "Forasmuch as there are certain persons who kneel on the Lord's Day, and in the Fifty Days . . . at these times all should offer up their prayers standing." This Canon met a scandal of the time, but became obsolete with altered manners.

Yet this very Canon may be justly cited as the opinion of the Nicene Council against

a minority ("certain persons") who make themselves singular, and even in things different depart from the usages of their brethren. In fact, the XXXIV. Article of the American Church reflects the spirit of this Canon, without reference to its letter, and all who have promised conformity to our Doctrine and Discipline are bound by this before God. Let them answer to God, if setting up a pretext of more Catholic conduct they forget their vows and promises, depart from what is "ordained and approved by Common Authority," and enforced by the godly judgment of the Father in Christ, whom they have sworn to obey, not grudgingly and with reservations, but "with a glad mind and will." Beautiful and filial subordination this: herein is Catholic conformity and godly sincerity as well.

(4). In short, then, we have in the Rubrics and Liturgic Laws of the Church our Organic Constitutions. By our legislation, also, we have Organic Canons, and others which are Functional or Specific. Here are the Laws which bind the American Catholic: all beyond may guide and direct our Councils, but is not Law for us. Over and above what is thus written the bishop, as Ordinary of his Diocese, is presumptively able to judge what is lawful and expedient, and his judgment must stand till overruled by the Common Authority. If one thinks himself much wiser than his bishop, very likely he is; but "Order is Heaven's first Law," and the Law of Military Service illustrates the great principle that, in the nature of things, those in authority must give the word of command. If this clothes the bishop with powers of a grave and responsible sort, there are three reflections that must prevail with good men: (1.) God Himself has so clothed him, and the Canons only recognize, they do not create, his authority. (2.) The Church has preferred him to his place and office, the presbytery and people have chosen him. If they elect and consecrate ignorance and imbecility, they deserve to suffer. (3.) The remedy is plain: appeal to our Great Synod, and get the Canons and rubrics amended. This is the supreme resource. If any brother in my diocese should ever feel aggrieved by any of my counsels I will myself present his appeal to my brother bishops, in their Rt. Reverend House, and urge their legislation, if they think me wrong. If any one thinks they are all ignorant and unreasonable, and would afford no relief, then let him wait God's time, and he may himself be a bishop. I have a high idea of episcopal prerogative, but, in exercising it, I feel my liability to mistake. I abhor all that is arbitrary, and in all things I invoke, submissively and with "glad mind and will," the decisive voice of my brethren in the solid unity of the episcopate.

In conclusion, let me say that this charge is the product of my conviction that it is time for every man to know and to define his position, whether he believes in this American Church or not. If he does, let him reflect on her speciality in America and the place which Providence assigns to her in Christendom. We are not here to teach or to practise Mediævalism. An alien religion, and the vassals of a foreign pretender to Universal Despotism over Conscience and over the polity of nations are trying that experiment on a great scale, and with the certainty of a crushing defeat.

But we are here to teach our countrymen the Catholic and Apostolic religion; the religion of the Scriptures and of the undisputed Catholic Councils. We are Nicene Catholics. If we attempt to be anything else, we become the mere cock-boat of that rotten old hulk, built and launched by Imperialism, which Pius the Ninth has scuttled, and out of which Döllinger and his companions have escaped for their lives, like the early Christians in their flight to Pella. And let me close my appeal to the Primitive and Apostolic Constitutions, in the words of one, of whom even a Roman Pontiff said, that his work must endure to the conflagration of the world. I quote words well-known and which have all the ring and the sublime simplicity of the Liturgy. Like the Liturgy, they can never wear old, nor be too often rehearsed. "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

ENGLAND.

THE LIVERPOOL RITUAL CASE.—The Rev. J. Bell Cox, incumbent of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, who had returned the previous day from Switzerland, was served on Saturday, September 5, with the monition from the Chancery Court in York, calling on him to promise obedience at the next court day, at the end of September.

DISESTABLISHMENT IN THE COMING PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.—The Record of Friday, September 11, publishes a list of the candidates for election to the new parliament, and their position as to the question of disestablishment. There are 567 seats to be filled, for which there are 1,061 candidates, (not counting Irish seats and candidates). Of the 579 Liberal candidates, 389 in England, 39 in Scotland, and 25 in Wales have declared for disestablishment, making 402 in all; 31 in England, 5 in Scotland, and 1 in Wales, making 37 in all, have declared against disestablishment; 33 have refused to give information to voters, and 106 have given no information. All the Conservative candidates, 415 in England, 51 in Scotland, and 16 in Wales, 482 in all, declare against disestablishment. Of the 403 Liberals for disestablishment, 3 are for disestablishment in Wales only, 14 in Scotland only, and 10 in Scotland and Wales only. Of the 37 Liberals against disestablishment, 11 are against disestablishment in England only, and 3 in England and Wales only. Mr. Gladstone has declared against disestablishment in England and Wales only.

The Record editorially says: "In one word, if the Liberals are returned to power, as the result of the impending election, the future of the Established Church will be in the hands of men who avowedly desire its extinction."

A BREWER'S LETTER TO A BISHOP.—Among the literature of disestablishment is a letter published in the Church of England Temperance Chronicle, which the Bishop of Rochester received from a brewer of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is signed "A Brewer First and a Churchman After," and announces that though the writer has always been a Churchman, and belongs to a family in which there has never been a dissenter, he severs his connection with

the Church and transfers his annual subscription of three guineas (about \$16) to the Liberation Society. "And the reason," he says, "is this: I am a brewer, and your Church is now a huge teetotal society, and bent on the destruction of an important and honorable branch of industry." The Temperance Chronicle hastens to inform the Liberation Society of the large sum thus added to its income.

THE BISHOPRIC OF SALISBURY.—The Foreign Church Chronicle has the following about the appointment of Canon Wordsworth to the Bishopric of Salisbury:

"We cannot but be thankful to see that by his first appointment the prime minister has shown himself to be conscious that the school of Wordsworth and Hook requires strengthening among the chief officers of the Church. It is the school, to repeat the words which we used last March, 'which represents the learning and principles of the seventeenth century adapted to the circumstances of the nineteenth; the school that history shows to have been at all times the backbone of the Church of England; the school that has borne the brunt of the fight in every battle, whether against Rome or Puritanism, and on which the Church will have to rely again in the struggle for life which lies before her.' No better appointment could have been made than that of Canon Wordsworth."

DEATH OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.—The Earl of Shaftesbury is reported to have died in London, on Friday, September 25, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

The Right Honorable Anthony Ashley-Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London, April 28, 1801, and was graduated at Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1822. He entered Parliament as Lord Ashley as member for Woodstock, in 1829, subsequently representing Dorchester, Dorsetshire and Bath, which last constituency he was representing when he succeeded to the peerage in 1851. Lord Shaftesbury was well known in public life, the chief object for which he labored in and out of parliament being the improvement of the social condition of the laboring classes. He was the earnest advocate, and originator of the "Ten Hour Bill;" started the ragged schools of London, organized the shoe-black brigade, and was president of many philanthropic organizations.

Lord Shaftesbury was equally prominent as a religious leader. His influence in the evangelical party within the Church was considerable. The Exeter Hall variety of Churchmen looked on him as a leader. He was president of the Bible Society, the Pastoral Aid Society, and the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and for a time was president of the Protestant Alliance; he was a member also, of all the religious societies which called themselves exclusively "evangelical." During Lord Palmerston's ministry his influence in the nominations to vacant episcopal sees is said to have been very great.

It will be chiefly as a philanthropist that Lord Shaftesbury will be remembered. Whenever there was a worthy work to be done, or a poverty-stricken, miserable class to be raised into comfort and Christianity, the Earl of Shaftesbury's name and aid could always be counted on.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH'S PASTORAL.—The Bishop of Peterborough writes to the Times about a so-called pastoral that has been going the rounds of the English press, and which we published last week:

"I am just now receiving a great many letters with reference to a supposed recent pastoral of mine on Church defence. These are, as may well be supposed, of very various kinds, and deal with a large variety of topics. They are laudatory, arguative, inquisitive,

didactic, sarcastic and occasionally abusive, and they ask my opinion upon nearly every possible question of Church history, ritual, doctrine and practice. As I really have not the leisure for letter-writing, which some of my correspondents, to judge from the length of their communications, evidently enjoy, I ask your permission to inform them, one and all, from the earnest Churchman who heartily thanks me for my pastoral to the still more earnest anti-Churchman who denounces me as a 'highly paid drone,' 'an enemy of Christianity' and 'a Judas who ought to go to his own place,' that I have not recently issued any pastoral on the subject to which they refer. The paragraph which has been so entitled is an extract from a lecture of mine on the voluntary system published some five-and-twenty years ago, and which extract some one who thinks better of it than some of my critics do seems to have thought it worth his while to publish in the newspapers. Under these circumstances, my correspondents, friendly and otherwise, will, I trust, pardon me for not replying severally to their respective letters, and for contenting myself with this general acknowledgment of having received them, and with thanking the writers for the attention they have bestowed upon my words."

BISHOP ON FIRE.—On Friday, September 11, the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Lord Arthur Barry) was ascending the pulpit stairs at St. Mary's, Bridgewater, to preach to a large Sunday-school gathering, when one of his lava sleeves came in contact with a light, and caught fire. The bishop, with great presence of mind, extinguished the flames with his other hand, apparently sustaining no injury.

IRELAND.

THE TITLE OF THE CHURCH.—In an article entitled "The Attempt to Rob us of Our Name," the Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette says: "It is a question whether it might not be desirable to attempt some means of instructing our people generally on the subject, and impressing on them the importance of maintaining our historical title on all needful occasions. There are few unmitigated evils in this world, and even this shameful attempt to rob us of our name is not without its good. Let us see from a year folly in the past in not clinging more completely to Church principles. We were always too ready to sink our distinctiveness as a Church—the Church of Ireland—in a maudlin hankering after Dissent—church or chapel, there was little difference between them. No severer charge was made against Peta's Manual at the time than that it warred Church people against coquetting with Dissenters. No wonder that we alienated our brethren of the English Church, and that now at home our enemies are considering it fair game to rob us altogether of our title. As we sowed, so are we reaping. No doubt the warning will not be lost on us for the future. And this is a second good to be derived. We must learn to hold closer together, and sink our minor differences in a profounder attachment to our common Church. But there is yet a third good—let us give it in the words of the Psalmist, 'Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils. Put not your trust in princes.' The Irish Church must learn to sit aloof from all political parties—Liberal or Conservative—both alike are unfriendly towards us. The present Government were only too glad to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, and stereotype the insult offered to us. We could hardly fare worse at the hands of a Home Parliament, where at least there would be some chance to a stand up fight. In the House of Commons not a single protest worth anything was uttered when Mr. Healy brought on the subject, and when the Conservatives

came in their lips were dumb, and what they did do only ratified the injury."

The new nomenclature has been adopted by the Government with regard to the census and other returns of the constabulary. It is thought that the effect will be that the Church people will be classified in the returns under various names, and the real progress the Church of Ireland has been making, and the strength she has been quietly gaining, will thus be concealed, and the number of Church people be represented as smaller than they really are.

Another effect of the attempt to reduce the Church to the level of a sect, will be to endanger the bequests and educational endowments that have been made to her as "The Church of Ireland."

GERMANY.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION.—The annual general meeting of the German Roman Catholics held at Münster was an unusually enthusiastic demonstration in favor of the pope. Dr. Windthorst declared that whatever might be said to the contrary, the Pope of Rome still ruled the world. A French journal had said that though the Old Guard might die it never could surrender. But the clerical party in Germany was better than that, for neither would it die. The Holy Chair, he said, must be made independent of the Powers, which it was only too often required to call to order. "We vow," exclaimed the clerical leader, in conclusion, "to stand steadfastly by the pope, in life and death; and I ask this meeting to give three cheers for Pope Leo." These were heartily accorded. The correspondent of the London Times observes:

"The meeting passed several resolutions, which show that the Kulturkampf is as far from being ended as ever—resolutions which demand the unconditional repeal of the chief of the May Laws, especially those dealing with religious orders and the education of the clergy, and which betray anything but a sense of clerical gratitude for those partial yet important concessions of form recently made to the Romish Church by the Prussian Government."

AUSTRALIA.

RESIGNATION OF THE BISHOP OF BATHURST.—The Bishop of Bathurst (Dr. Marsden) whose health is feeble, has announced his impending resignation. Bishop Marsden was consecrated in 1869. Late in July an affecting address was presented to him, signed by all the clergy of the diocese, to which he gave an equally touching reply.

MAINE.

ACQUETA.—*St. Mark's Church.*—The cornerstone of the new church of St. Mark's parish (the Rev. Walker Gwynne, rector), was laid by the bishop of the diocese on Tuesday, September 24. A new church building for this parish has been spoken of for years, but nothing definite was done until March, 1884, when a parish meeting was held; and it was resolved to build a new church, provided \$25,000 should be raised within a year. In less than the prescribed time more than the amount was raised, and measures were at once taken for the erection. Plans were formulated by Mr. E. N. Upjohn, of New York, and the site was chosen, being that of the rectory behind the old church, the rectory being removed for the purpose. The dimensions of the new church will be as follows: Extreme length from east to west, 110 feet; extreme breadth at organ chamber and choir room, 69 feet; depth of choir and chancel, 90 feet; length of nave, 56 feet; breadth of nave

and aisles, 48 feet; chapel, 48x18 feet; height of spire above floor, 92 feet. The material selected for this temple of God is granite, that of the walls being the beautiful blue stone from Colonel Bang's quarry in Norridgewock. There are to be six polished granite pillars, from Some's Sound quarry, Mt. Desert, supporting the clear story, and a seventh facing the arcade which connects the nave with the chapel. The work on the columns is to be done by C. J. Hall, of Belfast.

There were present at the service the bishop of the diocese, the rector of the parish, and the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Upjohn, C. M. Sills, C. L. Wells, G. S. Hill, G. Holbrook, A. W. Little, E. F. Small, M. McLaughlin, M. H. Wellman, and Robert Parke.

There was a service in the church, at which addresses were made by the bishop and the Rev. Samuel Upjohn, the late rector, when the congregation headed by the bishop, clergy and vestry, proceeded to the site of the new church, where the service appropriate to the laying of a cornerstone was conducted by the bishop, and the stone laid by him with the following formula: "In the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen: I lay this cornerstone of a house to be here hallowed as a House of God, and to be hereafter consecrated as St. Mark's church, and so set apart, from profane and common uses, and devoted to the use of God, in the communion of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, and according to the doctrine, discipline rites and usages of the same, as received by the Bishops, Clergy and Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America."

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON.—*Death of Dr. W. R. Lawrence.*—Dr. William Richards Lawrence died at his summer residence, in Swampscott, on Sunday, September 20, in his seventy-third year. He was the eldest son of the late Amos Lawrence. While still very young, he went abroad for study and travel, and was in Paris during the Revolution of 1830, where, with boyish ardor, he took part in the storming of the barricades. He studied medicine, and after engaging in private practice he became interested in behalf of the poor and suffering, and established a hospital for poor children. He was a manager of several public benevolent institutions, and one of the founders of the Church Home for Orphan and Destitute Children, and the Provident Association. Dr. Lawrence was very active in the founding of parishes. He was one of the originators of St. John's, Jamaica Plain, and also of Emmanuel church, Boston, and, together with his brother, built and presented to the parish the Church of our Saviour, Longwood.

CHELSEA.—*Death of the Rev. J. T. Burrill.*—The Rev. John T. Burrill, one of the oldest clergy in the diocese, died at Chelsea on Sunday, September 20. Mr. Burrill was born in Lynn, Mass., on Christmas Day, 1799. He was originally a minister of the Methodist Episcopal connection, but entered the ministry of the Church some thirty years ago. He was chaplain of the House of Correction, South Boston, for thirteen years. He was rector of Christ church (the Old North) from 1860 to 1871, and subsequently rector of St. Luke's church, Chelsea, which he held until his retirement, about six years ago.

JAMAICA PLAIN.—*St. John's Church.*—This beautiful new church (the Rev. S. U. Shearman, rector,) was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese on Thursday, September 24. A large number of the clergy of the diocese was present, including the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, A. S. J. Chambré, G. W. Porter, and G. W.

Shinn, the Rev. Messrs. L. K. Storrs, C. H. Leary, George Buck, L. B. Baldwin, W. F. Cheney, and others. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, the founder of the parish, preceding which he made a very interesting statement respecting the origin and early struggles of the parish. After the service the clergy and invited guests were entertained at the residence of the Hon. J. B. Alley.

The church building was erected a few years ago from the plans of Mr. H. M. Stephenson, architect. It is a Gothic structure of stone, with semi-circular chancel. The interior decorations, especially of the chancel, are very rich, and the whole effect is peculiarly attractive. The plans contemplate a chapel to be erected at some future time as an extension of one of the transepts.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—The General Theological Seminary.—The dean's house instead of costing \$12,000, as might have been gathered from a former article, will cost from \$25,000 to \$30,000. The house is to be 60x37, and is to front on Twentieth street, the end being on Ninth avenue. It is to be three stories and an attic, while there is, also, to be a basement and a cellar. The material will be of brick with stone trimmings.

The house is planned with reference to the system of buildings forming the quadrangle. Midway between the house on the south-east corner and the library on the north-east corner is to be a gateway opening from Ninth avenue. In the space between the gateway and the library, it is intended in the course of time to build a dormitory. So, also, in the space between the gateway and the dean's house. The plan is to have the latter buildings connect in such way that the third story of the dean's house may be in some sort an extension of the dormitory building and need, perhaps, by the professors. Ordinarily, the first and second stories may be as much as the deans and their families will care to occupy, while they may be wholly shut off from the third story. The house may serve therefore, a double purpose, and this fact accounts for its peculiar construction as, also, its size and cost.

NEW YORK—Church of the Ascension.—This church, which was closed in June, will reopen on Sunday, October 4. In the meantime some repairs and improvements have been made which add greatly to its appearance. The vestibule has been painted, while a cellar has been made under the front end of the church, in which to place the furnaces. This arrangement will give a much better distribution of heat, which before was very unequal. Within the church the pillars have been repaired and pointed in bronze, the galleries on either side have been removed, and the tall windows, ten in number, shortened by five or six feet. By means of these changes the church is much better lighted, and seems to be more spacious.

The most important changes, however, are connected with the chancel. The old wood-work has been removed, and an altar and reredos of Siena marble taken its place. Immediately above the altar is a retable of the same material, the words, "Holy, Holy, Holy," being brought out in relief. The floor is of mosaic, while the floor and steps outside are of Portland stone. The inner railing will be of wood, with posts of brass, while the outer railing will be wholly of polished brass.

The reredos will cover the entire chancel end of the church, to a height of about twenty feet. The work is ornamented with mosaics, while later on mosaic work will occupy the large space now vacant above the altar. Above this will be figures of angels done in

relief, the work being executed by St. Gaudens. On either side, also, will be figures of angels done in mosaics. In the space above the reredos will be a large painting by La Farge, representing the Ascension. All of this work is in every way simple, chaste, and beautiful, and in entire keeping with the architecture and traditions of the Church. The entire cost will be about \$35,000. It may be added that elaborately-carved stalls will be placed in the chancel to correspond with the beautiful pulpit, the work being done by the same hand.

NEW YORK—St. Ignatius's Church.—A new altar, of white Vermont marble, has been placed in this church, being ten by four and nineteen feet in height. On the front and sides is an arcade of eleven arches, the arches being supported by twelve clusters of columns. These arches, which are adorned with elaborately-carved capitals above, support the altar-table, which is also of white marble. The frieze underneath is a delicate carving, in vine pattern, while five crosses are cut upon the marble above. The altar-table is supplied with a tabernacle, having doors of polished brass, on either side of which are shelves for candlesticks, vases, etc. There are also various additional devices and ornaments, as a throne for the cross, inclosed by twelve columns, a canopy, an octagonal spire, etc. Behind the altar is a curtain of dark red material, while before it is a lamp suspended from the ceiling, its light indicating the presence of the reserved part.

NEW YORK—The Church Temperance Society.—The Bishop of New Jersey has written as follows in the matter of his clergy preaching sermons on temperance, on Temperance Sunday, November 8:

"It is hereby earnestly recommended to the clergy of the Diocese of New Jersey, that on the second Sunday in November, they will bring prominently before the people of their charge the great sin and cause of drunkenness; and the judicious methods of the Church Temperance Society for curing and counteracting what every good Christian and citizen must own to be the crying sin of our time."

The Bishop of Connecticut says: "I gladly unite in the request to the reverend clergy that sermons on temperance be preached on Sunday, November 8. The epistle for that Sunday seems to make it an especially proper day for such sermons."

Speaking of the request to have the clergy of New York and elsewhere preach on temperance, November 8, the Bishop of Albany writes: "I heartily approve of the Church Temperance Society, and earnestly recommend that the clergy of the Diocese of Albany should comply with that request."

NEW YORK—Italian Mission.—A very interesting service in the interest of the Italian Mission was held on Sunday, September 20, at Grace chapel, at 4 P.M. The occasion was the reopening of the mission. A select congregation of "children of Italy" in their festal garments and gaudy-colored dresses took part in the services, singing and responding in the service as if they were born in the Church. The Rev. C. Stauder, in charge of the mission, delivered an exhortation in the Italian language, and the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, pronounced the benediction in the same musical tongue. The Italian Mission has been a success from the very start, and evidently Italians have come into the Church to stay. When better facilities will be offered to this industrious people of showing their devotion and attachment to the Church, the numerous Italian colonies who will be of much moment.

Meanwhile, the mission is in need of funds, nothing having come into the hands of the

treasurer for a long while, and asks for help. Any information in regard to the mission will be gladly imported by the missionary, the Rev. C. Stauder, 126 East 14th street.

ROSENDALE—Consecration of All Saints' Church.—This beautiful stone church, (the Rev. E. Ransford, priest in charge,) the cornerstone of which was laid in 1876, was consecrated by the assistant-bishop on the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, September 20. There were present the assistant-bishop, the priest in charge, and the Rev. William Walsh. The assistant-bishop also confirmed eight persons, presented by the priest in charge. At the celebration of the Holy Communion there were twenty seven communicants, all but eleven of whom belonged to the parish, the remainder coming from the missions within the same jurisdiction as Rosendale, where the total number of communicants is twenty-two. The church was tastefully and effectively decorated with flowers, and the altar and lectern vested in white, corresponding to the richly-embroidered white and gold stoles worn by the clergy.

STONE RIDGE—St. Peter's Church.—The assistant-bishop visited this parish (the Rev. E. Ransford, priest in charge,) and confirmed five persons, three being colored.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—Church of the Redeemer.—On Sunday, September 20, the surpliced choir of St. Paul's Parish visited this church (the Rev. C. R. Treat, rector,) by invitation of the rector, and rendered most admirably the musical portions of the evening service, after which the Rev. Warner C. Hubbard preached on the subject of church choirs. In the course of his remarks the preacher stated that when he first became rector of St. Paul's, eight years ago, there were only two surpliced choirs in the diocese, his own in South Brooklyn, and that in St. Paul's in the East District; but now there are thirteen in the city of Brooklyn, and seventeen altogether in the diocese, showing how rapidly this style of choir is being introduced.

The organization of a surpliced choir in this parish is contemplated.

BROOKLYN—Church of the Good Shepherd.—This church (the Rev. H. B. Cornwell, rector) has been closed for a portion of the summer for repairs and improvements. During that time it has been re-roofed, and the interior painted and decorated with excellent taste. The organ has been moved into a recess, and stalls placed on the chancel platform for a vested choir.

On Sunday, September 20, the opening services were held, large congregations attending both morning and evening. The music was admirably rendered by the new choir, under the direction of Mr. C. S. Verbury. At the morning service there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which the sermon was by the rector. In the evening the sermon was by the Rev. Dr. I. L. Townsend.

The cost of the improvements was \$1,650, all of which, except about \$300, has been subscribed.

St. JOHN LAND—Founders' Day.—On Wednesday, September 16, occurred at this place the annual celebration of the birthday of Dr. Muhlenberg, the founder of the Church industrial village of St. Johnland. The day was clear and beautiful, and according to the programs of arrangement the celebration began with ringing of the bell and the firing of a salute. After the usual Morning Prayer, the congregation passed up to the cemetery and decorated with a profusion of flowers the graves of Dr. Muhlenberg, and of his friend, Dr. Washburn. Of the many and grateful

remembrances on that day of the beloved founder, none were more loving and tender than those of the people of St. Johnland.

Due respect having been paid to the honored dead, the festivities of the day began in the beautiful grove on the hill overlooking Long Island Sound. These consisted of games, followed by lunch at noon, while in the afternoon the boys repaired to the green and engaged in various athletic sports, greatly to their amusement.

At 3 p.m. the Rev. George S. Baker, pastor and superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital, delivered an appropriate and excellent address from the steps of the church. The ringing of the bells and the firing of a salute followed in the order, while after Evening Prayer at seven o'clock, a recital on the organ was given by the Rev. V. McBee. There was also some antiphonal singing, together with the singing of patriotic hymns. By ten o'clock the sounds of laughter and of merry voices had died away, and young and old seemed content to rest from their labors. Founders' Day had been duly celebrated, greatly to the enjoyment of those participating.

Of the clergy present and resident, there were the Rev. Dr. M. A. Bailey, in charge of the institution, and the Rev. Messrs. H. A. Peller and C. M. Carr. Of the visiting clergy, there were the Rev. Messrs. George S. Baker, V. McBee and U. T. Tracy.

GARDEN CITY—Opening of the Cathedral Schools.—The Cathedral schools of St. Paul and St. Mary were opened formally by a service in the chapel of the former on the 24th, in the presence of the bishop, cathedral board of trustees, the instructors and the scholars of the two schools. There were ninety-seven in St. Paul's and forty-seven in St. Mary's on opening day. Addresses were made by the bishop, the Rev. O. R. Vandewater, the chairman of the schools committee and Mr. Charles Struwant Moore, the head master of St. Paul's.

The cathedral schools have opened most auspiciously. The school for girls is filled. We shall have at St. Paul's within a few days at least one hundred and ten pupils. For the first time in its history St. Paul's is attended by enough scholars to insure its expenses from its income.

The diocese is to be congratulated upon such results in the first year of its cathedral responsibility.

Founded upon a principle dear to the hearts of Churchmen, these schools stand as a bulwark against modern methods of culture which educating the mental faculties, ignore the weightier matters of soul nurture and spiritual development.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BINGHAMTON—Church of the Good Shepherd.—A deaf-mute service was held at this church, the Rev. (J. Singleton Bishop, rector), on Wednesday, Sept. 16. After a shortened form of Evening Prayer, interpreted by the Rev. T. B. Berry, addresses were made by the rector, the Rev. J. W. Caspers, and the missionary to deaf mutes, Mr. Berry. Ten muses, besides a good congregation, were present, and all seemed greatly interested and urged a speedy repetition of the service.

GARDEN—Laying the Corner-stone of St. Mark's Church.—The corner-stone of this church (the Rev. E. W. Mundy, rector), was laid by the bishop of the diocese on Tuesday, September 22. There were present and assisting the Rev. Drs. T. Babcock and J. M. Clarke, the Rev. Messrs. H. Gates, A. Gregory, W. M. Beauchamp, F. N. Westcott, T. E. Pattison, J. A. Staunton, and J. E. Johnson, besides the rector of the church. There were

about one hundred and fifty people scattered around in front of the church, while the clergymen and choir occupied a platform in the building. The beautiful weather, the deep resonant tones of the bishop as he read the service, and the reverent attention of the assemblage, all combined to make the scene very impressive. After the customary deposits had been placed in the corner-stone the bishop delivered the address, which was listened to with deep attention. The bishop began with a reference to David: "The same fire burns in your hearts as burned in that of King David. You could not rest until you had founded a temple to God." In speaking about the church the bishop said: "The Church has not come uninvited, but because she was sent for to give you a place wherein to worship, to give you a ministry which should instill into your souls love for the divine being, and to give you a religion which is not an impulse but a revelation from above." The address closed with a reference to the corner-stone: "You see on this stone the symbol of this house of worship. It signifies endurance. The Church has lasted for eighteen centuries. This stone is regular in form, so of the religion of the Church. And, above all, the stone is large. The church is also large. There is room for all—the old and the young. There is room for Dives in his fine linen and for Lazarus in his rags."

ADAMS—Consecration.—The convocation of the First Missionary District met in Emmanuel church, Adams, (the Rev. Edward Moyses, rector), on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 15 and 16. After Evening Prayer, on Tuesday, the sermon was preached by the Rev. C. H. Tindell, from St. Matt. xxii. 38. On Wednesday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, the Rev. R. A. Olin being celebrant, assisted by the Rev. R. A. Quennell and the rector of the parish. In the afternoon there was an interesting discussion on "Woman's Work in the Church," in which all the clergy took part, also Mr. W. G. Bentley, a teacher in the Adams Collegiate Institute. In the evening there was a missionary meeting, at which addresses were made by the Rev. R. G. Quennell on "Woman's Work in the Parish," by the Rev. G. G. Ferrine on "The Work of the Men," and by the Rev. Osmond Herrick, U.S.A., a former rector, on "The Proceeds of Faithful Work."

NEW JERSEY.

RUMSON—St. George's Church.—It is very seldom that a rector can present two churches for consecration in one week. The chapel of the Holy Communion, Fair Haven, was consecrated on Tuesday, September 8, and the parish church, St. George's, Rumson, (the Rev. W. O. Embury, rector), on the following Sunday, September 13. These consecrations are the results of mission work begun by the mother church of the district, Christ church, Shrewsbury (the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, rector).

On the first of these occasions there was a large number of clergy present, it being the quarterly meeting of the Convocation of New Brunswick. At the consecration of the chapel the sermon was preached by the Rev. Edmund Embury, the venerable father of the rector, and that at the consecration of the parish church by the bishop of the diocese.

The chapel is the result of earnest work by the rector and his many friends, and is of very recent erection. The parish church was built ten years ago, but, being encumbered by debt, could not be consecrated until now, one of the vestry having generously paid off the last instalment of \$2,000. The rector is to be heartily congratulated that these two very beautiful churches are given to God, to the

great joy of all who know the work and its discouragements.

GIBBSBORO—St. John's in the Wilderness.—A pleasant union of employers and employes, and many outside friends, occurred at this village on Saturday, September 19, on the grounds of Mr. John Lucas, proprietor of the Gibbsboro Chemical Works and Paint Mills. It was a garden party and welcome to autumn, for the benefit of the Rectory Fund of this little church. It was a day of real pleasure to many into whose life little recreation comes. The day was fine, and the night was beautiful with moonlight, and Chinese lanterns and other artificial lights lent their aid. A fancy table, decorated with flags, filled with fancy and useful articles made by the young girls and women of the church guild, and an autumn table, decorated with corn, wheat, millet, and grasses, and covered with fruit and confectionery, helped to add to the fund. There were lawn-tennis, croquet, boating, music, and a broom drill by twenty-five young ladies dressed in white and scarlet. Tea was spread out by the laws from 6 to 10 p.m. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. R. F. Alsop and the Rev. Messrs. A. Murray and R. Moses.

The corner-stone of St. John's in the Wilderness, (the Rev. Ezra Isaac, rector), was laid on October 31, 1882. The church was opened and dedicated on Easter Eve, 1883, and on June 28 of the same year it was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese. On that day Mr. and Mrs. John Lucas, who had mainly built the church, placed the deed of the property on the altar-basin as an offering. The church and land are worth not far from ten thousand dollars. Since then there have been three confirmations held in the church. Steps are now taking to build a rectory, which will offer a pleasant home to the clergyman for the future.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—St. David's Church, Manayunk.—The congregation of this parish gave their rector, the Rev. Charles Logan, a genuine surprise on Friday evening, September 24. Headed by the large chorus choir, they called upon him at the rectory, and welcomed him and his wife home again from their summer trip. The company adjourned to the parish building, after a neat speech by the rector, in which he thanked them for this manifestation of love. A very pleasant evening was spent in listening to rich music, well rendered. During the evening the Rev. J. William Davidson presented to Mr. Logan a handsome purse of money in behalf of the congregation, and urged them to support him in his earnest efforts to faithfully perform his arduous duties in what they well knew was no very pleasant field. The rector, in reply, thanked those present for what, he said, was the greatest surprise of his life, that it was valuable to him vastly more than the money it contained, and he hoped that all would in every way in their power hold up his hands in his earnest efforts to build up that portion of God's vineyard. Mr. Logan is in the eleventh year of his rectorship, a longer period than that of any of his predecessors. A bounteous collation was served, of which all partook. The evening was one of genuine enjoyment, and one that the rector and his wife will long remember.

PHILADELPHIA—The Clerical Brotherhood.—The meetings were resumed on Monday, September 21, when about fifty of the clergy were present. The topic for discussion was "The Revised Translation of the Bible." The chief speaker was the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, occupying the Chair of Old Testament Languages and Literature in the Department of Biblical Learning in the Divinity School, who gave many facts in relation to it which

betokened his thorough knowledge of the subject.

PHILADELPHIA—The Seamen's Mission.—In his report to the Churchmen's Missionary Association for Seamen of the Port of Philadelphia, the Rev. J. J. Sleeper, missionary and superintendent, urges strongly the needs of the sailors and the debt we owe them, and closes by saying: "Over fifty thousand seamen arrive in this port annually. If those interested will assist us, we will open our parish holdings day and night for the instruction, entertainment, and protection of these men. We need books, papers, a globe, charts, maps, and money—anything that can be used to make a home-like place. Articles will be sent for if word is sent to the Rev. J. J. Sleeper, Front and Queen streets, or Mr. Isaac Welsh, treasurer, 528 Marshall street."

PHILADELPHIA—St. George's Church, West Philadelphia.—The Guild and Mite Society of this rural parish (the Rev. G. J. Burton, rector,) celebrated their first anniversary on the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, September 20. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the morning. In the evening a Harvest Home festival was held. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, fruits, and vegetables. The reports of the Guild and Mite Society were read. The rector addressed the societies, and afterward preached on "The Miracle of the Loaves." The church, which seats over three hundred, was crowded. The singing, which is under the charge of Mr. Charles Mercer Hall, choirmaster and lay-reader, was most hearty and congregational, being semi-choral. Among the works of the Guild are the recarpeting of the chancel, providing the coal, and now it contemplates making some improvements on the church and grounds. The aim of the Mite Society is to secure funds for a rectory, as the only means whereby the parish will be able to have a settled rector. The present rector, who is the warden of the Burd Asylum, gives his services gratuitously. New life and interest have been awakened by the Guild and Mite Society, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Hall, who is a postulant for orders.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

5. Church House for Children, and St. Mark's, Jonestown.
6. Trinity Mission, Steelton.
7. Board of Missions, South Bethlehem.
8. Founder's Day, Lehigh University.
11. A. M. St. John's, Lawrenceville; P. M. St. Andrew's, Tipton.
12. Adjacent missions.
13. St. Paul's, Wellboro.
14. Trinity Mission, Antrim.
15. St. James's, Mansfield.
16. St. Luke's, Blomberg.
18. A. M. St. Paul's, Troy; P. M. St. Luke's, Altoona.
18. St. Mark's, Lewistown.
20. A. M. St. Peter's, Tussockhock; P. M. St. Paul's, Mifflintown.
27. P. M. St. Mark's, New Milford; evening, Grace, Great Bend.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the Incarnation.—The treasurer, finance committee, and the vestrymen are encouraged by the present financial state of this parish, (the Rev. Dr. I. L. Townsend, rector) the last quarterly report showing a greater footing than at any time for the last six years, the plans for the increase of the rental having, thus far, proved successful. The Gilmore window is now, after long delay, in place. Several others are seriously contemplated, and will be placed in the not far-distant future. A new alms basin, composed of bits of gold, silver and family relics contributed for the purpose, has been made for the parish. The pieces contributed not only formed the basin, but paid for making it and left a small balance.

The communion vessels of the parish, given twenty years ago by Mr. Geo. F. Nesbit, Sr., of New York, now deceased, proving light and inconvenient to use, and of insufficient capacity, have been placed in the hands of Lamb & Bro. for reconstruction. The chalices will become one, and the paten and flagon made over; a needed change in the shapes and sizes of these articles. The baptistry has been hung with drapery, the font now standing well out to view. The left lancet windows and the organ chamber are ordered finished in keeping with the remaining windows of the church, that all may be in harmony.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the Epiphany.—Besides hundreds who went down the Potomac, more than one hundred have since then enjoyed another ride and the fresh air at the expense of the liberal purses of this parish. During the vacation a new library has been purchased for the use of the various Sunday-schools of this parish. The organ has been disjoined, repaired, and put in correct tune. The receipts of the Men's Meeting Fund for the past season were \$125; expenses, \$159, but a balance which was on hand at the beginning of the season kept the committee free of debt.

The annual expenses of the Mission chapel, lately so commodiously enlarged, is about \$400, including light, fuel, insurance, repairs and interest. Contributions toward these objects are requested; also, towards the balance on the bill for the late improvements on the property. Texts, clothing, papers and magazines—especially illustrated ones, and pictures of a desirable sort are all asked for and can be judiciously used. Late in the season the inmates of the Epiphany Home enjoyed their second annual excursion by the steamer America, thanks to Mr. C. C. Willard and the ladies in charge. The men's meetings, the mother's meetings, Sunday and sewing schools, and other activities are resumed. Many thanks are due from the poor to the captain of the "Mary Washington" for his great kindness the season past.

BALTIMORE—St. Luke's Church.—The Rev. George W. Harrod, late assistant in this parish, has been elected to the rectorship made vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Rankin. In three years past, Mr. Harrod has been the senior assistant priest in the parish, having come to Baltimore from the Diocese of Fond du Lac, in whose cathedral he was senior canon, and under Bishop Brown, had charge of its congregation.

Mr. Harrod is some 36 years of age, enjoys a reputation as a preacher of more than average ability, and in pastoral and business capacity has largely demonstrated his qualifications as successor to one of the most active, systematic and indefatigable rectors of this city, in fact of the entire diocese. A committee has waited upon the rector-elect, and it is beyond reasonable doubt that he will accept the important and influential position to which he has been so cordially called.

The Rev. Mr. Harrod is a native of England, but reared and educated in the West, graduating at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin. From Nashotah, he became a member of the cathedral staff of the late Bishop Armitage in Milwaukee; thence, to Green Bay; thence, he removed to Fond du Lac; and now becomes, though comparatively young, the head of what may be called the third parish in Maryland. He is genial, popular and untiring. For two years or more, he has been practically the head of the religious affairs of the parish of St. Luke's, owing to the ill-health of the late rector, now the *emeritus*. The Rev. Dr. Rankin was in New Jersey at the time of the election, but his approval of this excellent choice on the part of the authorities is regarded as

beyond question. Administrative ability of a high order is required for conducting or guiding the affairs of this parish; and this, without doubt, will be brought by the new rector sufficient for the demands of all the work of the parish.

BALTIMORE—Christ Church.—This parish (the Rev. W. W. Williams, rector,) is one of the wealthiest of our Baltimore parishes, its yearly contributions being nearly \$23,000. It has also one of the largest churches in the city, our chief churches in size being Emmanuel with 1,300 sittings, Ascension with 1,800, St. Paul's with 1,200, Grace with 900, Memorial with 900, St. Luke's with 1,500, St. Peter's with 1,600, St. Mark's with 900, and Christ church with 1,200. Some \$300 were contributed last year to the Virginia Theological Seminary; foreign missions, \$356; aged and infirm clergy, \$100; domestic missions \$416. There are five hundred communicants in the parish, and the Holy Communion is statedly administered on the first and third Sundays of the month. As an earnest and dignified preacher, the rector ranks among our first.

BALTIMORE—St. George's Church.—For the purpose of securing funds to make needed repairs and improvements on this church (the Rev. Frederick Gibson, rector,) and to increase the offerings for the reduction of the church debt, Mr. J. R. Bell, treasurer of the parish, and others, are making special efforts. The debt will be vigorously attacked during the autumn and winter. In fact, the campaign has already opened, and the Whittingham memorial will, all in due time, be rid, it is hoped, of its incumbrance.

BALTIMORE—Church of the Ascension.—The systematic offerings' plan of this parish continues to work satisfactorily. It was begun in the early part of 1885. Its successful operations is due largely to the business-like manner in which it was prepared. A schedule of appropriation of the \$15,000 yearly revenue to which it has increased the contributions of the parish, has been submitted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair, to the vestry, and approved by them and the congregation. From chapels, a corps of three clergy, property valued at no less than \$100,000, sittings for nearly 2,000, 700 families with 2,400 individuals, and nearly 800 communicants give some idea of the importance and influence of Dr. Fair's charge in this city.

BALTIMORE—St. Paul's Parish.—The large and increasing work of the Sunday and other schools of this parish (the Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, rector,) has necessitated enlarged accommodations, and even as long as nearly a year since the question was agitated of securing the necessary lot and funds. Several thousand dollars were given towards the purchase of the lot, and other moneys pledged for the erection of the needed buildings. The parish building will be adapted to various parochial uses, as the parish carries on several parish and industrial schools, besides two Sunday-schools, the pupils of all aggregating not far from four hundred, with a corps of some forty teachers.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH, CALVERT COUNTY.—St. Paul's Church, Prince Frederick.—Commendable zeal has characterized the rectorship of the Rev. Dr. De Low in this parish. He assumed charge in 1883, after a year's vacancy, and at once aroused the latent energy of the people. The rectory, which had been destroyed by fire the year before, was replaced by a large and commodious one at a cost of \$2,000, and all was at once paid on it as due, no debt of any kind resting on the parish. A tower was next added to the church, and a memorial bell was the next thing thought of by the congregation. A parish of about one hundred

persons only realized these good results. It was the spirit with which they combined for one common purpose that inspired interest and guaranteed success.

ST. PAUL'S PARISH, FREDERICK COUNTY—St. Paul's Church, Point of Rocks.—Although this parish is about forty-two years organized, it has had a resident rector only since the coming of the present one, the Rev. Dr. T. S. Bacon. Coming in 1882 to the rescue of the work, he at once infused new courage. The Church's strength here is now thirty-five families of one hundred and fifty persons, fifty-five communicants, and a Sunday school work of twenty pupils and five teachers. Though the area of the parish is some fifty square miles, yet the congregations are good. Contributions have been \$1,770, \$341 and \$235 during the three years and more of the present incumbent. The church, erected nearly three years ago, is a credit to all concerned. The two churches now owned by this parish are valued at \$4,500; other property, \$70; endowment, \$283, and an annuity of \$50. The church and chapel will accommodate two hundred and fifty attendants.

EASTON.

EASTON—Burial of the Late Bishop.—The burial services of the late Bishop Henry Champlin Lay, were held in Easton, on Monday, September 21. The funeral arrangements in Baltimore were under the direction of the Rev. F. B. Adkins, and the remains were taken in charge on their arrival at Easton by the Rev. G. S. Gassner. Nearly all the clergy, and many prominent laymen of the diocese were present. The clergy and vestries of the parishes met the remains at the railroad station, and escorted them to Trinity Cathedral, where they lay in state for about an hour. The casket containing the remains was borne by the pall-bearers, and was preceded by the Rev. G. S. Gassner hearing the pastoral staff. This pastoral staff, which lay upon the coffin, in one that was intended to be prayed to the bishop by the clergy of the diocese. It has been in process of execution for some months past, but the bishop was not able to see it after it was finished. The parish churches were draped in mourning, and the business places in the town were closed during the services. After the remains had lain in state, the funeral procession moved to Christ Church, where the Burial Service was said. The opening sentences were said by the Bishop of Maryland, the lesson read by the Rev. Dr. H. Y. Satterlee, and the Nicene Creed and prayers by the Bishop of Delaware. The interment was at Spring Hill Cemetery, where the Committal was said by the Rev. Dr. E. F. Dashiell. The pall-bearers were Drs. R. C. Mackall and I. L. Adkins, and Messrs. W. F. Walker, J. A. Pearce, G. R. Goldsborough, W. F. Craft, A. S. Coodon and W. E. Jones, all laymen of the diocese. The late bishop's family, except his eldest son, were all present. The procession from the cathedral to Christ Church, and from the church to the cemetery was on foot, the only carriages being those containing the bishop's family. In accordance with the late bishop's request all the arrangements of the funeral were marked by perfect simplicity.

The funeral was the largest ever seen in Easton, and testified the respect and affection held for Bishop Lay by the whole community, which his death has plunged into mourning.

EASTON—Action on the Bishop's Death.—After the funeral of the bishop the clergy held a meeting in Trinity cathedral, where addresses were made and appropriate resolutions passed expressive of the loss the diocese has sustained by his death.

On the receipt of the news of the death of the bishop the trustees of Trinity cathedral

held a meeting and passed the following minute, which was ordered to be inscribed on the records: "With the profoundest grief we acknowledge the dispensation of Providence which has removed from us our bishop, founder, and rector, the Rt. Rev. H. C. Lay, D.D., LL.D., who fell asleep in Baltimore, Thursday, September 17, 1885.

"His work as priest, as missionary bishop, and as diocesan is written in the history of the Church, in whose councils he bore no conspicuous part.

"In his diocese he was loved and revered, but to this congregation he sustained a peculiarly intimate and affectionate relation. His singular simplicity and purity of life, his broad and tender sympathies, his real and holy eloquence, as well as the warmth of personal attachments, endeared him beyond measure to the little flock which rejoiced in his ministrations and his Christian counsel.

"This board hears loving testimony to the spotless purity of one of the best of men, and one of the noblest of Christian ministers."

The rector and vestry of Christ Church, St. Peter's parish, Easton, held a meeting on learning of the bishop's death, and passed the following minute and resolutions: "We, the rector and vestry of St. Peter's parish, Diocese of Easton, have learned with profound regret of the death, at the Church Home, Baltimore, on the 17th inst., of our beloved bishop, the Rt. Rev. Henry Champlin Lay, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Easton. After a long and painful illness, born with patience and Christian fortitude, he passed quietly to his rest. He was a man of fine scholarship and broad sympathies, devoted to his diocese, and ever mindful of his clergy. In his death the Church is deprived of one of her wisest counselors, and we mourn the loss of a tender father in God.

"We hereby offer to his wife and family our heartfelt sympathy in their sore trial, and pray that a merciful God 'may lift up His countenance upon them, and give them peace.' Resolved, that the wardens and vestry of this parish attend the funeral in a body. Resolved, that this minute be spread upon a separate page of our minute book. Resolved, that a copy be sent to the late bishop's family. Resolved, that a copy be sent to the Church and local papers for publication."

NORTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

4. Sunday, Morganton.
5. Thursday, Salisbury.
7. Wednesday, St. Mary's, Roman County.
8. Thursday, St. Andrew's.
9. Friday, Concord.
11. Sunday, Greensboro.
13. Tuesday, Winston.
14. Wednesday, Germantown.
16. Friday, Walnut Cove.
18. Sunday, Leaksville.
20. Tuesday, Reidsville.
21. Wednesday, Milton.
22. Thursday, Cunningham's, Person County.

EAST CAROLINA.

WILMINGTON—St. James's Church.—This church (the Rev. W. H. Lewis, rector,) is undergoing extensive repairs this summer, through the efforts of the present rector, who came here last January as successor of the bishop of the diocese. A new recessed chancel is in process of erection, and a transept is being added which will give nearly two hundred additional sittings, making the seating capacity of the church one thousand. The organ will be brought down into the chancel, and a choir of men and boys are under full training to be ready for reopening November 1. The furniture of the chancel has been given as memorials, including a beautiful font.

St. James's has long been the largest and

leading parish in the diocese. St. John's and St. Andrews, both being flourishing parishes, being offshoots from it.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

4. Sunday, Spartansburg.
6. Tuesday, Union.
11. Sunday, Greenville.
13. Tuesday, White Horse.
14. Wednesday, Easley.
16. Friday, Seneca.
18. Sunday, Pendleton.
20. Tuesday, Anderson.
23. Friday, Williston.
25. Sunday, Abbeville.
27. Tuesday, Laurens, C. H.
29. Thursday, Mission near Alston.

INDIANA.

TERRE-HAUTE—Harvest Home.—The annual Harvest Home was duly celebrated in this city at the close of the County Agricultural Fair. A few days previous, several bands, about fifteen in number, who were attending a tournament here, gathered for divine worship in St. Stephen's church (the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield, rector,) and the old hymns, sung by a chorus of three hundred male voices accompanied by the organ and other musical instruments, were a great delight to lovers of old-fashioned congregational music.

Harvest Home services began in St. Stephen's church on Saturday, September 19. With an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 A.M. The Litany was said at 9 A.M., and at 10.30 A.M. there was a solemn celebration preceded by Morning Prayer. The church was beautifully decorated. Arches of corn and wheat spanned the chancel. Enormous heaps of golden pumpkins and sealed peppers and russet apples were on every side. A cross skillfully constructed of ears of corn decorated the organ, while on the altar stood a large cross of wheat and grapes. The choir entered the church singing as a procession the Harvest Home hymn, "Praise, O Praise our God and King." The service was conducted by the bishop of the diocese and the rector of the parish. The bishop preached the sermon, which was an able and eloquent account of the bountiful gifts of the Lord of the Harvest. In the evening the bishop again preached. The music at both services was rendered with great spirit, particularly Godesculus's Alleluia sequence, "The Strain Upraise."

In the evening the brotherhood of St. Stephen's gave a Harvest Home banquet in their hall, which was a very handsome affair. Speeches were made by the bishop and others, and after the singing of the brotherhood hymn the members were dismissed with the bishop's benediction.

TERRE HAUTE—St. Luke's Church, Noit Works.—The corner-stone of this church was laid by the bishop of the diocese on the afternoon of Sunday, September 20. The procession approached the grounds headed by the choristers of St. Stephen's church, followed by the rector (the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield) and the bishop, after whom came St. Stephen's Brotherhood, the officers of St. Luke's church, and the Sunday school. The bishop, after conducting appropriate services, asked for the deed of the lot. Miss Nellie Brown, a relative of Colonel McLean, escorted by his Hon. John E. Lamb, approached and handed the warranty deed to the bishop, who expressed his earnest gratitude and implored God's blessings on the generous donor. The rector then read a list of the contents of the box, and the bishop laid the corner-stone in due and ancient form. In his address the bishop said he was glad the workmen were finding out this church to be their true friend. It was better than any police force to keep order, and would

prove a blessing to the neighborhood. He hoped to open here a free reading-room, also a place for social gatherings, where all would be welcome, especially the poor and friendless, and he confidently expected a long and useful life for this work, so auspiciously commenced.

WISCONSIN.

RICE LAKE—Grace Mission.—We have been given for publication the following extract from a letter of the missionary in charge of this mission (the Rev. W. H. Ross): "I have had charge of two mission stations since the 1st of June, Grace Mission, Rice Lake, and St. Stephen's Mission, Still Lake, in Northwest Wisconsin, toward Lake Superior. The people are poor, some very poor, and not one family is 'well-to-do.' Yet they have built two churches, one at each place, and give liberally toward the support of the services. They are nearly all employes in lumber mills owned by non residents, and can only live from hand to mouth; for the Church they have done and are doing all they can. The church-buildings can be used as they are in the summer time, but to finish them and fit them up for a Wisconsin winter we need \$1,000. Do you know any one who will help us? I have no eloquence to plead our cause, but hope the facts will speak for us."

MINNESOTA.

DIOCESAN ITEMS.—The bishop of the diocese left Faribault on Monday, September 14th for his annual visit of two weeks to the Indians of White Earth Reservation in Northern Minnesota.

Mr. E. P. Chittenden, a Congregational Minister, and a graduate of Yale, after having studied a year in Germany and spent some months as a minister among his brethren, enters Seabury Hall this year, as a special student, with a view to taking Holy Orders.

By special invitation of the Faribault clergy the St. Paul and Minneapolis Clerics met at the cathedral on Monday, September 14. Fourteen clergy were present including the bishop, who added much interest to the meeting by his wise counsel and admonition. The subject discussed was the Advent Mission which is proposed to be held in St. Paul in the first week of Advent. The whole subject of the mission was ably discussed by the various clergymen present.

No definite action was taken relative to the special mission to be held in St. Paul, farther than the unanimous expression of opinion that there was a need for such a mission at the center of our diocesan work, and that if it were properly carried on it would awaken spiritual life, not only in St. Paul, but throughout the diocese. The bishop was requested to issue a pastoral setting forth the need, object and modus operandi of such a mission, and to set forth a collect to be used by way of preparation for the mission.

NEBRASKA.

EPISCOPAL VISITATIONS.—The bishop of the diocese made his first visitation to Grace church, Red Cloud, on Sunday, September 6. The weather was so inclement that but few people were present to hear the words of godly counsel which both morning and evening fell from his lips.

The Church at this point has never prospered as it should have done. In a great measure this is owing to the infrequency of services, and the few Church people that are here.

Under the ministrations of a former rector a comfortable building was erected, but not furnished. Much still remains to be done.

It needs to be seated; about enough money is in hand for this purpose. The interior and exterior want a coat of paint. The chancel has been painted by the missionary in charge, and if he can secure the material for the rest will see to it that the remainder is done also. The bishop presented a carpet for the chancel, which has been put down.

It is the determination of the diocesan that services at this place shall be continued, as it was the last point ministered to by the late Bishop Clarkson.

On Tuesday, September 8, in company with the missionary, the bishop visited Bloomington and held services in the Presbyterian place of worship. A large congregation greeted him, many coming from adjoining towns.

Here there is no church, but steps will be taken to secure lots and put up a building as soon as possible. One child was baptized.

On Wednesday Alma was visited, services held in the Methodist house of worship, and one young woman confirmed. Before leaving steps were taken toward securing means for purchasing a school-house soon to be vacated. It is proposed to change this into a chapel, which will be sufficient for present needs; \$250 was subscribed by the bishop in hope of the rest being obtained from the citizens. When bought some repairs will be needed, painting done, etc. There are but few communicants here, and outside aid must be solicited. Will not some who read this help!

On Thursday McCook was visited. This is by far the most promising point in the Republican Valley. Three years ago in June not one house marked the spot where now fifteen hundred people make their home. It is the end of a railroad division, dispatcher's headquarters, and assistant-superintendent's offices. About three hundred men in the employ of the company reside here. The Methodists, Congregationalists, and Roman Catholics have already occupied the field. Each has a suitable place for worship.

It is very desirable, indeed of paramount importance, a church be built here at once.

Already there are fourteen communicants, and thirty or forty connected with the Church either by baptism, association, or have a decided preference for its mode of worship.

An organization has been perfected, officers appointed, and \$350 subscribed for the missionary's support; \$300 has been secured through the bishop toward a building; the town will add about \$700 more, but this will not be sufficient. It will take about \$1,500, material is so expensive here. The ladies are negotiating for an organ. A site can be secured through the town lot company.

Dear reader, has God blessed you! Can you not spare a little of your substance to promote His glory and extend Christ's kingdom among this worthy people, hungering for the word of life, the ministrations of His Church!

In the days when Bishop Lay was missionary bishop of the Southwest, he "cooned" along the fences in Arkansas, and not "crooned" as an editorial sentence made it. The presence or absence of a letter often represents the difference between light and obscurity.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. W. Kaye has declined an election to the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Doylestown, Pa.

The Rev. Charles J. Ketchum has entered on the rectorship of St. John's church, Arlington, Mass. Address accordingly.

The Rev. C. J. Mason's address is 303 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. Dr. R. B. Morgan's address until November 1, is CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE, 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

The Rev. H. M. P. Pearce has resigned the charge of St. Peter's parish, Brushston, and St. Thomas's Mission, Lawrenceville, N. Y., and accepted the rectorship of Zion church, Colton, N. Y.

The Rev. G. S. Pine's address is 118 Cedar St., Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. E. F. Small has accepted an election to the rectorship of St. Stephen's church, Newark, N. J.

The Rev. James Stoddard's address is changed from Rochester, N. Y., to 213 Locust St., Harrisburg, Pa.

The Rev. S. H. Watkins is associated with the Rev. W. S. Johnson, in the Mission of St. Barnabas, Bristol, Conn. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Edwin Wickens having returned from Europe, desires his letters and papers addressed to Palestine, Texas.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.*

MARRIED.

In St. Mark's Cathedral, Salt Lake City, Utah, on Thursday, September 17, 1885, by the Right Rev. L. B. Brewer, S.T.D., Bishop of Montana, Miss MANTIS E. MORTON, of Salt Lake City, and Mr. E. GAZDARY PAOOR, of Virginia City, Montana. No cards.

DIED.

At Essex, Conn., Sept. 19, 1885, of paralysis, HENRY HAYDEN, aged 65 years and 7 months.

Entered into eternal rest, on Wednesday, September 20, EMILY M. WILLIAMS, daughter of John M. S. Williams.

Entered into life eternal, at Carlisle, Penn., on Thursday morning, September 24, Miss MATELLA P. WATTS. Her rare excellencies of mind and heart, her unswerving devotion to duty, her wise liberality, her gentle and courteous spirit, and her influence on the hearts of all who knew her. After many years of steadfast allegiance to the Church of her love, she has been called to the reward promised to the faithful. Her life was beautiful; her end was peace.

MEETING OF CLERGY.

BISHOP HENRY CHAMPLIN LAY, D.D., LL.D.
After the funeral of Bishop Lay the clergy of the diocese met in the bishop's chapel. The Rev. S. C. Roberts presided over the meeting and ordered that the Rev. Theo. P. Barber, D.D., be called to the chair. The Rev. Mr. Mitchell was appointed secretary. On motion a committee of five was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the respect and love of the clergy for their late bishop, and the sense of the loss which they have experienced in his death. The committee retired, and after consultation presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted by a rising vote:

RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the clergy of the Diocese of Kansas, held on the 21st day of September in the cathedral chapel immediately after the funeral solemnities over the great and good bishop, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In His wise providence it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His earthly labors and sufferings to his blessed reward the soul of our first beloved bishop, HENRY CHAMPLIN LAY, D.D., LL.D.; Therefore,

Resolved, That we thank God for the good example of self-sacrificing love, patience and labor which He enabled His humble servant to set before us in his life and bequest to us in his death.

Resolved, That in the Church councils, as a member of the Holy Synod, in the singular purity and earnest devotion to duty, and in the high and noble aims of the committee to prepare a new hymnal, and of the commission to enrich the Prayer Book, the accurate, thorough, and high-spirited labors, and the noble achievements, the marked literary qualifications and good judgment of our diocesan rendered his diligent labors most beneficial to the Church at large.

Resolved, That the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen, the worn out, sick and disabled clergy of the whole Church, in the death of our bishop, have cause to mourn the loss of one of their best friends, one whose sympathies were never failing to succor with every means in his power, the afflicted, and who rejoiced in his own labors and the efforts of every one made to lighten their burdens and better their condition.

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved bishop, we, the clergy of the Diocese of Kansas, mourn the loss of one of its singular purity, loving sympathy, earnest devotion to duty, and noble aims, and we are proud of his legacy, especially the sick and needy, endeared him to all men, to the glory of his Redeemer.

Resolved, That we cannot express in mere words our grief and sense of loss; we lay it all before the throne of our Heavenly Father, and ask His intervention in our behalf, and that of our beloved Diocese.

Resolved, That we tender to the stricken family of our bishop our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement, and pray God to give them that consolation which His all-wise God can bestow.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the bishop, and published in the Church papers.

E. F. DASHFIELD,
ALBERT R. WALKER,
E. T. HEAVEN,
E. C. MILLER,
J. A. MITCHELL, } Committee.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

GAMBLING, OF THIS SORT AND THAT.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I notice in THE CHURCHMAN of September 19, a paragraph to the effect that in 1774, Bishop Seabury received a sum of money from a lottery and entered the fact in his journal, with the pious exclamation added: "Five pounds—thank the Lord."

Your paragraphic editor then proceeds to moralize: "Since those days there has been a great change in public sentiment in regard to lotteries and (such) other things." Now, what are the moral grounds upon which public sentiment condemns certain modes of raising money for churches or making it for one's self? In other words, what is gambling? Almost simultaneously with the perusal of your brief article, I had occasion to counsel a young relative who had been just "hit on" at a country fair by a travelling sharper to the tune of a dollar, from his not over-full pocket, that all such attempts as that of his to get (as in his case) a watch chain without an equivalent were gambling. He retorted, "Then the churches all gamble."

Gambling, whether by cards, lotteries, dice, wheat-tickets, or anything else, is an attempt to cheat, coupled with a willingness, for the sake of the excitement and possible profits, to take the risk of getting cheated. The amount at stake makes no difference in the right and wrong of the matter. Whether by persons or corporations, whether at a church fair, on the street, or at a faro-table, makes none. Nor is it the question of "chance," for as there is no such thing as chance, there is none in these ways and methods, and there are really no "games of chance." We act most generally called so, and that is the point, out as an example of "chance" would, of course, be dice-throwing. But, in this there is no more chance than in the movements of the tides or of the sun. All is law throughout nature. Without law, nothing. The dice may seem to turn up by chance—but that is all.

Put the same dice, with the same faces up, in the same box, in the same exact way, in the very same spot of the box, shake the box with the very same force, turn the wrist the very same number of inches off from the table, tip the box at the identical angle, cause the dice to slide down the same side of the box always—in other words, fulfil perfectly and invariably the necessary conditions—then turn out your dice, and where is chance? There would, of course, often be the same spots up. It is not the chance in "games of chance" that makes them contraband. For there is none. It is the attempt to acquire without equivalent. They are games of cheat, not games of chance.

Of course this applies to a questionable method for finishing a church tower, or subsidizing an assistant-minister, or meeting the interest on our dearly beloved church debts, and to anything else. Licensed by law as the lottery is in Louisiana, and countenanced as it is by high names, it is still gambling, unless my definition be wrong, in this the one hundred and first year since Seabury and his five pounds.

License by law may entitle a man to keep a rum-shop (or a house that is worse), to keep a faro-table, to exact the payment of the widow's last farthing, to seize, under foreclosure of mortgage, the orphan's only patrimony, although all had been paid on it save the ultimate dollar; but would it be, while severely legal, in the least degree righteous?

Does not all this apply somewhat to the church-fair, where exorbitance is the rule and faro-practice is the fact, why not? A bazaar at which an honest article is bought at an honest price is one thing, and is beyond reproach or condemnation, unless there be something radically evil in buying and selling, in which case Christian people should never buy or sell at all; but one at which money is expected and taken without the fair and honorable equivalent in return. It is the *pretence*, or the absence of the equivalent, that differentiates "honest dealing" from dishonest. And church

gambling is no less disreputable than any other. If "the churches all gamble," it is bad; all, however, do not. Let us be thankful that "selling for a dollar what cost four cents is getting out of percentage and getting into larceny, nix," is a remark that is becoming daily more and more improbable and unlikely to be made of our churches, at any rate. We need only to realize what is gambling, and to call it by its proper name. It is withholding the *quid pro quo*. An equivalent is as essential to honesty as the specific mention of one is to the validity of a deed at law. Honor to the bishops who have several times, lately, refused to accept any money made without the honest and honorable return of the "q. p. q." As to good Bishop Seabury, "*tempora mutantur et nos mutantur in illis.*"

R. W. LOWRIE.

RIVERS IN ECCLESIASTES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

"The rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again."—ECCLES. I. 7.

Language does not always mean what it seems. The words of "the preacher" I have just quoted, and sound at first sight and bearing as though they may describe the rise of vapor from the face of the sea to form clouds, which drop their water on the earth below. Yet as in the passage itself there is no mention of either rise, or vapor, or clouds, or earth, it may be; this is not the meaning "the son of David" intends us to see.

Just as account of "the rivers" is one of four contrasts he draws between the uncertainty and "vanity" of human life, and the fixed constitutions of the earth, the sun, the wind, and the rivers. These four objects form in the contrast an inseparable group. This being their intimate relation to each other, the Bible character of "the earth, the sun and the wind" will determine the Bible character of the rivers.

1. "The earth abideth forever." i. 4. The stability and eternity of the earth can be only apparent. Were these qualities described by "the preacher" as absolute, he would contradict the prediction of St. Peter. "The earth shall be burned up." (II. Epistles iii. 10.)

2. "The sun also riseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he ariseth." (3. 5.)

This description of the sun divides itself into two parts. The part, "Ariseth and goeth down," is necessarily only apparent, as the actual position of the sun in our solar system is stationary. The part, "Hasteth to his place of rising," exists not even in appearance, but is a theory prevalent at the time Ecclesiastes was written, that the sun possesses a hidden self-returning power.

3. "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." (i. 6.)

This account of the wind also has two divisions. In the first division, the changes of the wind from north to south, and from south to north, are wholly declarations respecting its outward impressions, recognized by our senses of sight, hearing, and touch, and are not explanations either of the composition, the origin, or the destination of the wind.

In the second division, there is the repetition of the old theory believed in at the time of Ecclesiastes, that the wind, as well as the sun, controlled the power of self return. "The wind returneth again according to his circuits."

4. "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." (i. 7.)

As with the passages concerning the sun and the wind, so with the rivers, there are two announcements.

(a) "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full." All the Yukons, Columbias, Mississippis, Amazons, Danubes, Congos, Yang-tai-Kiangs, Lenas, do not deluge the oceans. To this constant balance between the supplies and the receptacles *our eyes testify*. The equilibrium is only apparent. "The preacher" attempts no scientific explanation.

(b) His father David provides him the lev-

eling and measuring scales. "The waters go up mountains; they go down valleys." (Ps. civ. 8.)*

The false philosophy of the period, redistributing channels under ground, like the secret night return of the sun to the East, the author of Ecclesiastes, with filial reverence, adopts, and proclaims, "Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." The exclusive interpreters of Ecclesiastes i. 7 are its immediately preceding verses. Thus explained, this verse 7 derives, takes, retains, uses the life, form, color, complexion, meaning, influence of its antecedent and transmuting associate, *what they say; it is, not science, but appearance, as it met the recipient eyes of David and David's son, and is portrayed by each.*

SAMUEL FULLER.

VOLUNTARY AND COERCIVE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Your editorial on the Bishop of Rochester, say's (12th September) "under the voluntary system public worship must be maintained—but that portion of the community which is sufficiently interested—to make sacrifices." Exactly what our Lord says, "ye are the salt"—"ye are the light of the world." He clearly calls His followers to do what you say is expected under the voluntary system. You say "it falls upon a part to provide for the whole," and "this is inadequately done under the voluntary system." Then, clearly, more sacrifices are to be made by the chosen part for the careless whole. Our Lord did not expect, nor can we, that the careless and worldly, the selfish and covetous, should be "salt" and "light." All we get from them, we get for their sakes, which compromises some portion of duty and suppresses some measure of truth. Worldliness is strongly entrenched in the Church by this barrier. Hence the expenses of worship are greatly increased, and much is accounted necessary which is superfluous; which is necessary only to the habits of a kind of worshipers, but not at all to true worship. We claim inquired—*worship, and expect the Church to furnish them.* This is selfish and dishonorable to God; and this repels the simple and poor from His house. Judgment must begin at the house of God. The clergy must seek the honor which comes from God only, though they endure hardness. The expenses of a church should be regulated by what the people offer, and not by what the clergy estimate. On this solid basis all churches should begin, and as faith increases so will its fruits in sufficient support and proper ornamentation. God teaches us how to profit, and we must teach the people to "prove" Him; to bring all the tithes into His storehouse, and there will be meat in His house. Let Christians not be afraid or ashamed of poverty, but of unfruitfulness. Let us be taught of God how to behave ourselves in His house, and yield to no constraint but that of truth.

Look Haven.

CHAS. R. BONSELL.

MOVEMENT FOR UNITY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In your last issue the Rev. Mr. Moore of Nashville, Tenn., asks "the nature of the communications between" the Methodist General Conference and the General Convention of 1868. I am at a distance from my library, and dare not attempt to answer the question at length without consulting my authorities. The convention journals for that year do not contain some of the facts, and the Methodist official records contain others. I will only say now that the conference was addressed by some of our clergy on the subject of unity, and appointed a committee of seven, all men of mark, to attend to the matter of the request. Our convention was notified (though not by the conference), and a commission was constituted. As I can see, the committee and the commission held no communication with each other, and I believe that neither was instructed to open communications. It is not remarkable that nothing came of this effort to promote unity, nor that

* Prof. J. A. Alexander's translation.

it has already been almost forgotten. There are doubtless those who know more about the matter than I do, but, if farther information is desired from me, I shall be very happy to give your correspondent, or others, all that I possess, after my return to my parish.

W. G. ANDREWS.

Fishkill, N. Y.

ORIGIN OF A PHRASE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In the last issue of THE CHURCHMAN one of your correspondents writes "nil mortuum nisi bonum." At first I took these words for a confused recollection of the charitable sentiment, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, if that is the way it goes; but now it seems to me that I must be mistaken, and I write to ask where the phrase is to be found, among the classic authors, and whether it may not be the original of Shakespeare's,

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

ROBERT A. BENTON.

Sauickley, Penn.

WHAT SHAPED THE CONSTITUTION?

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Is there anything on record in ecclesiastical or other history of this country showing that the Constitution of the United States was based on or taken from the synodical government of the Presbyterian Church? It has been so stated by laymen and ministers of that denomination.

GEO. A. WILKINS.
Selma, Ala., Sept. 17, 1885.

NEW BOOKS.

HEROISM OF RUSSIA. From the earliest times to 1882. By Alfred Rambaud, Chief of the Cabinet of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, at Paris, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, etc. This work has been crowned by the French Academy. Translated by L. B. Lang. Edited and enlarged by Nathan Haskell Dole. Including a history of the Russo-Russian War, 1877-78, from the best authorities. By the Editor. In three volumes. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat.] pp. 400-400-410.

It is not every nation which can find its historian among its own people, still less is it possible for some nations to understand the history of their neighbors. As a rule no people comprehend fully the people which lies West of it. The elder civilization is generally perplexed over the younger, and the Western nation is usually the later one. On the other hand it is often hard for the Englishmen, for example, to go back to the Continental period, or for a man of Western Europe to divine the ways and thoughts of the Oriental. Where a Frenchman's prejudices are not involved, or his *amour propre* wounded, he makes a good historian. He has the power of seeing clearly, and describing forcibly, and if his intellect is not dominated by a theory, or his spirit enslaved by a partisanship, he makes an admirable, perhaps the most admirable historian.

A Frenchman seems to us to be therefore well qualified to write Russian history. There is that happy distance between St. Petersburg and Paris which prevents the bitterness of rivalry. Russia has been dependent on France for that part of its civilization wherein nations are most apt to misunderstand and despise each other's social culture, manners and the lighter literature. The educated Russian speaks and writes the French language even better perhaps than the Frenchman himself. There are no burning questions at present between the two.

It is not to be wondered at that M. Alfred Rambaud has given a very interesting and able history of Russia. He has done what every true historian should do in keeping contemporary events in view, so that the reader is not forced to be continually consulting his chronological tables to know what

was happening elsewhere at the same time. With a country like Russia, where the earlier history carries no familiar recollection to the mind and where till Peter the Great it never emerges out of its Cimmerian darkness into European contact, this is indispensable. While history is confined to the intrigues of one family of Boyar's against another by the strifes between Moscow and Kiev, Novgorod and Pskov, one has no sign to tell whether it belongs to the era of Charlemagne or of Charles the Fifth, is contemporary with William the Conqueror or with William of Orange. Not till Peter the Great did Russia begin to keep step with the march of European civilization. To armies trained in the tactics of Marlborough and Eugene it could oppose clouds of Tatar cavalry armed with bows and arrows and clad in sheepskins. Its life, its thought, its spirit was Asiatic—a mingled web of Byzantine and Mongol embroidery upon a Slavish ground.

The first volume of Mr. Rambaud comes down to the period of Peter the Great. In itself the history is almost as barren, as monotonous and flat as the steppes of that Russia over which moved in battle and migration the composite people we now name Russia. It is no small proof of the author's skill that he contrives to make it interesting. There is a singular parallel between the story of this and of the other extremity of Europe. The history of Russia is like a hague and coarse caricature of the history of Spain. The conquest by the Varangians reminds one of the conquest of Spain by the Visigoths, the Mohammedan Mongols exercise over Russia the same dominion which the Saracens obtain over the Iberian Peninsula, but as a Tatar to an Arab so was the barbarous tyranny of the one to the polished civilization of the other. The Kremlin and the Alhambra are the respective types of the two. But the political effect was the same. In the effort to drive out the Moors, the despotism which fell upon Spain began. Ferdinand of Aragon was the forerunner of Philip the Second. So the effort to expel the Mongols destroyed the freedom of the Russian States. Ivan the Terrible was the preparation for Peter the Great.

It is worthy too of note, that a German element in each case entered into the work. The house of Romanoff is largely of German blood, as the Emperor Charles the Fifth was German. One needs to study the confused and barbarous story of Early Russia, in order to understand its present history. M. Rambaud has told it with great skill, and if his work lacks in interest it is certainly no fault of his.

The second volume extends from the birth of Peter the Great to the death of Alexander I. It begins with the battles of Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, and ends with the battles of Napoleon I, of France. Though written by a Frenchman, this latter portion is written with fairness. Probably only a French historian could give with justice the true aspect of the successive partisans of Poland and expose with equal candor the inherent weaknesses of the Polish State and the ambitious policy of the three parties to the spoliation. This volume, from beginning to end, is intensely fascinating. It marks the entrance of Russia into European politics, it displays the empire of the Czars as the most potent factor in much of European history.

The third volume extends from the accession of Nicholas to the last Turkish war, namely, to the yesterday of the present time. We do not accept entirely the story of the Crimean war, as told in these pages. Perhaps no Frenchman and no Englishman could write that with perfect fairness. To each, his own army's share was the chief, and the others only the accessory part. But the main point is that the history of the Russian overthrow is

kindly and fairly given, and that is the principal purpose.

From the close of the Crimean war this volume goes on to describe the Reforms of Alexander II., the emancipation of the serfs and the efforts made in a liberal direction. It tells the story of the last Polish insurrection and its hopeless failure, and then devotes some chapters to the history of Russian art and letters. A brief review of the European complications which led to the Russian setting aside of the Treaty of Paris leads to the last war between Russia and Turkey, which is pointedly and clearly described, and the volume ends with the assassination of Alexander II.

We give a more than usually extended notice to this work, because we recognize in it one of the books of the time. Every day is bringing fresh incidents in the career of Russia, and no one can hope to understand these rightly without being prepared by a knowledge of the past. There are three leading ideas which govern Russian policy. One is to obtain an outlet for the vast domain in which the Russian nation is imprisoned. The Scandinavian peoples and the frosts of winter hold the straits of the Baltic and the mouth of the Neva. Constantinople is the other objective point of Russian ambition. The second is the headship of the Slavonic race, for which through centuries it has contended with Poland, and in which the bitter antagonism of the Romish and Greek Churches has borne a part. The third is hostility to the Turkish races, which is as undying now as when the troops of the Tatar sovereigns menaced Moscow. The one check upon Russia is its internal weakness, a weakness which keeps pace with every advance toward civilization. It is a duel between two forces, government and people. The system is Asiatic in spite of European forms; the spirit stirring within the people is European in spite of Asiatic habits, temper and training. The first Napoleon said at St. Helena, "In fifty years Europe will be Republican or Cossack." The half century has elapsed, but the prediction is not fulfilled. We commend this book as one deserving a very full and careful study, and as a delightful reading for young and old.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY SERIES. The American Caucus System. Its Origin, Purpose and Utility. By George W. Lawton. [New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 167.

We find the idea of this book to be "stick to your party," and go in for "measures, not men." We should say it was written in the interests of that form of Republicanism which admits the necessity of civil service reform—if it can be carried out for the benefit of the Republican party. Mr. Lawton has given a rather uncertain and desultory account of what the American caucus is, and then his reasons for preferring it as an instrument of political action. He objects to what he calls "self-nomination," viz.: the appearance of a candidate before his constituents to offer himself.

We confess that we do not agree with this book, but our objection is based less upon what is directly said than what is implied. The idea of the American caucus was in the outset a secret gathering, at which only the affiliated were present in order to concert action for controlling a coming public and open meeting. Its radical principle was a doubtful one, and it is exposed to all sorts of political vices. It may be modified into a "primary" meeting, but behind it will always be the action of the professional politicians who "fix the slate" and "run the machine" so long as it is worth the while for professional politicians to exist; that is, so long as in office, or in the contingencies of office, rewards are held out for successful campaigners. There is but one remedy for the evils of American political life,

and that is to make it undesirable except for high motives. We do not agree with this book, but we hope it will be read as presenting one side of a question which ought to be studied very faithfully. If it does not directly solve the problem, it may by its very failure suggest a solution in some opposite way. It is a good sign that able and thoughtful men like Mr. Lawton are taking up these questions in earnest.

LECTURES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By William R. Williams. (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.) pp. 241. \$1.25.

These are able, thoughtful, and suggestive sermons. We find it rather a pity that Mr. Williams should go out of his way to make an anti-liturgical argument which is only conspicuous by its weakness. Extempore prayer consists of two parts, a mental and a spiritual effort. There is always the peril, when it becomes a fixed part of public worship, that the mental effort will overpower the spiritual. But the great fact remains that all prayer offered before an audience is liturgical. The petitions are offered by the minister to be followed by the congregation. For them the only possible difference is that in the one case the liturgy is made upon the spot, with very varying values, and is unfamiliar, in the other it is in carefully-considered words, into which the listener can throw his whole soul. But for the ignorance of congregations and the vanity of ministers non-liturgical worship would long ago have disappeared. Mr. Williams objects to the liturgical forms of the Church, that they are not "inspired"—which is as much as to say that the extemporized prayers of which he speaks are—a conclusion which will hardly hold water. The tone of these sermons (apart from one or two little controversial interjections like the above) is devout and lofty, and they might have been preached from any pulpit with equal acceptance. It speaks well for the times that such a volume can be published, with a prospect of being as generally read as it deserves.

LITERATURE.

THE REV. DR. W. A. LEONARD'S "Brief History of the Christian Church," intended for parish and church schools, has proved to be popular and useful, and E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a third edition.

THE first paper of the New York Shakespeare Society, published for the society by Brentano Bros., is entitled, "Ecclesiastical Law in Hamlet: The Burial of Ophelia." It is by R. S. Goerneys, and will be read with great interest.

Two important articles in the September Sanitarian are "Rules for the Hygienic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption," by Dr. Richardson, and "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity." Month by month the magazine discusses the most vital and important questions with marked ability.

"SUNDAY," that longtime favorite with many a child, continues as interesting as ever; indeed it seems rather to grow younger and more vigorous as it gets age. The yearly volume containing the numbers issued during the year and now bound together, is a most attractive volume. Its title page bears the well-known imprint of E. & J. B. Young & Co.

MR. WHITTAKER, about the middle of October, will issue his new "Clergyman's Companion," a needed work, and another edition of De Mille's "Pocket Periodical Register." He also announces "Expositions," by Dr. Samuel Cox, "Simple Lessons for Home Use," the Rev. Geo. C. Foley's "Catechism on the Christian Year," and "Half-hours in Field and Forest," by J. G. Wood, with many illustrations.

ART.

The Music Festival referred to in this column a fortnight ago, of the Worcester Musical Association, for the 28th year, proved the autumnal event of that thrifty and public spirited city. Indeed it was the autumnal musical event for an area including the New England States, with many principal cities outside, gave daily accounts of its procedure forwarded by telegraph and mail. And yet with this strong art prestige so widely recognized, Worcester is a city of but 70,000 people, mostly given to manufacturing and traffic.

It was no idle, dilettanti class who "patronize" the fine arts. The managers, directors, and working members of this association are all workers, in one way and another. Even the chorus of 500—"noble 500," let us say—not only accept the pleasant toil of learning cantatas and oratorios, snatching often valuable time from bread winning industry for the purpose, and the days and labor demanded by an overcrowded festival week, but each one buys and pays for a season ticket at cost of one dollar and a half which admits them to participate in their own chorus work and to lend an ear to the rest of the musical work when the chorus is not busy. This is devotion to musical art almost without precedent, yet the public too often forget or ignore this delicate obligation which it owes to a choral organization, critically and not often gratefully accepting the beautiful usufruct of these unselfish labors.

The writer has attended and studied the festival work and week, with a purpose of laying his conclusions before a wider public, because more widely dispersed than secular journalism reaches.

This column is read more or less in every considerable city in the United States and Canada, and for such there is invaluable suggestion to be had out of the Worcester Festival week.

The origin and organization of this society be it observed, is due to public spirited amateurs and not to the musical profession. The fundamental difficulty in the way of all such undertakings lies in the petty jealousies, and cross-purposes of local musicians. This is a hard saying, but it is truth. Had the Worcester people depended upon the musical profession at home to organize and carry forward this work, it would never have been accomplished. So the same class of men who have at heart the good of public education, orderly and attractive highways, thrifty libraries, lecture courses, public morals and public education recognized the supreme efficiency of a social musical culture as a central influence in sound amusement and recreation.

Without endowments or serious personal ventures, these men took the project in hand in a business-like, prudent, circumspect way, beginning at the beginning, contented to plant their acorn, and wait for the oak. And at last we sat under the oak, refreshed by its hospitalities and refreshed by the wind and bird-song keeping holiday in its wide-spreading branches.

Whenever there is a desirable artist within reach, no considerations of clique, locality, or favoritism interrupt negotiations. The leading artists know all about this annual meet, and are glad enough to accept engagements precisely as the board see fit to make them. There is no tyranny and browbeating of stars or favorites. The direction shuts out all such insufferable distractions.

The first result of that thousands share an art festival full of fat things, rich enough for the most fastidions, and sufficiently varied to satisfy all rational idiosyncrasies. Multitudes are brought together from all directions, acquaintances are formed, friendships strengthened,

and influences set at work which will sweeten and lighten a year of toils and burdens. Young people affiliate with it, and, as the writer witnesses, grow gray in its service.

The resources for church choral needs are largely multiplied. The festival educates all the while competent singers, leaders, and conductors for church choirs, and the people, while they listen, learn to understand a higher vernacular of worship in the Lord's house.

The Mechanics' Hall provides a concert-room with all necessary facilities for rehearsals, libraries, committees—seating two thousand people—with a really grand concert organ with four manuals, perfectly adapted to the requirements of its festival, while the event moves forward, from first to last, without burry, confusion, or disappointment.

An insatiable music-hunger is developed, and from twelve to fifteen hundred are found often at the 9:30 morning rehearsals. Next week we shall complete our study of the festival.

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18. { Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
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27. ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.
30. Friday—Fast.

"I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME," ETC.

Without, a burning sun o'er waving grain,
Within, deep shade 'neath frescoed Angel's face;

Without, the choking dust in narrow lanes,
Within, Faith's atmosphere in holy place.

Without, the clamor of a busy world,
With bitter, wrangling tongues that never cease,
Within, the music of a voice Divine,
That speaketh "peace."

Without, his life's angry battle-field, at best,
Where glastly relicts strew the broken ground;

Without, a weary spirit seeking rest,
Within, rest found!

"A. M. D. G."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ZIOZAG," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Forebodings.

"She plaited broad and long.

A strong sword belt, and wore with silver thread
And crimson, in the belt a strange device,
A crimson grail within a silver beam
O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
Go forth." —The Holy Grail.

Above them the dark blue of the Italian sky, flecked with light feathery clouds; under their feet the damp soil which has drifted over the old floor where, sometimes, the wild beasts, sometimes the even fiercer men, had so often shed the blood of those who met them, with curse or with prayer, as combatants or as martyrs: for around them were the arched and pillared walls of the Coliseum.

"It must have been beautiful once, before it was stripped of all its vegetation," said Stella Grey, thoughtfully. "Now I do not care to be in it, except up yonder, where we could look toward the lilac-colored hills beyond the Campagna. Why did they spoil it?"

"They say it was because the trees growing out of the stones pulled them apart," answered her companion. "Sometimes, you know, Stella, we have to strip our lives of all their beauty for the sake of preserving the edifice of Truth."

"But perhaps we may be making a mistake," persisted the girl, looking at the grave face, young, yet careworn, which he half turned from her. "God gave us beauty," she added, softly; "surely He meant us to have it to enjoy."

"Stella!" cried the young man, with a thrill of pain in his voice, which she only half understood, "don't tempt me!"

The girl turned her face to him, looking up to him, and he gazed at her as if he had never seen her before. Yet he knew every

beautiful line of that girlish countenance, each pure light in those lovely eyes, the tiny curls of the soft brown hair peeping from under the pretty shady hat. He knew the graceful, too fragile-looking form of the girl with whom he had been allowed all a cousin's privileges, though, indeed, the relationship between them was very slight. His uncle had married Stella Grey's mother, that was all. But the mother and stepfather trusted Stella with this "Cousin" Edward Shelley, and, for instance, as today, Mrs. Shelley would sit quietly in the carriage outside the Coliseum, while Edward and Stella "did" the place for her. Mrs. Shelley did not like Rome on one account, as an acquaintance of hers declared, parodying the well-known saying, it would have been to her a very tolerable place if it had not been so old.

What possible interest Edward and Stella could find inside these "mouldy walls" Mrs. Shelley did not know. But she was content to wait for them as long as they liked basking in the sun, only troubled by having to say "c'è niente," "basta," or "inutile," or whatever scrap of negative Italian occurred to her on being bothered with guides, beggars, or photograph-sellers.

In the meanwhile Edward and Stella had climbed up the half-fit stairs and stumbled on to the outer walls, thence descending again to the lower part of the theatre where they marked the old, but only medieval remains, which had been built in the centre, as barracks perhaps, and looked at the holes by which the floor could be raised for the human combats, or the water let in for the naval spectacles.

"Isn't it hard to be romantic?" Edward went on, after his little outburst. Stella did not understand the appeal he had startled himself by making. He wanted to change the subject, but as so often happens in such cases, neither of them could change their mood. "This stripped Coliseum visited by our friends, the Britannic and American tourists, isn't a place we can get up much sentiment over, is it, Stella?"

"I am more disappointed with it than with anything in Rome; it is lovely from Caesar's palace, but here—"

"Every age has used the Coliseum as a quarry for its great buildings, and—"

"Yes, I see; but what I should like to feel would be some vivid realization of what it would be to stand here with the beasts ready to run out by that horrible, long passage! Fancy, hearing them coming, coming, all that way, straight, direct, and then looking up—the crowds around—no help—all eager! Then, perhaps, to see the others first torn to pieces before the lions fell on me, the hot breath, the bloody mouth, the paw, like an enormous cat striking at one—like a mouse in proportion! Then to think, I might be safe; just to conceal that I was a Christian would save me. Oh, Edward!" cried the girl, "I could not be a martyr. I know that I should have failed, and then— It is too horrible, Edward! What is my religion worth if I could not suffer for it? And I know that I could not. I am too afraid of pain, of torture. Oh, I am glad that the days of martyrdom are past; are not you? It seems cowardly. Perhaps you don't understand—you are brave."

"I am not brave, Stella," he answered, with strange light flashing into his eyes.

"The days of martyrdom are not past; and I fail."

"You? You fail, Edward? I wasn't thinking of ourselves. But if I had done so, I should have said you were very brave. I can imagine how you would have faced the lions and gloried in your martyrdom. I know, though they haven't told me all, and I suppose they don't know all, what you have had to go through in leaving the Roman—I suppose you call it the Catholic Church?"

"I did not leave the Catholic Church, Stella; those who call themselves Catholics would say that I had, or rather that they had expelled an unworthy member, degraded him from his priesthood. Yet I believe in the Catholic Church in a higher, nobler sense, and no man can take from me the consecration of my office. Yes, if you think that what men can inflict on one in these modern times, either as under their discipline or as expelled from it is all that one has to bear in such a case,—I am brave enough. And I tell you, Stella, that I should welcome torture—the scourge, the fire, the easier death of the lion, easier still the axe,—sooner than pass through what I have done lately or may have to do. At least one then would have done with life, instead of having it before me."

Stella was frightened—frightened at him, frightened for him. But the strong man needed the relief of expression, and he felt that the delicate, childish-looking maiden by his side was worthy of his deepest confidences. But she knew very little—knew not what Edward Shelley had suffered and lost in joining the Communion in which she herself had been brought up, in leaving with a saddened and heavy heart that in which he had been bred and consecrated to the priesthood. But she said the right thing, in her faltering tones, knowing that such words were the only comfort she could give, yet feeling that it was not for her, an ignorant, feeble girl to teach this man who knew the truth so well, and acted so nobly up to his convictions.

"But, Edward, the awful torture and the near death, or the little torture and the long life—"

"Little torture?" he interrupted, but she went on bravely:

"They are, great or little, God's crosses to His glory."

"Ad majorem Dei gloriam," yes, and to the greater glory of God; he answered. "Stella, you can't know what I am thinking of. I am not complaining of the past, I am not complaining of the results of my excommunication, nor of the wrench it is to shut myself out from dearest friends, from old associates, from the whole, for the sake of what almost seems sometimes, a few details—all men in my position have to go through that—from whatever to whatever branch they go. It is nothing of that sort. But, it seems to me there is a higher call coming to me—a call to strip my life of all that has lately begun to make it worth having once more. Remember, in these days, a man stands face to face with his own duty. It is the state of grown-up life, the penalty of freedom, that you have not to suffer at the hands of authority; you have to suffer at your own. Yourself must choose your duty, yourself must see the necessity for suffering, yourself must inflict that suffering upon yourself—and all the while as you said just now

you think, "I might be safe, I might be happy—God sent me happiness, God gave me this to enjoy; why suffer? why put away His gifts of which I might make such good use? Stella! pray for me—often while we are in Rome. Pray that I may see my way, that I may know which course is for the greater glory of God."

There was silence. Stella could not answer. She was both puzzled and troubled. He recovered himself. "It isn't fair, is it? to trouble your young life with my dark thoughts. I don't mean to do so. In fact, I think it is a mistake my being here, but I can't leave Rome for several reasons just now, and Uncle Herbert likes me to look after you and my aunt, whilst he is archaeologising. So you see I have good excuse for staying, and staying with you; but I ought to go, I believe."

"Ought to go? why, Edward, I—"

She stopped suddenly, coloring very prettily, but much ashamed of herself.

Happily in came two American tourists—not the charming well-bred women one meets very often—but two of the vulgar ones. They take a delight in disturbing other sight-seers. They seem to want an audience, and to be quite unaware when they have secured one, by dint of standing as close as possible to unoffending strangers, that if you have an audience you should please it.

"And they don't know how those blocks of stone got up there, and they have taken away all those stations of the cross, and the cross from the centre. Now that's a real pity; it used to be perfectly lovely to see all those people kneeling about. I liked to see the people praying. Don't you like to see the people praying?" etc., etc.

Meanwhile Stella and Edward passed by. Stella felt that the woman was looking her up and down, and noting how her gown was made; but Stella's dress could well bear scrutiny by a stranger, and her face could not, at this moment, but betray her to any one who knew her—as she thought.

"Have we kept you waiting, mother?"

"Not at all. I much prefer being in the sun here to going inside. It always feels like Sunday afternoon in Rome, except on Sundays, I think. Do be a little amusing, now, Edward, and leave ruins alone for today. One doesn't always want to live in the past," suggested Mrs. Shelley, and they tried to obey her.

It is strange, but often true, that if you want real wit you will find it oftenest in a nervous nature, which is suffering acutely at the moment it is trying to divert itself by amusing others. So, Mrs. Shelley, not very clear-sighted, thought that she had never seen Edward in better spirits than during that afternoon drive. He was dressed in dark clothes, with something of the clerical or niversity coach aspect about them. Mrs. Shelley knew that he had severed his connection with the Roman branch of the Church, and that his uncle, in rejoicing over this, was chiefly glad because Mrs. Shelley saw his nephew's growing attachment to sweet Stella, and that there was now no bar to the marriage between "the two children," as Edward and Stella still were to their elders. "Edward and Stella understood one another," Mrs. Shelley observed to her husband. "It has all come about very nicely."

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST EUROPEAN PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY.

BY THOMAS HURT.

In one of the most picturesque parts of Saxony, some twenty miles below Dresden, on the left bank of the Elbe, just where two small streams, the Meisse and the Tuehisch flow into this river, lies Meissen, at present a town of 15,000 inhabitants. As early as the beginning of the twelfth century, Meissen had already long been the seat of a warlike line of Margraves; men of this title were originally mere governors and subordinates of the Emperer of Germany, but many of them were afterwards given by him almost absolute sovereignty over extensive tracts of country, an hereditary succession being at the same time established. Accordingly the Margravate of Meissen, which had been granted in 1123 by the Emperor Lothair the Second to Konrad von Wettin, was soon after made hereditary in his family forever. The Princes of the Wettin dynasty were among the bravest and most powerful of that stormy period, they were allied by marriage with the reigning houses of Austria, Bavaria, Brunswick, Brandenburg, etc., and in 1423, Frederick the Quarrelsome, (Friedrich der Streitbare), who was at that time Margrave, succeeded to the Duchy of Saxony, assuming the title of Elector (Kurfürst). From the two grandsons of this prince are descended the present royal house of Saxony, and the family of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg.

In 1649 Friedrich August the First, surnamed the Strong, succeeded to the Electorate, and in 1697 was chosen King of Poland by the noblemen of that country, ascending the throne made vacant by the death of John Sobieski and taking the title of August the Second. August, although a prince who had travelled much, a brave warrior and a great lover of art, was in some respects not above the ignorance of his time; during the first decade of the eighteenth century he took under his patronage a young adventurer, one Böttcher, an apothecary, who professed to possess the art of making gold, and wished for assistance in the pursuit of his experiments and investigations. The Elector accordingly established this man first at Meissen and afterward in his castle of Koenigstein on the Elbe, the strongest fortress in Saxony, where he would be safe from the Swedes, whom August was then at war, and gave him at different times money to the amount of 150,000 thalers. Böttcher's success was far greater than that usually attained by such alchemists, for at Koenigstein in 1707, among the various combinations of his experiments, he hit upon one which gave as a result a kind of imperfect porcelain, quite opaque, and colored reddish-brown, by oxide of iron in the clay. Such was the origin of the highly prized ware known later as Old Dresden, Vieux Saxe, or more correctly Old Meissen.

The importance of Böttcher's discovery seems to have been at once recognized, for the exportation of clay of the kind used in his experiment was immediately forbidden under pain of death. Further attempts effected great improvements, and in 1709 white porcelain, with and without glaze, was for sale at one of the great fairs of Leipzig.

During the next year (1710) the Elector determined to establish a regular factory for the production of the ware, and took for this purpose Schloss Albrechtsburg, the ancestral castle of the Margraves, built in 1481 upon a commanding hill, rising above Meissen, with a beautiful outlook upon the Elbe, but now deserted for a more luxurious residence, the palace in Dresden.

The endeavors to conceal the secret of the art proved unsuccessful, and during the first half of the eighteenth century factories were established at Vienna, Berlin, Sévres near Paris, and at other places in Europe. Böttcher himself was discovered to be in correspondence with Berlin in regard to the secret, and was thrown into prison, where he died in 1719. Still the porcelain of the Meissen factory retained its prestige, and long surpassed all other on account of the excellence of the artists employed in the modeling and painting and the superiority of its raised ornamentation; also because of peculiar properties of the clay used there, which was to be found only in certain parts of Saxony, especially at Seiditz, near Meissen. This clay is still found; it is sometimes of a yellowish tinge, but for the most part chalky white, and contains spar, destroyed to some extent by the weather, and silicon.

For upwards of forty years after the establishment of the factory at Meissen, the porcelain produced was of great value—indeed none other was made in Europe until 1730—and small figures of it, decorated in the "rococo" style were especially prized. Specimens of this ware now command fabulous prices. But in 1756 the progress of the art received a blow from which it has never fully recovered. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, invading Saxony at the beginning of the Seven Years War, sacked Meissen and carried off with him workmen and models. The factory was soon afterward re-established, some of the models being recovered, but the more modern ware has never attained the prestige of "Old Meissen."

The manufacture was long carried on at great expense to the private purse of the sovereigns, but was ceded by the king some years since to the Government of Saxony. The work is still carried on, and the productions, which imitate to some extent the ancient models in addition to more modern designs, continue to command high prices.

The factory, now established in a handsome and spacious building built especially for the purpose about a mile from the old castle, employs upwards of six hundred workmen, and is the source of considerable revenue to the State. Its workrooms are open to visitors at stated times for a small entrance fee, and guides are to be found there. Some account of the "modus operandi" may be of interest.

The clay when first brought in is placed in large tubs or vats filled with water, and the whole is then reduced to a white liquid by means of a beating and stirring process, somewhat resembling the churning of milk; the spar, which is still in a state of preservation, and the sand, settling to the bottom. The water filled with the particles of clay is next poured off into other vessels, in which the clay in its turn settles to the bottom; to it is then added spar, quartz and sand, which have previously been pounded and

ground to a powder, the whole being made by the addition of water into a sort of pulp; this is put into large bowls of dry gypsum, which quickly absorbs the water and leaves the remaining mass of the consistency of a paste, which, after being properly kneaded, is laid away in damp cellars to ferment. The longer the clay is left in this state the better it is supposed to become; the Chinese are said to have sometimes allowed it to remain so for fifty years.

When taken out for use the clay is once more thoroughly kneaded; next comes the shaping and moulding. If a vessel of circular and regular form is desired, the work is easily accomplished by placing the clay in a round vessel, which is then made to revolve quickly by means of a wheel worked by the foot, a semi-circular plate of iron being firmly held in the clay from above, in a perpendicular position; it is soon left scooped out in the desired shape. For more complex forms and designs the assistance of moulds is necessary, of which the factory possesses an enormous number, of all shapes and sizes, made of gypsum, in such a manner that they may be separated into two or more parts to allow of the removal of the object moulded; all legs, arms, feet, hands, cup-handles and small objects which are frequently used, are first thus formed and then attached to the main position by hand, the parts joined being first slightly roughed, and touched with a brush dipped in liquid glue. All objects of a large size, which have raised ornaments, or can be made up out of small parts, are thus built up. A figure of Jupiter drawn in a chariot by eagles, which was perhaps a foot high and twice as long, had been made in four separate parts of about equal size; these had then been joined to complete the whole, each part having first had every small object thus "tacked on" to the main portion. This main portion or ground work may be formed, if simple, by mould, otherwise by hand. The wavy edge given to some plates and dishes is made by hand with a knife, and for edges of open work the pattern is first traced upon the object in charcoal, and the openings then cut with a sharp instrument of steel.

For very small objects of more complex form and intricate design, of which flowers make a great part, a more artistic method is necessary, and they are modelled by hand. I watched one of the workmen making a little rose; he first took a small lump of the clay, which seemed about the consistency of putty, and rolled it out upon a smooth board into a thin, round roll, which, when slightly bent in one or two places, formed the stem of the flower; another and much smaller bit he flattened upon the board with the tip of his forefinger and by means of one or two touches from the other fingers, afterward removing small, superfluous pieces with a sharp steel instrument. He had in less than a minute formed his clay into an excellent imitation of a rose leaf! Each separate leaf was thus made, and they were then attached, one by one, to the stalk, with the help of a little paste. The whole was then ready to be fastened as an ornament to some larger object. I asked an old man who had just finished a large flower, the centre of which must have contained at least fifty separate stamina, how much time the whole had taken. His answer was that he had now become so accustomed to the

work that he could complete such a flower in about three hours.

The porcelain once moulded into the proper shapes, the next process is the first baking or firing. For this it is put into ovens, but only allowed to remain until sufficiently fired to prevent its dissolving in water. This point reached, the process begins to differ, according to the kind of productions desired, and the ware may be here divided into four classes—white porcelain, porcelain of white ground simply decorated in a dark blue color, porcelain elaborately decorated in various colors, and "biscuit." The last kind is the simplest, and merely needs another firing to be completed. The white porcelain undergoes two more processes, the first of which is glazing. For this it is dipped into tubs containing a thick liquid composed of powdered quartz, gypsum, and water. This is rapidly absorbed by the dry clay, the glazing matter remaining upon the surface in the form of a white powder, and the porcelain is then ready for the second firing. The peculiarity of this next process is that each separate object is inclosed for it in a case made of some dry, clayey substance resembling fire-brick. When thus covered, they are piled up in huge circular brick ovens about ten feet in diameter and eight in height. The doors of the ovens are walled up with brick, and fires of wood are lighted in the iron fire-places which surround them. When the whole has been brought to a white heat the fires are allowed to die out, and all is left in a glow, sometimes for as long as four days. Each oven has a small glass-covered opening, through which the progress of the baking may be observed.

The porcelain, when taken out, is perfectly hard and of a glossy white, but greatly shrunk (a dinner-plate of ordinary size will shrink almost two inches in diameter during this firing), and is ready for sale.

Now for the ware decorated in blue. The process of making this, as well as the color in which it is decorated, may be said to be peculiar to the Meissen factory, and two hundred workmen are employed here upon it alone. This porcelain, immediately after the first burning, when it is still "biscuit," is sent to the painting-room, where the pattern, pricked in small holes upon paper, is laid upon it, and powdered charcoal being rubbed upon the top, leaves through the holes the outlines of the pattern, which are then filled in by hand with a brush dipped in a black substance closely resembling India ink. The whole is completed by being put through exactly the same process of glazing and firing which I have already described. The painting, although at first completely hidden by the glazing mixture, is afterward brought out through this by the heat, which also reduces the black color to a dark blue, causing, in the mean time, the same great shrinkage in size.

Only the processes used for the more elaborately decorated kinds now remain to be described. These are not painted like the blue ware when still in the form of biscuit, but are immediately after the first firing glazed and put through the same severe second firing. Then they go to the painting room. Almost all the designs have been in use many years, and are repeated over and over; the small circular portraits, landscapes and scenes, painted upon smooth parts of the china, are for the most part

copies, greatly diminished of course in size, of old line engravings, many portfolios of which have been long years in the factory, each bearing the mark "Königliche Porzellanfabrik." The colors used are mineral paints, ground exceedingly fine, combined with fluid glass and mixed, when put on, with oil. Of the excellence of the artists employed at Meissen it is unnecessary to speak. At this same stage of the work the gilding is done, and, the decoration now finished, the porcelain is once more put into the clay cases and walled up in the ovens, which are this time however only brought to a red heat. The heavy gilding comes out of this last firing dull and must be polished by hand; the lighter kind, the secret of which is still unknown, is already bright, but is likely to wear off, if the object be one in frequent use.

Thus we see that "biscuit" is merely fired once, white porcelain fired, glazed and then fired a second time, the blue and white being painted between the first firing and the glazing, while all other ware is fired, glazed, fired the second time, then painted and gilded, and finally fired a third time, after which the process is complete, unless the gilding be heavy, in which case polishing is still necessary.

The factory employs, as I have said, between six and seven hundred workmen, of whom two hundred are occupied upon the blue ware alone. A considerable number of the whole are women and children, and nearly all the employees have spent the greater part of their lives there, beginning at a very early age. The extreme youth of some of those employed in the painting department is especially remarkable. They all receive pensions when unfitted for work by age, and it is to make up a fund for these that the money received from visitors as entrance fees is used. To insure more attentive labor, all work is paid for by the piece, and nothing accepted which is not approved upon examination.

All the "biscuit" and porcelain is after completion subjected to a searching scrutiny, and those specimens which are in any way defective (cracks, spots and warping are the most usual faults) are disposed of at auctions held somewhere in Saxony once every year. Besides these auctions there are but four places where one can be perfectly safe from deception in buying the porcelain, these are the sale-room connected with the factory, the Royal Porcelain Depots in Leipzig and in Dresden, and a small shop, also in Dresden, which is permitted to keep defective specimens for sale; here good pieces are often to be found at greatly reduced prices. The distinguishing mark put upon the Meissen china consists of two crossed swords (Kaschwerter) stamped in blue upon the bottom of every piece; no ware without this is genuine; the mark is however sometimes forged.

Many beautiful and interesting specimens of the old Meissen ware are to be found in the extensive Royal Porcelain Collection of Saxony, which was begun in 1716 by August the Strong, and has within the last ten years been placed in the Museum Johanneum in Dresden. Of the most interesting of the objects here on exhibition, I will give some slight description.

The porcelain in the museum is for the most part chronologically arranged, and the collection of Saxon ware begins therefore

with the early attempts of Böttcher, the first genuine porcelain of Europe. These date between 1707 and 1712, and are nearly all of a dull red color, a few rather late specimens being quite black. This ware consists to a great extent of cups and tea or coffee services, the pieces of which are small and by no means perfect in symmetry of shape.

A large plate, intended to be round, but somewhat warped, bearing in its centre the date 1709 in large figures, marks the beginning of the attempts to make white porcelain, and more specimens of the work of this period are to be seen in the form of vases and flags, all more or less imperfect. The next step in the progress of the china is shown by some plates and dishes of what is known as the scattered-flowers design (Streublümchenmuster), which was long very popular. This originated at a time when the art was still very defective, and many imperfections were to be seen in the ware when completed, each of which was concealed by painting a small flower just over it, the effect of the whole giving the design its name. (Date about 1730).

Everything made after this and before the destruction of the first factory (1756) may be considered as belonging to the period of the highest excellence of the Meissen ware, and it is the specimens of this time which exceed all others in artistic beauty, and of which the remainder of the royal collection chiefly consists.

Of the very large objects the most noticeable are almost all white. The largest is an immense glazed vase at least six feet in height, decorated with a simple design in biscuit. A model of an equestrian statue of August the Third, which was to have been erected in Dresden, and a representation of the scene of the crucifixion, both entirely white and glazed, are remarkable for size as well as for the accuracy of all details; as is also a huge, unglazed bust of August the Third.

The best colored specimens of large size are two imitations of vegetable life, one a camelia tree, more than four feet tall, covered with white flowers and dark green leaves, all of the natural size. The other, which is a little smaller, represents a mass of different flowers and leaves, chiefly lilies, asters and blue-bottles, all of the proper colors, on stems of enameled wire so skillfully fastened that they are moved by a breath of wind. Such is the excellence of the work of this and of the camelia, that at a distance of a few feet it would be quite impossible to distinguish them from the flowers themselves.

All over the floors of the collection is scattered a multitude of beasts and birds—dogs, cats, foxes, lions, elephants, goats, cranes, peacocks, etc., made of white glazed china, most of them about the size of a very big dog, these are rather roughly executed, and were formerly used as ornaments in the royal gardens.

Some of the dinner services are exceedingly handsome; especially the yellow hunting service of August the Strong, the apple-green one of August the Third, both elaborately decorated, and also one bearing the arms of France and of Navarre, which formed part of the trousseau of Maria Josepha, the daughter of August the Third, when she married the Dauphin of France.

Other objects worthy of particular notice

are two brown carp, to be used as sauce-boats, a turtle as butter-dish, and a pair of lobsters for pepper and salt, all of the natural size and color, really life-like imitations. Also the little Circassian dog of the Empress Catherine of Russia, life size. In fact all small animals and birds, of which the collection contains an immense number, were made during the period when the porcelain was at its best, and are most of them unequalled in execution.

The most tasteful of the vases, of which there are many, are three small ones—the largest eighteen inches in height, the others somewhat smaller—which were made for Napoleon the First, the prevailing color "gros bleu," rather heavily gilded, each having on the front a most exquisitely painted view, the three being, Dresden, Pillnitz and Meissen.

Of the celebrated "figurines" of Old Meissen there are in the Dresden collection some two hundred, almost all of the "rococo" style; among them two very pretty statuettes representing Count Brühl, the favorite minister of August the Third, and his wife, both in gardeners' costumes, also the count's tailor, who, it is said, made him a different suit of clothes for every day in the year, and the tailor's wife. Peter the Great and the Regent of France are to be seen in fancy dresses. Another much admired figure is the "Girl with the Muff," remarkable for the execution of all details. There are also groups representing the four elements, the five senses, the four seasons, and the four divisions of the world; among these last America figures as an Indian, painted and feathered, calmly sitting upon the back of an alligator, with a parrot perched upon his finger.

The best, perhaps, of all the figurines is a set of exceedingly small ones, eighteen in number, known as the concert of monkeya (singer concert), which are caricatures of the artists and musicians of the royal opera troupe of August the Third, done in the rococo style; they are arranged in two rows, the leader at the head, and are all most expressive.

Among the later productions of the factory may be noticed a model of a monument to Gellert, a bust of Böttcher, and a copy in white unglazed porcelain of the famous penitent, Magdalen of Battoni, the original of which is in the Dresden gallery; all of these date from about 1786.

Of the modern productions, such as are now made at Meissen, there are some handsome specimens, vases, mirror frames, table-tops, chandeliers, etc.; most of these have their prices attached, and duplicates may be ordered at the factory. The most expensive piece I saw was a very tall and elaborately-decorated vase, duplicates of which could be procured for five hundred dollars. The most costly article made at Meissen for many years will be a chandelier recently ordered by the King of Bavaria, the price of which is said to be a thousand pounds sterling.

The value of the old Meissen cannot well be estimated, and there is indeed but little of it to be bought anywhere. About the middle of the last century, when it had not yet acquired the additional charm of antiquity, August the Third was collecting from all parts of Europe the contents of the famous Dresden Picture Gallery, and we find in the State archives that in his pur-

chases of paintings of world-wide celebrity the masterpieces of Raphael, Rubens, Titian, Van Dyck, and others, a part of the price often consisted of a piece of porcelain from the celebrated factory at Meissen; indeed, in some cases, it was specially stipulated that this should be the case, and the painting could be obtained on no other terms, so highly was the Meissen china prized, even in comparison with the famed works of the "old masters."

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To hid me "good night" and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate growing wild;
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes;
Oh, those truant from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But the life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God,
My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn
To traverse its threshold no more,
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-night" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent gle,
The group on the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street,
I shall miss the hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet;
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
To hid me "good-night" and be kissed.

THE RT. REV. HENRY CHAMPLIN LAY, D.D., LL.D., FIRST BISHOP OF EASTON.*

It needs not the sable drappings of woe or the solemn strains of funeral hymns to testify the great sorrow that has fallen upon us.

While the whole Church laments the loss of a strong and wise leader, and the diocese a revered and efficient bishop, yet to this congregation it means all this and much more; it is the loss of a faithful rector, a devoted pastor, a warm and affectionate personal friend. This cathedral was the Benjamin of his old age, and its interests had the warmest place in his heart. Here gathered around him a band of devoted workers, few in number indeed, but abundant in zeal and labors, all bound together in love and unity, a loving circle of which the bishop was always the centre.

Although the duties of his episcopate called him away for much of his time, yet the same qualities that had made him such a successful parish priest in the earlier years of his ministry, found room for exercise here, and to use the words of St. Paul, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably he behaved among you that believed; as ye know how he exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you into His kingdom and glory."

I am not here this morning to speak the words of extravagant eulogy, or to deal in strains of fulsome praise, but from out the depths of my own sore bereavement, I would fain pay a humble tribute to the memory of one of the best, noblest, purest, gentlest, greatest-souled men I have ever known; a man who of all among men was the object of my deepest love and reverence. It will ever be a most cherished recollection, that in the last year of his life, I was permitted to be associated with him, to enjoy his confidence and his council, and in some measure I believe, to lighten the burdens that pressed upon him.

Neither is it my purpose to attempt to describe the life or analyze the work of Bishop Lay as a Churchman, as a bishop, or as a scholar, but rather to speak of him as you and you alone have known him: as priest, as pastor, as friend.

Of his work in the General Councils of the Church, and of his influence through his writings, other tongues will speak. From those who for many years sat with him in the House of Bishops, we shall presently hear how courteous his manners, how clear his perceptions, how well-balanced

his judgments, how wise his counsels, how industrious and laborious in discharging the important trusts committed to his care.

Of his efficiency as bishop, the increased activities, the organized charities, the parishes revived, the churches consecrated, the rectories built, the increase of communicants; all these attest the wisdom that under God called him to this function. He magnified his office as bishop, but not from any desire of rule. No man was ever more averse, personally, to the exercise of unusual authority, but he believed that the episcopate was of divine right and institution, and that the Church of Christ was an episcopal Church. He believed in the divine authority of the Church, and lamented that the bishop was too often to a parish nothing but a priest who possessed the power to confirm. And he lamented especially that the bishop no longer possessed, as in the

Trinity Cathedral, but Bishop Lay loved it. After his engagements abroad, often in the largest churches, he loved to come back to this little place and to join in its simple, hearty, reverent service. "It rests me," he said, and no vaulted nave, no swelling organ, no well-trained choir, ever gave him the pleasure that he found in these simple walls, and in the music that was made here by loving voices. Yes, he loved it, and was content to lay the foundation, trusting that after he had fallen, other hands would build thereon.

You, my friends, have been happy in listening for eight years to one who ranked among the first preachers of the American Church. There was in all of his public utterances an undefinable charm. To a vigorous and logical mind he united a warm, rich poetic sensibility, and there was in both matter and manner a kindness, a sweet-spiritedness which laid hold not so much upon the sympathies as upon the affections. He loved to preach, for he always had a message, and oh, how often was it indeed a message to our souls! a message of comfort when we were in sorrow, a message of encouragement when we were cast down, a message of hope when we were despairing, a message of strength when we were weak, and aye, too, a message of stern rebuke when we were disobedient. His preaching was uniformly instructive, and always gave food for thought. He kept the man behind the messenger, and looked only to the glory of God and the edification of his Church. Alas! that no more from this desk shall that sweet voice carry its message to us. But

"The voice to us so silent
Now falls on angels' ears."

and who can tell but what that holy eloquence shall find some fitting use even beyond the skies. If kindred spirits there gravitate together, we may be sure that already he stands side by side with the saintly author of "The Christian Year," whom in gentleness of spirit and poetic beauty of utterance he so much resembled, that Bishop Lay may well be known as "the American Keble."

But I pass to briefly note some of the qualities that made his noble character, and endeared him to us so fondly. And first, among the marked characteristics of Bishop Lay was his profound and intense conscientiousness. It dominated his whole life, and entered into all his work. His standard of rectitude was independent and unswerving. In dealing with moral questions he was absolutely incapable of casuistry. The staunchest uprightness and the most rigid honesty governed every action. No hidden motives or purposes lay beneath those which he assigned or proposed. He was frank, open, transparent. Some, indeed, may say that he lacked policy, for his interpretation of the precepts of our holy Christianity was so literal, the



THE LATE RT. REV. HENRY CHAMPLIN LAY, D.D., LL.D.

* Memorial address delivered in Trinity Cathedral, Easton, by the Rev. George S. Gassner, assistant minister, Sunday, Sept. 20, 1885.

courage of his convictions was so intense, and the frankness of his nature was so constant that he scorned those concealments or evasions which the world glosses over and applauds as policy. He was often misunderstood, because men could not rise to the comprehension of such noble and lofty motives, and because they could not comprehend them, did not believe in their existence. What were considered faults in him were often but unusual virtues, and what were thought to be errors of judgment were but the rigid and unworlily application of the highest principles of Christian morality.

Another marked characteristic, was his absolute unselfishness. Never have I known a man who was so uniformly given to thinking of others rather than of himself. His own ease, his own comfort, his own convenience were always secondary. In responding to the various calls upon him, he too often taxed unduly his powers of endurance, for he was unwilling to have even the appearance of loving his own ease. He hated indolence: as a bishop he set an example to his clergy by being in labors most abundant, and though often besought to be more careful of his strength, yet a Macedonian cry always found him ready to answer. He was resolutely self-helpful, and disliked to call upon others for any service that he could perform himself. And yet no one was ever more ready to offer and render service when opportunity presented. He spared every one but himself. During the lengthening progress of his sickness it was most touching to see how hard he strove to be bright and to avoid giving trouble or distress to those around him. In one of my last visits to his room he said to me, "One of the greatest sorrows of sickness is that it develops in one the tendency to think of self, and makes him the centre of the household and the burden of thought and anxiety." O, thoughtful, unselfish soul! As if any service that our hands could render could give us aught but joy! Nay, nay. Our greatest burden was the sorrow that we could do no more.

Again, Bishop Lay was a man of remarkable self-control. This characteristic likewise dominated his whole nature. He was not an extremist. His moderation was known unto all men. While he held to the truest Catholic principles, he also held to the proportion of faith. In his private life he was equable, self-poised. What he was yesterday, he was to-day. Nothing ever seemed to disturb his meekness or the uniform loveliness of his disposition. He seemed incapable of anger. The misconduct and insults of others could grieve him, for the very depths of his sensitive nature quivered at every rudeness, but his feelings were of sorrow and not of resentment. He loved his friends, that is human; but more, he loved his enemies, and that was divine.

This habit of self-control made him un-demonstrative in manner. While he had little of that effusive warmth which might have been expected from his Southern birth and associations, yet his manner was always the perfection of courtesy. In his home he was most devotedly affectionate, and to his intimate friends he revealed a tenderness of feeling, a warmth of affection, and a sparkling playfulness which revealed the simple, childlike spirit, and endeared him beyond measure to those who thus knew him.

But time will not permit me to speak of all the marked and lofty traits of his noble character. You, my friends, in these years of intimate and affectionate intercourse had learned to know him and to love him as a Father in God, and ye are my witnesses that I have spoken no word too strongly.

But he has gone from us forever. No more will he stand at the sacred desk to unfold to us the hidden riches of the Word of God. No more at that sacred altar will he minister at the holy feast. No more will we hear that tender voice, sweet as a seraph's, chanting out the Triumphal Hymn, but to-day, in the immediate presence of "Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, he lauds and magnifies the glorious Name: evermore praising and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High. Amen." Nay, no more on earth will we see him, but his holy example and his loving counsel remain. We may best testify our affection for him by following in his footsteps.

To-day, as we come to receive the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ, let us remember the communion and fellowship of all the saints of God, and let us pledge ourselves to remember the steadfast faith, and to follow the noble Christian life of our departed bishop and rector.

Farewell! farewell! And who in this hour would forbid the longing of our hearts to find expression in that ancient prayer for the dead,

"Grant him eternal rest, O Lord;
And let perpetual light shine upon him."

O God, who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb, so temper Thy affliction to this flock that by it they may be led into the way of everlasting peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

BIBLE TALKS TO MOTHERS.*

BY HARRIET E. ROSENQUEST.

Abigail the Superior Wife.

* Now the name of the man was Nabal, and the name of the woman was Abigail. She was a woman of a beautiful countenance and of good understanding, but the man was churlish and evil in his doings.—I. SAMUEL, xiv, 8.

Biographers pique our curiosity and interest by their slow process of unveiling the character of their hero or heroine, and we learn to love or dislike those characters, just as we learn to love or dislike people with whom we come in contact; by the influence which they acquire over our own life and feelings. Thus two readers of a biography may form distinct opinions of the character portrayed. While the real inner life may still remain to us veiled.

Not so the Almighty Biographer. He at once opens to us the hearts and minds of the men and women to whom He introduces us, and they stand before us as God sees them, naked to the very intents of their hearts, and the thoughtful Bible student at once recognizes the wherefore of the introduction. No two characters or lives are similar, and, in Scripture, every grade of character, every walk of life is presented to us as a study, and we are expected to read a *did* learn; studying God's purpose and will toward us. And as our own life is touched

* Talks at Mothers' Meetings.

by some one of the lives in His history, we are commanded to take warning against like sins, or encouraged to follow after like virtues. The story of Abigail is graphically told in I. Samuel xxv. And the character and life of the rich young couple, living some two thousand years ago on their vast estate at "Maon, in the plains on the south of Jeshimon" reads strangely like that of some rich young couple of our own day. It is a story of an unsuitable marriage, a superior woman wedded to an inferior man. We are told that the man, Nabal, was of a fine family, of the house of Caleb, the coadjutor of Joshua, who had bestowed upon him the whole district of Maon. He was, also, a descendant of a Prince of Midian, Hobab, Moses' father-in-law, from whom sprang Hemath, who was the father of Rechar, whose son Jonadab was the founder of "teetotalism." Yet, with all this fine ancestry, Nabal was a churlish, vicious drunkard. Nabal was his name, and "folly, hollowness, vice," made up all his nature.

We often see this same anomaly in what we term "blue-blooded families," some long-hidden vice springing up into renewed life in children's children.

Doubtless we could find the root of Nabal's folly in the Prince of Midian, the country of idolatry, vineyards, and drunkenness.

Let us now turn to the fair picture of Abigail. "She was a woman of a beautiful countenance and of a good understanding."

This brief summary implies a great deal. Abigail had not only beauty of person, but she was also endowed with a cultivated mind, a deeply religious heart, and a rare, good common-sense. Her name tells us that in her girlhood she was the "joy and exultation of her father." When we see a lovely and good woman wedded to a worthless man, we question in astonishment how so fair a creature came into the power of such a monster, and we now ask the question in regard to Abigail.

Dear sisters, hear the world's answer. Nabal belonged to one of the "first families," and had princely blood in his veins, and, besides all this, he was very rich, having much land, many servants, thousands of cattle. In fact, he was a "grand match," and what more reasonable than that the father, who exulted in his beautiful daughter, should be but too eager to settle her so prosperously.

In the East young people are not allowed voice in the matter of matrimony. The whole transaction is arranged by the parents or guardians. So our lovely Abigail was sold to the highest bidder, and thus entered a new life of bitter bondage. For a season, perhaps, she was an admired toy, but surely she found little if any happiness. However, she was equal to the occasion, and her fine traits of character were more fully developed, and we find them displayed to the best advantage. We know not how long time she had been wedded to Nabal, but it is proved to us that she was ever a faithful, God-serving, patient, gentle, and industrious wife, doing her full duty by husband and household. She was a mistress to whom the eyes of her servants turned in loving obedience. Thus, while her husband went on his foolish way, she superintended their people with her "good understanding" wisely.

At the time that we were led to the home

of this illy-mated couple Nabal was holding his annual sheep-shearing. These "shearings" formed occasions for great social liberty and merriment, and among the wealthy flock owners the season was closed by a great banquet, which sometimes lasted several days. Such a feast was Nabal's. "He held a feast in his house like a king." The banquet was held at Carmel, the pasture land of Nabal. While the feast was at its height the guests were started by a visit from the messengers of David, the young and famous warrior and outlaw son-in-law of Saul, King of Israel. The messengers, with much deference of manner and speech, asked, in David's name, for food. Nabal's churlish nature asserted itself, and, after reviling them, he drove them from his presence. David had really earned the right to the favor, and at the return of his young men he vowed to exterminate at once the whole house of Nabal. One of Nabal's young men, standing near his master during the interview, hastened to Abigail—here we have a fine picture of the wise mistress and trustful dependent—and, after the "young man" had poured out his story and fears into her listening ears, he cried,

"Now, therefore, know and consider what thou wilt do."

Already Abigail's quick mind had grasped the situation and formed its plans. Directly the household were answering her rapid commands, servants running hither and thither, sheep were slain and prepared for cooking, bread, corn, wine, figs, and grapes were packed on asses, while an escort of servants prepared to accompany their mistress, who herself intended to intercede in the behalf of her husband and people.

The meeting of Abigail and David is a fine study for an artist.

We have all grown familiar with the favorite subjects, Sarah at her tent-door, Rebekah at the well and the meeting of Isaac, Miriam at the Red Sea, Jephthah's daughter meeting her father, Bathsheba as first seen by David, Ruth gleaning, Esther approaching the throne of Ahasuerus, and many others. Even the stern, hard characters of Judith, Jael, and Jezebel are remembered, while beautiful Abigail seems quite, if not altogether, forgotten.

The impromptu address made by her before David is greatly admired by all Biblical scholars, an eminent writer calling it "one of the finest in the literature of any age."

David was completely disarmed of his wrath, and captivated by Abigail's beauty and wisdom, while his religious fervor was aroused—this proving the purity and modesty of her presence.

Dropping his sword, and with clasped hands upraised, he returned thanks to God for His mercy in restraining his hand from seeking vengeance; and, then, turning to Abigail, he gave the only recorded blessing of David to woman; after which he accepted her offering, and returned her in peace to her home, whose savior she was. Abigail went directly to the scene of revelry. The feast was near its close, "And Nabal's heart was merry within him, for he was very drunken."

We can imagine Abigail's shrinking from the sound of rithal mirth, and ere seeking her couch, sending to the throne of grace her psalm of thanksgiving for her deliverance from the perils of the day.

Abigail waited quietly for the morning, and then, not until after "the wine had gone out of Nabal" did she tell him all "these things," all the horrible dangers that they had escaped. The wretched, terror-stricken man fell paralyzed to the ground, "and after ten days he died." Thus, God Himself avenged David, according to the word of Abigail, and releasing her from her bondage, He set her in a high place; for when David heard of Nabal's death "David sent and commended with Abigail to take her to wife. And she went after the messengers of David and became his wife." Thus ends the story of Abigail. As the many stories of our childhood days, in seeming perpetual joy and prosperity, I wonder how many of you, my sisters, have followed the fortunes of Abigail in the history of her royal husband? As a young reader of the Bible, I can remember feeling such disappointment over the brevity of the story, and trying to imagine the sequel of the Bible narrative. Of course, I made her life to be filled with great honor and pleasure, fitting to a beloved wife of a mighty king; but as an older student of the Scriptures, I discovered a very different sequel. In the forty-third verse of the chapter which contains the story of Abigail, we can find a key to her married life. "David also took Ahinoam, of Jezreel, and they were also both of them his wives."

Three times more Abigail's name appears in the history of David, and each time it is preceded by that of the Jezeelite. Abigail, as the wife of Nabal, was supreme mistress of her husband and household, perfectly fitted to the position, a strong, self-reliant woman, finding her happiness in the path of duty; but when "she went after the messengers of David and became his wife," all her strong personality was swallowed up by the stronger one of her warrior husband. Her whole nature, purposes, and habits had to undergo so entire a change that peace or happiness for her must have been an impossibility. Taken from a life of prosperous plenty and orderly living, surrounded by a large household of loving dependents, she entered a new life of hardship and great peril; her husband a bunted outlaw, living in cave or tent, his retainers "men of blood"—what we would call adventurers—ever restless for encounters with their enemies; while David, fickle in his loves, ere their honeymoon is at its full, brings to their tent a Jezeelitish woman, who, becoming the mother of David's first-born, naturally absorbed the greater portion of his affection and attention, until still another new love attracted him. So we see that Abigail but changed her lot of trouble, and what, with the perils of warfare, poverty, captivity, divided affections of her husband, and the uncongenial companionship of idolatrous women, I can but think her new position a very sorry one.

Another picture of what might have been comes up before me. Abigail, at the death of Nabal, as a "widow indeed," dwelling in the midst of her goodly possessions and people, with true wisdom managing her household and business, practising large hospitality, given to good works, serving God in all things, and growing day by day more noble and useful.

The story of Abigail is replete with instruction, and it would take several "Bible Talks" to use the prominent points of her

eventful life. For to-day's practical application I have chosen her marriage with Nabal.

In all ages and all grades of society parents have been given to sacrificing their daughters to "eligible matches," silver and gold and social position magnifying themselves before moral worth. Even the maidens themselves are generally but too anxious to immolate their happiness upon some young, aye, aged, Nabal of society. There seems to be something horribly fascinating to some girls in the thought of captivating a dissolute society man. To their unsophisticated minds there is a certain pleasing notoriety in such a union, while they imagine that the promised luxurious life will be a sufficient compensation for any uncomfortable elements which the future might develop. But after the inevitable step is taken their eyes are opened to their real position, and at once their nature assumes its level. And what generally follows? Even mutual recriminations, fierce quarrels, many times blows, and sickly children born, to be brought up in an atmosphere of evil misery, their innocent lives made "to pass through the fire" of a worse than Canaanitish Molech. All this, it may be, is carefully guarded from the knowledge of the world, or else both parties, resorting to the law, fling broadcast a debasing and disgusting story of their private life, filling the air with matter which vitiate every home that it enters. And, just as a certain grade of boy life is influenced and led by such literature as "Buffalo Bill," many foolish girls deliberately make up their minds to undertake the mysterious and dangerous journey after "riches and ease." And just as many foolish—in fact, wicked—mothers eagerly encourage their daughters' fateful purpose.

I remember of once hearing of a mother saying, as a warning to her son's intended mother-in-law, that she would rather see a daughter of hers lying in her coffin than to see her the wife of such a man, yet the son was wed, and the beautiful, tenderly-nurtured girl suffered all, and more than had been foretold. Oh, mothers! so tender, so self-sacrificing in so many ways, why are you so careless, even heartless, in the most tender and important period of your daughter's life? Why are you not warned by your own failures or trials? or prompted by your own happiness and success to a greater watchfulness and sympathy?

There have been sweet girls whose young hearts have gone out to some Nabal, and they have tried to believe that their pure love and influence would win their Nabal from his folly, and in rare cases this belief has been fully answered, but at a woeeful price; even our noble Abigail did not win her Nabal. St. Paul gives a solemn word on this subject: "For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"

Do you know of a wife who may come under this question? and yet, can you calmly see your child take upon herself the responsibility of an nnholy alliance?

The daughter of Leah "went out to see the daughters of the land," and encountered a Nabal that caused not only her own ruin, but the destruction of a people. Did you ever wonder what share Leah had in the downfall of her only daughter? Try to guess. There are daughters who are ever the exultation of their fathers, but the fathers and mothers are both under certain conditions of living.

King David in his old age discovered the cause of all degeneration in family life.

"Strange children." God's people linking themselves to the world's people. David says, "Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange children, whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is the right hand of falsehood; and that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

Throughout God's Word, we find, at near distances, warnings against "strange children."

It was the "mixed multitude" which accompanied Israel out of Egypt that caused Israel to long for the things of Egypt; and it is the world, in the Church of Christ, which now causes the Church to covet the things of the world.

I could not close this "Talk," dear sisters, with more pregnant words than the words of our "High Priest," in His prayer for His Church:

"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

THE DAKOTA'S CONCEPTION OF GOD.*

In the treatment of my topic, I have taken the Dakota as the representative of the original inhabitants of the New World. Profoundly convinced that though the various tribes differ widely in many points, yet they are strangely one and the same upon the essentials of their beliefs about God, the world, and the life beyond the grave.

An old Mystic has bequeathed to us the saying that "God is an unutterable sigh in the innermost depths of the soul." In the words of Christlieb, "With still greater justice we may well reverse the proposition and say: The soul is a never-ending sigh after God; because she is from Him, she is also for Him, and tends to Him. In her deepest recesses there lives or slumbers, however hidden, an inextinguishable longing after God."

In studying the habits of now Biblical races, and more clearly still in the great ethnic religions of the world, the fact of a never-ending longing after God, "if happy they might feel after God and find Him," plainly shows itself. The method followed in this feeling after God is often dark, tortuous and misleading—at times almost hiding the One groped after. Yet in the history of the world God has never allowed Himself to become wholly obliterated from the hearts of His children. No matter how low in the scale of humanity, how ignorant, how corrupt, how superstitious a certain race may become, this never-ending longing after God—an inextinguishable fire—is the one great characteristic of their souls and hearts which distinguishes them from the brute creation, and forever stamps on their brow the wondrous truth that "God created man in His own image."

In the path of venture, conquest and civilization, men of science have followed with almost equal step, and gleaned what

*This essay, read at the graduation exercises of the Seabury Divinity School, is printed here not only because of its intrinsic interest, but because its writer, Charles S. Cook, of Santee Agency, is a Dakota Indian, a graduate of Trinity College and of "Seabury."

they could of the religious beliefs of races before unvisited.

After a few years' sojourn and study among them, they return and tell us that this particular race of the human family is monotheistic or polytheistic; and another, so low in the scale of mankind that it lacks even the faintest conception of God, not possessing so much as a name indicative of any power higher than itself.

The observation as to monotheism or polytheism may be true in the majority of cases. But the other, namely, that even the faintest conception of a Being higher than man is absolutely and positively wanting is, I think, untrue.

A closer and more intimate acquaintance with such a race will often prove that previous inferences and conclusions were wrong.

The red man has been over and over put in the category of the pantheistic, polytheistic, or (the most unkindest cut of all) the absolutely nothingistic.

Poor creature of God! a more misrepresented being never lived on the face of the earth. While one class of over-refined, fastidious, and pessimistic whites cry out, from the depths of their wisdom, that the Indian is of the compound nature of the brute, the demon, and the ruffian—worthy, therefore, only of the doctrine of "desperation and abandonment," as the best solution of the so-called "Indian Problem"—a more humane and cautious Pope from across the Atlantic sings:

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-tops hills a humbler heaven:
Some safer world in depths of woods embaced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold;
No bonds torment, nor Christians thirst for gold,
To be content his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Yes, from the very first landing of the whites upon these Western shores the aborigine has been grossly misunderstood in every possible respect. Much the same [misunderstanding] continues to our own day, and it promises well to go on as it has in the past until the natives, as a race, shall rise and tell their side of every story which their white brothers may be pleased to tell to the world about them.

With the red man's usual fate of being misunderstood and misrepresented, of course he has not been spared the assertion that his conception of the Deity is polytheistic—in short, that he believes in no God whatsoever.

These two assertions are not true at all. An axiom in geometry is a truth so simple, so plain, so primary, that it does not require a demonstration. It is a self-evident truth. That the Dakota is a being possessed of strong religious tendencies is such an axiom. The truth of it is so manifest as to require no demonstration. We can simply repeat the axiom, and say the Dakota is a naturally religious being. His faith in a Supreme Deity is almost unbounded. His belief in things pertaining to God and his own soul is somewhat vague and confused. Yet his recognition of a Power higher than himself (Who is the Creator Governor of the world) is intertwined with his very existence. Such an extraordinary and anomalous being as an atheist is unknown among his brethren.

The stoicism with which novelists and newspaper writers have made the red man so famous would be greatly disconcerted were he to know that there lived a man under the sun who actually denied the existence of God.

A greater shock could not be given him than this revelation. Methinks I see the educated red man of the future writing a treatise on ethnic religions, with such words as these on one of his pages:

"But the strongest, most promising, most wholesome, yet the most divided, strongest of all religious systems is that called Christianity. For in it all shades of belief are allowed. The Christians hold to one Bible, and out of it they make many separate and conflicting societies called Churches. Under the shadow of Christianity there exists and are handed from age to age, Materialism, Pantheism, Deism, Rationalism, and (stranger still!) Atheism—out-and-out disbelief in the Being of God.

"How sad that such a prosperous, intelligent, educated, and highly refined race as the whites should become so estranged from their Father in heaven as to challenge His very existence."

So strong is the red man's belief in God, that his surprise—astonishment—at finding such a being as an atheist, in a nominally Christian country, would seek expression in such language as the above.

The Dakota has no special code of morals, nor any well-defined system of theology—yet, almost from his infancy, the Godward proclivities which are inherent in him begin to show themselves.

As he grows in age, his religious nature becomes more and more developed, apparent and positive. In a way, almost inexplicable, this religious tension lasts unbroken throughout "all the changes and chances" of life until he reaches the grave.

According to him, Wakantauka (the Great Holy) is the creator of the world and "all that therein is," both visible and invisible. Wakantauka is All-Wise, All-Seeing, All-Caring, All-Powerful, All-Just, All-Loving—existing from eternity to eternity. His Deity, therefore (though dimly conceived of), is none else than the God of Scripture, who "inhabith eternity."

The Hindoo has a curious cosmogony which supposes the "globe to rest on an elephant, the elephant on a turtle, and the turtle on nothing at all."

The Dakota, on the contrary, believes the world to be in the palms of God's hands—meaning thereby, that He governs it with such a perfect system of laws, so near and intimate His watchful care over it, so great His love, that He may well be said to hold the universe in this way; just as through intense love and tenderness the gentle mother holds her helpless babe in the palms of her hands and caresses it.

The laws that govern the world he looks upon as emanations from God—indeed, they are parts of His very Being. For this reason, the mysterious forces of nature he reverses, inasmuch as he believes them to be manifestations of God's power, and thus potentially to be the Deity Himself.

It is thus that his "untutored mind sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind."

I once saw a Frenchman, in the midst of a grand and severe thunderstorm, reverently lifting his hat, prayerfully looking up to heaven, or humbly casting his eyes to the

ground. This he repented as each thunder-clap was heard, shaking the earth.

On putting to him the query, "Why do you do that?" he answered: "That is God's voice which you hear from the thunder-clouds. When I hear His mighty voice, I tremble and fear because of my sins. I lift my hat to show my reverence for Him."

It is precisely with such confessions as the above that the Dakota sees his Deity in the clouds, and hears Him distinctly in the thunder-clap.

This is the same God that David of old had in his mind when he said:

"It is the Lord that commandeth the waters; it is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire; the voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness; yea, the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh."

Not unlike the Roman, the Dakota sees God in the mighty cataract, the huge tree, the prominent rock, the sun, moon and stars. But he does it for the same reason as the one already given. They are potentially God, inasmuch as they are His handiwork. They show the depths of His wisdom, His power, His greatness, His image, His very Being.

But because he shows honor, and seemingly offers gifts to them, the red man is thought to believe in "Gods many and Lords many."

"Bowling before so many things in nature, why is he not a polytheist?" has been repeatedly asked. The native answers: "I do not worship these things!" They make me think of God. On the spot where I am thus reminded of God, I worship Him through these as media.

There is but one God and no other. These I call simply Wakon (holy, mysterious), because they are the manifestations of God's power and nature. Him alone I call Wakantauka (*The Holy One—the Great Holy, the Chief Holy—the superlative Holy God*).

Thus he scornfully rejects the charge of polytheism, and strongly asserts his belief in monotheism. His motto, like the Indian of the old world, is "One God and no other." With the red man there are several theories as to the origin of the human family. One is the following:

After the creation of the world, animals, etc., Wakantauka (*The Great Holy*) created three beings and immersed them, one by one, in a pool of wondrous purity and clearness. The first came out with a fair complexion. The peculiar reddish bottom of the pool is disturbed through the first immersion, and the water is slightly colored. The second creature is immersed and he comes out with a reddish complexion. By this time the second layer of the bottom (dark mud) is stirred up. The last of the three now enters, and emerges with a complexion dark and rough.

In this way the Dakota explains the white, red and black races of the human family. According to him, also, man was not created for this life only. His life is a journey. The grave is simply the bridge that leads into the other world. In this journey of life all is not plain sailing. For there are two ever-conflicting elements on earth which make this journey one of constant struggle and warfare.

These two principles are *good* and *evil*.

The habitation of the evil spirit is under the earth.

Not only must man fight the evil, but likewise God's army of the sky must engage in this seemingly endless warfare.

This army is made up of the wonderful thunder birds of the air. They are huge and terrible—strong of wings, mighty in battle. The peculiarity about these thunder birds is that their eyes are seldom open. When they open them, we see the flash from their immense eyes, almost blinding us.

The Dakota calls this "Wakinganton-waupit"—opening the eyes of the thunder birds. His white brother calls it "lightning." The red man looks upon a thunder storm as an actual battle in progress between the armies of the good principle and the evil.

In this warfare the good will ultimately prevail and reign supreme.

I am sure none of you will doubt that the red man strongly believes in a life beyond the grave.

His conception of the future state is simple and of the most comforting nature. For instance, he holds that when a man dies his spirit forthwith goes to the Spirit World.

The Milky Way he calls "Wanagitancu"—that is, the Spirit's pathway. Every soul must follow this on his journey to the Spirit World.

It was a belief with the Romans that the shade of a mortal is denied the joys of the Elysian fields, and miserably wanders through the Stygian darkness for a hundred years, unless due burial rites were bestowed upon the body.

So the red man says if the dead is not buried with his head toward the setting of the sun, he is refused admission to the spirit land, till he personally has redressed, through self-torture and untold misery, the greats in and neglect of his kin upon earth.

As to the location of this blessed spot—the spirits' home—the red man has no definite idea; but his imagination is vivid, his faith strong enough to make that happy abode a glorious reality.

Is not this a conception approaching the "Paradise," the "Abraham's bosom" of the Christian?

Curiously enough, according to the red man's theory, no spirit is immediately blessed with the beatific vision; when that shall be granted rests only with Wakantauka.

Awaiting that day, all must remain in the "home of the spirits"—the red man's intermediate state.

And so, after all, instead of having no idea whatever of God, or at best only a degraded polytheist, the red man, on the contrary, has a strong faith, Wakantauka (the Great Holy); and, ever confidently cries out "there is but one God and no other."

His conception of the Deity, when properly analyzed and understood, is not a shocking one, after all.

As a race, these strange people who came here from some cradle-land of monotheism, are intensely religious. To be sure they serve their Creator in a false way—yet it is because they have forgotten the better way. The truth is they erect their altar "To the Unknown God."

For this reason the Christian minister can easily direct their vague and confused ideas of the Deity into the right belief of the Triune God. Furthermore, he can build upon their inherent religious nature, and

say to them as St. Paul did to the Athenians on Mars' Hill:

"Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

NEANDER, THE HISTORIAN.

This great Church historian and divine was an illustration of a great soul unhand-somely lodged—a vessel of gold in a casket of clay. His personal appearance was striking in singularity and uncountness. He was of medium size, with a rounded head covered with thick black hair, a nose of Jewish bent, and mild brown eyes over-shadowed by unusually heavy eyebrows. His eyes were rarely seen, as through excessive near-sightedness and incessant contemplation they were well-nigh closed. In his long, dark green overcoat, with high military boots, half-closed eyes turned upwards, a big hat resting on the back part of the head, he was the observed of all observers. He was careless of dress and unconscious of the speech of people. In this respect he reminds one of his colleague, Carl Ritter, the pre-eminent geographer; or the world-renowned Grecist, Boeckh, who, it was said, could describe the head-gear of the ancient Greek at any epoch, but could easily be confounded by being asked concerning the hat of the Berliners of his own day.

Neander was never married. A congenial sister was mistress of his home, and cared for him as for a helpless child. They were familiarly styled the "Neander children." She accompanied him on his enforced daily walk to the Thiergarten, and, hand in hand, attracted the respectful attention of passers-by, and the salutation of the king. This loving, faithful sister survived her brother many years.

The manner of life of Neander was exceedingly simple. His moderation in eating savored of asceticism. He seldom knew whether he had eaten or not, and herein was cared for by his ever-watchful, ever-indulgent sister. Yet he was given to hospitality.

Neander, as he fondly desired, was permitted to toil unto the last. At the close of life's busy, weary day, he exclaimed, "I am weary; I will now go to sleep." Gently placed in bed, he whispered, "Good night, good night," and almost imperceptibly "breathed himself into the silent and cold sleep of death," on July 14, 1856. A vast procession, two miles in length, followed the honored remains to their last resting-place. Students surrounded the hearse with lighted candles; in front of the body the Bible and Greek Testament of the departed were carried. Carriages of the king and of other members of the royal family were in the procession. A *chorale* by a thousand voices was sung, and a discourse was delivered by the friend of the deceased, the noted Krummacher.

It is a remarkable fact, and by no means a pleasant one, for the inhabitants of southern Sweden, that part of the country is sinking, an inch at a time, under the brackish waves of the encroaching Baltic. Streets in Swedish towns, originally built, no doubt (like other streets) above high-water mark, now lie below the tide with other earlier and still lower streets beneath and beyond them.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

"LITTLE BOY BLUE." OR WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

BY C. M. LYTTOS.

It was an ugly little house, but that was no reason why Tom and Holt Stuart should sniff the air disdainfully, and

protest in a rudely loud whisper that they "didn't want to stay to the birthday party," when Mrs. Martin said, "Poor little fellows they aren't used to strangers, I reckon," and tried to lead them into the house.

The y clung obstinately to "mammy," who mightily ashamed of their behavior, exhorted them to "mind thar manners an' not cyar on like po' white trash. Why didn' dey go long an' play wid dat perlite, nice behaved y'ung gen'lmen an' dem putty y'ung ladies!"

"Yes," Robbie Martin said eagerly, turning very red with the effort to fight down the shyness,

that was making him stiff and hot, and multiplying his arms and legs until he felt like an enormous centipede, "come and see who's to light the candles." Candles, with the sun so hot and bright that Tom's eyes were watering and Holt's head growing full and heavy!

"What do you want with candles in the daytime?" Tom asked.

Tom was the oldest and the clever one.

It was he who had discouraged Holt from staying to the birthday party.

"Candles in the daytime! Why he's never seen a birthday illumination," the girls cried with a burst of sweet laughter. There were only five of them—Sue, Belle, Letty, Eve, and Tina, but they looked a great many more piled on the steps one above the other, and Holt, who was not

played the part of instructor in the mysteries of "Snake." He who had travelled from Arkansas to Texas on his own Indian-pony, and could tell thrilling stories of sleeping in tents, real tents like the soldiers slept in when they camped at "The Spring." He who had swelled and bragged the day before, and sent Robbie Martin home hopelessly despond-

ent, not to know what lighting candles in the daytime meant!

"Hush, Holt," he said dictatorially. "Anybody can light candles," he cried. "Of course when you go to a *matinee* they make the room dark and pretend it's night and light gas."

Tom felt that his last word was not strong; he lagged over it a little doubtfully. Robbie had said *candles*.

The girls laughed again, but with a difference. They were puzzled too. A boy who could speak so glibly of a *matinee*, deserved respectful consideration.

"Oh! that isn't what we mean," they said. "Tell him



"THEY'RE OLD FRIENDS."

used to girls and did not like being laughed at, puckered up his face to cry, and said fretfully.

"Please, take us home, mammy; my head hurts."

But that laugh stung Tom into forgetfulness of the ugly, little house. That he, the clever one, should not understand! He, who only yesterday, had convicted Robbie Martin of ignorance upon the momentous question of velocipedes, and

what it is 'Boy Blue.'"

"You see we have a cake," Robbie said, "and as many candles as birthdays, there are thirteen to-day, because Sue's thirteen years old; and we jump rope to see who's to light the candles, and the one that jumps it thirteen times thirteen without stopping lights them. Won't you come and try? And then I'll show you Char and Snow, and you may play with Fan and Tim."

Tom loosened his grasp of mammy's dress, but Holt hung back.

"Won't you come?" "Boy Blue" said persuasively; and just then two beautiful pigeons white and mottled, with gold glints hurling their breasts and wings, flew out from under the eaves of a shed back of the house, and perched on "Boy Blue's" shoulders.

Holt forgot that he wanted to go home. "Oh! mammy, the pretty birds!" he cried in an ecstasy of delight.

"You may hold them while we jump for the candles," "Boy Blue" said. "This is Fan and this is Tim—call them by their names and they'll make friends right away."

They started into the house. "He won't bite, I reckon," he said drawing back as Ross, Tom's Newfoundland, ran against him. And just then Ross snapped at a fly and "Boy Blue" gave a little cry and started back. This restored Tom's self-esteem and put him in a good humor. He laughed loudly.

"'Fraid of dogs are you? Oh! no, he won't bite. Here, Ross, old fellow; and he pulled Ross's ears and got astride of him and felt himself a hero, while poor Robbie had a struggle to keep back the tears. He had never been strong since Tina was burned. Mamma said he would outgrow his nervousness; but Robbie considered it disgraceful that a boy of fourteen should be afraid of dogs and jump at every unexpected noise, and called himself a coward. Mamma said he must struggle against it; so he put his hand on Ross's head and Ross snapped at another fly, and Robbie screamed again and Tom laughed louder than before and said, "Why I believe you're a coward."

They jumped the rope and "Boy Blue" won the honor of lighting the candles, which he immediately handed over to Tom, and Tom, quite in his element, swelled, and bragged, and told wonderful stories of which he was the hero; and after supper, when the fun flagged, Mrs. Martin said:

"'Boy Blue,' take Tom and Holt out and give them a ride on Char and Snow."

"What makes her call you 'Boy Blue'?" Tom asked, on their way to see the ponies.

"I asked her to," Robbie answered, coloring.

"What for?"

"To remind me," Robbie said, slowly.

"To remind' you? How, what, why? Oh, please do tell me!" Tom exclaimed.

"Don't you remember how 'Little Boy Blue' went to sleep and let the cows get into the corn? Well, I did worse than that—I'm awful trifling. One day mamma left me to take care of Tina, and I got tired and didn't watch her and went to sleep, and when I waked up she was all in a blaze. That's

how she got those scars on her face, and my hands won't ever be real strong any more. See there? I got 'em putting her out."

He opened his hands, and Tom saw they were shriveled and drawn inside, and that one wouldn't open wide.

"I was awful sorry, but that didn't do any good. It was all my fault. I asked mamma if she couldn't do something to keep me in mind, because I'm always forgetting, and she said she'd call me 'Little Boy Blue.' People wouldn't know what it meant, and I would. Nobody ever asked me before. You won't talk about it!"

"Oh, no," Tom said, patronizingly, thinking that Robbie ought to be as ashamed as he looked, and that he would never have been so good-for-nothing.

"Here they are," exclaimed "Boy Blue," in a tone of fond possession—"all of 'em."

"All of 'em," were the pigeons Holt had played with early in the evening and two mustang ponies. Char was black, with a tail and mane burned rusty by the prairie suns, and Snow was a round white ball of a pony.

They looked up and whinnied when they saw "Boy Blue." Fan went on picking up grain from the trough, and Tim turned his head on one side and stared at them out of his round, bright eyes in such a funny way that both boys laughed.

"They're old friends," "Boy Blue" said. "Fan and Tim were hatched in that corner over the trough. Sometimes when I come in to feed I'll find Fan perched on Char's head and Tim on Snow's—all of 'em dozing."

The boys took their ride, and when they got home agreed that it had been a very jolly birthday party; though Tom was inclined to ridicule the mustangs because they were so small, and, "Boy Blue" because he was afraid of Ross.

"He's a real coward," he said contemptuously. And, then, he forgot his promise and told about Tina and Robbie's hands.

Mr. Stuart looked up from the book he was reading.

"I'd call a boy who saved his sister's life at the risk of his own anything but a coward," he said. "And I wonder Tom, if you would have had the moral courage to say it was all your fault!"

Tom wrinkled up his forehead and kept quiet, thinking what a queer way papa had of talking. That night he dreamed that he was a knight and wore a suit of silver armor, and that Robbie cried because a beetle crawled over his bare foot. While "Boy Blue" wondered wistfully if a fellow who had done the wonderful things Tom had done would ever condescend to make friends with a coward like him.

Three or four weeks after the party, Mr. Stuart rode down to look at a farm

about fifteen miles from Pleasant Run. It was the first time he had been on horseback since, disabled from active service by the shell that cost him a leg, he joined his family, who were refugeeing in Texas.

"You aren't fit to go off by yourself," Mrs. Stuart said, anxiously. "Take Tom along."

"And, papa, please mayn't I stop and ask 'Boy Blue,' I mean Robbie Martin, to go with us?"

Tom had learned in the last three weeks that a boy may be afraid of dogs and still be good for something, and that mustang ponies can outrun horses twice their size. It was a gay party that Mrs. Martin watched ride off across the prairie, and they had a merry day. Mr. Stuart finished his business satisfactorily, and then they played camping out for "Boy Blue's" benefit, and ate their lunch gypsy fashion under the stunted trees that bordered the prairie. It was four o'clock when they started home; and Tom and Robbie felt so fresh after resting that they ran races, which was very pleasant for them but rather hard on Tom's pony, who wasn't used to the Texas sun and got into a white foam, while Char never turned a hair, and seemed as ready for another run as if it were October instead of August.

They were half way across the prairie, when suddenly the sunshine got, as Tom said afterward, "all bloody," and hot as fire. Rex and Peaks snorted and pawed the ground, and Char pricked up his ears, neighed a quick, sharp neigh, and stood still, trembling all over.

"It's the prairie!" Robbie screamed. "The prairie's on fire! Run, Tom, run!" and touching Char lightly, started off.

But Rex and Peaks wouldn't stir. They snorted and neighed, plunging violently. Mr. Stuart and Tom whipped and spurred in vain; they would not budge.

Robbie looked back, saw, hesitated, then turned Char's head.

"Ride on, my boy," Mr. Stuart said, hoarsely. "You can't help us."

But "Boy Blue" was already on his feet, unstrapping Char's girth.

"Quick! your saddle-blanket!" he cried. "It's the only chance!"

He struck a match and lighted the grass around them, beating it out as soon as it threatened to spread. Mr. Stuart obeyed him mechanically. Tom clung to his father, sobbing pitifully. The fierce flame scorched their faces—the smoke choked and blinded them. Mr. Stuart said afterwards that he would have given up the fight, but the energy and strength of ten men were in Robbie Martin's little body. When the fire reached them there was nothing but bare, black earth to feed it. "Little Boy Blue" had saved them. Rex and Peaks ran into the flames and perished

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885.

—The notable event of the past week in the Church was the Centennial Convention of the Diocese of New York. It was remarkable, not because it was a centennial, for this is the day of centennials in this country, but because it exhibited a powerful diocese working vigorously and harmoniously.

The number of delegates in attendance was very large and very persistent. As many as four hundred gathered at the outset, and more than three-quarters continued to the end. There was more, too, than a mere attendance. There was an enthusiastic, as well as conscientious, attention to the business of the convention.

The most touching feature of the convention was the veneration and love shown for the bishop of the diocese. In reply to the bishop's resignation of his salary, the convention voted heartily and determinedly that he should continue in the use of his house and of his salary for the remainder of his life. It is said that the bishop has shown an equally courteous persistence, since the convention, in causing to be prepared, and in signing, papers legally depriving himself of any further emolument from the diocese. The latter seems to be powerless in the matter, and cannot prevent the bishop having his own way.

The debate touching the proposed revision of the Prayer Book was both dignified and able, as might be expected from such a body of men.

It is a gratifying fact, in connection with the revised book, that the Rev. Dr. Huntington, although a new-comer to the diocese, received not only a courteous but hearty election to the next General Convention. It was not only a graceful tribute to him, but it was also the discharge of a duty which the diocese owes to the Church that the proposed Prayer Book shall come before the next General Convention with the advantage of his careful liturgical study in its advocacy.

The presence of the Bishops of Western New York, Long Island and Albany was a special feature of this convention.

The heartiness with which they were received, and the important part they took in the proceedings, made it appear that much advantage would come from the realization of the Province of New York, which, up to this time, has been only theoretical.

There are great possibilities in the Diocese of New York, and these possibilities are probabilities, and what is better still, the near future is to show great realities. Never could a diocese have a greater confidence and reliance and affection than New York has for its present leader.

— Chinese Missions almost seem to have been transferred from China to this country. The Chinese residents in New York, as in other cities, are apparently very earnest in laying hold of the instruction, religious and secular, which is afforded them by the Church, and we believe, by all religious bodies.

The rector of the most fashionable church

in New York, on Sunday last, made an appeal to his congregation for assistance in the instruction of nineteen Chinamen who have placed themselves under his care.

As it is the purpose of all the Chinese to return, dead or alive, to their own country, those who go back alive must necessarily bear with them the impressions that are wrought upon them in the midst of the Christianity of this land.

It is true that some communities are doing their best to send the Chinese back in their coffins. It is to be hoped, however, that the culture of the cities and the Christian fellowship of parishes may still have a large influence for good in the Chinese Empire, by means of those Chinese who escape the murderous attacks of Western laborers.

— The opposition of the French Canadian population of Montreal to vaccination broke out last week in rioting and much disorder. The attempt of the health officers to deal intelligently with the epidemic excited the ignorant and misguided masses who most needed such help, to a fury of antagonism; and large numbers of men paraded the streets crying out, "Vive la France!" "Vive la Commune!" "Bravo Riel!" "Down with the English and vaccination!" Public buildings were stoned, policemen and other officers were roughly handled, the placards on the houses infected with small-pox were torn down, and threats of further violence were freely made. At one time the situation became so grave that it was necessary to call out the military in large force, and General Sir Frederick Middleton was summoned from Ottawa for conference. Meantime the ravages of small-pox continue to decimate the French population. Business of all kinds is most seriously affected. With the sufferings of the sick are coupled the want of the classes dependent upon the movements of commerce and trade, and the terror and privation of multitudes who as yet are only indirectly affected. Certainly a worse condition of affairs could hardly be conceived of, and we in the United States can with difficulty understand the peculiar circumstances which have rendered such a state of things possible.

— It is significant of much, that the Protestant population of Montreal are almost entirely exempt from the plague. The following statement of the deaths from small-pox up to September 18, has been given: French Roman Catholics, 641; or 8.32 per 1,000; other Roman Catholics, 52; or 2.00 per 1,000; Protestants, 35; or .95 per 1,000. This means that the Roman Catholic Church is largely responsible for the lamentable ignorance and superstition which have made its portion of the population peculiarly obnoxious to the scourge, and have moved them to oppose the sanitary precautions which more intelligent populations have effectively employed. The education and domestic economy of the French people in Canada are altogether under the influence of the priests, and control in matters of this kind for generations has made the Roman Church absolutely responsible for

the intelligence and civilization of that people. How far the clergy may have immediately encouraged resistance to vaccination it is difficult to say. It cannot, however, be denied that if they had favored it all along it would have been submitted to, and an epidemic of small-pox would have been impossible. Some of the clergy have taken an active part in defying the authorities and in lending the sanction of religion to performances that must widely spread the disorder. On a recent Sunday it is said that a religious procession headed by a priest with a crucifix marched through the worst small-pox districts of the city—chanting prayers for deliverance from the scourge. The priest was followed by three hundred school boys, then by three hundred little girls, then by six hundred young men, then by two thousand working men, then by mothers leading their children, and then by a promiscuous crowd of more than ten thousand persons. They passed by and halted in front of many houses where recent deaths from small-pox had occurred, and many more where the disease was raging; and from those houses persons sick and well came out to greet the procession. It is easy to understand, in the light of such exploits as these, why the pestilence rages so widely.

— Beyond doubt there is a deeper question underlying the disturbances at Montreal. The opposition of the French Roman Catholics to compulsory vaccination is but a phase of the intense and persistent antagonism that has all along existed in Canada between the French and English races. It was hoped by Canadian and English statesmen that the Confederation of 1867 would help to reconcile the two peoples. The attempt has signally failed. The dominion vice-regal authority has simply been a flag for French hostility to fire at, and the Dominion Parliament but an arena for the public array of ethnical diversity. The Province of Quebec has fallen more and more under the dominion of French ideas in politics. Ontario on the other hand has been stiffened into more obstinate insistence upon English traditions. As was inevitable, religious differences have been brought forward and have become potent factors in the ethnical strife. The summary suppression of the recent rebellion of the half-breeds in the Northwest by the English soldiery, followed by the speedy trial and condemnation of the leader Riel to death, have fanned the flame until there is danger of a war of races in Canada. To the above causes of uneasiness is to be added the declared purpose of the English Liberals to form an elaborate scheme for the imperial federation of English colonies—a scheme so unwelcome to the Canadian French population at least, that the question of Canadian independence is being hotly discussed in the Province of Quebec.

— Meantime we of the United States are not exempt from the embarrassment of more than one race antagonism, though ours are not, as in Canada, between members of the great Aryan family, but between

peoples more utterly unlike than Kelt and Saxon. One of these race antagonisms was recently exemplified in the massacre of Chinese laborers in the Northwest, and in the agitation which continues to aim at driving their compatriots from the country. It is true that the immediate occasion of this hostility against the Chinese is economic. American workmen, both of native and of foreign birth, are not willing to endure the competition of Chinese cheap labor, and the un-American power of trades-unionism is freely invoked to put it down. Underneath the economic question, however, is the ethnical one. It is because the Chinaman is a Turanian and a heathen that he is not believed to be a fair competitor with Aryan labor. His ideals are different. His purposes and ambitions are such that he can live and thrive where an Aryan will starve.

— It is easy, of course, to say that hostility to the Chinese is altogether indefensible in this land of freedom and equality. The doctrinaires have it all their own way, apparently, when they contend for equal protection for all. No doubt the government is under a solemn treaty obligation to protect all such Chinese as were domiciled in this country prior to the late treaty, when the cessation of Chinese immigration was decided upon. Beyond all question, the high-handed efforts of the Knights of Labor and other like bodies to take the law into their own hands ought to be repressed by strong and vigorous measures. Nevertheless, the question of antagonism between the Chinese and the whites is not one that is going to be settled by legislative enactment or by armed battalions. There are differences between races of men which have been enacted by the Supreme Lawgiver, and intensified by centuries of diverse religious, social, political influences, which cannot be obliterated or reconciled by act of Congress; and it is time that our statesmen should acquaint themselves with the great philosophical, religious, and ethnical problems which lie at the bottom of all such outbreaks as that which lately disgraced civilization at Rock Springs, in Wyoming Territory.

— Among the topics to be discussed at the approaching Church Congress at New Haven is "The Ethics of the Tariff Question." It is a timely topic, and will receive, no doubt, the serious consideration it deserves. Meantime, another topic of a like kind is beginning to demand the attention of our political and ethical philosophers, small and great, and that is the Ethics of the Silver Question. The coining of silver dollars in practically unlimited quantities by the government, and the attempt to maintain a bi-metallic standard of values, have led to some consequences not originally contemplated. One of these has been the complete elimination of gold from the currency of the country, and the establishment of the silver dollar as the sole measure of the value of property. This result is due to the increasing difference between the actual value of the gold and the silver dollar—a difference that depends on laws of trade which legislators have not enacted and cannot annul. Under the operation of these laws the value of the silver dollar has now become only about four-fifths of the gold dollar, and so, without intending it, all the business

values of the country have been driven down to a lower basis. There is, therefore, an ethical as well as an economical question involved in considering whether the loss which has thus been inflicted on all values has been justified by the exigencies of the national finance, whether the discrimination which has been made against the creditor class has been balanced by the advantage reaped by the debtor class, and, finally, whether any attempt to fix the relation between two such variable values as gold and silver falls within the legitimate province of government, or can be defended on the grounds of either expediency or necessity. By all means let Church congresses and other deliberative bodies consider such questions more and more.

— Mr. Chamberlain, the English Radical, has been making a remarkable speech at Glasgow, from which it is evident that a *motus vivendi* has been arrived at by the leaders of the various divisions of the Liberal or progressive party. The speech is distinguished by greater moderation than has characterized many of his recent utterances, and is to be regarded as an authoritative setting forth of the working plans of that large body of which he is the representative. Since Mr. Chamberlain is a Dissenter and an avowed Liberalist, it is quite significant that he should declare, as he does, that Disestablishment, in England at least, is not yet within the range of "practical politics." Even in Scotland, where the masses of the people are much more in sympathy with Liberalist ideas, he pleads for a postponement of the question until Disestablishment shall be distinctly demanded by the people.

That so candid and radical an opposer of the English Church should take such ground at a time when the franchise has just been extended to large numbers of those classes in which dissent has had its chief strength, is a welcome evidence of the hold that the Establishment has upon the confidence and affection of the entire people.

Nevertheless, it is one of the signs of the times that many of the leaders of the masses in England are either Non-conformists like Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, or unbelievers like Mr. John Morley and Mr. Bradlaugh. Such men are sure to make their power effective in the near future against the continued establishment of religion; and with the aid of a secular and non-religious press, it is to be expected that they will succeed at no distant day in securing the overthrow of the English Establishment. There are many reasons why American Churchmen would deplore this; but there are, perhaps, even stronger reasons why we may contemplate such result without any misgiving as to the perpetuity of our Mother Church and her growing influence upon the destinies of Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

— The utterances of Mr. Chamberlain on the subject of local government are full of interest of another kind. In a recent number of the Nineteenth Century, Mr. Matthew Arnold discussed, in his lucid and engaging way, what he considers most excellent, about American "institutions." Among the features of our civil "machinery," as he prefers to call our institutions,

which he considers most admirable, are the relegation to the general government of national powers only, and the reservation of all other powers by the several States; in other words, the practical recognition and maintenance of a distinction between general and local government. He then proceeds to advocate the adoption of a similar arrangement in England, the institution of a thorough municipal system, and the constitution of local assemblies having important legislative powers, in such divisions as Ireland, the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, North and South Wales and certain homogeneous groups of the English counties.

In his Glasgow speech Mr. Chamberlain follows the lead that is thus indicated, though he does not so plainly avow himself a student of our affairs. Certainly it is interesting to observe that the statesmanship of the mother country is beginning to follow along the track marked out by the daughter; but it is not strange that it should be so. American institutions are but the development of English ideas under conditions the most favorable and free. Among the traditions which we have inherited with our Saxon blood and English speech is the instinct of local self-government. The circumstances of English history have overborne it in the British Isles, but it survives even there, as these utterances of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Matthew Arnold abundantly testify; and they are right in turning to American institutions as the model of what England, under fairer conditions, might have been and still may be. It is remembered that when Mr. E. A. Freeman visited the United States, he expressed a wish to attend a New England town meeting as the purest survival of the traditional local self-government of the Anglo-Saxons of which he had any knowledge.

— It is reported through the daily press that General Miles, Commander of the Military Department of the Missouri, in his report to the Adjutant-General of the Army, recommends the opening of the Indian Territory to settlement by white people, after reserving to the Indians enough to give each a farm. Whether this would be practicable without violating treaty obligations there is not space here to consider.

The important thing to consider is that one of so much experience in Indian affairs as General Miles should believe that the Indian can be safely and wisely called to citizenship, and so be made responsible and independent. Hitherto this has not been considered practicable by those best acquainted with Indian character. And yet it is to this that a really effective administration of Indian affairs ought to conduct us, unless we are prepared to believe that the Indian race must inevitably and speedily perish. For it is quite impossible that the tribal condition of the Indian should long survive in the midst of our civilization. The only enduring relation that can be maintained toward our government in the midst of the busy contentions of civilized life, is that of responsible citizenship; and unless we can conduct the Indian to this, the most we can hope to do will be to give him such a euthanasia as military tutelage and religious guardianship may be able to provide while he is perishing as a race from the face of the earth.

—The Bishop of Long Island, as a preparation for the celebration at Philadelphia, next month, of the semi-centennial of the Domestic Missionary Organization in the Church, is writing a careful and exhaustive history of its work. The publication of this history will be begun in THE CHURCHMAN of October 17, and will be continued during the next four weeks.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Archdeacon Farrar is being accorded a reception little short of an ovation in Canada. He has received marks of respect and attention from the representatives of every religious body in the country, including the Roman Catholics. Last Sunday he preached in Montreal, in St. George's church and Christ church cathedral, to immense and overflowing congregations. The sermons are described by the secular press as magnificent, and created a profound impression. He has already delivered several very successful lectures. Besides participating in the American Church Congress, he will also take part in our third congress, to be held next month in Montreal.

Major-General Strange, commanding the Alberta field force during the late Northwest rebellion, has written a letter to Bishop McLean of Saskatchewan, very warmly commending the action of Canon McKay of that diocese for his assistance to the troops, often rendered at the expense of great personal danger to himself. On one occasion he penetrated alone into a camp of hostile Cree Indians for the purpose of endeavoring to effect the liberation of certain white female captives. During an engagement, and under a heavy fire, he carried a flag of truce to the enemy. Canon McKay is himself a Cree Indian, and was, I believe, educated in Bishop McLean's Divinity College, in Prince Albert. It is pleasing to note that the energetic bishop seems to have got things running again in the diocese, and that during a late tour he confirmed over two hundred Indians, and performed a number of episcopal acts.

The execution of Louis Riel, the late leader of the rebellion, which was to have taken place last week (18th.), has been postponed for a month, pending an appeal of his council to the privy council of England, touching a technicality as to the jurisdiction of the court before which he was tried. The Cabinet, it is said, are resolved upon the law taking its course, an eventuality that no doubt would be agreeable to the majority of Canadians. However, Riel has a large number of sympathizers among the French of Quebec, who are making very determined demonstrations on his behalf, which of course tends to embarrass the government not a little. An impression seems to be gaining ground that an appeal will be made to the Queen to exercise her clemency by a commutation which would probably be successful and would relieve the government from the present awkward dilemma. Riel, who shows unmistakable signs of mental aberration, seems a mental and moral counterpart of Guiteau. Since his trial and conviction he has become reconciled to the Roman Church which, during the rebellion, he openly defied.

On the 9th of September was opened by the Bishop of Toronto the new hospital in connection with the work of the Sisters of St. John the Divine in that city. The house will accommodate about fifteen patients. The opening ceremony comprised the reading of the 1st., cxvii., and cxlvii. Psalms, the offering up of some collects, and the singing of a hymn, after which the bishop declared the hospital duly opened in the name of the Holy Trinity.

The hospital will be entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions.

There are at present no less than fifteen vacancies in the Diocese of Huron, with the prospect of still more before long. This seems to be an unprecedented state of affairs not only in Huron but in any Canadian diocese. A general rearrangement of missions has been recently effected, which will come into operation very shortly, and which may help matters somewhat, but prospects are at present somewhat gloomy. Many prominent clergymen and laymen favor the summoning of a special synod to take steps for the amicable settlement of the old standing lawsuit of Wright vs. Synod of Huron, of which I have spoken in previous letters. Meanwhile money is being collected throughout the diocese for the purpose of promoting an appeal to the Privy Council of England.

The projected division of the unwieldy Diocese of Ontario seems to be making satisfactory headway, and the committee appointed to take steps in the matter recently met at Kingston. Appeals to the communicants in the diocese have been issued, and application will also be made to the great missionary societies in England.

Bishop Lewis, who has lately undergone a somewhat critical operation for abscess in the side, has, I am glad to say, entirely recovered his strength, and is actively engaged in the prosecution of his duties.

The Rev. William Haslam, the well-known English missionary, and author of the work "From Death unto Life," is shortly expected in Canada, where he will remain during the winter. He comes to devote himself gratuitously to mission work.

Next month, in the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, will be consummated a great national undertaking, second only in importance to the confederation of the provinces. Sir Charles Tupper, our High Commissioner in England, will drive the last spike. It is to be hoped that ecclesiastical as well as political unity may result from the completion of the great national highway, and that by its influence organic unity between the three branches of the Anglican Church in Canada may be effected. It may be news to some Americans to know that Winnipeg is nearly the geographical centre of the Dominion.

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE ON CHURCH SELF-SUPPORT.—At the annual meeting of the Carlisle Diocesan Church Extension Society, which was held recently at Windermer, the bishop, speaking from the chair, pointed out that during the three-and-twenty years of the society's existence it had expended £32,000 of its own funds upon the buildings and improvements of churches and parsonages, and the augmentation of small benefices, and in addition had expended upon the same objects £288,000 received from private and public sources, of which about a quarter of a million had come from private sources. There was an idea in some persons' minds that everything was done for the Church by some benign fairy outside; but, while he expressed profound gratitude to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and Queen Anne's Bounty for their grants, yet if anybody wanted to see what kind of life there was in the Church of England and what she was doing for herself, he pointed to such figures as these, and if the time should ever come when the Legislature should pass an act for the separation of Church and State—which might, God forbid—he trusted those figures would be borne in mind. To take away what they had been doing for themselves during the last three-and-twenty years would be nothing short of absolute and rank robbery.

IRELAND.

MONUMENT TO BISHOP BERKELEY AT CLOYNE.—It is a little more than a century and a half, says the Irish correspondent of the John Bull, since Bishop Berkeley was appointed to the See of Cloyne, and at last a monument is to be erected to his memory. It will be set up in the course of the present month in the cathedral in which he often officiated, and if the recognition is tardy, at least the homage comes from a wide area. Much of the money is subscribed from America and some of it from England.

FRANCE.

THE POPE'S DIRECTIONS TO THE BISHOPS.—The pope has directed the French bishops not to attack the Republican form of government, and to adopt no political banner during the elections. It is enough for them to defend the interests of the Church, and discharge their pastoral duties.

DENMARK.

AN ENGLISH CHURCH IN COPENHAGEN.—On Sunday, September 19, the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the English Church at Copenhagen, of which the Rev. C. A. Moore is chaplain. The Prince and Princess of Wales have taken a great interest in the promotion of the building scheme and have aided it largely. Hitherto the congregation has had to hire a room belonging to the Moravians, but it was thought that the Church of England should be more worthily represented. For years the cost of a suitable site has been a difficulty, but now that has been overcome.

SCANDINAVIA.

DR. HALE'S VISIT.—The Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale, Secretary of the Joint Commission of the General Convention on Ecclesiastical Relations, has paid a visit to Norway and Sweden, carrying with him, besides his own credentials, letters from Lambeth and from the Anglo-Continental Society. One of his chief objects was to induce the making of more adequate provision for the religious needs of emigrants to the United States.

INDIA.

ANGLICAN AND ROMAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.—In referring to attacks made on Anglican Missions in India by the Romanist Indo-European, the Indian Churchman observes: "In Madras our angry brethren, by their own account, do a great deal of preaching instead of real mission work. Here, in Bengal, they have no really organized mission, but live on the reputation of the past, while their efforts are almost entirely confined to trying to draw away from other Christian bodies the converts they have made. Among the ranks of their clergy they have no natives of the country, unless they be 'East Indians' or Portuguese. We have never met with a Roman priest of pure Indian blood. Go through the Roman Catholic Directory of all their clergy and brothers, and you cannot find four names among the whole which indicate natives. How different is the case with the Anglican Church! She has a real hold on the country itself, and shows that hold by the very large body of really Indian clergy which she possesses—men, some of them, of remarkable ability, able to hold their own with their European brethren, and giving the best promise for the future of the Church in India."

SOUTH AFRICA.

DEATH OF THE DEAN OF GRAHAMSTOWN.—The death of the Rev. Dr. Williams, Dean of

Grahamstown, is reported. Dr. Williams was an earnest supporter of Bishop Colenso, and an equally earnest opponent of Bishop Gray, Bishop Webb, and the Church of South Africa. He figured before the colonial courts in this opposition, more than once, and before the civil courts in England. He was successful in keeping the Bishop of Grahamstown out of his own cathedral. Personally Dean Williams was very popular, and the funeral was attended by thousands of people. The Bishop of Grahamstown was reported to have forbidden one of his clergy to officiate at the funeral, and great excitement was caused by the fact. It was explained however that Bishop Webb had only refused to sanction a clergyman of the Church of South Africa entering the cathedral from which the bishop was barred.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

DIOCESAN CONVENTION.—The eighty-fifth annual convention met in St. Paul's church, Concord, on Wednesday, September 30. There was a preliminary service on the preceding evening, at which the sermon was preached by the Rev. H. E. Hovey. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. W. L. Himes and H. C. Remick, after which the convention was called to order, and organized by the reelection of Mr. H. A. Brown as secretary. The regular committees were appointed by the bishop, and the Standing Committee presented its report. The notification of the proposed changes in the Prayer Book was read, and referred to a special committee.

The treasurer of the Fund for Aged and Infirm Clergy reported that the fund now amounts to a little over \$1,100.

At 11 a.m. the bishop celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. E. A. Renouf and the Rev. Dr. H. A. Coit. In place of the sermon, the bishop read his annual address.

In the afternoon the convention reassembled. Reports were presented from the Diocesan Board of Missions, the treasurer, the Holderness School, the treasurer of the Fund for the Support of the Episcopate, St. Mary's School, and the Committee on Divorces. This last committee was increased to six members, and continued.

The following Standing Committee was elected: The Rev. Dr. H. A. Coit, the Rev. Messrs. D. C. Roberts and E. A. Renouf, and Messrs. H. A. Brown, W. L. Foster, and John Hatch. The Rev. Messrs. I. W. Beard, H. E. Hovey, and G. B. Morgan, and Messrs. F. L. Abbott, John Hatch, and Thompson, were elected as the Board of Missions. Mr. George Olcott was reelected treasurer.

A change in the order of services was determined on, so that the session of the convention hereafter will begin with the celebration of the Holy Communion.

After the usual resolutions, the convention adjourned.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LYSN.—Chapel of the Incarnation.—The corner-stone of this chapel (the Rev. J. L. Egbert, rector), was laid on Friday, Sept. 25, by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. G. W. Porter, the Rev. Messrs. George Walker, Edward Benedict, T. L. Fisher and others. The chapel is to be of the stone quarried in the neighborhood, (a beautiful red porphyry) laid in red cement, with sand stone trimmings. The dimensions are to be thirty feet by fifty-eight, with a height of twenty-four feet from floor to ceiling.

The new parish has a Sunday school of twelve teachers and eighty scholars, and the congregation numbers one hundred and twenty-five adults.

The bishop in his address congratulated the

people upon the peace and harmony in which the new enterprise started.

ALBANY.

PALENTVILLE—Gloria Dei Church.—This church, (the Rev. W. C. Grubbe, rector), the corner stone of which was laid in July, 1879, and which has been used for several years in its unfinished condition, was consecrated on Sunday, September 20, the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, by the bishop of the diocese.

A large congregation, composed of residents, summer visitors, and friends from neighboring parishes, filled the church to its utmost capacity. The opening Psalm xxiv, was chanted antiphonally by the bishop, clergy and choir. The instrument of donation was read by the warden, Dr. C. H. Chubb, and the sentence of consecration by the rector. After Morning Prayer, the bishop proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, preaching from Genesis xviii, 18, 19.

The indications of real growth in the knowledge of Church principles, and an increasing appreciation of her services among the residents of this neighborhood, are very encouraging.

NEW YORK.

DIOCESAN CONVENTION.—The opening service of the centennial of the diocese of New York was held in Trinity church (the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector) on Wednesday, September 30. Admission to the main door was by ticket, and for those passing through this entrance seats were reserved on either side of the central aisle. At 9 o'clock Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Geo. W. Douglas, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Henry Bedinger, and the Rev. J. W. Hill. At 10 a.m. the procession entered the church from the robing room in the order of the choir, the rector of Trinity, certain of his assistants, the Rev. Drs. Hobart, Seabury and Lobdell, and the clerical representatives of the four other dioceses in the State of New York, followed by the assistant-bishop of the diocese, the bishops of Western New York, Albany, Long Island, New Jersey, Central Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

The Communion Office was begun by the assistant-bishop, the Bishop of Long Island reading the Epistle, and the Bishop of Western New York reading the Gospel. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. William J. Seabury, a descendant of the first bishop of Connecticut. Taking his text from Psalm xlviii, 12, 13, the preacher reviewed the work of the diocese in a historical address, dwelling especially upon the wisdom of those who a century ago gave us unimpaired the faith and order of the Church, and admitted the laity to representation. He gave some account of the good work done by the successive bishops of the diocese, and especially by Bishop Hobart, in boldly affirming and maintaining the true principles of the Church. Bishop Onderdonk, he said, was the first to give an impulse to liturgical worship, and, also, to emphasize the idea that men should be allowed the widest diversity of opinion consistent with the law of the Church. Dr. Seabury spoke in affectionate terms of what had been done by the present venerable bishop of the diocese, and said that though absent, all cherished towards him the kindest of remembrances.

In the next place, he spoke of the need of handing down the principles of the Church in their integrity as they had been received from the past, and dwelt especially upon the excellent work that had been done by Trinity parish in aiding churches and institutions of learning. As examples of the latter, he instanced the General Theological Seminary and Columbia College. Albany and Long Island, he said, had their cathedrals, and a cathedral

was the great want of the diocese of New York. This want he believed, would in due time be provided for. He congratulated the diocese and its branches upon their growth and high standing, upon the number and character of their benevolent institutions, and hoped that the divine mercy would in future enable the diocese to make still greater progress in all that concerns the glory of God and the welfare of man.

The sermon being ended, the assistant-bishop continued with the Office of the Holy Communion, the Bishop of New Jersey reading the longer exhortation, the Bishops of Long Island, Albany, and Western New York, Tennessee, New Jersey, and the Rev. Dr. Dix, assisting in the distribution.

Immediately at the close of the service, the Convention was organized, the assistant-bishop presiding, and the secretary, the Rev. Dr. Lobdell, calling the names of the clerical and lay delegates. The Standing Committees and inspectors of elections were appointed, and the bishops and the clerical and lay representatives of the four dioceses that had been formed within the original limits of the Diocese of New York were welcomed, and on motion of the Rev. Dr. Eigenbrodt, they were invited to seats in the Convention whenever it should be their pleasure to attend. This being done, the session took a recess until evening.

In the evening a service was held in St. Thomas's church, (the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, rector) commemorative of the centennial of the diocese, a large congregation attending. After a brief service, an historical sketch was then read by the Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa.

At the close of Dr. De Costa's address the assistant-bishop introduced the Bishop of Western New York as the successor to the great Dr. Lancelotti, and one who was schooled at the feet of Bishop Hobart.

There was no time, the bishop said, to give a historical survey, or to show what wonderful things God had done in connection with this diocese and the other dioceses of New York. And yet how much more might have been done if all, both clergy and laity, professing the faith of Christ, had done their duty. Oh, for the spirit of the apostolic age! Were we to pause to recount the history of our unworthiness, we should have little cause for congratulation, and should be ready to exclaim, "Not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory!" On the other side, we may speak with joy and gratitude, in view of what has been accomplished.

In regard to having been born in New York, as said by the assistant-bishop, Bishop Cox said he was born in New Jersey, but came to New York in early childhood. For some years he was connected with St. Thomas's church.

Speaking of Bishop Hobart, Bishop Cox dwelt lovingly on his memory, telling how he revered him when a child, and how much he had learned from his teachings. The great bishop reaped the latest fruits of his labors in the Diocese of Western New York. He was the forerunner of the Oxford Movement, stripped of what is to be regretted in it, and he was the master of Bishop Whittingham.

The Bishop of Long Island said we might do well to drop out of sight dry, external facts, and speak of that associated work which was common to all. Loyalty to the truth, devotion to the souls for which Christ died—this had been instrumental of our centennial growth. We were able to show that in becoming more catholic, we were none the less evangelic. In including all that is best in the nineteenth century, we should none the less follow the old paths.

The men whom God raised up in the former century had sounded the battle-cry, and had worked out the Church of our own day. Such

men as Seabury, and Hobart, and De Lancy had built up the Church on deep foundations, and kept it in the way of moderation and truth.

The things to be done, were to make provision for better schools for the training of our young, to have a better Church literature, while we wanted better plans and methods of Church extension. Between the five great dioceses of New York there should be more sympathy. Diocesan individualism was to be complained of, and our special want was a more vital bond, by which to bring the dioceses and clergy all together.

The Bishop of Albany gave some account of his diocese and of the men it had given to other dioceses. The venerable Bishop of New York was for years rector of the old mother parish in Albany, while the diocese had given two bishops to the Church. Catholic theology, as Bishop Hobart taught it, had given tone and standard to Church teaching.

The convention assembled on Thursday morning, in St. Augustine's chapel. Prayer was said at 9 A. M., by the Rev. Olin Hallock and the Rev. T. R. Harris. At 10 o'clock, the bishop took the chair, when the proceedings of the previous day were read and accepted. He then read his annual address in part, as follows:

"Brethren of the Clergy and Laity: Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied among you from God our Father and our Lord Jesus Christ!

"We are assembled to-day after one hundred years of organized life as a diocese. In view of the admirable arrangements made and consummated by your own committee for the commemoration of this anniversary, I may not and need not attempt that review of our diocesan history which has already been presented to you by hands more competent far than mine, and under circumstances which, I am sure, we shall all gratefully remember. But as we gather here this morning, the successors of those who laid for us such broad and strong foundations, and that not so long ago, we may at least remember that we look in vain to find one single successor of those first and memorable days, and that as we ask, 'Our fathers, where are they?' a silence eloquent and expressive reminds us that one and all, they have passed to their reward.

"Nor only they. It is the inevitable shadow in the joyousness of such a reunion as this that there are other and more recent departures, and it is, I apprehend, the distinguishing characteristic of this convention that they have been so many and so conspicuous. We may well begin this annual record by making mention of those who a year ago were present with us, and who since we adjourned, have been called to their rest. The list is as follows: The Rev. George C. Athole, rector of the Church of the Holy Innocents, in this city, a man who, though young in years, had already done a remarkable work; the Rev. George James Geer, D. D., rector of St. Timothy's church, who did a work whose courage, patience and completeness must have been the admiration of all who knew him; the Rev. George B. Reese, rector of Zion church, Dubbs Ferry, who wrought so successfully in view of what he was, by the simple force of a winning and stainless character; the Rev. John W. Moore, rector of Christ church, Red Hook, who, though he lived a retired life, had done faithful service; the Rev. Augustus C. Hoehing, a minister of the Church of the Holy Cross, who had among his people warm friends who gratefully appreciated his ministries and sacrifices in their behalf; and the Rev. John Peterson, deacon, who was a remarkable instance of devotion to the welfare of his brethren of the African race, and, especially, in St.

Phillips, with which Mr. Peterson had been so long connected.

"Our record of departed clergy ends with the death of the Rev. Dr. Stephen Higginson Tyng, rector emeritus of St. George's church, in this city. Dr. Tyng's departure terminated a connection with the venerable parish of which he was rector extending over nearly forty years, most of them fruitful in their influence upon individual souls, to a rare and exceptional degree. No one who saw the vast throng in St. George's church on the day of his funeral could well have mistaken its significance. It was an assemblage of the people, representing all classes and drawn from all parts of the city and from distant neighborhoods as well. It was a testimony to a ministry of commanding qualities, and of enduring results. Dr. Tyng was preeminently a preacher. His pulpit was his throne, his voice a trumpet, and his whole personality one that compelled attention, even where it did not command assent. But besides this, his services in the missionary work of this city, the mission chapels, which, under his leadership, his people reared and maintained, his immense Sunday-schools in which it has been said that he knew every child by name, his power on the platform as the exponent of great reforms, his devotion to a school of theology which supremely revered the Bible and the voice of the individual conscience as enlightened by the work of the Holy Ghost—all these features of his character and ministry would have made him a leader in any community, and a foremost figure in any age. There have been those who accounted him as disesteeming the Church of his fathers and undervaluing its apostolic order and ministry. But his published words remain to contradict such an impression, and his vast confirmation classes witnessed, as his bishop said of him many years ago, that almost no one else in this or any other diocese had been instrumental in bringing so many, born and nurtured amid other associations, within the Church's doctrine and fellowship. Like all men of his temperament, Dr. Tyng had strong antagonisms, and was not always careful to avoid expressing and emphasizing them; but there are pages in the history of this diocese which, if they could be written here, would show that he could illustrate the noblest and most generous magnanimity and the largest spirit of Christian brotherhood. The Church witnesses to her catholic mind in honoring such men as he, even as she illustrates her many-sided adaptiveness in finding a place for their rare gifts and a sphere for their powerful influence."

The bishop here called to mind those godly laymen to whose services this diocese and this city have been so largely indebted, and whose absence we mourn to-day. "It is a very unusual fact that since our last convention five of the foremost parishes within our American Church, or in this diocese, have lost by death their senior wardens. I mean Grace church, St. George's, the Church of the Ascension, and St. Bartholomew's church. Of the first-named, Mr. Lloyd W. Wells was an officer for more than a quarter of a century, as he was also treasurer of the General Convention, of the Domestic Committee, a member of our own Standing Committee, and connected with other Church trusts and corporations of almost every variety. So large a measure of confidence indicated qualities that attracted and deserved it, and Mr. Wells possessed them in a remarkable degree. Lucid, exact, untingering laborious, he added to these less interesting characteristics a native refinement and unfeeling gentleness and benignity which made intercourse with him a pleasure and a benefit. His serene presence, gracious with the beauty and dignity of a Christian old age, was a picture

which will live in our memories in vivid and enduring lineaments.

"In marked contrast with Mr. Wells were the temperament and character of his associate, here and elsewhere, Mr. Frederick S. Winston. Mr. Winston's was the fervid spirit and the aggressive zeal which, in the early days of our city missions, took him across the East River on stormy winter days in an open boat, and made his example one that (as one of them told me) often shamed the half-heartedness of younger men. Generous in every relation, of strong convictions, and deep and serious aims, he neglected no duty and spared himself no pains, whether in the service of this body or in the work of the Church outside of it.

"Of a different training and unlike his associates whom I have named, was the late Mr. Charles Tracy, in that he was often heard on this floor, even as he won here the hearty respect of those from whom he most widely differed. His excellent knowledge of parliamentary usage, his readiness as a debater, his clear and acute legal mind, made Mr. Tracy one of the most helpful and influential of our laymen who ever rose upon this floor. And his strict integrity, his upright life, his warm sympathy made him a power outside of it wherever he was heard and known. To say that we shall miss him, especially here, is feebly to indicate the void which has been made by his departure.

"Two others there are, who were the senior wardens, respectively, of the Church of the Ascension and St. Bartholomew's church, in this city, Mr. Francis Leland and Mr. Jacob Reese, the one widely known as the head of an important banking institution, and the other as the custodian of the funds of the parish which owed so much to his scrupulous fidelity and watchful care. Both these gentlemen were types of the Christian man of business, and each of them has made the world richer, not so much by great personal gains, as by an example of stainless integrity and unending uprighteousness. As I name them, let me not forget Mr. Benjamin B. Sherman, a friend so dear to me and mine, that I may not trust myself to speak of him as I would, but better than that, a leader in the world of business and finance whose columnar honesty and princely benefactions taught to men on 'change a new meaning to the stewardship of wealth and its manifold opportunities of good rather than evil. The list also included the names of Mr. Popham, of Scarsdale; of Mr. William Moore, of St. Philip's in the Highlands; of Mr. Fisher, of Grace church, White Plains; of Mr. Daniel LeRoy, of this city; of Mr. James H. Rutter, of Irvington; and of Mr. Edmund Haight, of Westchester. Each one of those brethren represented a record of beneficial service in the Church, and in their relations, often large and important, which we should be greatly losers to forget. Our responsibilities are so much the larger because they no longer remain to share them with us. May the memory of their examples quicken and animate us to their more faithful discharge."

In the record of official acts the past year, the baptisms were 8; marriages, 8; funerals, 8; confirmations, 3,557; number of celebrations of the Holy Communion, 50; sermons and addresses delivered, 35; confirmations in private, 12.

Here follows the record of corner-stones laid, and of churches consecrated.

The total number of postulants the past year was 8; of candidates for Deacon's Orders only, 9; for Deacon's and Priest's orders, 33; of candidates for Holy Orders ordained deacons, 12; advanced to the priesthood, 6; clergymen received into the diocese, 18; letters dismissory granted, 18; clergymen appointed

to cures, 23; clergymen resigned their cures, 7; deposed, 2; commissions to lay readers, 62; total number of clergymen deceased, 8.

In the matter of services of special interest and importance, the bishop mentions a service of benediction of the new school-house or parish building of St. Mary's parish, Cold Spring, and later at Walden the laying of the corner-stone of a parish house for St. Andrew's church.

These follow the example of various parish homes in this city, among which the bishop mentions the complete and very interesting enterprise known as the Christian Institute, in East Thirty first street, the latter built and maintained by a single layman at a cost of some \$50,000, and conducted, it is believed, entirely at his own expense. "Such buildings are an especial recognition of the Church's duty to adapt her activities to the changing wants of the changed times." "If we are afraid of a supreme faith in complicated and multiplied machinery, as we may well be, we should no less be afraid of that slumberous and suspicious conservatism which disdains all untried methods, and which refuses to adapt itself to great and unprecedented emergencies by calling to its aid new agencies in dealing with them." The bishop has in mind "not only the buildings that we rear, and the reading or recreation or club-rooms that are open, but any and all of those other agencies which in our day are being devised for helping men and women to find their way out of darkness into the light, to be purer and more temperate or more devout, and which are in some aspects of its associated life the most conspicuous features of the work of the Church."

The bishop instances the Church Temperance Society, the White Cross Society, the "Girl's Friendly," sisterhoods and brotherhoods. "From the beginning there have been special aptitudes to be exercised and special interests to be cared for, and the apostolic creation of the diaconate is a recognition of that fact which it is in vain to belittle or ignore. To make all these voluntary agencies a part of the canonical system of the Church is not in my judgment necessary, nor would it be wise. They imply by their very existence a certain freedom of action which it would not be possible to control, and which it would, perhaps, be fatal to their existence to attempt minutely to direct."

In this connection the bishop speaks of the mission which it is proposed to hold in this city. He has had no special opportunities of looking into the actual methods and results of missions, but he is one of those who is profoundly sensible of the indifferent success with which we are doing the Master's work. He spoke here of the advantages which, all acknowledge, may be derived from the season of Lent in warning the careless, etc., and says that though such special services may sometimes fail of success, "one thing we do know—that they do not leave us where they found us, and that more than once it has happened that whether they for whom we have striven have turned and repented or no, God has left a blessing behind Him. The cross has come to be a more real thing to us, and its august and awful sacrifice a mightier power in our own lives."

While the proposed mission may not accomplish all that is hoped for because not adapted to this ecclesiastical meridian, and while this and the other objection may be raised, this at least may be said, that "never has so nited, so extensive and so many-sided an effort been proposed among us to enlist all classes of Church people and every individual layman and laywoman of whatever gift and opportunity in one common effort to lift the spiritual

level of our people, and to send us all forth together to seek and to save that which is lost. And, therefore, I cannot bring myself to believe that, however little a mission may realize our immediate hopes as to the rescue of those for whose salvation it is primarily intended, it will not issue in a general quickening of our own spiritual life and real awakening of our united activities. For that awakening, the cause of God stands waiting, and if I could repeat to you here what has been said to me by those who have been conferring together during the past year, of that quickening and deepening of their own spiritual life which has come to them from these Monday celebrations of the Holy Communion in the early morning, with the subsequent meetings for prayer and conference—how hearts have been stirred and warmed, how mutual suspicions and prejudices have been dispelled, how the gravity of a great crisis in the Church has dawned upon them, how the need of making our common Christianity a more real and helpful thing to that great multitude who now disdain its influence or neglect its ordinances, how the work of the ministry and the tremendous responsibilities of Christian discipleship, in these days and in this city—how all these have been brought back to them, I am sure you would own with them that no method was to be neglected which had in it the promise of still larger benefits and yet more enduring results."

The bishop next speaks in a more enlarged sense of the missionary work of the diocese as it waits to be done in this city or beyond it, saying that in the past year no one thing has so engaged his attention. He hoped that changes, for which the way is gradually being prepared, may enable us to undertake this work with increased activity and with a larger measure of success. The matter had been referred to a special committee, who would report upon it, having given the subject careful consideration.

Meanwhile, in regard to some conclusions to which the bishop had been brought touching mission work outside the city of New York, the parochial system, he said, had been fairly tried, and in considerable communities, where the Church was self supporting, it had undoubted advantages, and was doing excellent work. Where the population was sparse and other religious bodies had largely occupied the ground the results had been unsatisfactory. The record was one of frequent changes in ministerial service, a large expenditure of strength and means offset by slender gains, and, most discouraging of all, a growing sense of labor spent in vain. Touching the criticism of our brethren in country parishes, as if they were restless and fickle, we should judge them more intelligently, if we better understand their circumstances. It was disheartening to be set down where there was small promise of growth, and it was doubtful whether we were making the best use of means at command. Statistics would be of value, showing the proportion of the clergy to the denser and more sparsely-populated parts of the diocese. It would be worth while to see the missions and missionary stations on the one side, and the souls to be ministered to on the other.

Outside of the city there was little opportunity for aggressive Christian work, and we could do little more than hold the points already occupied. There was not a missionary outside of the city who was not also the rector of a parish. How could such a one, bound hand and foot as he is by particular engagements, go out into the wilderness after the lost sheep? The deans of convocation too were only deans in name, being able to go to a vacant parish only on a week-day, when the

people are all at work. The bishop comes to them in his perplexities, and they are powerless to help him. The bishop was satisfied that the only remedy for this state of things was to be found in the primitive diaconate. We must not be above learning from the past and the present. Other Christian bodies were doing a successful work in this direction, and doing it because, whatever may be the constitution of their ministry, they were following the apostolic pattern. They had a diaconate in itinerant ministers and local preachers. Until the Church had something answering this—a light infantry, mobile, enthusiastic and, above all, under constant and competent oversight, she would be doing her work to an enormous disadvantage.

To this end three things were necessary—the men, the training of the men, and an organized system under which they might do their work.

The bishop had been much occupied the past year in securing these three conditions. The greatest difficulty was to find the men. The Church craved annually many deacons, but implied in her treatment of them that the diaconate was a fiction, and by announcing them straightway to the care of a parish, implied that they were equal to more competent tasks.

"In our own case, however, this condition of things is graciously qualified by the fact, that a large proportion of our candidates for orders are beneficiaries of the Society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning." The society now says in substance to the beneficiaries, "You owe your education to the generosity of your mother, the Church. It is true that long continued custom has largely abridged the authority of the diocesan to direct the services of deacons as he may require; that they are usually practically at liberty to accept calls and to seek out such fields of labor as they may see fit. But plainly in your case such liberty, even if canonically it existed, as it does not, may wisely be abridged. You are to-day in debt. The Church asks you to pay that debt by your voluntary service in the diaconate, for such compensation and at such places as may be assigned to you in the missionary work of the diocese. And in accepting her benefactions this is to be explicitly understood between you and her as an honorable, and invariable compact. As to the training of the men, a clergy house, in which some, at least, of the deacons can for a time be resident, and where some system of training may be a part so to speak, of the super-graduate course of the seminary, in what might well be called the science of applied Christianity, could be carried on. I am deeply gratified to be able to record that the munificent generosity of one to whom the Church in this diocese is already indebted in many ways, has enabled me to announce that the realization of this plan is not far distant. It is proposed that this building shall contain accommodations such as shall make it the working headquarters of the diocese, an office for the bishop, a hall for business meetings of the clergy, reading, lodging, and other rooms for the deacons in residence and engaged in mission work in the city, and also for others engaged in diocesan missions, and who may be *in transitu*. It is also intended to provide for the superintendent, who will have the more immediate oversight of the practical training of the deacons, and consequently the general charge of the work of City Missions.

"In regard to the third requirement, there exists a most serious desideratum—a scheme of instruction and practice combined, which shall make of the theorist an efficient minister of Christ, trained in approaching and in dealing with men, in the problems of parish life

and personal ministrations to the sick, in the hand-to-hand work, in a word, which our needs demand, and for which the Church today preëminently waits.

"And in those who are competent to give to their brethren in the diaconate such instruction, this diocese and this city are preëminently rich. We may claim, without boasting, that nowhere else in America are the moral and spiritual problems which challenge the ministry today so focalized as in this great city, and, as one who knows something of his brethren and their work, I do not hesitate to claim for the men who are at the head of our city parishes—some of them a diocese almost in itself, and carrying on a work as large and important as many a diocese—the knowledge and experience and trained ability which will make their instruction, if we can secure it by courses of lectures or otherwise, of incalculable value to those who may be able to avail themselves of it. In the training of a physician, what was once known as 'walking the hospitals,' or clinical teaching, is still a large part of his professional education. When we have something of the same sort in connection with what may be learned from the work of such parishes as Trinity, St. George's, Calvary, Grace, the Church of the Holy Communion, and many others, we shall have secured, I believe, a large and lasting increase in the efficiency of those whom we admit to the higher ministry of the Church."

This plan, the bishop said, would involve some considerable modification of our city mission. "The importance of this is not always recognized amid more pressing claims of a parochial character, we all nevertheless admit. But to give it its due recognition, our city mission work needs to be at once more compact, more mobile, and I do not hesitate to add, in more direct contact with the bishop. The poor of a great city, the outcast and the stranger, the criminal and the pauper, should be preëminently his parishioners, and on the other hand, they who seek them out should be in a very close relation of service and counsel, and his assistants and vicars. I am glad to be able to say that a movement to this end in our Board of Management of the City Missions, originating largely with a judicious layman, is already, I think I may say, on the way to successful accomplishment.

"So exclusive a scheme as I have thus indicated, involving so many interests, calling for considerable expenditure, and necessitating the harmonizing of such various forces and activities, cannot I need hardly say, be set to work in a day, indeed it can only be set to work at all, so far as I am able to secure the generous confidence and co-operation of those to whom I speak this morning.

"I would that I were as sure of my own strength and wisdom as I am of that! Already I have been much encouraged by the interest and sympathy shown for the general plan which I have here rehearsed by our various convocations to whom I have spoken freely on the subject at various times during the past two years."

The bishop next spoke of the increased importance of the several convocations to the work of the diocese, saying that in the convocation idea there was the germ of an agency capable of large efficiency just in proportion as its responsibilities were increased, and its duties and powers defined.

At present the convocations were purely voluntary associations, unrecognized by this body, and wholly disconnected with the organic system of the diocese. In Connecticut, on the other hand, the various convocations or archdeaconries were defined both as to boundaries and powers by canon, and were a very efficient as well as strictly integral part

of the missionary work of the diocese. Some such changes as would effect something like this, the bishop hoped, would engage the attention of the convocation.

Speaking of the conferences for women begun during the winter of 1883, the bishop said the work of Churchwomen had much to do with the organization and administration of charity. He desired to call the attention of his brethren to the Charity Organization Society of this city, and its important and helpful relation to our individual, parochial and institutional alms-giving, and methods of charitable relief.

This society recognized the fact that next to the help of alms-giving, is the positive peril of it, and aimed by a wise system of intercommunication and registry to discourage the growth among us of a chronic mendicancy, and to facilitate a personal and elevating administration of the various forms of relief. It had already vindicated the wisdom of its founders, and the bishop trusted that its operations might be extended throughout the diocese, but it largely depended upon the cordial co-operation of the clergy, and he hoped that those to whom he spoke might see their way to give it without reserve.

The bishop spoke of the gains to our American episcopate in Bishop Worthington and Bishop Ferguson, in the consecration of both of whom he took part, and recorded the one loss. "The Bishop of Easton has finished his missionary work—for a missionary work it was from the beginning to the end—and the tired brain and hands are at rest. He died, I believe, of *angina pectoris*, and appropriately, for his great heart throbbed responsively to every sorrowful plea, and went out nervelessly to the least and lowliest of his brethren. Bishop Lay was sometimes called the Leighton of the American Church, and the gifts and graces of the great archbishop lived anew in him in such generous measure that no one disputed the fitness of the designation. What he was as a writer, a scholar, a preacher, a citizen, most of you know as well as I, but observing him as I did while serving him and others for seventeen years as Secretary of the House of Bishops, I came to think of him chiefly as a counsellor. He was a wise man and fearless. He saw the issues of proposed lines of action with a marvellous and almost unerring vision. His voice was never uncertain, and it was never feverish or impatient. His very presence calmed and restrained, and his opinions gently and quietly expressed and singularly just and fair, had the force and solemnity oftentimes of a judicial decision. His loss to the house in which he sat for nearly thirty years, to the diocese of which he was the first bishop, and to the whole Church in this land is one which may well make us go mourning for many days. May God give to us all something of his singular simplicity, dignity and devotion in his Master's work!"

In the course of his address the bishop gave two words of caution. The first related to the due protection of our people from the ministrations of those who had not been licensed for that purpose, and who sometimes coming from foreign countries, had been admitted to the ministry of our Church without any knowledge of their ministerial character. "It will be a safe rule to follow, that before any stranger be permitted to officiate he shall exhibit to the minister or wardens some proper credentials of his authority for doing so."

The bishop next called attention to the grave responsibility involved in recommending persons as candidates for Holy Orders, and said he could not receive and would not accept men who were sent to him without clear, definite and intelligent testimony on the part

of those who sent them, as to their fitness for the calling to which they aspired. It was a matter of profound thankfulness that the General Theological Seminary was now in a position to maintain a resolute front on this question. It would be admitted, he thought, that its standards both of scholarship and character were thoroughly creditable to those who were responsible for them.

The bishop finally spoke of the dangers to be apprehended from the decay of simple manner, the decay of reverent faith, the appalling growth of luxury, etc., and could not persuade himself with some that this was the dawn of a more rational and right-seeing era. In an age which dismissed Christ to the realm of myths, classed the Holy Scriptures with the Vedas and Korans and disesteemed the order and sacraments of God's divine society in the world, he could not see in these things the harbinger of a brighter day, nor did he find that the men who deny the most are the ones to solve the problem of our human society. "We may well pause before we consent to forsake the faith of our fathers or the fellowship of the saints."

In this connection the bishop spoke of some tendencies in the Church which might well give us cause for watchfulness, if not for grave and anxious apprehension. In addition to the love of ease, the love of gain, etc., there was one particular drift of which no thinking man could be insensible, and whose issues it needed no seer to foretell. "If I were asked to say what was that other tendency in matters of religion which stands ever against the bald humanitarianism which disparages Christ and disowns the saving power of the Cross, I should say it was especially in the outward expression of religious faith and worship, a widespread tendency to the scenic, and I had almost said, the acrobatic and spectacular. This tendency exaggerates the value of impressions over convictions, emotion over conduct, etc. It is an era when the theatre has come to be an integral factor in the lives and interests of more people in this land than ever before. It is a time when more Christian and Church people frequent the theatre than ever before. Let us take care that we do not bring the theatre back with us into the church! The springs of human character will never be touched and changed by merely outward shows. That is the work of the Spirit of God upon the conscience, the affections, and the will."

Over against this meagre intellectualism and scenic formalism was another and nobler fabric. "It is a temple where sober and solemn worship is characterized by an august simplicity and founded upon essential truths. It is a temple to which men shall be drawn, not to gratify a vagrant curiosity, but to meet and satisfy undying wants. It is a temple which witnesses to historic facts, and which begets and deepens profound convictions. Believe me, nothing short of this will long influence thoughtful men or permanently control their conduct.

"The demand of the hour, we are told, is the divorce of theology and morality. Men and brethren, the decay of the one means the doom of the other. Men may disparage the Trinity and the Incarnation, and the being and mission of God the Holy Ghost as they will. But the men that shook the world were the men who believed these things, and believed them with their whole mind and heart.

"When I look for the saints of God I do not find them among the men or the women who were without a positive faith. At the bottom there was a theology in which God and His Eternal Son, and His redeeming work and His enlightening Spirit, speaking through His Word and in His Church, were the founda-

tion-stones, and upbided on this sure foundation a strenuous life of duty and of sacrifice." The Committee on Canons made a report recommending certain changes in the canons for the purpose of making their meaning clearer, which recommendations were adopted.

The Rev. Dr. Satterlee presented the following resolutions relating to the general missionary work of the Church, and moved that the general secretary be invited to address the convention. The bishop then welcomed and introduced to the convention, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, General Secretary of the Board of Missions. The secretary briefly responded, and the resolutions as moved by Dr. Satterlee, were adopted.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of New York, to observe St. Andrew's day as a day of intercession for missions.

Resolved, That it be recommended that every congregation in the diocese take at least one offering for Domestic Missions and one for Foreign Missions within each convention year.

Resolved, That the secretary be requested to have published the Journal of the Convention, a table of all parishes, chapels and missions within the diocese, with the offerings of each, respectively, for diocesan, domestic and foreign missions.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas Richey, referring to the proposed revision of the Book of Common Prayer, said it was one of the most important questions brought to the attention of the Church in the present century, and submitted a preamble and resolutions as follows:

WHEREAS, The character of the proposed revision of the Book of Common Prayer makes it evident that the time has not yet come for any general or comprehensive revision of the offices of the American Church, while it is nevertheless to be acknowledged that some alterations are desirable and expedient, therefore,

Resolved, That it is not expedient for the present to proceed with the revision of the Book of Common Prayer further than the correction of long-standing and generally acknowledged errors and defects, and the concession of greater freedom in the use of the hortatory portions of the daily offices and the office for the Holy Communion.

Resolved, Therefore, that the following alterations, without disturbing our long-established order, will be found sufficient to satisfy all present needs and go far to rectify the most glaring liturgical blemishes in the Prayer Book, viz.:

Permission to omit the opening portions of Morning and Evening Prayer in all week-day services, and to begin with the Lord's Prayer, at the discretion of the officiating minister.

The insertion in the office for Evening Prayer of the *magnificat* and *nunc dimittis*, which may be used at discretion as substitutes for one or other of the canticles now found there.

Permission to omit the prayers after the collect of grace in the Morning Office when it is followed by any other office.

The use of the Apostles' Creed, unbracketed, in the office for Morning and Evening Prayer to the recitation of the Nicene Creed in its proper place after the Gospel in the office for the Holy Communion.

Resolved, Further, that it is the sense of this convention that, for the full consideration of all matters connected with the liturgical revision, it is expedient that a standing commission consisting of men learned in liturgical science be appointed by authority of the General Convention, and whose duty it will be to report to the same from time to time, and whose recommendations shall be accepted or refused by that convention.

The adoption of the preamble and resolutions was opposed. The convention offered, however, to put the matter in the hands of a committee of five, to report at the next General Convention, and at length decided that the preamble and resolutions should be the special order for the day following.

On motion of the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, it was voted to memorialize the General Convention on the advisability of issuing a supplement to the Hymnal.

The Standing Committee was elected as follows: The Rev. Drs. Morgan Dix, W. F. Morgan, Thomas Richey, and Francis Lobdell, Messrs. Stephen P. Nash, Henry Drisler, George Macculloch Miller, and Hamilton Fish.

The Missionary Committee was elected as follows: The Rev. Drs. C. E. Swope, O. Applegate, and the Rev. Messrs. H. L. Ziegenfuss, E. W. Donald, F. B. Van Kleeck.

Delegates to the General Convention were elected as follows: The Rev. Drs. Morgan Dix, C. E. Swope, Eugene R. Hoffman, and William R. Huntington, and Messrs. Hamilton Fish, Stephen P. Nash, J. Pierpont Morgan, and William Bayard Cutting.

At the evening session, the Rev. E. W. Donald moved that a special committee be appointed to report at the next annual convention what, if any, conditions should be ignored on those who apply to be married. It was difficult he said, to avoid trouble even when complying with the law, since any Protestant minister might refuse to marry those who did not belong to his own denomination. The motion was seconded by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford and carried.

On motion of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Richey, a committee of five clergymen and five laymen were appointed to take into consideration the existing mission, parochial and diocesan organizations of the Church, and to suggest what modification, if any, may be desirable for the extension of the work of the diocese. The duty was referred to a committee previously appointed to prepare a canon on the same subject.

According to the treasurer's report, the balance in the treasury at the beginning of the year was \$318.84; cash on hand, \$1,031.26.

According to the vote taken in the morning, the discussion of the resolutions offered by Professor Richey was made the order at the session on Friday.

Dr. Richey opened the discussion, saying that though he knew it harsh to disturb old and settled convictions, he thought that in this case, as in so many others, it was necessary to do so. He was followed in a strong plea for the passage of the resolutions by the Rev. T. McKee Brown, who asked that the words "long-standing and generally acknowledged errors and defects and glaring liturgical blemishes" be stricken out. Dr. Richey accepted this amendment. The Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington followed in a speech in which he deprecated the resolutions even as amended, said they held out illusory promises, and were couched in vain and undetermined language. Dr. Richey followed with a reply, when at length a vote being taken, 103 voted in favor of adopting them and 105 against it.

The convention was informed by Dr. Dix that he had been commissioned by the venerable and infirm bishop of the diocese to say to the convention that he absolutely declined to accept further salary. A resolution expressive of sympathy, and pledging to the bishop for life the house now occupied by him at No. 38 East Twenty-second street, was offered by Dr. Dix. This resolution was amended by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, in refusing to accept the offer of the bishop, and the amendment was adopted.

Trustees of the General Theological Seminary were elected as follows: The Rev. Drs. E. A. Hoffman, W. R. Huntington, H. Y. Satterlee, C. E. Swope and A. B. Beach, and Messrs. Henry Drisler, S. P. Nash, W. G. Langdon, W. B. Cutting and C. Vanderbilt. As Dr. Huntington declined to act, the Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany was elected in his stead.

According to a resolution offered by Dr. Dix, these trustees are to serve until the meeting of the General Convention of 1889.

The convention tendered thanks to the rector, church wardens and vestry of Trinity church for the use of St. Augustine's chapel. The assistant-bishop having congratulated the convention on the efficiency of the work done, and, wishing it God-speed, pronounced the benediction, a few collects having been said, and the convention adjourned.

LONG ISLAND.

GARDEN CITY.—Cathedral of the Incarnation.—Services of peculiar interest were held in the cathedral on the morning of Sunday, September 27, a special sermon being addressed to the pupils of St. Paul's and St. Mary's Schools, who were assembled for worship on the Lord's Day for the first time since the opening of the session, September 24. The congregation completely filled the pews and many additional seats which had been provided. By appointment of the bishop, the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington delivered the discourse, his text being from I. John ii. 14, "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong." The members of St. Paul's School, one hundred in number, wearing neat uniforms, marched to the cathedral under the command of a lieutenant of the United States Army, who has been detailed to train them in military tactics. They were accompanied by the Rev. Charles Startevant Moore, head-master of St. Paul's. The young ladies of St. Mary's were under the charge of their principal, Miss H. Carroll Bates. The bishop was assisted by the Rev. Dr. T. Stafford Drowne and others, and Mr. William H. Woodcock directed the music.

The sermon of Dr. Darlington was exceedingly appropriate, and very happy in its treatment, developing the idea of strength under the three heads of physical, mental, and religious strength. The characteristics of all these were illustrated from familiar life and by reference to historic examples. Athletic games and literary contests were described with graphic vividness, and some fine pictures drawn of the triumphs won in such many struggles. Coming to speak of religious development, he said: "Childhood is the time for bodily growth, youth for mental improvement, manhood and womanhood for spiritual robustness and perfection. But each state has its beginning in the former. It is necessary that the infant be well born, or its childhood will be puny and its body dwarfed. Childhood must be healthful, or the mental improvement of the youth time following will be grievously retarded. During the years of youthful study must be learned and practiced the truths of religion, or maturity will witness no corresponding ripeness and beauty of Christian character. A symmetrical, consecrated life can only be erected on well-laid foundations, by years of earnest effort. Character-building is slow. It cannot be wrought in a day. This is the reason, young men of St. Paul's and young women of St. Mary's, that your parents or guardians have placed you for instruction in these, which are known emphatically as Church seminaries, the cathedral schools of the Diocese of Long Island. If they had wished for you but physical culture, membership in a turn hall or athletic association would have done as well. Had they deemed intellectual training, added to the former, sufficient, any one of a hundred schools and academies supported by State aid, and so strictly 'undenominational' that no religious teaching is heard within their walls, would have answered. But take it, from the known character of these cathedral schools, that you have been sent here because there was one

whole side of your triple nature which would be untainted unless, as well as earthward and manward, your thoughts were also directed Godward."

The preacher explained how his text, written originally to young men, applies, so far as relates to spiritual strength, with even greater force to young women. "Gifted by the Creator," he said, "with less, perhaps, of mental and bodily strength, woman seems just as evidently man's superior in the realm of spiritual realities. Delicate in form, and less moved by stormy gusts of passion than her brothers, her mind is more open, apparently, to the teachings of God's Spirit, and with quick intuition she seems to grasp, without the effort of abstract reasoning, the deep and great things of faith. I doubt not, were any of us to-day compelled to name that human being whom, of all our acquaintance, we esteem as leading a life most like that of Jesus in humility, consecration, and charity, we would almost unanimously pass over the names of our masculine friends, and award the pre-eminence to some woman who, in sincerity and truth, is in constant communion with the unseen, and has all her hope and affection 'hid in Christ with God.'"

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

HAMILTON—*St. Thomas's Church*.—This parish (the Rev. J. E. Wilkinson, rector,) celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on Wednesday, September 23. The Litany was said at 9 A. M. by the Rev. S. S. Roche. At 10:30 A. M. the bishop of the diocese, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Drs. J. H. Egar and J. B. Murray, and the Rev. Messrs. C. T. Olmsted, W. D. L. Wilson, J. A. Russell, J. E. Cathell, C. J. Clausen, W. Cooke, and J. S. Lemon, presided by the vested choir of Grace church, Utica, proceeded from the rectory to the church, singing "Jerusalem the Golden." Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Murray, after which the rector delivered an historical address. The following gifts were there presented by members of the parish, and consecrated by the bishop: a carved black-walnut altar, memorial of the late Nelson Fairchild, connected with the parish for over forty years, a solid brass altar cross, an altar desk, an altar service, and Hymnal. The bishop then preached the sermon, a masterly argument against the claims of the Baptist sect.

The bishop then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Egar.

After the service the bishop, clergy, choir, and guests were entertained by the ladies of the parish in the school-room.

At 6 P. M. there was a choral Evensong, the Rev. C. T. Olmsted officiating, assisted by the Rev. S. S. Roche, the music being rendered by the choir boys. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. Egar from Hebrew viii. 1, 2, on "Christ, the High Priest."

The whole celebration was most successful, proceeding without a break from beginning to end, and the day was one long to be remembered in the history of this parish.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

SHMIT HILL—*Convocation of Reading*.—The meeting of this convocation was held in St. Philip's church, Shmit Hill, (the Rev. C. E. Fessenden, rector,) on Tuesday, September 23. There were present, besides the rector of the parish, the dean of the convocation, (the Rev. Chandler Hare,) the Rev. Dr. L. P. Clover, and the Rev. Messrs. M. A. Tolman, J. F. Powers, L. C. Washburn, E. J. Koons, J. P. Hawkes, F. B. Crozier, C. A. Marks, J. Turner, and B. F. Thompson.

After Evening Prayer a sermon was preached by the Rev. J. F. Powers. A business meeting was held in the basement of the church. Letters were read from the bishop and assistant-bishop. The Rev. Chandler Hare was re-elected dean, and the ordinary routine business was transacted.

On Wednesday morning, after another business meeting, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, preceded by Morning Prayer. The dean of the convocation was the celebrant, and preached the sermon. In the afternoon the convocation reassembled under the presidency of the rector of the parish. Reports were made by the missionaries present, and a general discussion on the subject of missions followed, in which the Rev. Dr. Clover and the Rev. Messrs. Tolman, Powers, Koons, and others took part. At the evening session the subject for discussion was the most effective means to make instruction in the Catechism interesting and profitable to children in the Sunday-schools, and to render the services of the Church more impressive and attractive.

All the services were well attended, and the spirit manifested by the laity, not only in their liberal provision for the clergy in attendance, but in the deep interest they evidently took in the services, gave proof of their devotion to the Church and their affection and confidence in their laborious and self-sacrificing rector.

Summit Hill is a unique place, differing in its location and surroundings from every other parish in the diocese, and occupies, with one exception, it is said, the highest point in the State. As the chief centre of the Molly Maguire tragedies, it has a sad and historic interest. Some few of the Church people here, to whom are committed the care and supervision of the extensive mining interests, are refined and cultured and liberal to the Church, while all, even the plainest and most unpretending, are liberal according to their means, some of them, in proportion to their ability, doing more than many in other places, to whom God in his providence has vouchsafed a much larger portion of this world's goods. In whichever direction the spectator turns—to the right, to the left, in front, behind—immense deposits of refuse coal-matter are to be seen on every side, piled up like mountains, while far down beneath the surface of the earth are mines that have been worked for the last half century, are now being worked, and for a century to come will continue to yield their rich and almost inexhaustible deposit. From any of the public streets of the town jets of gas and smoke may be seen issuing from crevices in the surface of fields under cultivation, beneath which are coal-beds that have been burning for the last thirty years, and cannot be extinguished—fields which, from their sterile appearance, would seem to offer no inducement to cultivation, unless it be that the soil is warm both in summer and winter.

It may readily be conceived why the sea has an irresistible fascination for sailors, but why the delver in coal mines should find a like fascination in his work, which it is said he does, is one of the many mysteries connected with the operations of the human mind. One poor fellow, terribly mangled by the falling of a mass of coal in a mine where he was at work, had just been brought on a litter to the depot to be conveyed to the hospital, as the writer was waiting for a train.

Summit Hill is the terminus of the famous Switch Back Railroad, along the line of which to Mauch Chunk the scenery for wild beauty and grandeur is unsurpassed, and presents to the artistic eye and cultivated mind an attraction not to be found elsewhere.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—*Archdeacon Farrar's Address*.—The academic year of Johns Hopkins University began on Thursday, October 1. Archdeacon Farrar delivered the opening address.

In the course of his address he said our nation was distinguished by many splendid institutions founded by private munificence. In reference to the progress made in education, he said that fifty years ago no university in England comparing with Johns Hopkins University existed. English boys capable of high achievements were suffered to grow up in ignorance of literature. There was not an English school which had a science master. Now they all have them. We cannot do without the vast stores of learning that are accumulated in Greece and Rome, Greek and Latin must always be worth study, if only for the beauty and grandeur of the languages themselves. They enshrine magnificent literatures and cover the vastest realms of human thought. But even the most perfect Greek and Latin scholar is imperfectly educated if he knows nothing of modern sciences. In these days our civilization has sped forward with indescribable progress. Amid this great progress it would be a disgrace if education was allowed to remain stationary.

Alluding to the study of science he said that many of the great discoveries made were termed by the majority of people as accidents; he did not believe they were accidents, but the results of the observation of trained minds, and that nature held secrets that would yet be yielded to man through the study of science.

His reference to Benjamin Franklin's experiment with the kite and key, which conferred upon mankind one of the greatest blessings, was loudly applauded. The Archdeacon spoke for one hour. He is a most entertaining speaker, and during the entire time held the rapt attention of his audience.

BALTIMORE—*Church of the Ascension*.—In a previous issue, the number of sittings in this church (the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair, rector,) was given as 1,800. It should have been stated that this includes the adjoining chapels connected with the church. The accommodations are divided as follows: Church, 800; upper chapel, 600; lower chapel, 400; colored chapel, 300. Occasionally services are simultaneously held in the church and chapels. In addition to the envelope systematic plan, this parish has pew rents and the weekly offerings.

WASHINGTON—*Rock Creek Parish*.—This parish is the owner of one hundred acres eligibly situated and increasing in value. In 1883 the estimated value of this land was reported to be only \$12,000 (including parsonage). In 1884 it had considerably increased. In 1885 it is estimated to be worth not less (with rectory) than \$100,000, or \$1,000 per acre. The future of this parish is more encouraging than that of any of our suburban parishes, owing to its proximity to the rapidly enhancing portions of the district. It contains, even now, two villages of daily increasing wealth and population, Mount Pleasant and Brightwood.

OHIO.

BOARDMAN—*St. James's Church*.—This parish has an interesting history. It is the oldest, not only in the diocese, but in the State. The first service was held in 1807 by Mr. Platt, a lay reader. The first clergyman to officiate was the Rev. Jackson Kemper, afterwards Missionary Bishop of the Northwest, who at the time was doing missionary work in Western Pennsylvania. He officiated several times, and was followed by the Rev. Roger Searle, who left a record of indefatigable missionary

labor, having "organized thirteen parishes in Ohio and four in Kentucky." The parish having an endowment, the church building is kept in excellent condition. The Rev. H. L. Gamble and the Rev. F. B. Avery officiate occasionally. On the afternoon of Saturday, September 19, the former held service, assisted by the Rev. A. W. Mann.

SALEM—The Church of our Saviour.—This church has been re-opened recently, after having been closed for sixteen years. The Rev. C. S. Witherspoon is in charge, and is working with great energy. Ground has been lost, which may have to be regained by very hard work. Salem has a population of five thousand and is growing rapidly. The church building has been renovated. There are thirty-three communicants.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

MANISTEE—St. Paul's Mission.—The bishop of the diocese visited this mission (the Rev. W. S. Hayward in charge) on Sunday, September 25, preached four times, and administered the rite of confirmation. He also inspected the poor-house and jail. This mission has a lot secured, and much needs a church. But the times are hard and it is difficult to raise the means.

WISCONSIN.

MILWAUKEE—Woman's Auxiliary.—The Wisconsin Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions held its annual meeting and a conference of Church women in St. Paul's church, Milwaukee, (the Rev. C. S. Lester, rector,) on Wednesday, September 23. The bishop of the diocese was present, and opened the session with prayer. Delegates were present from seven parishes. The report of work showed that ten parishes had contributed boxes to the value of \$736.46, and in money \$119.15. The treasurer reported a balance of \$7.50. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary giving cordial greetings to this branch, expressing hope that the coming year may witness growth in every direction, but says that this can only be secured by renewed efforts on the part of every one, and suggesting ways in which this effort may be made; \$100 is asked from Wisconsin during 1886.

There was a celebration of the Holy Communion after the morning meeting, at which the bishop was celebrant, assisted by the rector of the parish. The sermon was by the Rev. Dr. J. F. Conover, from Isaiah vi. 8. The topic was "Personal Service of Christ."

The sessions of the conference were held in St. Paul's chapel at 2 p. m. After a short service, the bishop announced that the call for the conference was based on the desire expressed by a few Church women in the diocese to do their work in a broader and deeper spirit, and to learn by mutual interchange of thought and expression the most excellent ways and methods of doing it.

Papers were read by Mrs. Laura Catlin on "How to Conduct a Sunday-school, as Gathered from my Experience," by Mrs. H. E. Whitney on "Sewing Schools," by Miss Mary Conover on "Mother's Meetings," by Mrs. W. H. Harding, for Mrs. W. W. Stiteler, on "The Guild Embracing all Parochial Agencies," by Mrs. Sharpe, for the Rev. E. S. Burford, on "Girl's Friendly Societies," by the Rev. C. L. Mallory, for Miss M. T. Emery, on "Children's Societies," and by Mrs. L. H. Morehouse, for Miss Helen Beach, on "The Society of the Royal Law."

In the evening a paper was read by the bishop, for Mrs. Ophelia Mark, on "How can Isolated Churchwomen Forward the Work of the Church?"

The report of woman's work in the diocese was then presented by Miss Conover.

The bishop then read letters from the Missionary Bishop of Washington Territory, and another from the Rev. Mr. Wicks about Sherman Coolidge, an Indian deacon. He suggested work to do in the diocese, and thanked those who had taken part in this meeting.

The meeting and conference are considered as highly successful.

IOWA.

MARSHALLTOWN—Central Deanery Convocation.—The ninth regular convocation of this deanery was held in St. Paul's church, Marshalltown, (the Rev. F. E. Judd, rector,) on Tuesday, September 22. There were present the rector, the dean (the Rev. J. E. Ryan), and the Rev. Messrs. W. P. Law, Allen Judd, F. D. Jaudon, and A. C. Stilson.

There was a discussion on "The Book Annexed," and most of the committee work was approved, but there was a strong expression of dissent with regard to some of the alterations.

The Rev. A. C. Stilson gave an interesting account of St. Andrew's Guild, Ottumwa, connected with St. Mary's church, which is a society for boys, the object being growth in all that is best.

Guid Hall, in which the services were held, is a beautiful hall, complete in its appointments, and owned by the Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's parish. The building is eighty by forty feet, with nineteen feet ceiling, having a chancel at one end and a raised platform at the other. The stage may be used as such for entertainments, or shut off from the main room by folding doors and used as a church parlor. There is a kitchen and refreshment-room in the basement, and a Boynton furnace warms the whole house. The chancel, at the east end of the hall, may be cut off from the hall when it is to be used for secular purposes. An elegant crimson curtain, ornamented with wreaths of water lilies in applique work, drops down over the chancel rails. The building was planned by the rector of the parish, and the property is valued at \$4,500.

ARKANSAS.

BATESVILLE—St. Paul's Church.—The Rev. W. A. Tearne, dean of Trinity cathedral, Little Rock, made a three weeks' stay in this parish, from August 23 to September 15, during which time he held the Sunday and week-day services. The result of his stay was ten baptisms and eight persons presented for confirmation. The congregation feels greatly strengthened, and sets out with renewed faith and energy.

On September 15 the bishop of the diocese visited the parish, and confirmed eight persons. He pleased the congregation much by accepting the resignation of Mr. Tearne as dean of the cathedral, that he might again become rector of this parish. He will enter on his work in a few days.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

- 11, Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, A. M., St. John's, Bayonne; P. M., Calvary, Pampano.
- 12, Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, A. M., St. Thomas's, Vernon; P. M., Good Shepherd, Hamburg.
- 13, Monday, St. Luke's, Phillipsburg.
- 14, Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, A. M., St. Paul's, Jersey City, Consecration; P. M., St. Paul's, Jersey City, Confirmation.
- 20, S. S. Simon and Jude, St. John's, Boonton.

PARAGRAPHIC.

The Romish Bishop of Salford says the pope requires yearly \$290,000 to carry on the government of the Church for a year modestly and economically.

A LIBRARY in Germantown, Penn., of five sufficient to loan 15,000 volumes yearly, and where some 25,000 people visit in order to read, has no work of fiction upon its shelves.

OVER the graves of two of the Presidents of the United States, Harrison and Tyler, no suitable monuments have ever been erected. We spend our money and sentiment upon a magnificent funeral, to honor the living; but we leave the dead to forgetfulness a prey.

RITUALISM would seem to have invaded the African M. E. Church in Vicksburg, Miss. It makes a specialty of its Sunday night services, and advertises them as abounding "in prelude selections, Bible responses and textual interludes," the choir being led by B flat cornet.

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Central New York's address is Syracuse, N. Y.

The Bishop of Indiana's address is 75 Circle street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Lay, the widow of the late Bishop of Easton, has gone to live in Erie, Pa. Address accordingly.

The Rev. N. Barrow's address is Short Hills, N. J.

The Rev. L. F. Cole entered upon the rectorship of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Evansville, Ind., on October 1.

The Rev. Herbert J. Cook has resigned the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Coldwater, Mich., and has entered on the charge of St. Bartholomew's mission, Englewood, Ill. Address 6, 43 Dickey street, Englewood, Ill.

The Rev. Daniel Flack has accepted the acting rectorship of Homewood School, Jubilee, Ill. Address accordingly.

The Rev. J. B. Goodrich's address is Claremont, N. H.

The Rev. T. W. Haskins, on account of ill health, relinquishes temporarily the rectorship of Homewood School, Jubilee College, Ill., and expects to spend the winter in Arizona. Address Jubilee, Florida County, Ill.

The Rev. George W. Lay entered upon his duties as assistant-minister in St. Paul's parish, Erie, Pa., on July 12.

The Rev. J. P. Lytton's address is 2,132 Victor street, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. F. O. Osborne's address is changed from Green Bay to Dixon, Wis.

The Rev. Dr. C. R. Parvillat has resigned the rectorship of Grace church, Cresco, and accepted that of St. Mark's church, Waterloo, Ia.

The Rev. Wyllye Rede has taken charge of St. Mary-by-the-sea, Mount Desert, Me. Address Northeast Harbor, Mount Desert, Me.

The Rev. Dr. J. J. Roberts has returned to his city residence, 148 Madison avenue, New York. Address accordingly.

The Rev. M. H. Broop has withdrawn his resignation of the rectorship of St. John's church, Crawfordville, Ind.

NOTICES.

DIED.

Entered into rest October 1, 1885, Dr. JONAS L. ATLEE, of Lancaster, Pa., aged 85 years and 10 months.

Entered into rest at New York, September 29, 1885, Wm. M. COOK, son of Dr. N. M. Cook, of Marietta, Ga.

Entered into rest eternal, September 28, in Fairbairn, Miss., Mrs. C. W. CLAYTON.
"Blessed are they that die in the Lord."

Suddenly, in Demopolis, Ala., on Tuesday, September 22, entered into life eternal, REBECCA RAINCOCK, wife of Judge W. E. Clarke. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

In Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 24, 1885, Mrs. MARY MILLS FULLER, aged 85 years.

On Monday evening, September 21, 1885, at Philadelphia, GLOVIA FORT, aged 75, widow of D. M. Fort, M. D., and daughter of the late John Mulloy.

On Tuesday evening, September 20, 1885, at the residence of her brother, C. Wiling Little, 1,520 De Lancy Place, Philadelphia, HARRIET HASE LITTLE, daughter of the late John S. and Susan S. M. Little.

Entered into rest, at St. Paul's rectory, Woodbury Conn., Sunday morning, September 12, 1885, ROSE E. beloved wife of the Rev. Robert Nelson, D. D., late a missionary to China.

At Muscatine, Ia., September 28, 1885, RICHARD D. VAN NOSTRAND, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 10, 1821.

Entered into rest, at Highgate, Vt., on Monday, September 28, LUCY MINARDA, wife of Rev. Dr. J. Sweet. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Entered into rest on Sunday morning, September 7, at Elizabeth, N. J., CHARLES BROWN WHITTAKER, formerly of New York City.

APPEALS.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashotah, The Great and good was entrusted to her requires, at in times past, the offerings of His people.

- Offerings are solicited: 1st. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated academy. 4th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination. Address: Rev. A. D. COLE, D. D., Nashotah, Wauteka County, Wisconsin.

I appeal for money to build a church for colored people. We have paid for the lumber. Help us to close in the building before winter. Rev. ROBT. B. DRANK, Edenton, North Carolina.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY

adds young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a sum of money for the work of the present year. Give and it shall be given unto you. Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK, 1254 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. KLEINHA WHITLNEY, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Bishop of New Hampshire gratefully acknowledges the receipt for his work, of \$9.04 from services held in summer at Lake Sunapee, by the Rev. Theo. Henry Hill, of New York; of \$60.00 (sent by Mr. Henry A. Turner, of Boston), from services held in the Episcopal Church, of Vermont, in the Waumbek House, Jefferson; and of \$12.00, through Mr. Ernest Berkeley Balch, from Offerings of the Boys at Camp Cocoonah, in Holderness.

I acknowledge the following amounts received during the month of September, for the Divinity School Colored Students, Petersburg, Va.: Mr. Graves, Ivy Depot, Va., \$5; the Rev. James Gramme, "The Plains," Va., \$10; J. L. Williams, for St. Mark's Church, Boston, \$10; and Mr. Yorkford, Secretary Domestic Committee, New York, \$10. R. O. EVERTON, Treasurer.

The Rev. Wm. Jones thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for the Shoshone Indian Mission, Wyoming. Wm. T. Low, Esq., Fairhaven, Mass., \$10; M. S. Marshall, Esq., Lake George, N. Y., \$5.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of \$5 from K. M. J. for the Rev. Dr. Nevin for the Reform movement in the Church in Rome, Italy.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York, give notice that the Mission will begin (D. V.) November 23d, that the headquarters of the committee, previous to and during the Mission, will be at the store of E. P. Dutton & Co., 89 West Twenty-third street, where all communications should be addressed, and during the Mission, will be at the store of the publisher, JAMES FOTT, 12 Astor place, New York.

HEAVY MOTTER, Corresponding Secretary.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Clergymen whose parishes or post office addresses are not correctly given in the latest journals of their respective dioceses, are requested to notify the editor of WHITTAKER'S CHURCHMAN'S ALMANAC at once. Send 3 Bible House, New York.

THE CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1886.

Clergymen whose names, parishes, or post office addresses are not correctly given in the convention journals of 1885, published by October 15th, should not fail to notify the editor. Send the necessary corrections to the Editor, THE CHURCHMAN, care of the publisher, JAMES FOTT, 12 Astor place, New York.

The annual meeting of the Society of St. Luke's Hospital will be held at the hospital on October 19, at 10 A. M. GEORGE MACCULLOUGH MILLER, Secretary. Dated New York, October 5, 1885.

The annual meeting of the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society will be held at 14 Astor Place, Thursday evening, 9th instant, at 8 o'clock. EDWIN S. GORHAM, Secretary.

The Convocation of Harrisburg will meet in Trinity Church, Chambersburg, on Tuesday, October 13, at 7 3/4 P. M. L. F. BAKER, Secretary.

The Sunday school Institute of the Convocation of Harrisburg, Second Division, will meet in Trinity Church, Chambersburg, on Thursday, October 15, at 10 A. M.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

WANTS.

Advertisements under Wants from persons not subscribers must be accompanied by the endorsement of a subscriber.

A CHURCH CLEVELAND in South Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive into his family six or three boys, giving them the advantages of the best schools in Brooklyn, combined with careful oversight and the comforts of a refined home. Location beautiful, free from malaria. Terms, \$60. Parents will find this an excellent opportunity. Address: CLEVELAND, care of Right Rev. H. C. Foster, New York.

A GENTLEMAN of experience as a teacher in some of the best schools and families in New York, and thoroughly fitted to direct the studies of young ladies, desires such an engaging position as companion to a lady within the services of a woman of birth, refinement, and culture. He desires to receive pupils by the hour, especially those desiring instruction in History and Literature. Send testimonials from former patrons. Address GENTLEMAN, care of Right Rev. H. C. Foster, New York.

A GERMAN lady, a graduate of the Dresden Normal School and a teacher in Germany, wishes to teach in France, would like a position in a school to teach French, German, Spanish, or Italian. References given. Address "E. Z." care of John Mitchell, Watthrop, Mass.

A LADY, Churchwoman, desires a position as Organist in or near the city; has several years' experience. Address: M. H. CHURCHMAN, care of the Editor.

A LADY giving desirable references, wishes position as match in a charitable institution of Church. Address: bookkeeper to invalid lady or elderly people. Address: Mrs. D., care of Rev. Dr. Houghton, 1 East Twenty-sixth street, New York.

A LADY wants a position in a refined family as companion, to teach and assist in care of young children, to sew, or any position of trust. Address: Mrs. V. P. CHURCHMAN, office.

AN accomplished Organist, Vocalist, and Choirmaster (cathedral training), at liberty from unforeseen causes. Church notices thoroughly understood. Best references given at sight by a rapid and easy method. Highest credentials. Address: Organist, Address ORGANIST, Burlington College, Burlington, N. J.

AN experienced rolling mill manager, with best references, wants to engage with mill owner wanting his interests looked after. Address: KEITH RICHIE, CHURCHMAN office.

AN UNMARRIED PRIEST, twenty-seven years of age, new tractor of a parish where climate affects his health, wishes to remove East. An assistantship or parish would be agreeable. Best of references. Address: "M. B." CHURCHMAN office.

A PROTESTANT PARISHIAN LADY has a few hours disengaged. Coversational lessons a specialty. Highest references. INSTITUTION, E. 140 Fourth Avenue.

A SKILLFUL Medical and Surgical Nurse desires the care of an invalid in a Church family. Best references given on inquiry. Address: R. H. care T. E. HARTSON, 21 Beaver Street, New York.

A YOUNG ENGLISH WOMAN desires an engagement as a governess for children, or as a companion, to accompany to the Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., and the Rev. Edmund Wood, of Boston. Address: THE CHURCHMAN office.

DR. HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, formerly organist at St. No. 10 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y.

THE MUSIC COMMITTEE of any Church wishing to employ a young boy as organist or chorist, can communicate with S. W. RALL, Organist and Choir Master, Grace Chapel, 122 East 14th street, New York.

WANTED—By a musical director of many years' experience, a young man of special music, to be placed in a choir, a position as Chorist or in or near Philadelphia or Washington the lot of it preferred. Is thoroughly conversant with English Church Music, and can furnish the highest references for character and ability. Address: DIRECTOR, CHURCHMAN office.

WANTED—In a clergyman's family, city or country, a lady, a position as teacher of French, also, in singing and the music and singing of the Sunday-school. Salary, \$10 per month. Best references. "MUSIC." CHURCHMAN office.

BOARD, WINTER RESORTS, ETC. WINTER SANTARIUM, At Lakewood, New Jersey. Is the greatest health, dry soil and air; mineral water; open fire; Turkish and Roman electric-thermal salt, medicated, and all hydrophobic baths; massage; Swedish movements. Open from Sept. 15 to July 1, next. Address: H. J. CATE, M. D.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

In view of the recent appearance of the revised version of the Old Testament, we feel that a special interest will arise with reference to the history of the Bible. We have therefore secured Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.'s edition of Dr. Mombert's "Hand-Book of the English Versions of the Bible," published at \$2.50, and offer it, with THE CHURCHMAN, at \$5.00, or to subscribers now fully in advance at \$1.50.

M. H. MALLORY & CO., 47 LAFAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

The Church Cyclopædia.

A Dictionary of Church Doctrine, History, Organization, and Ritual; and containing Original Articles on Special Topics, written expressly for this Work by Bishops, Presbyters, and Laymen. Designed especially for the use of the Laity of the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The book contains over 800 Imperial octavo pages, and is published by L. R. HAMERSLY & CO. at the uniform price of \$5.00.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We will send THE CHURCH CYCLOPEDIA, with a subscription to THE CHURCHMAN, in advance, for six dollars, postpaid. To any subscriber who has already paid in advance we will send THE CHURCH CYCLOPEDIA, postpaid, on receipt of two dollars and fifty cents.

M. H. MALLORY & CO., 47 Lafayette Place, New York.

The Churchman.

A Weekly Newspaper and Magazine.

PRICE TEN CENTS A NUMBER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS; POSTAGE FREE: A year (six numbers)..... \$4 00 in advance..... \$3 00 A year to Clergymen, strictly in advance..... 5 00 All subscriptions continued unless ordered discontinued.

New subscriptions are acknowledged by sending the paper. When a

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

is desired, send the Old and the New Address must be given, including Town, County, and State.

REMITTANCES

Receipts of subscribers, and should be made by P.O. Money Order, Bank Check or Draft, or by Registered Money. Receipts are returned to subscriber in the next copy of THE CHURCHMAN unless a stamped envelope is sent for its return by letter mail.

ADVERTISING.

RATES.—Thirty Cents a Line (agats) fourteen lines to the inch. Liberal discounts on continued insertions. No advertisement received for less than one dollar an insertion.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices, one dollar. Notices of Deaths, fees, Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, Thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word, prepaid.

The date of publication is Saturday. All matter, including advertisements, intended for publication in any issue, should be in the office on Monday of that week, or classification cannot be secured.

Only urgent matter can be received as late as Tuesday morning of the week of publication.

M. H. MALLORY & CO.,

47 Lafayette Place, New York.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

"SOCIETY OF THE TREASURY OF GOD."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

We shall be obliged if you will print the enclosed circular, which is addressed to the whole American Church. To work well in both countries our societies must be one as our churches are one, but we must divide the executive.

C. A. B. FOCOCK,
Hou. Organizing Secretary for Canada.

SOCIETY OF THE TREASURY OF GOD.

NOTICE.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—MALACHI III. 10.

RULES.

1. To give a tithe of income, or earnings, to God.
2. To use all possible influence for the restoration of the Law of Tithes.

3. To disseminate information on the subject of the tithe by the distribution of pamphlets, etc., and by any other means possible.

4. To pray that God will bring His people to the knowledge of their duty regarding His tithe. (Once a week is suggested).

The "Society of the Treasury of God" is started for the purpose of restoring the law of tithes, and awakening the mind of the Christian Church to the fact that a tithe of all increase is due to God from every Christian man, not as a matter of gift, but as a debt.

The manner of working of the Society will be as follows:

1st. To band together in one all who now practice the law of the tithe.

2d. To form tithe associations in dioceses and parishes.

3d. To bring the subject before the Church by the publication and distribution of pamphlets, tracts and leaflets, or in any other way which may be found possible.

MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any person may become a life member by the payment of \$10.

2. The annual fee for membership shall be \$1.

I sympathize with the objects of the proposed "Society of the Treasury of God," and would commend it to the attention and consideration of the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Communion. The Rev. E. P. Crawford is a priest, and the Rev. C. A. B. Focock a deacon of my diocese.

J. T. ONTARIO.

Epiphany, 1885.

ASSOCIATION OF PARISHES.

RULES.

1. An associate parish to be one in which, at the least, four persons shall be tithers.

2. Which contributes annually to the Society of the Treasury of God the sum of one dollar per member for each associate tithe payer.

3. Which agrees to discourage all worldly methods of obtaining money, and uphold God's system of finance, viz.: Tithes and offerings.

4. Which agrees to distribute the publications of the society.

5. In which one sermon at least shall be preached annually, setting forth the duty and obligation of tithes and offerings.

6. In which the associate members shall agree to use occasionally (once a week is requested), the Collect of the society.

7. The associate members shall use the society's envelopes in which to place their contributions, which are paid into the offertory.

SUGGESTED DIVISION OF THE TITHE.

Where Members Pay in their Whole Tithe to the Church.

Half to parochial objects.

Half to extra parochial objects.

The parochial half may be divided as follows:

Half to the support of the Church.

One-fourth to the poor.

One-fourth to any other parochial object, such as Church debt.

The extra parochial half:

Half to Diocesan Funds.

One-fourth to Foreign Missions, i. e. extra Diocesan Missions.

One-fourth to general objects, such as the Society of the Treasury of God, and other similar worthy objects.

SUGGESTIONS TO TITHE PAYERS.

Who do not Pay in their Whole Tithe to a Common Treasury.

1. That one-half of their tithe should be given within their own parish.

2. That of the portion devoted to parochial needs, one-half should be given to the support of the minister and services of the Church.

EXAMPLE.

In Trinity church, Brockville, Ont., four persons are tithe payers. Each pays in the whole of his tithe in an envelope, in the offertory. All these tithe envelopes are locked away each Sunday, in a secure place in the church. Once a month the members are called together, to be present at the distribution, when all that is in the treasury is apportioned according to agreement.

In six months these four persons have paid tithes to the value of \$20. Of this, \$55 have gone to the Church, \$88 to the poor, \$37 to the society, and the balance to missionary and other objects.

Rev. E. P. CRAWFORD,
Honorary Secretary.

Rev. C. A. B. FOCOCK

(Commander R.N.),

Hon. Organizing Secretary.

Brockville, Ont., Canada, Trinity, 1885.

Samples of the Society's Tracts, will be sent free, when required, in any quantity at cost price.

COLLECT.

Almighty God, who alone art the author and giver of all good things, grant unto Thy people a willing mind, that of all Thou givest them, they may surely give a tenth to Thee, and may offer to Thee free-will offerings, with an holy worship: That so, proving Thee according to Thy Holy Word, Thou mayest open the windows of Heaven, and pour out the fulness of Thy blessing upon Thy Church, for His sake, who gave himself a sacrifice for the sins of the world, Jesus Christ our Lord.—AIDED.

PATRONS:

The Right Rev. J. T. Lewis, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Ontario; the Right Rev. A. Swetman, M. A., D.D., Bishop of Toronto; the Right Rev. M. W. Green, D.D., Bishop of Mississippi; the Right Rev. A. Gregg, D.D., Bishop of Texas; the Right Rev. C. T. Quintard, D.D., Bishop of Tennessee; the Right Rev. W. H. Hare, D.D., Missionary Bishop of South Dakota; the Right Rev. J. T. Spaulding, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Colorado; the Right Rev. H. B. Welles, S.T.D., Bishop of Wisconsin; the Right Rev. T. A. Jagger, D.D., Bishop of Southern Ohio; the Right Rev. J. H. Brown, S.T.D., Bishop of Fond-du-Lac; the Right Rev. A. Burgess, S.T.D., Bishop of Quincy; the Right Rev. G. F. Seymour, S.T.D., Bishop of Springfield; the Right Rev. D. B. Knickerbacker, D.D., Bishop of Indiana; the Right Rev. A. Watson, D.D., Bishop of East Carolina; the Right Rev. C. F. Robertson, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Missouri; the Right Rev. and Hon. A. J. R. Anson, D.D., Q.C., Bishop of Qu'Appelle; the Right Rev. A. W. Sillito, D.D., Bishop of New Westminster; the Right Rev. M. A. DeWolfe Howe, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Central Pennsylvania; the Right Rev. John Scarborough, D.D., Bishop of New Jersey; the Right Rev. H. B. Whipple, D.D., Bishop of Minnesota; the Right Rev. Edward Sullivan, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Algoma; the Right Rev. T. U. Dudley, D.D., Bishop of Kentucky; the Right Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, D.D., Bishop of Pittsburgh; the Right Rev. J. W. Williams, D.D., Bishop of Quebec; the Right Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D.,

Bishop of Central New York; the Right Rev. L. R. Brewer, Missionary Bishop of Montana; the Right Rev. R. W. B. Elliott, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Western Texas; the Right Rev. C. Hamilton, M.A., Bishop of Niagara; the Right Rev. William Stevens Perry, D.D., Bishop of Iowa; the Right Rev. J. H. D. Wingfield, D.D., Missionary Bishop of Northern California; the Right Rev. Geo. Hillis, D.D., Bishop of British Columbia; the Right Rev. M. S. Baldwin, Bishop of Huron; the Right Rev. John F. Young, Bishop of Florida.

THE CONSTITUTION AND BLACKSTONE

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Your correspondent may rest quietly under the conviction that the constitution of these United States is not of Presbyterian origin. A short time before the Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia, Blackstone gave to the world his "Commentaries on the Laws of England." We are told that a careful reading of this work will show that the constitution is greatly indebted to this author for its form and substance. "All the eloquent praises of the constitution, which are continually on the lips of American orators and statesmen, praises of its admirable system of checks and balances, its equal distribution of powers, its blending of diverse and conflicting interests into one harmonious whole, and all the rest of it, are borrowed from Blackstone's outline on the Constitution of England." (See Nineteenth Century, August, '85. American reprint, pp. 210-11.)

ALBERT E. GEORGE.

PORTRAIT OF THE REV. HENRY VAN DYKE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke, ordained by Bishop Seabury in 1785, was rector of St. Mary's church, Burlington, N. J., from 1793 to 1796, and then of St. James's church, Newtown, L. I., till his death, in 1811. He was buried in the family vault in Trinity churchyard, New York. His grand daughter (Mrs. Clarke, now deceased,) wrote in 1875, "Some years since a fine portrait of him hung in the library of the old Livingston mansion, New York."

Can any one inform me where that portrait now is?

GEORGE MORGAN HILLS.

Burlington, N. J.

NEW BOOKS.

THE JOURNALS OF MAJOR GEN. G. O. GORDON, C.B., AT KARTUM. Printed from the original MSS. in Introduction and Notes by A. Egmont Hale, author of "The Story of Chinese Gordon." With Portrait, Two Maps and Thirty Illustrations after sketches by General Gordon. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Pp. 629. Price, \$2.00.

English newspapers have said that the publication of Gordon's journals relieved the government from a great odium. The impartial American reader will hardly concur with this opinion. It is said that Gordon could have got away if he had wished, and that he misapprehended the purpose for which he was sent to the Soudan. These journals make it clear that he could have done this only at the expense of what he valued much more than life, viz. honor and principle. He puts it in the clearest possible way. The people in Kartum might have gone over to the Mahdi and saved themselves, probably would have done so, had it not been for his presence in Kartum: They could not do it any longer, but would have been sacrificed because of their prolonged resistance; consequently he felt bound to stick by them to the last, unless the governments which sent him relieved him. Even then he had no notion of personally escaping, but proposed to stay by the wreck and do what he could in an inferior place, while anything remained to be done.

The charge was made against Gordon that he was insubordinate. The fact was that England was trying to play here the game

which Lord Macaulay has so well described in the account of British policy in India. The home government might find it convenient to regard Gordon as an officer of the Queen, and subject to the authorities at the Horse Guards. It might find it equally convenient to treat him as the Khedive's lieutenant in the Soudan. If he succeeded, England was to have the credit. If he failed, Egypt was to bear the loss. Of course it is understood that this anomalous position was in some degree inevitable. England had no more right to send Gordon to command Egyptian troops in Kartoum than she had to send him to command United States troops in Denver City. The only way that Gordon could go would be by the appointment of Tewfik, and the appointments of the Khedive were, in fact, the appointments of the English Government. But Gordon's acceptance of this post was purely voluntary. He went to help England out of a scrape and to help the Soudan, which he had governed, and in which he felt an interest. He went from the strong impulse that had ruled him through life: the impulse to put things right which were going wrong. He knew his immense capacity for ruling a people like the Soudanese, and he knew, too, that they would obey him and trust him as they would no other European or Christian. One can well imagine that he did not go to be a mere card to be thrown out or retained, according to the turn of the game. To men in England it was a matter to be looked at simply with regard to its effect upon Parliamentary votes. In the absence of strongly distinctive principles, the strife of parties in England has been more and more drifting into a mere contest for power. If a point was to be gained by forgetting Gordon and treating him as the volunteer servant of Egypt, the ministry was ready to make it; if a point was to be made by treating Gordon as her majesty's officer in command on the Nile, the cabinet would send an army to rescue him. The trouble lay in the impossibility of the average Englishman to see beyond the range of his immediate limitations. It is the defect that comes of his intense insularity.

It is clear from these journals that Gordon thoroughly understood his position. But it was not the first or the second time that he had been in a like situation, and he measured it with a truer eye. So long as he retained his commission in the Queen's service he was subject to her orders. He was bound to yield his own judgment to commands which he did not approve.

But he was also the Viceroy of the Khedive with plenary powers. He was acting directly for the latter. He was bound only by ordinary loyalty and the natural feeling of a subject for his sovereign's good fame to the former. In the treatment of the troops under him he was no more bound by the English rules of war, than he was by the resolutions of the United States Senate. He could at any moment lay down his commission. The mischief was in the anomalous position of the English in Egypt. They were nominally there to protect the government from overthrow. They were really trying to run the State in the interest of the British bondholders, and with reference to the empire in India. That Gordon's policy was not only true to the highest principle, but was also for the best interests of England, is well, clearly proved by these journals. But it was upon this latter point that he disagreed with the powers at home and the English officials at Cairo. He said distinctly what would save the Soudan and would at the same time be, on the whole, for the best interests of humanity. He knew that an ideal government was no more possible there than it was to bridge the Red Sea by a fleet of pontoon boats. The only choice was in a choice of despotisms.

There was a tremendous outcry at Gordon's proclamation permitting slavery and his demand for the sending of Zubair, the great slave trader, whom he had put down in his previous governorship of the Soudan. The truth was, that Gordon knew the East better, probably, than any living Englishman, and knew just what could be done and what could not be done. He could die for a principle more easily than another man could sacrifice a guinea, but he knew that the first thing to be done was to restore order to the country. Under any set of masters possible to the Soudan, slavery and the slave trade would go on, it was not necessary to superadd war and wholesale devastation. The scruples of men who had never been out of Great Britain, and whose chief idea of the East was that it produced sponges and Turkey rhubarb were on a par with those who object to ransoming the captives of pirates and banditti, because of the demoralizing influence of the practice upon the minds of the freebooters.

We suspect that the main offence of Gordon's journals in official circles will be that he was right when they were wrong, and that in the solitude of his captivity in Kartoum he relieved his mind by caricatures of the diplomats who vexed his soul with their blunders and imbecilities, and that (in his private journals) he was more apt to draw an illustration from Scripture than from parliamentary blue books.

The Gordon journals are seven in number, extending from September 10, 1884, to December 12, of the same year. There are also numerous appendices containing documents referred to in the journals, mostly the proclamations and letters of the Mahdi. The illustrations are chiefly rough maps, explaining the situation, but among them are one or two clever caricatures which were probably much more agreeable to the excited feelings of the author than to their originals in official stations. Of course, these were not intended for the public eye, and they would probably never have been seen except for the fate of General Gordon.

Two points come prominently out in this volume. One is the almost hopeless character of the population with whom Gordon had to do, and the other the great impolicy of the English rule. The people were liars and cowards to an all but incredible degree. Gordon's judgment was not likely to be severe. He had seen too much of human nature in unfavorable conditions to be uncharitable. But he backs up his conclusions with facts which permit of no mistake. Probably no European could have held his men together as he did, or have been so loved and respected by them, and yet he could hardly trust that the slightest order would be obeyed except under his eye. Whoever would raise the Egyptian character must work from the foundation up.

The other point, the English occupation of Egypt, is also strikingly brought out. It was neither one thing nor the other. It was not a conquest, it was not a friendly protectorate. It ingeniously contrived to unite the faults of both while attaining the benefits of neither. It was a vacillating interference. The only rule which could benefit Egypt would be an absolute despotism, controlled by a sense of justice which left nothing to chance, and by a feeling of mercy only limited by the sternest necessity. But English rule was constantly hampered by the need of parliamentary explanations, and by the real conflict of interests. The danger of allowing the Mahdi to triumph lay in the possible uprising of the Mohammedans everywhere, and notably in India. By the treaty of Berlin England was bound to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and that complicated matters on the side of Turkey. Again France was jealously watch-

ing every step of the English occupation. And lately the English conscience was sensitive just where it should have been callous, and dormant just where it should have been most wide-awake.

It sought to deal with men on a higher plane of intelligence and virtue than that on which they lived and moved and had their being. It was blind to the real injustice and cruelty to which this must inevitably lead. With this Gordon is justly wroth. He declaims against the "fictions" upon which England proceeds, at once costly and inoperative, and he "did well to be angry."

We do not need to commend this book to our readers, for it has been impatiently waited for from the moment its publication was promised. We do not think it will, as has been alleged, detract from the esteem in which Gordon's memory will be held. If it bears sad traces of the tremendous strain his last year of life laid upon him, it gives proofs also of his admirable wisdom and temper.

THE TEN LAWS OF HEALTH: OR, HOW DISEASES ARE PRODUCED AND PREVENTED, AND A FAMILY GUIDE TO PROTECTION AGAINST EPIDEMIC DISEASES AND OTHER DANGEROUS INFECTIONS. BY J. R. BLACK, M. D. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.) pp. 418. Price, \$1.00.

Medical books as a rule are for medical people only. A lively imagination will quickly discover in one's self the symptoms of disease, and possibly end by producing them. But this criticism does in no wise apply to the admirable book whose title is given above. It seems to us to meet just the want which is felt, the knowledge of general laws which apply to the prevention of disease. This is entirely different from the study of disease when it comes. In that case the best advice we know of is to call in the most skillful medical aid attainable, to obey orders and to trust in the divine care. But to avoid the liability to disease is another matter—and the principles of this avoidance are well laid down. Pure air to breathe, exercise, temperance in eating and drinking, sufficiency of sleep, a calm mind, not overwrought in any field of labor, are among the chief requirements. Of course something more is needed than to name these rules; their application must be generally (not too minutely) pointed out. This Dr. Black has done, we think, as well as we have ever seen it done, for its pages are sufficiently generalized to leave room for the variations due to special temperaments and exceptional organizations without impairing their effect as a whole. There is more good sense on the subject than there used to be, and an advance in the duration and comfort of human life. But every step in a complicated civilization brings with it new liabilities, or at least possibilities of disease. Greater facility of travel increases the chance of the spread of infectious and contagious sicknesses. Large cities multiply at once the risk and the safeguard. Survival of the fittest makes a strong stock, because the weakest are rapidly eliminated, whereas greater care in the prolongation of sickly lives increases the area of partial ill-health. Nevertheless, the general advance is slow but sure.

Not the least useful part of this book is the second half, which treats of protection against epidemic diseases. The Middle Ages were powerless against an epidemic when once it had reached full headway. The great fire of London extinguished the plague, which had before that made constant visits to England. Now no one fears that outside of the warm limits of the Mohammedan East. Cholera is still dreaded, but medical science declares itself determined to win in the battle. Yellow fever, which once devastated New York and Philadelphia, is now barred out by an efficient quarantine. We are glad to see that Dr. Black gives full value to the influence of a healthy mental temper as a prophylactic. For

that a sound religious faith is needed. The fearlessness, which is a matter of will, is the only courage which will stand a trial; a fearlessness which comes from nerve and temperament is liable to be overthrown when least expected and most needed. There is no such courage as that of Sisters of Charity, of physicians who carry a true conscience into their callings, and of the near in blood and affection, where after unselfishness obliterates all thoughts of personal peril. We think a copy of this book should be in every household, and we can recommend it for parish and public libraries.

THE SCIENCE OF BUSINESS. Questions of the Day Series. A study of the principles controlling the Laws of Exchange. By Roderick H. Smith. [New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 182. Price, \$1.25.

In two very clear and well-written preliminary chapters, Mr. Smith defines and illustrates the two laws of nature, the "Law of Motion" and the "Law of Rhythm." He then goes on to show by a series of well-arranged statistical tables that these same laws govern the course of business, viz., of production and trade. One is always a little afraid of a too perfect theory, but we do not find any flaws in the reasoning, and we are bound to presume that the facts are fairly and fully stated. The conclusion is that the science of business can be calculated with the same probability as the weather, and the larger the area and the more extended the observation, the more nearly the chances of coming years can be ascertained. Mr. Smith's idea is that legislation and changes, such as foreign wars, have much less than is supposed to do with the fluctuations of trade, and the laws of exchange exhibit a regular ebb and flow, if the scale be but large enough to show their working. One inference drawn from this we are disposed to accept, and that is, that civilization and trade tend to the equalization rather than to the disparity of conditions, and that the cry of "the rich grow richer, and the poor, poorer," is only a senseless piece of demagogism. At any rate, whether the reader accepts this theory or not, Mr. Smith's book deserves a faithful study. It is entertaining reading, even for the mere outside student of social questions, and it is certainly an attempt made with great skill and fairness to solve one of the most important problems of the day. The effect of its theories will be that business men will be less depressed by business slowness and less wildly elated by business "booms." And so long as integrity and self-denial are cherished, other things are comparatively stable.

SERMONS BY THE REV. NOAH HUNT SCHRECK, D.D. Late Rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.]

This volume of sermons is appropriately dedicated to the members of the congregation of St. Ann's church by the family of their late rector. Their publication is not only an affectionate tribute to his memory, but a valuable contribution to theological literature. The style of the author is brilliant and fascinating, and not unlike that of Guthrie, the great Scotch preacher, and evinces that remarkable gift of language for which he was so distinguished as a pulpit orator.

Another characteristic of these sermons, in addition to their eloquent diction, is their fidelity and clearness in presenting the great fundamental verities of the Gospel.

The natural depravity of man, the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the certainty of future rewards and punishments, the evil of sin and the beauty of holiness, are proclaimed with no uncertain sound.

Above all, Jesus Christ and Him crucified is set forth in the fulness of His saving power as the only hope and refuge of a lost world. As the power of his life and example still

lives in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, so, in these sermons, he "being dead, yet speaketh."

They will prolong his great usefulness in proclaiming the truths of that precious Gospel to the promotion of which he consecrated his life.

THE LAW OF THE TEN WORDS. By J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. [New York: T. Whitaker, 1883.] pp. 94.

This is a reprint of an English work, and consists of fourteen lectures upon the Decalogue, by an author who is favorably known by his "Beatitudes of the Kingdom" and "From Jerusalem to Antioch." They are plain, simple and practical, and will serve either for private reading or for the use of lay readers. With an introduction upon the Characteristics of the Decalogue, the volume takes up the Ten Commandments *seriatim*, and concludes with a lecture upon the Second Great Commandment and upon the Uses and Effects of the Law. It handles the most difficult parts of its subject with judgment and discretion, and can be cordially commended.

LITERATURE.

LORD TENNYSON will soon appear with a new volume containing some hitherto unpublished poems.

The programme of St. Nicholas for 1886, as announced by the Century Company, is full of delightful promise for the young people.

VICK'S Illustrated Monthly, as usual, comes with unfeigned regularity. Its colored plate presents a view of the "Calandrinia Grandiflora."

E. & J. B. YOUNG & Co. have issued a catalogue of new and second-hand books, and of new editions, which book buyers will find it of interest to examine.

The **October Builder and Wood-Worker** gives in one of its plates an illustration of Christ church, Fenge, England, and has a varied table of contents with illustrations.

T. S. OHLVIE & Co., of this city, are publishing the Eureka Collection of Recitations and Readings as a serial. It contains miscellaneous selections of prose and verse.

The **October Unitarian Review** opens with an account of "John Bellamy's Bible," which was translated from the Hebrew in 1818. The paper is by the Rev. Samuel J. Barrows.

The **October Overland Monthly** of San Francisco is a substantial magazine, and is furnished with a great variety of entertaining matter, furnishing good reading for those who live on the shores of both oceans.

The **Cottage Hearth** is published by the Cottage Hearth Company, Boston, and The Woman's Magazine by Frank Hough, Brattleboro, Vt. They are monthlies, and are filled with varied and entertaining matter.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING for October 3 is at hand. A subscription to it, paid, would be an acceptable gift to all housekeepers, young and old. In remedies for discomfort and bad cooking, it would be a profitable investment.

The **Homiletic Review**, of this city, is made up of contributions by ministers of various denominations. An interesting paper in the October number is by the Rev. S. W. Dike, on "Important Features of the Divorce Question."

The **Contemporary Review** for September (Leonard Scott Publishing Company) contains, among other articles, two papers on "The Protection of Girls," a subject of great interest in England at this time. They are written by Millicent G. Fawcett and Ellice Hopkins.

The **Sideral Messenger** for this month opens with a paper on "The Comet of 1866

and the Meteors of November 14," by Daniel Kirkwood, and in the editorial notes is an account of the new star in the nebula of Andromeda. It is published at Northfield, Minn.

The seventeen articles in the **October Eclectic** are taken from thirteen English periodicals, and fairly represent the current literature of the day. The opening paper is on "Cholera: Its Cause and Prevention," by Professor Sanderson, and will interest many. The selections are made with judgment, and are in sufficient variety to suit all tastes.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT for September-October gives the anniversary address of Dr. Deems before the Institute of Christian Philosophy, in which he considers the case of "Galileo and the Use of Scientific Studies to the Preacher," Dr. Armstrong on "Primeval Man," "Ethics and Religion," by the President of Bowdoin College, and "The Summer Schools of 1885," by the Secretary, besides miscellaneous matter.

"**POE NOT to be Apotheosized**" is the title of a communication that fills the first column of last week's Critic. It is a protest, supported by new testimony, against Prof. Minto's eulogy of the poet in the new volume of "The Encyclopaedia Britannica." Edmund Gosse's verses dedicating his new book of poems to Austin Dobson are printed in the same paper, several weeks before the publication of the book itself.

The **October English Illustrated Magazine** comes promptly and acceptably. Its frontispiece is a representation of Rye, and there are four fully illustrated articles, besides ornamental frises, headings and initial letters. The illustrations are by well known artists, and will bear examination. Two of the papers are on "London Commons and Decayed Sea-ports," and the "Incomplete Angler," if not a classic like Walton's work, is full of interest for those who love the fisher's art.

The first paper of the **Church Eclectic** for October is by the Rev. J. H. Burn, and is on "The Athanasian Creed." The Rev. Mr. Betts follows with "The Ideal Liturgy," Dr. Shattuck with a "Sketch of Bishop Griswold," the Rev. Ed. Ransford with a paper on "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," and the Rev. Cameron Mann on the "Anglican Type of Sanctity." Dr. Dix opens the miscellany with an account of Sewanee. The number is an excellent one, and, as usual, the summaries are by no means the least important part of it.

One of the most interesting papers of the **Art Amateur** for October is the account of the Morgan Collection of Paintings, with a catalogue of them. The frontispiece of the number is "Mother and Child," a crayon study by Lobrichon, and there are seven plates of supplement designs, one of which is devoted to centres for altar frontals. Every department of the magazine is filled with information serviceable to amateurs, and it would not come amiss to many premature artists. Besides the frontispiece, there are two other full-page illustrations.

The **October number** of the **Andover Review** opens with a paper, the first of a series, by Professor Torrey, on "The Theodice of Leibnitz." H. A. Hill has an article on "The New England Company," a corporation organized in 1649 for the promotion and propagation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in New England, Dr. W. Barrows treats of "The Mutual Relations of Commerce, Civilization, and Christianity," and Dr. Stuckenborg, of "The Religious Condition of Germany." The editorials are, "Progressive Orthodoxy: VI.—The Christian," "The American Board of Commissioners," and "Is 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' a Novel?" The number is vigorous and able.

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28. ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.
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Within his snowy crib, my boy,
Whose music now is hushed,
Lies low with fever in his veins,
His precious face deep flushed.

My heart is faint with sympathy,
As in my hand I bring
The nauseous draught that is prescribed
To soothe his suffering.

He sees the cup, but looks above,
Where smiles his mother's face,
Lighted with love that ne'er deceives,
And trusts, and yields with grace.

I smooth his pillow, kiss his cheek,
Then haste to hide my tears;
For childhood's loving trust again
Has shamed my riper years.

Father, forgive the heart that shrinks
From any cup Thy love
Sees need to prepare my soul
To serve the One above.

O give to me this perfect faith,
And let this joy be mine,
Wholly to trust Thy tender love,
And keep my hand in Thine.

"A. M. D. G."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ZIOZAG," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

A Brilliant Prospect.

Mr. Shelley was an archaeologist. Mr. Shelley was very happy in Rome. He was always ready to expound his theories to those who wanted to listen, and also to those who did not. With hands see-sawing and eyebrows working in a fashion caught from his foreign friends Mr. Shelley was forever breaking out into monologue. It was very difficult for acquaintances who conceived themselves bound to listen to avoid subjects on which his overflowing fund of information would not sweep them, puzzled and bewildered, quite out of their depth. I have watched those who knew Mr. Shelley nervously arranging their conversation so as to keep off his hobbies as one steals across a sickroom, or comes upstairs when everything will break, after others have gone to bed. But Mr. Shelley had so many electric wires running across his mind, to touch any one of which set him off like the bell at a foreign railway station, that you could not help exciting him to lecture. His own family however, found this convenient. They never listened to him, and were quite sure that he was never aware whether they did so or not. Even Stella, I am afraid, had learned the trick of smiling and nodding without paying attention to what was said. Still, among the subjects which were certain to excite him, Greek artistic archæ-

ology held the most prominent place—especially the branch—Terra-cottas. As the three came in from their drive they found Mr. Shelley in a state of the utmost excitement.

"Quite worth the money—dirt cheap—only three thousand lire—the loveliest thing you ever saw; my dear, it is a bargain! I couldn't believe my eyes or ears when the man showed it to me. The two in the British Museum can't hold a candle to this; it is superb! I said to Roccato, who was with me, in English, 'I'll have that, cost what it may!' and then I said to the man: 'Now you know very well that this can't be genuine. I'll give you three hundred lire as it's such a good imitation.' And he asked me four thousand and showed me its pedigree, and Roccato and I can't find a flaw in it, and I agreed to give him three thousand and he took it. Dearest costs dearest, usually, but, bless me! never knew such a thing. After I'd secured it I went all round Rome and turned every one green with envy."

"But what is it Herbert? Three thousand lire is more than a hundred pounds, a hundred and twenty—and what have you been wasting your money on now?"

"Wasting money! Fiddlesticks! what's worth a price is worth a price. Just look at it."

Very delicately, Uncle Herbert lifted a piece of old silk from a wooden box about twelve by eight inches wide and ten deep, very carefully he pulled out single pieces of dried grass or straw therefrom, very slowly he lifted out the valuable contents and laid it on a small dark red velvet cushion.

"Isn't that perfect? Now, Clara, Stella, what do you think? isn't that magnificent? couldn't have believed it," etc., etc.

"That" appeared to the uninitiated eye, a rather cleverly moulded bull's head, in terra-cotta picked out in black. It managed to stand sideways. Stella supposed that, as in the case of a pug-dog, "its beauty was its ugliness," and was wise enough to say nothing.

"What is it?" gasped Mrs. Shelley. "Really, Edward, you are too bad, spending all your money on one thing uglier than another."

There are few things, I have observed, more satisfactory to the artist and to the antiquarian than to be condemned by the "Philistine." Mr. Shelley considered his wife a "Philistine." Mr. Shelley chuckled. "And you, Edward? What do you think of it? Can you tell her what it is?"

"A fine specimen of a rhyton, if it be genuine," Edward replied. "Can you trace it?"

"You don't take me in with your Brummagem antiquities," answered his uncle. "I didn't begin to collect yesterday, my boy!"

"But what is a rhyton?" said Mrs. Shelley.

This unloosed the floodgates. Rhytons, past and present, that is to say, the history of all known specimens and their present locales, with digressions as to the respective merits of the British, the German, and the Greek archaeologists as custodians and as critics, occupied Mr. Shelley for ten minutes. Mrs. Shelley and Stella quietly slipped away to take their things off, after having grasped the fact that a rhyton was an antique drinking-vessel, which, as the former

observed, "couldn't stand properly on a table, and cost a sinful amount of money."

Mr. Shelley at length exhausted himself. He was very fond of his antiquities, but his excitable temperament was also accompanied by a kind heart. He was forever making plans for other people. He looked round as he prepared to wrap his treasure up again, and finding that his audience was diminished by two-thirds, stopped short suddenly.

"I wanted to speak to you, Edward, about your future."

"Much obliged to you," replied Edward. "As far as I am concerned, I don't see my way at all clearly."

"My dear fellow, that's just it. I didn't see it. You didn't see it. We all didn't see it. But I see it now."

"I hope that I may then," said Edward, as he smiled sadly, thinking that life was much more simple than he had thought it if his uncle could see his nephew's duty clearly, or rather if his uncle could make it clear to him.

"It's the very nicest thing in all the world. Parish close to us, but not so near that we old folks would bother you young ones—large vicarage house, good living, any amount of work in new town, sprung up on railway; bank, if you want that, yet nice neighborhood, and good society for you and Stella."

"For me and Stella? For Stella? I don't understand," replied Edward. Mr. Shelley chuckled. "You sly dog! You Jesuit, my boy! I thought you'd left that behind you! I'm watching you and Miss Stella, my boy! as if you two weren't just wrapped up in each other. She's a great deal too good for you, Ned; but as she's set her little heart on you. Why, I love her as my own daughter. So while you have been philandering, and you thought I saw nothing and cared for nothing but terra-cotta, I've been making a little plan. Old Smith of Boreton is dying, and I've got the promise of the living, one of the real old worth-while sort, you know—not what they call one, and I call a just-above-gentlemanly-starvation-point-but-you-must-stick-to-it-and-pretend-it's-enough-for-you-sort of business, you know. And I've had a letter from our bishop, and he's a really very good fellow, and has heard all about your version from some one of those learned theological fellows he knows, and so it's all right there. Now, then, sir, what do you think of your old dry-as-dust uncle now? Can't he see what young folks want and give it to 'em, eh?"

"But, but—" said Edward, utterly taken aback.

"But what, sir? Why, I expected you to jump out of your skin with delight. You told me that you wanted to be an English parson. I should have thought that you'd have been glad to see an end to this unsatisfactory neither flesh, fowl, nor good-red-herring sort of business. Smith isn't dead, but you don't want him to die for another six weeks or so. You'll get your law business finished here, and enjoy your holidays, and we'll all get home together to find Smith just dead, and the course clear for you. And Stella can get her clothes in Paris, and you know I'll work upon her as my daughter in every way, you lucky young dog! for it isn't every step-daughter that a man makes his heiress, you know. Ah! you see, I've planned it all. I

don't spend *all* my thoughts and money on rhymos."

Mr. Shelley paused. His nephew had been very grave, his face working with emotion, his hands trembling, his voice falling him as he attempted to speak. He turned livid and staggered against the little round table beside him.

"Take care, Edward, that's a priceless terra-cotta, numbered and photographed by Castellani—an admirable specimen, fifth century, B. C., of course."

Mr. Shelley added this out of habit. He had found that "fifth century" did not mean "B. C. of course," to the general public.

Edward grasped his uncle's hand, and wrung it fervently without speaking.

"My good fellow, I know your gratitude," exclaimed his uncle, drawing in his lips in pain. "But don't squeeze my hand like that. That ring's a veritable antique, found in a tomb at Paestum, but it isn't adapted for shaking hands with a gratified lover."

"But, Stella—"

"You needn't be afraid. Still, it is the proper thing, of course. Blessings on her sweet face, she put me up to this. Not that she knew it, though. For, says I myself when I saw you together this winter, 'Here's my brother's son. I never spoke to poor Alfred after he went over to Rome. Well, his son's come back to us, and a nice young fellow he is, who's a conscience of his own. And here's my little girl, whom we've had such trouble to rear, she's been as delicate as an early lamb till the last two years. The doctors all say she will always be strong now with love and care, so far as they see; but I'm getting older than I was, now, and I should like to leave her with a man who'd give her both. And so, it wasn't for your sake, my good fellow, that I had you with us and let you see so much of Stella. But I didn't tell either of you. For, as sure as you want young people to take a fancy to each other, they won't. But it's all right now. And there's the wife you want and the life you want, all ready for you. Now, don't squeeze my hand again! It's all right—nothing to thank me for. Settle with Stella as soon as you like."

"I wish you'd give me that ring, Uncle Herbert."

"Why? It wouldn't do for her."

"No; I'd throw it away. I can't believe in my own happiness."

And yet, a few seconds before he had told himself that the life before him, the life he had begun to dream of, the life that would make Stella happy was not for him. But were not "councils of perfection" part of the dead past he had left behind him? "Dearest costs dearest!" Did the love for Stella clash with the work to which he had been distinctly called? As he left the Romish branch of the Church had he not vowed to himself that he would never relax his zeal for true Catholicism? Coast-guard work is important, is a duty, but if the orders had been given that he should sail with the advanced squadron?

The motto of the order with which he had for so long been in sympathy—though as priest unconnected with it—flashed through his mind. A. M. D. G., *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*

He shook off the thought, which had pressed upon him in the Coliseum, and, for

a little time, took up to the full his sweet happiness. And yet, sometimes I think, during the next sunny fortnight, full of love and pleasure, Edward Shelley knew at times something of the pathos of that text: "He went away very sorrowful for he had great possessions."

CHAPTER III.

Lurid Light.

It seemed a pity to choose such a lovely day to go to the Catacombs. Spring was touching the hitherto monotonous Campagna with beauty.

Cæsar's Palace was glorious with golden wall-flowers growing over the ancient stones. Giant wild mignonette bloomed beside fennel and anemones, and the tiny grape hyacinths, little compact, matter-of-fact flowers as they looked, peered up among the grass and refused to be stirred by any poetical breezes, such as made the more delicate vegetation seem to dance with delight. Four or five carriage-loads—a motley crew, indeed, had one been gifted with clairvoyance, or even with keen observation, rolled along the dusty way leading to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. Stella Grey had no wish to join such a party; but it is the drawback of foreign life that, if you go with people to one place which you wish to go to, you must go with them where they wish to go afterward. The people that are very amusing for a day at Tivoli are not those whom one likes as companions in seeing any place of which thoughtful association is the chief charm.

However Edward and Stella, at Mrs. Shelley's request, finding that "we couldn't all get out of it, you know," had joined this very modern party. By some chance Edward and Stella were in different carriages, and Stella found herself not with her own chaperon, but with a woman who, she afterward saw, was noted for her unfortunate habit of saying the wrong thing.

Miss Toblett's ill-luck followed her. There were two things in the carriage: First, an inane young man who had been sent out to Rome with a "bearleader" to see it, and dutifully "did" everything—his whole attention fixed on Murray when in a picture-gallery, and his intellect seeming to be devoted to recovering from that effort during the rest of the day. Then, an older man, Dr. Lorton, an abbot, whom every one just then expected to be called higher on account of his piety and learning and a vacancy among the cardinals, completed this quartette. In Rome "Catholics" and "Protestants," "verts" and "heretics," the "devout" and the "liberal" mix and jostle each other with all good temper. It is only the ambassadors to the Quirinale and the Vatican who "never mix"—as well as the elders of the "black" and "white" parties. The younger people and the strangers, while constantly reminded, and asked in the matter-of-fact way, as one says: "Tea or coffee?" of what "religion" they are? find themselves in the most heterogeneous company. A little tact is required.

And Miss Toblett, with the inane youth and the learned abbot before her, and the girl engaged to a *ci-devant* Romish priest beside her, of course blundered on the very subject that she had much better have left untouched in company with persons whom she did not know at all.

But she was very anxious to make the most of Dr. Lorton, and like all persons with little judgment and no tact, ignored the fact that clever men object to handle burning questions, not to speak of sacred subjects, in mixed company, or on frivolous occasions and before a questioner who they can "see with half an eye," talks for the sake of talking, and makes as many blunders from conceit as from ignorance.

So it was not till Dr. Lorton had been bullied and baited, and interrupted and worried by the "Protestant" lady of uncertain age and more uncertain knowledge of what she was talking about, that he—forgetting, if he knew of, Stella's engagement—tried to close the question under discussion by the words: "Well, all I can say is this, that when I see a priest who leaves our Communion without marrying directly afterwards, I shall begin to believe in your reformers. Talking of reform, Miss Grey," he went on lightly, without noticing her quick start and sudden thought of dismay: "You know Rome isn't what it was. Men aren't made cardinals for keeping a good table now. I was talking the other day to a distinguished stranger who has been here on and off these fifty years. He told me an amusing story. Scene: Cardinal's entertainment, everything on the good old scale, regardless of expense. Magnificent sturgeon borne on its dish on the shoulders of six men brought in with flourish of trumpets. Foremost servant stumbles. Sturgeon thrown to the ground. Cardinal looks round. Steward making a great fuss. 'Bring another,' he commands with a princely wave of his ringed hand. Other door thrown open. Another flourish of trumpets. Enter, amidst general admiration at the cardinal's resources and wealth, another sturgeon, larger than the first, carried in the same manner."

The narrative fell flat. Stella tried to smile, but was pre-occupied by her suddenly aroused reflections; the inane youth did not see the point of the story; and Miss Toblett would not take a hint. She thought this digression was to evade her cogent reasoning. So she began:—"The Vatican decrees—"

Dr. Lorton could stand this no longer: "Miss Toblett, I am very sorry to seem rude, but there are Vatican decrees and there are laws of society, and I think the latter are the most important on a sight-seeing expedition. We elders should remember that young people like to hear interesting conversation." The double-barrelled shot told, by which Dr. Lorton conveyed his opinion that Miss Toblett was an elderly bore, instead of merely having the "advantage of a few more years of training than an unformed girl." Miss Toblett at length subsided. All four were very glad when the Catacomb gates were reached, and they passed into the field-like garden, where they met the others, and there was some chance of a less unfortunate mixture of jarring elements. But I never yet saw the being, male or female, upon whom Miss Toblett did not jar.

The guide came out of his house and bestowed on each of the members of the party string-like tapers,—the inane youth woke up then and produced a carriage lamp which he had got out while the others were waiting. Without any wish to be unseizable, Stella felt that really in her present mood she could not stand these people

around her, and, when another party came up, and the guide proposed to take all through together, and the second party was a veritable band of utter "vulgarians"—then her wish to go down quite left her.

Edward came to her. "We'll linger a little behind. I can tell you as much as the guide will, and Dr. Lorton will attract the attention of our party," he said, while giggles and shrieks came from the front, and even then one party of better-bred people were laughing at tapers guttering over clothes, and at the suggestion of the insane youth that the Catacombs were "exactly like an empty wine cellar."

"There is no danger of being lost, is there, Edward?" asked Stella, as she descended the steep stairs together into the chilly atmosphere.

"Plenty, but you needn't be afraid. We are going on the second story as you may say—there are four, you know. Here the path is so trodden that I don't think that we can miss our way. There are now about forty people in front of us, one before the other. We shan't be missed if we linger judiciously, and I think those voices will be a sufficient guide. You aren't afraid?"

"With you? afraid?" said Stella, simply.

For a little time they followed the others down the swept and garnished passages. In this tourist-trodden path there seemed to be much monotony. And Stella's mind was troubled. She was very quick to see and very conscientious in doing the right. Somehow without Edward telling her of his scruples, except by hints which he did not mean her to understand, but which were a small relief to himself, Stella had very nearly grasped the idea of the work Edward thought he was called to do. Half flickeringly, half undefinedly, with shoots of keen pain, which seemed half physical, half mental, she began to see in what way his love for her might be opposed to their favorite motto. She did not quite define it, she only felt it, she felt the "first low flap of the tempest's wing." Nearer and nearer came this shadowing presence—it was "coming, coming, direct, straight," to her and to the man she loved. Dr. Lorton's words, quite accidentally spoken, not addressed to her, made it more definite; in a moment the crisis would be upon them.

Sometimes it seems as if brilliant days of happiness are sent to men and women just to give them strength for coming trouble. How many have found that, and how many have suddenly known just before hand that trouble was coming, though where it was to come from they knew not! There is superstitious looking out for omens, and there is want of sensibility to what may be divine warning. Many have been thankful for the nervous presentiment which puts them on their guard.

And so Stella, feeling intensely nervous, and faintly seeing the struggle before them gradually defining itself, clung to Edward in the half-lit passages with a new terror which grew greater and greater every moment.

The galleries are often very narrow. If two could walk abreast, it was with the greatest difficulty sometimes, and Stella, in her vague yet pressing fear, drew very close to Edward, and he held her trembling hand within his arm, and, taking her taper, let one light serve for both. It was very strange, just those two in the long passages, with the

memories of by-gone days of worship and of martyrdom, troubled by the presentiment which afterward both acknowledged that they had felt upon them, and always just out of sight the people, just within hearing the laughter and conversation of the gayer sight-seers.

Suddenly and strangely—yet they both felt it was coming, or that something was coming—from a cross-way another light flickered across their path, and in the intersection of the feeble, smoky rays an old man in the dress of a priest of the Dominican order stood facing them. He barred their way, lifting his hand to stop them from proceeding.

Stella, in her strange mood, felt as if in a dream. She had stepped back into mediæval times. This was not modern Roman life. This was a scene from a romance. Her head was aching, her heart was beating, her mind seemed strangely sensitive to impression, and yet all the time, through shoots of pain and fear, she seemed to herself to be playing a part, living in the life of somebody else.

Edward had been trying to interest her. He suddenly stopped short, facing the Dominican priest, and a look of pleasure came into his face before, in a moment, Stella saw it change. It was an accidental meeting with one who had been an old friend of his boyhood, and from whom he was separated by an act which he knew to be right for himself, but of which, as now, the consequences seemed to be very hard.

For in a minute it became clear that the old priest knew Edward, and recognized the promising young pupil of the English Oratory, who had been for some time in Rome before, and now came back with changed "belief," if, as the old man could not know, with yet deeper earnestness and devotion in his soul.

The priest was French, and knew little English. However, both Stella and Edward understood his burning, rapid words of scorn and rebuke which, without preface, were directed at them both. Yes, at both. Coarse, cruel words—words which Edward would have undergone anything to prevent Stella even hearing—words which were meant to cut and lash her as him—words which there were no means of stopping; for Edward, least of all men on earth, and under the circumstances, could have used physical force to the old man, the priest, and the distinguished Dominican confessor. There was nothing to be done. Nothing! With Stella clinging to him half sobbing from terror and anger, as if she had indeed been a culprit who deserved the monk's strictures; with those accusations ringing in his ears of having cast off the holiest vows in order to marry, Edward, with flashing eyes and passionate gesture, could do nothing but herd the flood of stern rebuke which did not seem to touch *him* in his sensation of angry despair at the insults heaped upon Stella. It flashed across him that he had been guilty of bad taste in letting his engagement be even tacitly announced at Rome, though he, as an Englishman, were a comparative stranger there. But in the Catacombs how could he have expected to have met the man who knew about his secession, and had jumped at Stella as the cause. More words, coarse words, more cruel words going on—he tried to interrupt, it was of no use. A few bones lay on a

rock shelf close by, and just on one side Edward saw a skull protruding. He counted every bone in it in agony, while he tried to draw Stella closer to him, and to put his free hand over her ear as if to show her how she might shut out that torrent of abuse. Would nothing stop it? Why did not somebody miss them, and come back to see what had delayed two of the party? There was not a sound now but the rapid angry French of the old priest, who had seized what he considered had been a divinely sent opportunity to deliver a rebuke which he had been intending to give whenever he might meet Edward Shelley. On seeing the two together he had transferred his anger to Stella. He really was in earnest. He really was cut to the soul by the apostasy of Edward. And while blaming them, he had no idea how unfit was his language to be heard by any woman, least of all by such a girl as Stella. But her purity saved her from understanding all that Edward feared that she did. Yet as another might not have at once done, for Stella had read and thought—she recognized, through her shame and personal disgust, that the priest was laying a charge to Edward which was horrible in the extreme.

The priest thought that Edward had left the Romish Communion, not for God's glory, but for woman's love.

Suddenly strength seemed to be given her, and she raised herself up. She could, she would clear Edward's name from this stain. She would show that his motives had been pure.

"You mistake, mon père," she said in French in a tone which seemed that of a grave, dignified woman, no longer the sometimes grave and sometimes playful, but always clinging girl. "You mistake our relations, as much else."

The priest stopped.

"This, my cousin, had renounced connection with you months before he ever thought that I or any other woman would be anything to him. He left it——" Stella stopped. Angry as she was, she would not repay railing with railing. "He left it for the pure love of God and of His Church."

"That seems probable," replied the priest, ironically. "And I know little of your English customs. It is probable, also, that you would be here alone with your—cousin, if you were not married or fiancés. Do not lie, my daughter. You add sin to sin."

"I do not lie," replied Stella, proudly. "We were fiancés, but, since it is necessary——" She paused for a moment, and the damp, clammy air seemed to surround her and choke her and the passage in the rocks to grow narrower and narrower. "Since so it must be, for the honor of him whom I love, and for the greater glory of God, I——"

"Stella!" cried Edward, in anguish, "it is not necessary. I have thought of it."

She turned a white, still face to him.

"I am saying nothing rash. I, too, have thought. For the present, father, be our witness that we two give up our happiness. I am taking my share in this, the last of the many sacrifices which Edward has made."

"And as you witness that," added Edward, suddenly catching her spirit, "remember this also: we make our sacrifice of present happiness, not for my good name, but for the work to which I have been called. You know *what it is!* You know

why you are so bitter against me! And you know, too, what you have done to your own cause in turning what was my weakness into my strength. Come, Stella!"

The priest let them pass, then he turned to go.

The two former friends were now bitter foes. The Dominican would never forgive Edward. Edward would find it hard to forgive the Dominican. And so they parted in angry silence.

(To be continued.)

AUTUMN LEAVES FROM VALLOMBROSA.

BY SHAKESPEARE WOOD.

"Thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa"—they are falling now from the beech and the chestnut, and the minute pine leaves showering down with every sigh of the wind, until the ground is covered with a velvet carpet, and even the interstices of the paved carriage way filled with them. There is no fairer, healthier, more peaceful retreat from the summer heats of Florence than this "shady valley," as the name signifies, lying in the Tuscan Apennines, and chosen some eight hundred years ago for the cradle of a renowned branch of the Benedictine order, by the founder, John Gualberto, whose romantic history certainly furnished with one dramatic episode, the author of the most remarkable philosophical novel of our day, "John Inglesant." I am writing from the Hotel Croce di Savoia, right opposite the fine old monastery. This house was once the *foresteria*, or lodging for lay strangers, built by the hospitable monks, who, Ariosto says, were "courteous to whoever came here." The arms of the Vallombrosa Abbey are on the corner of the house front carved in dark grey stone: "from the left of the shield an arm in a monastic sleeve issues, holding a pastoral crozier with two lions' heads." Perhaps John Milton lodged in this very house. Strange to say, no record of his visit was ever found in the abbey archives; although "visitors' books" were invariably kept in the libraries of monasteries all throughout Italy. Well! the *foresteria* of Vallombrosa is now an hotel, and the proprietor, Signor Giovanni Bartolucci, deserves every praise for his efforts to make it comfortable to the numbers of visitors who throng thither from June until October, for rest and coolness, and recovery from sickness.

From the station of Pontassieve, the first south of Florence on the Arezzo-Rome line, it is a slow three hours' drive up the wooded mountains, across deep glens divided by tumbling streams, through solitary pine-woods, to this enchanted valley, with its fresh meadows encircled with trees, embroidered in spring with flowers and even now blushing with the autumn crocus; while up the hills, among the young pine plantations the ground is starred with the large silver thistle, which is part of everyone's busy idleness at Vallombrosa to gather and dry in the sun at the open windows; after which process the flower is preserved for years.

The abbey church is a very fine building. A few monks are left to take care of it. There is daily mass at 7 A.M., and on Sundays high mass at 9 A.M. The twenty or thirty pupils of the Istituto Forestale, a

kind of land-surveying school now established in the monastery, attend the Sunday mass; some peasants and work-people, and Italian sojourners at the hotel form the rest of the scanty congregation. The Istituto Forestale is small and shrunken for its locality. Three tables in the fine old refectory and a few shelves in the spacious library, half filled with modern books and pamphlets, scantily replace the industrious Benedictines, who numbered in very modern times the distinguished botanist, Don Buono Faggi, and Henry Hugford, the restorer of the art of *scagliola*, and others. One of the present sojourners at Vallombrosa, having occasion for some meteorological information, was referred by the professor in the library to one of the monks in the court of the church who kept the observatory. There was not even a thermometer in the secularized monastery.

High up above the abbey, on a vast rock projecting from the fir-clothed mountain, stands an ancient hermitage called the Paradisino (little Paradise). It is now the *accusante* of the hotel, and a more delightful nook for summer rest and study cannot be imagined. From the terrace front the whole Valdarno can be seen as far as Florence. The echoes from the outer world scarce reach this spot. Only a chance shot in the woods, or the wood-cutter's axe at rare intervals, or a distant owl hooting across the glen. Close by is the mountain torrent of the Acqua Bella, leaping down its rugged led of primeval stones. The perfume of the pines scents the air at midday, breathing balm. How the monks of the West knew how to choose the sites of their retreats!

Giovanni Gualberto, who founded the Order of Vallombrosa in this place, A.D. 1023, seven years after he had retired from the world for the cloister, was the son of a rich and powerful Florentine knight, Gualberto di Bis-domini di Petrojo in Val di Pesa. This family, descended from that of the Roman Catiine, of which, fleeing from Rome after the discovery of the famous conspiracy, two cousins settled respectively in Umbria and Florence, taking the surname of Bis-domini (twice-lords), from their masterful and proud characters. The saints' mother was Camilla of the ducal Tuscan house, and grand-daughter of Ugo, King of Italy.

Gualberto and Camilla had two sons, Ugo and Giovanni. Ugo having been murdered by one of their relations, Gualberto, the father, being prevented by his great age from revenging his death with his own hands, solemnly and under his curse committed the execution of feudal vengeance to his only surviving son, Giovanni Gualberto. This young man, although by nature averse to shedding blood, felt himself obliged by filial obedience and knightly honor to accept the mandate. Therefore he armed himself and accompanied by his esquires, rode for many days in search of the murderer. At last finding him, as it happened, on a Good Friday, in a mountain pass so narrow and steep that the guilty man had no chance of escape, Giovanni drew his sword to slay the destroyer of his only brother. But the murderer fell on his knees, and stretching out his arms like the cross, besought his adversary to spare his life for the love of Jesus Christ crucified and dead for them both on that day. Giovanni struck with emotion at

such a remembrance, sheathed his sword, forgave his enemy and embracing him, said: "I cannot refuse what you ask me in the name of Jesus Christ. I grant you not only your life, but I will be your friend. Pray God to forgive my sins."

But Giovanni returned no more to his father's house. He betook himself to the next church he came to on his way, San Miniato al Monte. There, prostrate before the crucifix he wept and repented of his evil purpose, and returned thanks that he had been saved from shedding human blood. Then, resolving to abandon the world and all its fallacious grandeur and pleasures, and to devote himself wholly to the service of God, he threw himself at the feet of the Abbot of San Miniato and prayed to be admitted to the order which was that of Cluny. Much and fierce was the opposition of his father and friends to his purpose; but he at last assumed the monastic habit, and distinguished himself by his piety and humility. At the death of the abbot, the monks elected Giovanni to that dignity, but he steadfastly refused it, and made the monks choose another head. Soon after, longing for solitude and a more perfect life, he and another religious went to Camaldoli, where they sojourned long. Here they had the advantage of the spiritual counsels of San Romaldo, patriarch of the Camaldolesi; and finally Giovanni proceeded to Vallombrosa, to found a hermitage under the first rule of St. Benedict. He was soon joined by others from the world, and from monasteries, where relaxed rule made the "perfect life" almost as difficult as in the world itself with its turmoils. The Abbey of Vallombrosa soon grew famous for the sanctity of its inmates, and the lords of the surrounding lands bestowed them upon the monks to reclaim and to cultivate. I do not find the extensive donations of landed property to the Church by the great feudal barons so very magnificent a generosity, for the monastic foundations were principally in desert places, or impenetrable forests, which, with patient intelligent labor, all the branches of the Monks of the West made to "blossom like the rose."

Giovanni Gualberto founded three monasteries in the Apennines, reformed four near Florence, Arezzo, Siena, and Pistoja, and had three monasteries given to him in other parts of Tuscany. The houses he founded were built according to the rule of poverty, and had nothing superfluous. One day, having gone to visit that of Moscheto, he found the building too spacious and commodious, and calling the abbot, Rodolfo, he said, smiling: "You have built a palace for your pleasure, and you have spent sums upon it which would have served to relieve the needs of many poor." Then turning to a little stream flowing by, he said: "Almighty God, let this stream quickly avenge me of this enormous building." Soon after he left tempests swelled the stream, which speedily became a torrent, carrying along with it huge stones and uprooting trees, so that the new monastery was quite destroyed. The abbot, in a fright, thought of choosing another site, but the saint dissuaded him, assuring him the like would never happen again. Another time, having heard that a nobleman had been accepted in one of his monasteries, who had bestowed all his fortune upon it, to the prejudice of his heirs, Giovanni Gualberto hastened thither, asked

for the act of donation, which he tore into fragments, and prayed God to punish this monastery. Scarcely had he left when it took fire, and was more than half burned, the saint being so full of holy indignation that he never even turned to look at it. One of the rules of the order being abstinence from animal food, on an occasion of great penury, when only three loaves remained in his monastery, Giovanni Gualberto caused a sheep to be killed and cooked; but his monks refused to eat flesh, contenting themselves with each a mouthful of bread. Next day a train of oxen arrived at the monastery, laden with sacks of corn and flour. Other interesting traditions tell of more instances of patient trust for "daily bread" in like manner rewarded.

Giovanni Gualberto put those who desired to join his order to a rude proof. Before admission to the noviciate at Vallombrosa, each candidate had to act as swine-herd for some days, and clean the pig-styes daily with his own hands. Those who persevered entered the noviciate under the strict rule of St. Benedict, and at the end of the year had to lie prostrate for three days, in continual silence, meditating upon the Passion of Christ; after which they took the vows for life. Our saint's example made a great reformation in the lives of the regular clergy, and he stoutly opposed the sin of simony, so common then in the Church. Pietro da Pavia, Bishop of Florence, having purchased his mitre for six thousand crowns, all the Vallombrosan monks in the diocese refused to acknowledge him for bishop. More than this, they stirred up many of the people and clergy against him. The bishop, to frighten the insurgents, ordered the monks who had protested against him to be executed. Having heard that Giovanni Gualberto was at the monastery of S. Salvo, he sent his emissaries there. The saint had left the preceding day, but, rushing into the church where the monks were reciting Nocturns, they cut and wounded them, overturned the altars, took whatever they could find, and set fire to the monastery. Such violence only rendered the bishop more odious, and increased the party who sided with the monks. They were regarded as martyrs, and people hastened to S. Salvo bearing necessities for them. Giovanni Gualberto came and congratulated the abbot for their sufferings in the cause of justice. He then, with some of the monks, went to Rome to Pope Alexander II., and at the Lateran Council of 1063, they accused the Bishop of Florence of simony and heresy, offering to prove the charge by undergoing the trial by fire. Nevertheless the pope would neither depose the bishop nor grant the monks the fiery ordeal. One hundred bishops sided with the Florentine, but the great Archbishop Hildebrand, afterward Gregory VII., took part with the Vallombrosan monks.

The wicked Bishop of Florence, seeing that Rome had not condemned him, increased in pride and violence. Protected also by Godfrey the Hunchback, Duke of Florence, he persecuted all the clergy, secular as well as regular, who refused to acknowledge him. Pope Alexander II. went to Florence, and saw the wood prepared for the ordeal by fire, into which the monks were ready to throw themselves to prove the simony of the bishop, but he refused to examine into the controversy. The

disorder increased, however, until the clergy and people, weary of bearing such anarchy, assembled, and requested the bishop to clear himself of the accusation against him. His own partisans among the clergy offered to bear the ordeal for him if he was innocent, and to accord with the monks in order to effect it. The bishop refused, and obtained an order from the civil authority to imprison all who refused to acknowledge him, to confiscate the property of those who escaped, and that the recusant clergy, who had taken refuge in the suburban church of San Pietro, should be driven from Florence. In execution of this order, on the first Saturday in Lent, 1067, the clergy being assembled in the said church to recite the divine offices, they were expelled without regard to the sanctity of the place. The people gathered in crowds, the women especially lamenting loudly and invoking St. Peter against the new Simon Magus. The men even threatened to set fire to the city. The bishop's clergy, in great alarm, closed all the churches. They then assembled together, and sent to entreat the monks to let them know the truth, promising to follow it. First, however, they had asked the bishop, if he was innocent, to join with them in inviting the monks to the ordeal. But he remained obstinate in refusing. The clergy and people then hastened to the monastery of Settimo—in number, about 8,000 persons, men, women and children—summoning the monks to go through the ordeal by fire, in proof of what they asserted against the bishop. The people then heaped up two great piles of wood about five feet high, with a narrow path between them on which they spread dry pieces of wood. Amid psalms and litanies, the abbot chose the monk Pietro, afterward called Igneo, (of fire,) to undergo the ordeal. He first celebrated Mass, every one of his brethren in tears and sobs the while. At the *Agnus Dei*, four monks went to light the fire; one carrying the crucifix, another the holy water, a third two lighted wax torches, and the fourth the thurible with the incense. At sight of them the people cried *Kyrie Eleison* with lamenting tones, prayed Christ to defend His own cause, and the women invoked the Blessed Virgin to intercede with her Son. Peter, having ended the Mass, came carrying a cross and singing the litany with the other monks, full of confidence in God. One of the abbots present then read aloud a declaration in which they called God to witness that they undertook the ordeal for the salvation of souls, endangered by the abominable sin of simony. Peter, praying with a loud voice that if the Bishop of Florence had bought the see with money, Christ would save him from the flames as He had saved the children in the Fiery Furnace, boldly entered the path of red-hot coals between the now flaming piles. His eyes fixed on the cross which he held in his hands, he walked slowly through the fire, disappearing for some moments until he issued forth unhurt at the other side.

The enthusiasm of the people was indescribable, and they nearly crushed him to death in trying to tear or cut off morsels of his clothes, or kiss his feet, or the hem of his robe.

When Pope Alexander II. heard this, he gave ear to the entreaties of the people of Florence, and deposed the bishop, who submitted, repented, joined the Vallombrosan

order in this very monastery of Settimo, and devoted his property to the hospital of the place.

Giovanni Gualberto lived until past eighty years of age. He died at one of his foundations, Passignano, and was mourned by all Tuscany. His remains were brought to his beloved Vallombrosa, and he was canonized by Pope Celestine III. in 1193.

Vallombrosa preserved a good report even in after ages of monastic corruption. The monastery was sacked by the French in 1810, and the inmates dispersed. They were reinstated again in 1819, to be again expelled in 1860. If truth may be told, liberal Tuscans are regretting the monks, and bitterly complaining of the reckless way the present Italian government is selling the magnificent forests, which are doomed to the axe.

Vallombrosa claims Gregory VII. as a monk of their order, of whom Napoleon I. said: "If I were not Napoleon, I should like to be Gregory VII." This great pope has been generally called a monk of Cluny, but Giovanni Gualberto, to whom he was kin, was also first a monk of Cluny before he sought the more "perfect life" in this shady and peaceful valley.

THE REV. MR. BLACKMAN OF THE WEST INDIES PREACHES A TEMPERANCE SERMON ON BOARD THE STEAMER.

BY J. D.

My fellow-passengers, I 'tank our kind captain for axin' me to 'dress a few words to you, for dis seem to be just de place to 'peak on de 'ings I hab been t'inkin' about: an' I t'ink when a minister is sowin' de seed he should t'ink a little 'bout how de seed will fit de soil him is sowin' it 'pon. No use to plant coffee in de sand; you must plant it up in de mountain. No use to plant sweet potatoes up in de mountain, 'cause dey b'longs to de sand. An' so, my brederin, I tek my sermon out ob de whale, an' we will see if we can get any'ting out ob him, besides Jonah. Well, my brederin, we all know dat de whale swallow Jonah. An' I want you to tek 'pecial notice ob dat word "swallow," for it is de nall 'pon which my discourse is to hang himself 'pon. Well, my brederin, we hab a great feelin' for Jonah. Fust, dey wake him up out ob him sleep, an' den t'row him into de sea, an' den a great fish swallow him up. An' we t'ink ob him lock up in dat dark jail, when him did not 'leak nor cuss nor kark, an' we wonder how him lib widout a breath ob air for t'ree days, an' all our feelin' go out 'pon Jonah, an' we neber 'member to sorry for dat poor whale, wid dat big live load in him 'tomach. But before I get t'rou, my brederin, I will show you dat neider Jonah nor de whale was wantin' de sympat'y. I t'ink t'ings is neber so bad when we know de ins an' outs ob dem, as when dey lay dere bare ob dere meanin's. Now, my comrades, dat whale was prepare to entertain Jonah for dat t'ree days an' t'ree nights. Jonah write it wid him own hand in de book dat is call after himself. Furdernore, he say, "De Lord prepare de whale." Well, now, my brederin, when we prepare to receive a guest, we get him t'ings dat will mek him comfortable: an' do you t'ink dat de Lord pre-

pure dat whalin' ship for Jonah widout de comforts ob life, not only for Jonah, but for de whale? Yes, my comrades, I know Jonah had plenty ob room in dat ship, for he tell us dat he prayed; an' we know he was a Jew, an' we know a Jew always 'tand up to pray; an' den we know dat he could see out, for he say, "Aldo I am cast out ob sight, yet can I look towards de holy temple." So I say, my comrades, just trust de Lord. Even when de great whales ob trouble swallow you up, 'member He hab prepared de trouble, an' you will come out, like Jonah, a better man, if you only pray. Now, as I look 'pon de sailors dat is settin' down here before me, it bring to my mind de nail dat I is hangin' my discourse 'pon, which is de word "swallow," an' I want to mek you know dat dis fish, weder he was a whale, or weder he was a alligator, or weder he was a great leviathan himself, couldn't hab swallow Jonah an' 'ib. Jonah would hab choke him, an' dey both would hab gone to de bottom ob de sea, an' you will come out, like Jonah, an' dey both would hab gone to de bottom ob de sea, an' 'taird dere to dis day. So you see it tek a 'pecial miracle to prepare de fish so dat both he an' Jonah could lib, for you see, my brederin, de Lord wanted to save Jonah; but yet you must not mek a mistake and t'ink, because de whale was prepare to tek somethin' in him 'tomach dat hab no business dere, an' get no hurt from it, dat you an' me can put in all de grog we put in our 'tomach widout it hurtin' us. I tell you, if any one say so, dey is tellin' a big lie, for de Lord will never prepare a man's 'tomach for him to get drunk. De Lord will go out ob Him way to mek a miracle to save a man, but Him neber go out ob Him way to mek a miracle to dam' a man.

I tell you, my comrades, St. Paul know what he was bout when him put a limit to de quantity ob wine dat our 'tomach was prepared for. If we was to pay more 'tention to dat word "little," we would neber mek boasts ob ourselves, by ober drinkin' or ober eatin', for de Lord hab write de word moderation pon our mounts an' troats, as well as pon our tongues, an if we would only write it pon ebery plate an' glass we eat an drink out ob, de hospitals and jails would hab 'pare rooms, an' de doctors would hab time for de healin ob dere own souls, an' de lawyers would hab Sunday to plead dere own cause wid de Judge ob all de eart. De "roarin' lion" would be beginn de mouse to let him out ob de net, an' de minister ob de gospel would hab to use caution when dey is giben out dat 'trong doctrine ob eberlasting punishment, an' gibe de Lord de credit ob usin de moderation in de next world, dat he hab giben to us to use in "all tings" here. An I beg you my sailor comrades an all dat bear me dis day, when you hab to tek somethin' 'tronger dan coffee for yore "tomach sake," 'member de word "little" hab to go 'long side ob it—and hab caution write pon de bottle just de same as you hab it write pon de laudneum bottle, for dey are both pisin, if dey are not swallow wid moderation. An my comrades if you will use dis prescription you will never be kep out ob de Kingdom ob Heaben, for de want ob neber habin any senses left to find you soul wid. I hab write moderation pon de plate I eat out ob, an pon de glass I drink out ob, an pon de pipe I smoke out ob, an I find dey all do me good; an I trust dat dis sermon which is prepar' wid "caution" an "moderation" will be swallow by you.

An I hope dat your hearts bein "prepared" by de Lord will find de prayers dat are wrapped up in et, will act as a rudder to 'teer you 'trait to Canaans shore. An now I will say "so be et," which in de original translation mean, Amen.

THE DYING PRIEST.

I am failing very fast, and my friends do not know how fast. Their love will not let them see it, but it is so, for all that, for all their undeserved love. My book lies open, and I hardly read it. All I can do is to think and pray. I am glad to be alone. I look up at my books, old companions, faithful friends. I shall not see them much longer. Perhaps my friends will carry me from my study, as they did Leigh Richmond, to my dying bed.

I wish I had used my books better. How ignorant I am! I know almost nothing. Well, I need know nothing now but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. O Si Jesus crucifixus in cor nostrum veniret quam cito et sufficienter docti essemus.

My books! There are very few among them but the writers have long ago gone before me. They are at rest. I entered into their labors. Would I had labored as they did. I am afraid that much of my activity was self-seeking. I followed my own fancies, and where I found no pleasure I did nothing. O lost hours, days, years, which never can return! Lord have mercy on me. I used to dislike being disturbed when I was reading. It should have been a pleasure to me, as to Mary, "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

I have had many little troubles and many little triumphs which I thought over in this room. Little, indeed! How little do they seem now! Thank God, I have had many consolations here, and many an answer to prayer. I have gained more wisdom when kneeling there than reading here, little as I did gain; but that was my fault.

From this window I see the churchyard where I have laid so many parishioners, and where others will soon lay me. What a history there is in each grave, in each lane and cottage of my parish; a history which greatly concerns the dead and myself. We shall have both to give an account, I, alas! a double account, one of my people, and one of myself. O blessed Jesus, they were Thy people, Thy sheep, for whom Thou didst shed Thy precious blood.

And there stands the old church amongst the trees, where my predecessors served in long succession. I thought too little of them. Soon I shall be forgotten as they are, "the place thereof shall know me no more." What does the "Imitatio" say? "In vita sua aliquid esse videbantur, et modo de illis tacetur."

That church reminds me of much presumption and neglect. O that I had been more reverent, more recollected. What a blessing I have enjoyed not only in being kept in the Communion of the Holy Catholic Church, but by serving in her ministry! What an honor, what a responsibility it was to speak in God's name, and to offer the holy sacrifice at His altar! And who was I that any should open their hearts to me, and that I, who needed pardon so greatly, should absolve the true penitent? I was long a teacher, now I am a learner in the school of suffering, weakness and help-

lessness. I am called upon to put my own advice into practice, and to show resignation and patience. O Lord, help me, I can do nothing alone. I have told others how to die. Did I know how myself? Will the grounds of faith and hope which I suggested to others suffice me in my last struggle? I shall soon prove this. "In the hour of death, good Lord deliver me." Me also, even me.

Alas! it was so easy to stand outside a man, and tell him what to do and say. I wish I had known myself more and my flock more. I was impatient with the dull and ignorant and wayward, although God was not impatient with me, but waited for me year after year. I was wanting in sympathy, and what is that but want of love? Very different would have been the effect of my sermons, reproofs, consolations, advice, if I had been full of sympathy, if it had been heart to heart. I am afraid my people love me more than I loved them, and much more than I deserve. Ah! they do not know me, and God does!

Why were my visits and sermons unspiritual? Would not God have made me spiritual if I had prayed earnestly? He made St. Paul sufficient, and he would have made me sufficient for my humble cure. What can I do now? I will send for A. and B. to-morrow—if I am spared—or, at any rate, send a loving message. It might do D. good to take leave of his poor old pastor.

I have witnessed a wonderful revival, and have enjoyed great privileges. The Church is hardly the same Church as she was, and will, I trust, advance still more when I am gone. I wonder what changes my successor will make. I have made many changes myself, and not all of them wise or wisely brought in. Perhaps he will make greater and better, and will carry them out with more prudence, patience, and benefit. I daresay I have fallen behind, as my predecessors seemed to me to have done. Most likely, therefore, things ought not to stand as they are. I thought they should not stand as they were when I came here.

I used to live by a tidal river, and at flood-tide the stream ran strong up in the middle and ebbed along the banks; then at the ebb all this was reversed. Just so my power and usefulness are all flowing away, and only the weaker and weaker remains of my work are to be seen here and there. It is time for a new flood-tide, for new zeal and vigor to show themselves in the parish.

O Good Shepherd, send, I beseech Thee, a worthier pastor to tend Thy poor sheep, one wiser and better in all ways than me, the poor sinner. May he never fall into my mistakes and neglects. May he make amends for my many and grievous deficiencies.

"O to me grant the meaneat place,
There under the feet;
Under the feet of Thine elect."

I wish I had made more allowance for the faults of my dear people. What should I have done if I had been in their place, and exposed to their temptations? I am glad that I was not promoted, I have been very happy dwelling among my people. What could such an one as I do with preferment? If I have been such a failure here, what should I not have been in a larger sphere, with greater difficulties and responsibilities? If St. Ansbrose died penitentially, stretching out his arms crosswise; if St. Augustine

died weeping over the penitential psalms written upon the wall, what should not be my condition in my last hours?

But first I will say those prayers from the Paradise:

"O good Jesu, I beseech Thee by the love of the Eternal Father, and the last words on the Cross, wherewith Thou didst commend Thy Spirit to the Father, receive Thou my spirit at the close of my life."

"O God the Holy Ghost, have mercy upon me; and by Thy holy inspiration strengthen me at all times, and chiefly in the hour of my death."

"O most Holy Trinity, One God, have mercy upon me, now and in the hour of death."

"I can no more. I feel as if I were going very soon. They will come directly and move me. God bless them for all their care and love. Glory to God, as St. Chrysostom always said, and when he was dying, Glory be to God. "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest." "I know that my Redeemer liveth. . . . Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." "Amen. Come Lord Jesus."

WORDS OF COMFORT.

BY THE REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

Yes, you may be sure that your "sin will find you out." Sooner or later the rebound of overstrained law will come. Be not disturbed about your wicked and prosperous neighbors, my friend. God will take care of them! Let us be concerned chiefly about ourselves. Your thoughts, in the main, are correct, yet here and there need bringing back to a straight line.

That heaven is a condition there can be no doubt; it may, of course, be a place, also. As a state, it is one of supreme happiness; that it is a locality, too, I do not understand that it is necessary to believe. "Where it is," if it be a place as well as a condition, since no one can tell, so is it unnecessary that any one should conjecture. One thing we may not dispute, and that is, that if we wish to enjoy it fully, we must make ourselves able to do so by the cultivation of a heavenly spirit and the formation of a capacity for doing so.

You may take to these "views" or not. They are not "articles of religion."

Faith is not consent to some merely intellectual proposition, acceptance of some dogmatic definition. We do not "believe in" Christ, as we "believe" the Creed. Our acceptance of a doctrine is an act of the mind. Our trust in a Saviour is the repose of the soul on Him. The latter is a natural act of the religious man; the former is an effort, a constrained act of the will. Credulity is an excess—simple trust in God that He will do for us what His Son has revealed and promised us that His Father will do. This is faith.

You cannot sow seed, lie down to sleep, put one foot before another, without faith—some sort or quality of trust in God, the unseen Giver, of the ability to do these things. Faith is thus natural, infidelity

abnormal. It is far easier, and far more natural, too, to be trustful, than to be suspicious, just as to be born able to see is the rule, to be born blind exceptional and irregular. Only, our spiritual consent is an earnest and fervent thing, and where it is so, then a living, saving faith.

Some one illustrates it thus: On the Atlantic lies the Chesapeake. Taste its waters; they are salt. It is only the old ocean which has at last cut its way into the land those hundreds of miles. And so with faith—trust Godward. It is only an arm of a broad sea. The universal laws of mind and the perpetual nature of God, these are the great ocean, only a bay of which has worn its channel, for the ages past, in toward Calvary and the Cross. Disbelief is the shutting up of a natural sense—faith, the regular and eternal channel of salvation. If you like this writer's illustration I am glad. You see that God has made no severe and arbitrary decree. Jehovah is not the Calligula your . . . depicts him. Faith is a condition universal to mind and soul. Of what does it not lie at the basis? It underlies the confidence and mutual love of friends, even of husband and wife. Obedience to law, on the part of the bad citizen, even, rests much on his belief, his belief that the State is strong enough to enforce that law, and even on the part of the good citizen that it is wise, well-meant, and for the common weal.

Faith again? Yes, in one form or another, faith always! Though it be a weak faith, it is faith. Our human hearts crave the Infinite. We are so made that nothing that has bounds satisfies, or can satisfy us. I rejoice that this is so. I see in every such thought the feathers of the wings of the souls' immortality. Was ever artist satisfied with his brush-work or sculptor with the handwork of his chisel? I am not now defending dissatisfaction, but unsatisfaction. The truly ambitious soul never did in its life an act but the moment it was done we felt we had within us the power to have done it better. And as in lower things we thirst for higher excellence, so in spiritual things we do for the very highest excellence—God Himself. I am, thus, not surprised at your self-depreciation. It is common; it is natural. But temporary religious depression should not discourage. If hunger and thirst on for the supreme and illimitable goodness. Trust; hope. And, as two given colors, mixed, give a third, let your hope and your trust give you faith as the resultant. And pray on: "Help thou mine unbelief"—not my no-faith, but my poor and weak faith.

Yes; intellect enters into faith as well as heart. Some one makes a beautiful use of Chamouni and Mount Blanc. Standing, says he, in the vale, you look off and up, and behold the mount. From a vast sea of pines it rises, and its brow pierces the blue like a wedge driven into the sky. It is the king of the mountains. It is draped with ermine, and turbaned with clouds. There it has stood for centuries. It is older than Moses. It typifies eternity. Sinai is a child beside it. And so he goes on; on the broad palms of the thoughts with which it fills the beholder, the soul is captured and lifted up from nature to the God of nature. You who have stood in that lonely vale can real-

ize the description. And so, when looking upon the phenomena of Christ's life, example and death. In them, the eye beholds the image of the Divine, and from merely intellectual consent, which may be only cold, becomes a spiritual consent, which, to be at all, can be only glowing and enthusiastic.

No, you may not expect a perfect state of faith, or of life, though there is the injunction—"be ye perfect even as your Father is perfect." Be perfect in intent; but how, in act and fact? "Unprofitable servants," you remember—even when we shall have done all! When anything is perfect on earth, then this world must need cease to be earth—it will be heaven, or heaven begun. Suspect your "perfectionist" friends of Boanergian (possibly, more correctly, Bar-macbean) zeal; yet fault him not to his face: if it, Salvation Army, and all, be not of God, it will come to naught. God will take care of such things! Let us let Him. But, above all things, grieve not that you are not yet perfect, for that were to grieve that you have not yet been gathered to your fathers.

The religion of Christ has never been tested. No one has even yet lived it! Its ideal none have reached. Only He, Himself. I cannot agree with you that "Christ, too, had a soul to save, as well as other men." But I will not here go into the matter with you. Read Robertson, Phillips Brooks; let Maurice go where Shakespeare says physic be thrown.

I think it is the first of these writers who refers to the seeming doubt of the Master even. Doubts are not in themselves sins. God may not love the soul to doubt; but He is willing that it should—"hesitate and discriminate." I quite liked the thought (as you did) and here bring you back to it. I think you do St. Thomas injustice, however. He was not "void of faith." The others had all done the same. They all doubted. The story of Mary seemed an idle tale to everyone of them. He had only a weak faith. I love him and honor him. I am afraid I should have done the same thing. And, you, too.

Now, the "seeming doubt" of the Master, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me." And mounts, and crosses on them, you (and all) have had; losses, sufferings, afflictions, disappointments, bedsores, aches and pains of heart, and deaths. Yea, verily, my friend. St. Paul had. David had. All the saints and saintly. Men are crucified hourly; they "die daily." A feeling of forsakenness, not natural? Why, it is as common as the air we breathe. It is the first cry of the bleeding heart. It comes as naturally as the infant's mysterious instinct for food. And if it be not pardonable, too, then the Master was not, for, as He hung upon His cross, He cried the cry! You, from yours, can hardly be less vulnerable; and are assuredly as pardonable. Only add "help Thou mine unbelief." The weakness of my trust.

Your state of heart is no proof either of God's forsaking you, or of your evil heart, or of a lost trust. Feelings are seas, and every wave is change. Hearts are one eternal ebb and flow. We are often as unreasonably lifted up on them, as we are irresistibly "cast down." Be not cast

down, oh, thy soul. All these things are, for the most part, as much beyond our control as the flow of the tides. If we cannot judge impartially of ourselves in other moments, how can we do so dispassionately in moments such as you describe? Neither of acts, nor of feelings, nor of motives.

A preacher of "comfortable words" illustrates this thus: A mother leaves her child. It bewails her, and wonders why it is left thus. Is not mourning after the mother, absent, as great and as beautiful an evidence of love, as rejoicing in the mother present?

The child when the mother is present, gazes into her face; when she is absent, it gazes after her face, although, it may be through a window all dimmed and blotched by its own tears. I like the thought.

Behold, now, "how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand." More "crumbs of comfort," I hope, though you do contradict me and call them "loaves of comfort." I am glad you find them so; and, that others may eat of the same, I keep copies of my letters; and excuse if I mix my metaphors just here. 'You did yours, for you spoke of "loaves," and then reminded me to be sure and send "a full ounce" under the new postal laws, whereas a loaf must weigh—a pound.

OUR WORRIES.

BY DORA HOPE.

Perhaps one of the greatest misfortunes incident to poor human nature is to have been born with a "worry" disposition.

To other eyes these afflicted ones may appear to have everything that heart can wish for, not a single cause for anxiety, nothing to do but be happy and enjoy life to the full; still—they will find something to be uneasy about, and to fidget themselves and every one else with. And when this stumbling-block in their way is once found, how they dwell on it, hover round it, and magnify it, looking at it on all sides, and bemoaning afresh each new aspect of it; till it assumes in their eyes appalling dimensions, though to others it appears the merest mole-hill.

It is surprising how many of the ordinary occurrences of life may be looked upon as trials should one give the mind carefully to the search for them; and if the quest be pursued we shall probably find before long that we are much more ill-used than our neighbors. For no man ever yet devoted himself with energy to bewailing his own woes without discovering that he had more to bear than anybody else. Surely no one in the world before ever made so many bad debts, or was so badly served by tradesmen, or had such unappreciative friends. But at any rate there is this little drop of consolation for such a one—it is at least a distinction from the ordinary run of mortals, to be the very most unfortunate person in the world.

A lady who had sorely tried the patience of her clergyman, by her constant complaints of troubles which were purely imaginary, and calamities which might possibly happen in the future, once met the very unexpected rebuff: "Madam, pray to God that you may have a real trouble, it would save you from a world of anxieties."

Strangely enough a terrible grief came upon her soon after in the loss of her only child, but she rose to meet this affliction with uncomplaining heroism, and, having once tasted real trouble, was content to wait for it in the future till it was sent her from God's hand, without creating unnecessary griefs for herself, and going to meet real sorrows half way.

It is a common expression that some one "enjoys very bad health." Very often the remark is more literally true than the speaker is aware of. Some people do enjoy it, and are never so perfectly happy as when talking about their sufferings, and the quantities of medicine they are obliged to take. They do not suffer pain but agony, and they have been told by their doctors again and again that no such sufferer ever lived before. Still they are able to detail minutely their sensations and symptoms, and no matter what turn you may give the conversation, it always trends round again to the subject of their health. If they expect to get pitied, it is to be feared they will be disappointed, for silent suffering is generally the most acute, and the patient bearing of it is even more deserving of sympathy than noisy garrulous talk. Too often these "wois" complainings grow like the cry of "wolf" in the fable, and when a time of true anguish comes, no sympathizing helpful friend is to be found.

"You are looking in low spirits this morning," I said to a neighbor, who was very proud of his daughter, a bright, lively girl of eighteen. "Oh, yes," he said, dismally, "I can't shake it off, it is my Lucy, your know, she is sure to be getting married before long; I cannot expect to keep her at home many years longer, and I cannot think what I shall do without her."

Foolish short-sightedness, or rather long-sightedness! which was so anxious to deny sorrow in the distance as to blight all the good and happiness of the present, although the thing he feared might never happen, or coming, might prove a life-long blessing.

We do not know to-morrow's needs, nor can we find them out by much thinking; but God knows, and has even now provided for them. All is arranged, and we have only to keep steadily on our journey. "Give us *this day* our daily bread," was the divinely taught prayer, no permission is given us to demand to see what is provided for to-morrow. The children of Israel had manna only for one day, and human nature seems to have been much the same then as it is now, for they persisted in trying to take thought for the morrow, laying by the food which turned to corruption.

Let us, then, be thankful for to-day's good, sure that strength for to-morrow's troubles, and wisdom to guide us through to-morrow's difficulties, will be awaiting us when we awake to-morrow morning.

The misery people cause themselves by fruitless worrying about money is untold. A careful forethought is a very different thing from a foolish anxiety. A due exercise of the former and a wise precaution is highly to be commended, but the eager, restless "making haste to be rich," or anxious, unreasonable fear of losing that which we love, is like a fever, which, unless checked and allayed, will burn out a life.

Strange as it may appear, some most excellent Christian people fall into this habit of worry; people who fret and fume, and

make themselves miserable over trifles, which a moment's calm thought might remove, or a quiet reflection show to be not worthy to cause annoyance. They take fright at the first suspicion of danger, and rush at once to the extremest conclusions. A person in a neighboring street is said to be ill with some infectious complaint. The whole family is certain to take it, they always do take everything. One of the children runs in rosy from play; oh! she is flushed, she has begun with it already. It is sure to be the worst time of the year to take it, and particularly dangerous just at all the children's ages. The poor soul frightens herself and everybody else, till it is probable she will induce the sickness she is so anxious to avoid.

There are real troubles to be faced, real anxieties to be borne, irritating circumstances that give occasion to irritating moods, but these are all best met by those who see things in their true proportions, and do not magnify every little vexation. The greatest charm in a high Christian life, and the greatest privilege pertaining to a perfect trust in God is that calm of the spirit which nothing short of falling faith can disturb. The Christian, happy in this state, may be torn by sorrows, buffeted by misfortunes, trials, persecutions, or tried by perpetual trifling annoyances and petty vexations, which like a cloud of gnats irritate and harass, but he does not lose his self-possession. Deep within the soul lies hope, and faith remains unshaken. Sorrows are keenly felt if the heart is tender, but their sting is gone; cares press heavily, and little worries annoy, but a Hand stronger than ours is lightening the load, and there is a gleam of light even through the blackest cloud. In the dark day we may yet see our Father's sympathizing smile. Oh what do not they lose who have never known this inward peace! Would that each face wore the reflection of this inner light!

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

It has been said that "Dust by its own nature can rise only a little above the road, and birds which fly high never have it on their wings. So the heart that soars high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air."

There is a well-worn anecdote of an old woman going along a road with a heavy basket on her arm, when she was overtaken by a gentleman in a gig, who told her to get up behind him, and he would take her home. Presently, on looking round, he saw her still sitting there, holding her load in her arms. "Why, my good woman," he cried, "why do you not put down your basket, when you have a chance of a rest?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "it was so kind of you to carry me, I could not trouble you to carry my basket as well."

A good many of us are very much like this old woman. We accept Christ's offer of salvation, but think that if He will get our souls safely to heaven, it is too much to ask Him to take any thought for our temporal affairs as well; so we go on worrying ourselves about all possible troubles, and insist upon bearing all the burden ourselves of those we already have. Some of us are not even content with our own affairs, but we must needs go about with the cares of the world upon our shoulders.

There are some people who find a vast number of worries in the world, and yet do not enjoy them, nor gloat over them more than they can help. People who wake in the morning feeling irritable with everybody and vexed with themselves for being so. And just when they are most cross and worried, the cares of the household are unusually heavy; all the ordinary, everyday duties seem to grow and magnify themselves; everything wants attending to at once; the day's work will not fit into the day, and the grasshopper becomes a burden. I would remind such that physical ill-health is sometimes the cause of our mental troubles, and that many of our most serious worries are traceable to the liver. A good walk, a little change, or medical prescription; and lo! the mind recovers its tone, the burden is lifted, the anxiety is gone; there are smiles and laughter instead of worries and complaining.

If the mind is trained to dwell on the mercies and blessings of daily life, they will be found to outweigh the crosses; and in proportion as we accustom ourselves to think of the good things we have, so will the contemplation of the evil become distasteful, the crosses will fade, if not vanish entirely, before our renewed cheerfulness, for we cannot be sad or irritable if our mind is kept persistently full of thankfulness for our many mercies.

But there are others of us who never trouble ourselves with unnecessary fears for the future, and whose digestion and nervous system are all that could be wished, yet who still suffer constant anxiety, and a perpetual depression of spirits, and have the poor consolation of knowing that it is all our own fault.

Who does not know the dejection induced by having risen in the morning full of energy, and plans for all sorts of impossibilities to be performed during the day, and night coming with only half the work done? Then follow vexation and self-reproachings, and we get up the next day and do exactly the same thing again, with yesterday's unfinished work weighing on our minds as well. And so we go on fretting and worrying ourselves from day to day, and happy is he who can go through a course of this without at least occasional fits of irritability and bad temper.

Let every one remember there is a limit to the strength of the strongest, and an end to the capabilities of the most active. To plan out and undertake more than we can accomplish is depressing, bad for ourselves, and certainly bad for things to be done. The duties are performed hastily and carelessly, and whilst carrying out one portion of our programme, we are wondering and puzzling how we are to get through the rest. Far better in every way is it to undertake no more than we can do, and do thoroughly well; aiding ourselves in our work by habits of punctuality and system. Where regular daily duties are to be performed, however trifling they may be, it is an incalculable relief to have regular hours for doing them, and without being the slave of system, to be master of our hours.

Love to God and love to man will comprise the whole of human duty in all the varied walks of life. Love to God and man would make this world a paradise.

A BIRTHDAY HYMN.

BY ELLOKENNA.

Now, on the threshold of another year,
Low at Thy feet,
I gladly lay it down, O Saviour dear,
An offering meet.

Take it, my Master. Make it all Thine own,
So shall each hour
Be dewed with blessings, falling from Thy throne
In gracious shower!

This year is but a step in Time's swift river.
Thy Lord, make it bright,
To mirror forth the face of Thee, the giver
Of life and light!

Fresh from Thy love be all its hopes and fears,
Its joys and pain!
Resting in Thee to smiles shall change its tears,
Its loss to gain!

All shall be well—if sorrow we enshroud,
Or mirth elate—
If but to Thee the sunshine and the cloud
Be consecrate!

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

A life of consecration to the service of God will dignify your being. But what does consecration mean? We sometimes hear of places of worship, ground, and persons being consecrated. But what does it imply? It simply means to set apart or reserve for a special purpose. In like manner David calls upon every man, woman, and child to set themselves apart, with all their powers, for the service of the living and true God. Not a partial devotion, but an entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit, to do all that He requires, to go where He sends, to undertake all He commands, to be all He asks—yea, even to suffer if needful in the carrying out of His divine will. There must be no compromise in the matter, inasmuch as all attempts of that character will be sure to end in failure and disappointment. Compromising people are always weak; yea, even worse—wicked. "Running with the hare and going with the hounds" is an acknowledged mark of disgrace to all who attempt it; no one even respects such people, and certainly never confides in them. But men of conscience, principle, and devotion will always in the long run be sure to command respect, just as Havelock and his men were recognized in a time of special emergency by the commanding officer, who said, "Call out Havelock, he is always ready, and his men are always sober, and can be depended on." Yes, there is a wide difference between a consecrated life and a desecrated life. The one is a life well spent, the other is a wasted life, or something even worse. Nor is this an accident. It is in perfect harmony with those laws which the Divine Being has provided so as to secure the best possible results to each of His children who obey them. This will be seen if we notice how He has arranged for this to take place. It is only in connection with a consecrated life that the highest and noblest powers of man can be fully developed. Apart from this it is impossible to become fully matured, and therefore a portion of our manhood must remain in abeyance. This may, perhaps, at first sight appear to be a strong way of putting the case; but it is, nevertheless, strictly cor-

rect. A Christian is the highest style of man, because he alone has utilized all his powers in the best direction. Apart from this, a man is but a fragment—a partial development, a one-sided being. Sneer at it as the worldling, the scoffer, or the scorner may, it is, nevertheless, perfectly true that in no other way can there be discovered any method by which the loftiness of man's being and the dignity of his nature can be so promoted as by thus living in harmony with the will of his Maker and Redeemer. Nor is it hard to comprehend if we remember, in the second place, that such a life of consecration commits a man entirely to the cultivation and development alone of that which is good, by calling into exercise the highest powers of his nature. Here, again, we see how it harmonizes with his best powers. Goodness is needful to true greatness, just as it is necessary for true greatness to be allied to goodness. Hence, by committing man only to that which is good, and by restraining him from whatever is evil, everything calculated to exalt or dignify his being has its fullest influence and noblest results. True goodness refines and exalts wherever it secures obedience, influences the mind, or controls the life.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

MISS PHOEBE'S SCHOLARS

BY MRS. E. B. SANFORD.

I.

Ernest Mathews was eight years old when he began to go to Miss Phoebe Glover's school.

Miss Phoebe had only a few scholars: she taught them in a back room off the kitchen, in her brother's house: two of the scholars were her brother's children. It was a plain, rough room, but it made just the dearest little school-room in the world; so the boys and girls said who were Miss Phoebe's scholars.

What made it so pleasant? Well, it was bright, and sunny, and sweet, and clean; and the bare walls were covered with pretty pictures. In winter there was a stand of flowering plants at the sunniest window, and in summer there were plenty of flowers always. There were no regular desks, but the children sat around some old-fashioned tables, which they liked very much. And then Miss Phoebe herself was kind and cheerful, and she had a way of making little folks feel just in the mood for study.

Ernest loved dearly to go to school; and he was the happiest of all Miss Phoebe's children until Walter Gregg began to come to school.

All the children, yes, and some of their parents, felt sorry that Miss Phoebe had let Walter be one of her scholars, for he seemed a very disagreeable boy. None of the children liked him; but to Ernest his coming was like a dark cloud over the pleasant school-room.

Ernest was an only child, and a great pet at home. The other scholars had never seemed to mind his little spoiled

ways, especially as Ernest never meant to be babyish or selfish; but Walter laughed at everything he said or did, and called him "Ring Baby," and "Darling Petkin."

He loved to tease him, too, in other ways. Ernest was sweet-tempered and not easily provoked, but it was hard to have this new boy reach under the table and pinch him to make him jump; or shake the table on purpose to make him spoil his copy; or hide his books, or his hat. These things were all done on the sly, too; Miss Phoebe never seemed to notice, and Ernest did not like to complain.

Walter would not have wanted Miss Phoebe to see these teasing ways of his, for he evidently tried to please her, and to have her think well of him. The scholars all noticed this and wondered at it. They did not know that Walter's mother was Miss Phoebe's dear friend, and that Miss Phoebe had stood by her and comforted and helped her when her heart was almost breaking under heavy griefs. Very few grown people guessed this; and Walter was too young to understand all about it; but he knew that Miss Phoebe helped his mother very much, and he liked her for it.

Miss Phoebe's scholars all liked Wednesday afternoon. Then they called themselves a missionary circle: each of the little girls had some sewing or pretty fancy work to do, and Miss Phoebe often found something for the boys to do also. Then, while they were all working, she read aloud to them.

Ernest had learned to knit at home; and with Miss Phoebe's help, he had begun to knit a pretty afghan for the missionary basket. He was on the second stripe now, and was very much interested in his work. But when Walter saw him knitting he began at once to make fun of him, in his teasing way.

Walter himself, when he knew of the Wednesday afternoon plan, had pro-

posed whittling out some little boats to be sold in the basket: he was very ingenious with his knife, and Miss Phoebe was pleased to have him do this. But two or three times when he caught Ernest's eye, he seized a couple of sticks and pretended to be knitting with them very meekly, while poor Ernest grew red with mortification.

Whether Miss Phoebe observed this or not I cannot say; but if not, it was singular that she chose a story to read to

if Ella had allowed the evil to overcome her, and given up the good—the faith and love which she had been taught!"

Walter did not seem to heed the story much, for he was sitting a little behind Miss Phoebe, and was busy mimicking Ernest just as she asked these questions. But Ernest had been listening; and he understood it.

"I won't give up my work, then," he said to himself,

"if Walter does laugh at it;—Miss Phoebe said this was my good thing to do for the missionaries, and I mean to do it! And I won't—no, I won't get angry with Walter, if I can help it. Maybe I can be kind to him, some time!"

So little Ernest tried hard to treat Walter pleasantly, and not to mind his teasing.

It was only a day or two after the reading of the story that Walter had some puzzling sums to work out, for his arithmetic lesson. He was ahead of most of the scholars in arithmetic, and was usually so bright at this work that Miss Phoebe told him she was quite sure he could do the lesson if he would try faithfully.

Walter did try; but he was really not very well that day, and his head was not as clear as usual. He plodded on, and even stayed in at recess,



"HE STAYED IN AT RECESS, TRYING OVER ONE EXAMPLE."

her scholars that afternoon about overcoming evil with good. The story was of a dear little girl who was very unkindly treated by the young people of the family with whom she lived, chiefly because she was trying to live like a Christian child; and it went on to tell how she won them all over, by her patient, forgiving, loving ways, to be her friends, and to love the Master whom she followed. Miss Phoebe talked a little about the story when she had finished:—"Was not little Ella's way the best way of conquering her enemies, children?" she asked. "And would it not have been very sad

trying over one example for the sixth time; for he was determined not to give up. He laid down his slate for a moment to go and get a drink of water, just as Ernest chanced to cross the room. Ernest had noticed Walter's troubled face, and glanced at the sum.

It was a long one, involving several processes, and the entire operation would have been quite beyond Ernest's comprehension. But the first process was simple multiplication; Ernest *did* know his multiplication table, and he at once saw a mistake.

"Here baby," cried Walter roughly,

catching up his slate, "what are you looking at my sum for? Go along to your knitting!"

"But, Walter, see!" said Ernest, quietly. "Nine times seven are sixty-three; you've got a four—won't that spoil your great long sum?"

Walter muttered something not very gratefully, and Ernest ran off. But the figure was quickly altered; and this time the right answer was obtained.

"Clever of 'Petkin,' to see that blunder!" he admitted to himself. "Don't know why he should tell me, though!"

This sum proved to be the hardest, and very soon after recess Walter carried his completed work to his teacher. As she praised his perseverance Walter glanced at Ernest, and wondered to see the little fellow listening with as much satisfaction as if he himself had received the praise.

Doing one kind act for any person always makes us feel more kindly towards him, and so makes it easier to treat him lovingly afterward. So Ernest found; he just watched out, as he would have said, to do some friendly act towards Walter, and when the latter teased him, after his old fashion, he only laughed, as if he thought it was all in fun.

The other children began to think it was; and somehow, Walter himself began to think so, which was the funniest part of it all. And then, after a little, he dropped his unkind trick of teasing altogether, and began to be quite a favorite with the other scholars.

One day Miss Phoebe called to see Ernest's mother. Ernest stood beside her, holding her hand affectionately for a little while, then, as the ladies were talking together, he slipped away into a little room adjoining, where his playthings were. He could hear their voices but did not notice what Miss Phoebe and his mother were saying, until he heard Walter's name; then he could not help hearing what followed.

"Yes," said Miss Phoebe, "the poor boy had had many disadvantages, and I felt that it was a doubtful experiment to bring him in among my children. But I hoped and believed they would do him good instead of being harmed by him; and so it has proved.

"And your little Ernest——" here Ernest stopped his ears with his fingers, for he knew that Miss Phoebe could not know he was there. But whatever she said must have pleased his mother, for she gave him a very loving kiss after Miss Phoebe was gone.

God is always ready to listen to our prayers whenever we offer them; but we may rest assured that they are never more acceptable to Him than when, in obedience to His Beloved Son's command, we "Pray one for another."

COOKING GARDEN.

Cooking is nothing new, but Cooking Garden is. At least it is but three years old. The first year was one of experiment and discouragement; the second, the child began to understand and creep; the third, it walks erect and straight to the goal, and is ready for introduction to those who are interested in the successful teaching of cooking to old and young, to rich and poor.

The readers of THE CHURCHMAN have heard of the Kitchen Garden, where classes of little girls are trained to set tables, wash dishes, sweep and dust and attend the door. In the same way, only with an actual fire and real pots and kettles, Cooking Garden teaches the actual making of the ordinary dishes used in a family. To lively music the little girls march into the class-room and take their seats before the long cooking tables. The bill of fare and receipts for the lesson are in full sight, and with definite instructions the class begins its work, and in an hour and a half from the time they assemble, if the draughts draw well, and no contretemps occurs, four well cooked dishes are placed before the teacher for criticism. And after the ten lessons given in the Cooking Garden Manual have been well taught, twelve pupils have learned and made forty nice dishes for food, and received instruction that will aid them in the use of the same materials in other receipts.

Is it not a subject of congratulation that there is at last a way in which people can learn what is so necessary for wife, daughter and mother to know; that children who cannot be allowed to be in the cook's way in the kitchen, and who have long been anxious to see into culinary mysteries, may be gathered in a nursery or school room, where some kind auntie or friend can teach by this system very easily, and learn as they teach?

A Sunday-school teacher in a mission might use it as a weekly entertainment for her class, and thus pass pleasantly and profitably, many a long winter evening.

ART.

A PICTURE by Montegna has been discovered at the Brera at Milan. It represents the Madonna and Child surrounded by heads of singing angels.

M. MAISONIER was elected president of the jury of fine arts at the Antwerp exhibition, and the great medal of honor was awarded Alfred Stevens, a French artist.

THE notable Bosch collection of pictures in Vienna has been sold for \$120,000. It is especially rich in specimens of the Dutch school. A portrait by Rembrandt brought \$17,000.

A CARVED wood frieze in the dining-room of Mr. George Slater, at Norwich, Conn., will illustrate the poem of Hiawatha. The sketching upon the wood is by H. W. Pierce, a Boston artist.

The Worcester Festival derives an additional interest from the fact that it has during the twenty-eight years of its existence, furnished an annual demonstration for other cities—a superb object lesson—showing the practicability and social enrichment of a thoroughly organized undertaking for musical culture. What Worcester has accomplished might he accomplished in Hartford, New Haven, Albany—in the beautiful cities threaded along the Central and Erie Railroads—in Pittsburgh, and in the enterprising cities that lie within easy reach of Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. In all Northern cities, east or west, where the soil is of New England emigration, may be found Teutonic and Scandinavian populations who keep alive the musical traditions and enthusiasm of Fatherland. Such festival organizations would provide the best possible centers for a fine assimilation of these strongly contrasted and invaluable elements of our great future. Were the choral associations of New York City reduced to native elements by the elimination of Teutonic, Hebrew and other alien members, the Oratorio and Chorus Societies would instantly die of collapse. These possible art associations would be efficient instruments of an invaluable social unification.

The Worcester association, as one may see in running over its list of membership, is pretty much New England—homogeneous, and represents the old conventional Massachusetts civilization, with as little of foreign infiltration as we are likely to find. But few names, sprinkled very sparing through the register, suggest trans-Atlantic origin—all together a handful of Irish, German and Scandinavians.

The race element has much to do with the tonal character of a chorus. In New York we feel the tremendous, unwarmed gusto of the Germans, with their vibrous basses, robust tenors and trebles, all more noticeable for volume and vehemence than for spirituality, and withal, the ready, clamorous, incisive edge of the Hebrew element. An ear sensitively adjusted to tonal significances unconsciously recognizes these subtle blendings of aesthetic qualities and values, not unlike a tonal idiosyncrasy which eludes analysis. At Worcester there was a wide difference. There was a curious limpidity, simplicity of tone, colorless as the pure spring water of the native hill streams, yet not insipid nor unrefreshing.

There was an absence of impulse, impetuosity, passion, and in the lighter cantatas, of gladness and buoyancy, so that frolicsome music was not frolicsome, and dramatic music, the rather didactic and sometimes prosaic. On the other hand the religious numbers were penetrated with a reverential habit of feeling, a spontaneous sobriety and solemnity of utterance which no conductor's tact can develop.

So that the severer, nobler, grander works were exceptionally impressive, not infrequently retaking the undisguised flippancy and irreligiousness of a professional soloist here and there, as in the "Messiah," where the great chorus delivered their sublime parts on an exalted plane of spiritual conception, while Mr. Whitney was sporting himself, half-profanely, with an art deceitful and soulless, very far beneath, almost out of spiritual range. I have taken care to bring this line of criticism into the boldest relief because it is pivotal, and constitutes a great water-shed of musical differentiation.

The Worcester chorus delivered their serious works less artistically and with less technical brilliancy than we are accustomed to in the metropolitan choruses; but there was an irresistible imprompiveness, a spiritual ingenuousness, full of unvoiced delight. The "Utretch Jubilate" rang with all the concentrated fervor

of a great Moody and Sankey multitude. Its huge proportions and structural solemnity were brought out in more forceful lines than ever before. So of the Rossini "Stabat Mater." The religious enthusiasm of the chorus, especially in that tremendous reiteration of the *in die iudicii*, with the almost appalling climacteric of crashing orchestra and organ, was well-nigh insupportable. This is a touchstone of musical effectiveness in religious music which conventional criticism is sure to lose sight of or altogether misunderstand. In the "Messiah" choruses this serious quality of temperamental religiousness prevailed, and so deeply did it penetrate these familiar numbers that, for the time being, the great hall grew into a veritable sanctuary, with its holy places and inspirations. And this was inexpensively more precious than the extreme niceties of technical drill, in which the chorus was somewhat deficient. That is, the readings of involved and highly-wrought passages were somewhat blurred, and wanting in luminous delivery, as if prolonged and searching rehearsals had suffered neglect. Yet there were no lapses, nor failures, nor misconceptions in rhythm, intonation, or conception.

The English cantatas were the least effective. The mystic and highly dramatic figures which abound in the "Bride of Dunkerton" (by Henry Smart), and the roistering, bucolic mirth of Mr. Macfarren's "May Queen," which reproduces the moods and coloring of the "Robin Hood" period with striking verisimilitude, through the neglect or unsympathy of the director, were barely hinted at.

The soloists were numerous, and in the main wisely selected. The sopranos and mezzo sopranos, or contraltos, were specially admirable. Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the new tenor of St. John's chapel choir, was incomparably premier of the tenors, although Messrs. Want and Parker were admirable in their selections. The basses were Mr. Whitney, whose great reputation is nothing better today than a far spent echo of earlier years; Mr. Stoddard, whose resonant, flexible voice and winsome delivery irresistibly suggest the footlights in some obscure way, and Mr. James Metcalf, already mentioned in this column in connection with an organ recital at St. Augustine's chapel last spring, whose admirable singing confirmed an impression then formed that he might become the foremost oratorio soloist by an exclusive devotion to his art.

The great points of interest were clearly Madame Fursch-Madi in the grand scena and aria, "Ah, Ferride," from *Fidelio*, a splendid glimpse of the school and spirit of Pappas; the great recitative and aria from Oberon, "Ocean, thou Mighty Monster," one of the few operatic numbers that can stand artistically by itself in the concert room, delivered with exhilarating mastery and splendid volume of voice by Mrs. Belle Cole, who also was listened to with great delight in the old Handelian recitative and song from *Semele*, "Awake Surtania," and "Iris, Hence Away;" Miss Emma Juch's exquisite singing of "Sweet Bird," with Mr. Heindl's flute obligato from Handel's *L'Allegro and Il Penseroso*, and Mr. Mockridge's "Salve Dimora," from *Faust* (Gounod), with the *Cujus Animam* of the "Stabat Mater."

These were, each and all, most admirable and instructive examples of the highest vocal art. Miss Clapper, a rising contralto of great merit and promise, also gained enthusiastic recognition. Perhaps the surprise of the festival was Mr. Mockridge's beautiful voice, with its soaring range, his perfect phrasing, and his profoundly religious delivery of the *Messiah* solos.

Here Madame Stone-Barton shared the soprano solos and artistic honors with Fursch-

Madi, whose defective knowledge of English slightly embarrassed her splendid interpretations. Several other ladies with valuable art reputations were heard with pleasure.

The new Franz edition of the "Messiah" was presented for the first time in America. The supplemented instrumentation gave the bare, bald score unprecedented freshness and color; but the cutting down of the fugal introductions of the choruses, "And He Shall Purify," "For Unto Us," and "His Yoke is Easy" to quartettes, is an inufferable and unwarrantable violation and degradation of the text.

The conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, is a most scholarly German with an Italian susceptibility, immaculate in his knowledge of both score and choral work—an admirable blending of Theodore Thomas in his inflexibility with the passionate idealism of Dr. Damrosch, able to get the utmost out of both chorus and orchestra, and for fifteen consecutive rehearsals and concerts of the five days, never finching or falling below a high excellence (save in his reading of the English cantatas), while the fifty soloists of the orchestra sustained their splendid reputation unswerving until the final chord of the great Amen at the close of the "Messiah."

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

THE J. B. WATKINS LAND MORTGAGE COMPANY.

"The J. B. Watkins Land Mortgage Company of Lawrence, Kansas, and Dallas, Texas, is believed to be the largest concern engaged in this line of business. It began operations in 1870, and has in the fifteen years of its existence been remarkably successful. Mr. Watkins, the President, and his able corps of assistants are thoroughly competent judges of land and its value, and give to each transaction their personal supervision. Their rate of interest is 7 per cent per annum. The company's capital is \$750,000, and the undivided profits are over \$100,000, and prior to May 1 they had negotiated 10,400 mortgages, aggregating nearly \$8,000,000. The prompt payment of the semi-annual interest at the National Bank of Commerce in New York is secured by the indorsement by the company of each coupon. The fact of the mortgages being made payable in New York, and their being guaranteed by the company makes them practically Eastern securities."—New York Times.

The American Investment Company of Emmetsburg, Iowa, has been organized by the officers of the First National Bank of that city, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, to take the mortgage, loan, and real estate business of Ormsby Brox & Co., a very old and well-known house in that line. Their advertisement of attractive investments will be found in another column. Colonel Ormsby, the President of the Company, has opened a New York office at 150 Nassau Street.

MESSRS. J. ROEGESTER & SONS, bell and brass founders, Baltimore, have received from the officers of "The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition," held in New Orleans in 1884-'85, four certificates of award, awarding them the highest merits over all competitors for the several classes of goods they have had on exhibition.

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Mason & Hamlin had long become so famous for their upright pianos as they have long been for their world-renowned cabinet organs. The driving shaft feature about the "Mason & Hamlin Organ" is an important improvement in the method of holding the strings of the piano, which originated in their own factory. The strings are secured by metallic fasteners, instead of by the friction of pins set in wood, as has been the case, and the advantage resulting are numerous and highly important. Among them are the following: Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone; far less liability of getting out of tune; greater reliability in trying climates; and greater solidity of construction and durability. Mason & Hamlin have made 15,000 organs. They can hardly expect to make as many pianos, but they will doubtless be called upon for a very large number. Indeed, their piano department is now running to its utmost capacity, and the Company is behind orders. So great is the demand that the Company is now arranging for a large additional factory building.

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AT THIS SEASON of the year Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs prevail. *Walden's Zedire Purifier's Curative Balm* is a valuable remedy. No family should be without a bottle in the house. It is only 25 cents, and will cure all such ailments. It is for the cure of the above complaints. It is for sale by all Druggists.

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SOME recent facts show that in houses constructed of iron in whole or in part or with metallic roofs, or where iron is stored, conductors to guard against dangers from lightning are especially important. If the metal did not render the building more liable to be struck in the first instance, it would increase the danger of combustion; for the lightning when it did strike would seek the metal, and set fire to anything combustible in its way.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

A painful story reaches us through the daily press of the killing and wounding of convict laborers who recently made a desperate break for liberty, while working on a railroad in Texas. The reported details of the ghastly tragedy are very meagre; but enough is told to bring the whole system of hiring out convict labor to private contractors once more before the tribunal of public opinion. In this particular case it seems that some sixty convicts, acting on a preconceived plan, made a rush for the neighboring woods; and that the guards opened fire upon them as they fled, with deadly effect. The prisoners, it is said, "ran in one large body, and the guards simply emptied their repeating rifles and small arms into the moving mass." The result was the killing and wounding of twenty-five, and the escape of the remaining thirty-five, who, at last accounts, had not been recaptured. No doubt there is something to be said not only from an economical but from a humanitarian point of view, in favor of employing prisoners in open air labor. But it is becoming more and more evident that the letting out of them in gangs to private contractors for extramural employment in mines, in the construction of railways and the like, involves abuses that cannot be prevented and ought not to be tolerated. The National Prison Association is soon to hold its annual convention. Among the topics to be discussed by the eminent men who are to take part in its deliberations, are many questions of prison discipline and reform. We commend to their consideration the grave questions raised by this pitiful massacre in Texas.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor is in session at Hamilton, Canada. From the statements made by the head of the organization, or Master Workman, as he is styled, the General Assembly represents four thousand local assemblies of divisions of the order, having a membership of about two hundred thousand, and constitutes the most powerful organization of workmen in the world. It is our intention to point out, at some future time, the distinction between this body and other organizations having a purpose more or less similar. We call attention now to the very grave problems which are raised by the power and pretensions of this formidable and widely established order. In the course of a very able address, the General Master Workman, Mr. Powderly, discusses, with a moderation which deserves all praise, such questions as the management of strikes, the treatment of strikers, the proper use of force in the resistance of tyranny and for the maintenance of order, the need of protection for citizen laborers against cheap foreign labor as well as convict labor, and the evil of allowing aliens, who live in foreign countries, to own and control large tracts of American land. Indeed, it is quite evident from this remarkable address that organized labor is aspiring to nothing less than commanding influence in national and interna-

tional affairs, and that it has an intelligent word to say on most of the living issues of the day. So far as the movement itself, and the methods which it proposes, are socialistic, they must be regarded as questionable and even dangerous in their tendency. Apart from the objection which many would urge against the fundamental principle of the association, the past history of all such attempts to vindicate or defend the rights of man has taught us to look upon all class combinations with much distrust. It is pleasant, therefore, to note the moderation as well as the large-minded ability of Mr. Powderly's address, and to discern, as we think we do, in his utterances, a genuine public spirit that has not always been present in the councils of organized labor.

As an instance of the barbarous lack of public spirit which this same organization is quite capable of exhibiting, the strike of street car conductors and drivers which the Knights of Labor have just ordered and carried into effect in St. Louis may be mentioned. The time chosen was the week of the annual fair or exposition in that city. Many thousands of strangers from other cities and from the country were put to the greatest inconvenience by the lack of street car facilities; and for the greater part of them the object of their visit to St. Louis was altogether defeated. Such visitors would not have been at the trouble and expense of going to St. Louis at all if they could have foreseen such an untimely interruption; and the arbitrary decree of a strike at that particular time simply because of the greater pressure that would be brought to bear upon the railway companies, was not only an act of tyranny, but it was an offense against the public weal, to say nothing of the loss or injury inflicted upon individuals, that can in no wise be defended.

There has been a rather notable gathering of philanthropic people at Lake Mohonk, New York, at which some aspects of the Indian question have been considered and discussed. As was to be expected, perhaps, there was a good deal of that kind of optimism that is usually met with at meetings east of the Alleghenies which are held in the interest of the red man, for it is not less true of Indians than of some other people that they are most highly esteemed in the regions where they are most absent. Nevertheless, there is much to interest us in the fact that such men as General Whittlesey, Dr. Lyman Abbott and the Hon. Erastus Brooks, agreed in recommending the immediate admission of the Indians to citizenship, and the allotment of lands to them in severalty, with the discontinuance of all annuities, and the enforcement of compulsory education.

Though the issue of disestablishment has been formally disowned in the pending contest between the great English parties, it looms before all English minds as the great question of the near future. It is true that Mr. Gladstone in his remarkable "mani-

festos" has sought to postpone the consideration of it till "it shall have grown familiar to the public mind by thorough discussion;" and Mr. Chamberlain has followed this dilatory plea of his chief by a still more explicit declaration that disestablishment in England is not within the range of practical politics. It is perfectly evident, nevertheless, that Liberal success in the approaching English elections will bring this question at once to the front, and will demand for it an early determination. In a late number of the Guardian an editorial appeal is made to "Liberal Churchmen" that discloses the extreme gravity of the situation, and also gives to an American reader a painful sense of the uncertainty, not to say despair, that is paralyzing the councils of those who would defend the present relation between the Church and the English State. The editor warns Liberal Churchmen not to desert their party simply because they think that Liberalism is identified with disestablishment, because in that case the success of the Liberal party would make disestablishment inevitable and immediate. On the contrary, what they should do, he insists, is to remain in the party and simply threaten to leave it, in effect, either by not voting for an obnoxious Liberal candidate, or by voting for the candidate of the opposite party. Then the editor goes on to advise Liberal Churchmen that they should not require the candidate of their own party to be too outspoken in his tolerance of the establishment. Even though he may have already declared himself in favor of disestablishment, yet the Liberal Churchman should not despair of modifying his action, and should make it as easy as possible for him to retain the support of Churchmen. Such a candidate is not to be called upon to "eat any past words, or to say that he thinks disestablishment a wrong or a mischievous thing in itself. On the contrary, upon the abstract merits of the controversy he may hold any opinion he likes. All that he is asked to do is to put aside the consideration of it as a practical question for the term—some six years at most, and probably a much shorter period—of the Parliament about to be elected." We forbear to discuss the coherency or the consistency of the plan which is thus suggested. It is enough to point out the deplorable lack of confidence which is indicated by the serious proposal of such a temporizing policy.

In the leading article of a later number the same influential newspaper takes somewhat bolder ground, and points out very clearly what disestablishment must mean when it shall be seriously proposed to the English people. After saying that Mr. Gladstone's address to the electors of Midlothian has the effect of making disestablishment more certain, though, perhaps, more distant, inasmuch as in it "the one Liberal who of all others might have been thought likely, whether by history or disposition, to oppose disestablishment, virtually gives up the battle," the editor goes on to urge that nothing less than the complete spoliation of the Church can be looked for as the result of Radical success in the

approaching elections. And, indeed, "The Radical Programme," which is largely quoted in the article referred to, leaves no room to doubt that one of the most attractive features of the Radical scheme will be the confiscation of the whole property of the Church and the sequestration of all her revenues to secular uses. And it is significant to observe that the ground upon which this is urged is the same as that which has so long been insisted upon by the defenders of the establishment, to wit: that the Church and the nation being one, the property of the Church is the property of the nation; and that, therefore, "the State is perfectly within its rights, if the Legislature shall think fit, in devoting every shilling of Church property to secular uses, from the lands with which Edward the Confessor endowed the Abbey of St. Peter's at Westminster down to the last sovereign subscribed to build a church in a destitute district." In view of such arguments as these, English Churchmen may well feel the need of a restatement of the proper relations between Church and State. Meantime, the most that The Guardian ventures to say is that: "if after reading 'The Radical Programme,' there be any Liberal Churchmen ready to vote for a candidate who will not forego disestablishment, even for the term of a single Parliament, they will be more consistent if they describe themselves as Liberals and leave the word 'Churchmen' out."

On the other hand, the Conservative leaders have at last responded to the demand for a definition of their policy. At a special cabinet council held in Downing street on the 6th, every member of the Ministry was present; and the ministerial deliberations are understood to have been concerned not only with the Eastern and Irish questions, but also with the Tory platform for the coming elections. Accordingly, Lord Salisbury spoke on the next day at the National Conservative Conference at Newport, and proceeded to enunciate the policy of the Conservative party. In reading the summary of his speech which has reached us, we are struck by the marked difference between the present attitude of a "Jingo" English administration, in regard to the Eastern Question, and the attitude of the Earl of Beaconsfield when he dictated terms to Russia, and saved the Ottoman Porte from utter ruin, at the treaty of Berlin. But by far the most significant feature of the Conservative programme as laid down by Lord Salisbury, is the evident purpose of the ministerial party to "dish the Radicals," as the phrase is, by proposing a liberal scheme of local self-government both for England and Ireland, a sweeping reform of the land laws, and an imperial federation of England and her colonies such as would make the real strength of the nation apparent and available in European councils. It is not the first time in English politics that a Tory leader has undertaken to conduct his party to victory along the lines laid down by the opposition. It may be doubted, however, whether any Conservative English statesman has ever more completely stoied the thunder of his opponents, or meditated a more clever move to save his party by conceding a little more to liberal progress than the Liberals themselves venture to promise to the country.

Meantime Mr. Parnell, "the uncrowned king," as he is called, has been making a remarkable speech at Wicklow in Ireland. The description which is telegraphed of the scene as he addressed the people of his native county and of the impression made upon his hearers, is full of interest. The chief interest, however, belongs to the measured and deliberate utterances of the Irish leader as he laid down in clear and well-considered terms precisely what is demanded by the Irish Parliamentary party. Two things are to be required without abatement or modification. The first is legislative independence; the second is the power and the right of the Irish parliament to protect Irish manufactures and other industries. In his contention for these he will abate nothing and postpone nothing. To Mr. Gladstone's plea that legislative independence might be considered with favor, provided it did not imply or lead to separation, Mr. Parnell replies that while there are reasons to expect that separation from England would not necessarily follow, yet "it is not possible for the human intelligence to forecast the future in such matters." To Mr. Chamberlain's caveat that legislative independence shall not carry with it power to enact protective measures, the Irish leader replies with something like derision, that it is for nothing less than this that legislative independence is demanded. Certainly it cannot be doubted that the Irish national party is now united under a bold and skillful leadership, and that it is moving steadily and intelligently forward to the accomplishment of its purposes. It is one of the curious illustrations of the super-sensitiveness of the financial nerve in English politics that the part of Mr. Parnell's programme that is most bitterly denounced by the English papers, is his contention for the right of an Irish parliament to protect Irish manufacturers against English competition.

In the recent elections in France a great victory has been scored by the Conservatives. The gains already made by them can hardly be neutralized in those districts where a second ballot is necessary; and it is now certain that a reconstruction of the Cabinet will be required on the assembling of the new Chamber of Deputies. Indeed, two of the members of the existing government have lost their seats already, and, in other respects, the power of the Cabinet has been so broken that the control of affairs must be handed over to a new Ministry. The causes that have led to this downfall of the Opportunists are various, but quite easily understood. The policy of colonial expansion in which the existing government has persisted, and which has issued in the two costly and not altogether glorious wars in Tonquin and Madagascar, has become more and more unpopular with the thrifty Frenchmen who have stayed at home and paid the bills. The contemptuous and persecuting course, moreover, which the Ministry has pursued in all its dealings with the Roman Church has antagonized the Ultramontane clergy and alienated many of the more moderate friends of religion. It is not to be wondered at that a reaction has at last set in, and that the clericalism and monarchism should be able to win from the masses of the people enough strength to hurl their enemies from power.

It is too soon, however, to predict what the outcome may be. The Conservatives of various names are too much divided among themselves to be able to form a government. The time has not yet come when Legitimists, Orleansists, and Bonapartists can unite upon a common policy. The Radicals are likely to be encouraged by the existing situation to persist in their contention for the wildest and most revolutionary measures, and in this way they will soon discover that the order-loving country folk will not trust them. On the whole, and in spite of the many mistakes of the Opportunists, it has been amply demonstrated that republicanism is the form of government best suited to the genius of the French people, and most likely to serve the manifest destiny of France. The time is past when any reactionary movement can create such an eddy in French affairs as to make possible the setting up of a throne and the masquerading of a king or emperor at Paris.

There is a curious contrast, however, between the present impatience of the French people at the cost and loss of the Tonquin and Tamatave expeditionary wars, and the enthusiasm with which the first Republic counted all loss as gain as its armies followed the tri-color to glory and victory in Italy, in Egypt, and on the Rhine. Whether the cause of this is to be found in the fact that the fighting of the present day is too distant to dazzle the eyes and fire the hearts of that large majority of Frenchmen who have not gone to the wars, it is difficult to say. Another reason is suggested by the fact that a great change has taken place in the ethical character of the French people. It is said that in the wars of the first Napoleon all the tallest men, who constituted the Frankish or Teutonic element of the population, were either killed or excluded from domestic life by their service in the army. The result was not only a reduction of the average stature of the next generation by several inches, but the elimination, it is said, of the more stalwart and warlike Germanic element, and the leaving of the French to be an almost purely Celtic people. If this last result is verifiable, it accounts, no doubt, for much in recent French history.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

New England will enjoy this year for the third time a session of the Church Congress, and could nowhere in this jurisdiction obtain a heartier welcome than undoubtedly awaits its approaching session in the delightful university town of New Haven.

The list of topics to be discussed covers questions that are generally before the religious public, not those which interest Churchmen alone. They are on the Christian doctrine of the atonement, the grounds of Church unity, the ethics of the tariff question, aestheticism in worship, free churches, deaconesses and sisterhoods, and the place and methods of Bible study in the Christian life. These are broad and solid subjects, and depend for their interest very much upon the treatment which they receive at the hands of those who are invited to discuss them.

Usually the English Congress announces a better programme than the American; it throws more variety into its plans; but the

American Congress, under general headings, is apt to strike far and near into the burning questions of the day. It has also been rather shy of those points in which the mind of the Church is feeling its way to new issues. In England the Church is national and has authority behind it; here it has the position of one among many kinds of religion, and cannot speak with the same degree of assurance in matters which affect the positive side of the national life. But this has never made the Church Congress apologetic in its tone. Its fearlessness in discussing burning questions has always been one of its virtues, and if it takes up this year nothing that burns in the minds of men, it is only because there is nothing there to burn. The Church has never, as a whole, been so much at peace in this country as it is now; nor has there ever been such a general widening of view, such largeness of thinking, such a collective way of seeing things.

The Guardian remarks that the chief value of the English Congress is educational. Year by year it reaches two sorts of people—those who are within the body and need to feel the thought of leading men on subjects of present interest, and those who are without the Church and need to be taught that it is working wisely for the salvation of men. That same audience is reached here, and the large publicity that is given to the papers presented through the daily press in England and makes the impression unique upon the public mind, should be greatly increased here if the work of the Congress is to be felt deeply and widely through the nation. Simultaneous publication is worth everything in an educational point of view, while the subsequent report is mainly valuable as a historical record of what was said in literature.

Noticeable features in the programme for New Haven are the large number of laymen who are to take a part in the exercises, and the aptness of the choice of both clergymen and laymen for the parts which have been assigned to them. The Providence and Boston meetings of the Congress were remarkable for the local interest taken in them. Some of the discussions rose to the white heat of enthusiasm and left a lasting impression. If the grounds of Church unity or the ethics of the tariff question are taken up in their true significance and the truth is spoken freely, the enthusiasm of the public is likely to be awakened. The entire list of subjects shows that the managers of the congress have a good idea of what is in the minds of men and what ought to be discussed.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.

The Work Assigned to the American Church, and the Conditions Under Which it had to be Done.

I.

In Philadelphia, on November 18 and 19, the Board of Missions will celebrate its semi-centennial. The occasion cannot fail to be one of great interest. The arrangements for its suitable observance have already been made, and, no doubt, they will prove to be every way worthy of the event. It may not be a useless task to endeavor to

outline in advance the leading features of the home side of the record which many thoughtful minds and eloquent tongues will then reproduce for the Church's joy and edification. Just this and no more is what is proposed to be done in the following papers, and if they serve no other purpose, they will at least help to call attention to the closing days of the first half century of our missionary work and to some of the lessons which it teaches.

Broadly defined, the work of the Church, in this land has been that of the Catholic Church from the beginning. Therefore, it has been both internal and external. The life within the Church has been built up in the knowledge and grace of Christ, while, at the same time, the life without has been taught the message of salvation and so recruited into the organized discipleship of the Church's head. And yet this work has been so far modified by circumstances peculiar to our time and country that it cannot be historically treated without due regard for aspects of it which distinguish it in a remarkable way from all similar work in other ages and other lands.

The American Church seems to have been chosen of God to leaven the teeming life of this newly peopled continent with evangelic truth and apostolic order. She was called to enter the arena of conflict and aggression, not as a sect among rival sects, not as a new school of Christian theology and life among other schools already in the field, but as a duly equipped and validly commissioned branch of the one historic Church appealing for the truth of her message and the authority of her order to Holy Scripture, as interpreted by primitive antiquity, and as reaffirmed at the Reformation by the national Church of England, from which she is lineally descended.

But this vocation of the American Church in itself so unspeakably important and far-reaching, had to be performed under conditions never before seen in the history of the world. The race among whom and for whom this work was undertaken is diversified in origin and characteristics beyond all precedent. The many sided life of Europe has reappeared among the vast spaces of a new world and crystallized around a new national centre; while even Africa and Asia and the islands of the sea have contributed to swell the migratory masses. Never was there such a gathering together of the tribes and kindreds of the earth, each bringing with it its own language, its own customs and traditions, its own type of character, religious, political and intellectual. Out of this confused, huge amalgam emerged new forces, new passions, new temptations, new ambitions, new wants—all of them stimulated into unparalleled activity by a larger liberty of thought and action than had ever before been offered to mankind; and all of them, too, crowded, as never before, into freshly opened channels of material development by the boundless opportunities of private wealth and prosperity. The prodigious excitements of the new life radically modified or swept away utterly the previous training and habits of the old life. The eyes of men were turned from ancient traditions and customs to what an unformed future might bring forth. Hereditary beliefs of all sorts were shaken up and partially shorn of their wonted influence. Fascinated by the chances for hitherto unknown ven-

tures, lifted even to enthusiasm by the magnificent possibilities of fortune, comfort, independence, honor, all to be quickly won, and by a comparatively small outlay of personal toil, the incoming multitudes soon learned to estimate the past by the future, and not, as in older civilizations, the future by the past. Experience with its conservatism gave way to dreams of progress and an ever shifting novelty of achievement; and these working themselves out in practical life, profoundly affected not only the individual, but as well the spirit of social order and of civil government.

But, besides the composite, heterogeneous character of the life with which the Church was called to deal, there must be taken into account the astonishing rapidity of its development. In this regard there was seen an absolutely new thing under the sun—empires born almost literally in a day, vast territories peopled in a decade, civilization planted in the wilderness, agriculture and commerce established, wealth realizing the tales of a fairy-land created in measures of time once considered too short for the infancy and youth of nations. But so wonderful is all this that, in a paper of this sort, I may not stop with statements that may seem exaggerated because of their generality. The last Federal census brings us face to face with facts that startle even American ears. Within a single century this country has advanced from three to more than fifty millions of people, from thirteen to thirty-eight States, from the poverty of colonial days to a wealth equal to that of the ripest and strongest nations of the earth. A half century ago, what are now the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, was an almost untrudged wilderness, while still beyond lay the vast region out of which, in still less time, have grown the States of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Colorado, and in the yet farther distance, along the Pacific slope, those of California, Nevada, and Oregon. Within the memory of men not yet old the furthest wave of population had not broken upon their borders. Chicago, now a city of nearly half a million, was only an Indian name for a small river, and St. Louis, now a city of scarcely less importance, was an insignificant trading post on the distant frontier. Omitting the Pacific States, the ten constituting the great West contain 18,260,000 inhabitants, have some two hundred thriving cities, are netted with a great system of railways, and, spreading far away from and about their teeming towns, are vast areas of cultivated lands capable of feeding a famishing world. Their aggregate wealth is figured at over \$11,000,000,000, and the annual produce of their farms alone reaches the astounding value of \$1,500,000,000. In other industries it has made remarkable progress, while its commerce must needs be great in the mere exchange of its own surplus products of the soil for the manufactured articles of other parts of the world. Its railway enterprises and its internal navigation are on a scale commensurate with the vast needs of these enormous exchanges. And all this stupendous political and industrial empire has grown from nothing within less than the limits of a single human life. This growth, moreover, has been normal and healthy, not forced or spasmodic, as though it were the result of some great invasion led on by military conquest, or caused by

the compulsory migration of some subjugated race. Year by year the steady tide of life has rolled on and quietly taken up its task of peopling and fruitifying the ground. And, what is still more noteworthy, it is all distinctively American, though its elements have come largely from Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, and from the Northern and Southern nations of Europe, as well as from the old Atlantic States. All are now grouped and compacted under one language, one law, one dominant type of civil and social life, and that language, that law, that life, have their common root in the history of the English-speaking race.

But to these conditions as affecting the missionary work there must be added at least two more. (1.) The genius of our political institutions inclines the masses to accept in religion what promises the most freedom in belief and conduct, rather than what promises the purest, best settled forms of truth and the most stable ecclesiastical order. The democratic idea elevates the individual more and more above the sway of organic life and corporate discipline as well in the Church as in the State. By necessary consequence it leads the individual first to depreciate more and more, and finally to forsake, as the foe of his liberty, all that is traditional, and, by Catholic consent, authoritative in the faith, worship and order of the historic Church. On the moral and religious side of American life no tendency has been more general or more intense than this, and none can know its power save those who have confronted it in the open field of missionary work. As has often been the case in the past with great communities, this prolific, gigantic life, made up of such diverse materials, is least inclined to accept in religion what its vices, disorders, temptations most urgently need, and what only the ancient faith and worship and discipline of the Church Catholic can supply.

(2.) There must also be noted in this connection the tone of thought pervading the deeper, more abstract drifts of our educated mind, whether taking the shape of speculative philosophy, and so dealing with the profoundest problems of morality, religion, and history, or issuing in the form of social and political inquiry, and so, in its practical results, touching the rights and duties of men as members of society and of the body politic. Here beyond all question the tendency has been to rate lower and lower the divine origin and authority of all institutions in Church and State whose avowed purpose is to restrain the license of the individual will, and to rate higher and higher whatever in life, literature and practical politics promises to lift the rights and franchises of the individual into supremacy over his civil or ecclesiastical environments. Manifestly this, in the main, has been the effect, if not the aim, of most of our higher as well as our more popular education; while as manifestly most of our deepest thinking, whether among scholars or statesmen, or divines of the more pronounced Protestant type, has been in harmony with this drift. I state simply a fact, and the causes of it are not more obvious than the results. I confine myself to the latter, as with them only am I called to deal. One of these results is that the American people, as a rule, have inclined strongly toward systems of religious faith and order that

have seemed to be most congenial to this tendency, and have as strongly turned away from a system which, while recognizing and providing for the growing importance of the individual in modern life, has aimed to keep him in due subordination to the divinely instituted authority of the Family, the State and the Church, and so in harmony with the continuous and universal traditions of the one Catholic and Apologetic kingdom of Christ. Our missionary work could not ignore this habitual leaning of the American mind, and the most remarkable thing in the remarkable progress of that work is that it has gone on in spite of it. By those who gauge the worth of Christianity by its service to favorite or dominant ideas of society and civil government, this doubtless will be regarded as an admission fatal to the future growth, if not to the claims of this branch of the Church. But it must be remembered that the Church has, not seldom, done most to advance the real progress of mankind when her spirit has been least coincident with the governing ideas in civil and social life. Undenially this was the case during the first three or four centuries of the Roman Empire, and subsequently during the dark and stormy times of Feudal Europe. Without meddling with the things that belong unto Caesar, and even in the midst of tendencies threatening the foundations of her authority, she has gone quietly on her way, doing the Master's business, dropping into the open furrows of the world's life the incorruptible seed, and calmly awaiting the harvest. So without noise or friction has she often supplanted what she could not approve; and what she has done, she may, in like manner do again. And so, too, it may turn out in a couple of generations that the sympathy with the extreme development of the democratic principle which certain popular religious systems of the day account an element of strength may prove an element of weakness. Now that the seas are smooth and the sun is bright, some imagine that for this people they will always be so. The delusion will perish only in the storms that will cast it out among the wrecked hopes of the over sanguine dreams of the past. Our civilization, happy and confident as it is, has not trampled out the old fires of lust, strife, and anarchy, fed now, as they have always been, by the sensuality and luxury born of wealth and ease. When these begin to burn, as they surely will, then will be tried the work now being done for this nation respectively by the historic Church and by that inorganic, half creedless combination known as "the common Christianity" of the day. The record writ, it may be, in ashes, will tell who are the wise and who are the foolish.

Such in general has been the mission of the American Church; and such specifically the aim of her strictly missionary work, and the conditions under which that work had to be done.

ENGLAND.

ELECTION OF THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY.—The election of the Rev. John Wordsworth as Bishop of Salisbury, took place in Salisbury Cathedral during the morning service on Saturday, September 19. After the first lesson, the dean, the canons, residentiary and non-residentiary, a large number of whom were present, proceeded to the chapter house, where the citation was read by the chapter clerk, as

also the queen's *congé d'elire*, and the votes being unanimously in favor of the Rev. John Wordsworth, he was declared duly elected. The clergy then returned to the choir, where the *Te Deum* was sung, and the service proceeded as usual to the end, when proclamation of the election was made and affixed to the choir gate. The consecration of the bishop-designate is expected to take place on St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, October 28.

BURIAL OF THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.—The burial of the late Earl of Shaftesbury took place at Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, October 8. Hundreds of poor people stood outside the abbey in a drenching rain during the entire service, being unable to get into the edifice, so dense was the crowd which had gathered to pay their last mark of respect to the philanthropist. A large number of shoe-blacks, with crape bands on their arms, and many other boys who had benefited by the charitable acts of the late Earl, stood in line with the high-born in the abbey.

IRELAND.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP-ELECT OF MEATH.—The Bishop-elect of Meath, the Very Rev. Dr. Reichel, Dean of Clonsilla, was consecrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, by the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishops of Down and Kilmore. The bishop was enthroned on Monday, October 7, in St. Patrick's church, Trim, of which he was rector at the time of his election.

GERMANY.

ENGLISH CHURCH MISSION IN BADEN BADEN.—A ten days' mission was conducted at Baden Baden, by the Rev. Sir J. E. Phillips and the Rev. F. A. Ormsby, both prominent English clergymen. It was very successful, and was attended by an increasing congregation to the close. The German Empress attended a week day service for women, and also the morning service on the concluding Sunday.

PRUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.—The Prussian government has again rejected the proposals made by the Vatican, both as regards the choice of the successor in the Vatican see of Posen, and the question of ecclesiastical education in seminaries. Dr. von Schleier, the Prussian minister at the Vatican, has returned, bringing counter proposals from his government, which, according to the Berlin correspondent of the Standard, are very conciliatory.

TURKEY.

THE EASTERN CHURCH DIGNITARIES AND THE ENGLISH MINISTER.—The Catholic Armenian patriarchs, the Occumenical patriarchal vicar, and several other ecclesiastical and lay notabilities connected with the Eastern Church, have successively paid visits to Sir H. Drummond Wolff, who is at present in Constantinople on a mission connected with Egypt, in order to represent to him the present state of Church affairs. In ecclesiastical circles it is reported that the British special envoy regretted that his mission had no connection with this matter, and showed great reserve in regard to the subject. Sir H. Wolff is further stated to have expressed regret at the want of union among the different Churches, and to have recommended them to act together as the only means of preventing the intrigues of the Fanatics, who profited by disunion.—*Church Bell*.

VERMONT.

VERGENNES.—Woman's Auxiliary.—The Woman's Auxiliary of this diocese held its annual meeting in St. Paul's church, Vergennes.

nes, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6 and 7. On Tuesday evening after the service there was a social reunion at the residence of Mr. C. A. Booth. On Wednesday morning there was an early celebration by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by the Bishop of Maine. At 9 A. M. there was a business meeting at which reports were read and officers elected. The president, most of the vice-presidents, secretary, corresponding secretary and treasurer, were re-elected.

Mrs. T. H. Canfield made a report on diocesan work. Mrs. H. F. Hill read a paper on Indian Missions, and Mrs. Dr. Wyman of Manchester on Colored Missions. Other papers also were read.

At 11 A. M. Morning Prayer and the Litany were said, and the Bishop of Maine preached in I. Cor. iii. 8.

In the afternoon delegates were elected to the general meeting in Chicago next year. The subject of the best modes of securing efficiency and combined effort between parochial branches was discussed, and a committee appointed to report on the subject at the next meeting. An address was made by Mrs. A. T. Tving, and a communication read from Miss J. C. Emery.

In the evening there was a missionary meeting at which addresses were made by the Bishops of Vermont and Maine, and by the Rev. Messrs. E. H. Randall, and G. H. Bailey.

ENOSBURGH FALLS—Ordination in St. Matthew's Church.—The Rev. William F. Weeks, D.D., in charge of St. Matthew's church, Enosburgh Falls, and Christ church, Enosburgh, was advanced to the priesthood in the former church by the bishop of the diocese, on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. Morning Prayer was said at an early hour, and the ordination service began at 10:30 A. M. with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. J. I. Bliss. The candidate was presented by the Rev. T. W. Nickerson, Jr., a classmate at the General Theological Seminary, who joined in the imposition of hands with the other clergy.—The Rev. Drs. J. I. Bliss and A. H. Bailey, and the Rev. Messrs. G. H. Bailey, Thomas Burgess, and G. Myers. The church was crowded with a very attentive congregation. After the service the clergy were entertained at the Quincy House.

In the evening the newly-ordained priest presented seventeen persons to the bishop for confirmation.

MASSACHUSETTS.

FALL RIVER—St. James's Church.—Some years ago a Sunday-school was started in the northern part of this city for the special care of the children of English operatives in the mills, who could not come to the parish church, two miles or more away. When the Rev. Dr. A. St. J. Chambré took charge of the parish, he and his assistant, the Rev. E. Marriett, organized a mission which has since grown into a vigorous parish, now under the charge of Mr. Marriett.

In November, 1884, the corner-stone of a new building was laid, and on October 1 of the present year it was ready for use. It is a two-story structure, built from plans by Mr. W. P. Wentworth of Boston. The first story is of stone with brick trimmings, and is fitted up for guild, Sunday-school, and choir uses.

The second floor includes a nave, chancel and short transepts. The walls are of wood, partly shingled outside. The roof timbers of the interior are exposed. One special feature of the interior is the convenient and handsome chancel, with arrangements for a large vested choir. The whole cost, including land, has been over \$10,000. A debt remains upon the building.

At the Morning Services, Oct. 1, the Rev. Dr. A. St. J. Chambré, reviewed the circumstances attending the organization of the mission, and congratulated the people on the success of their self-denying efforts. In the evening, after Evening Prayer, the Rev. Dr. G. W. Shinn preached on "The Hallowed Associations which Cluster around a Church." The evening services were peculiarly interesting, because of the large number of people present and the beautiful music rendered by the united choirs of St. James's and Ascension churches.

ROSLINDALE—Mission Services.—Service is held here on Sunday evenings in Association Hall by the Rev. J. C. Hewlett. On October 18 a Sunday-school will be opened in the afternoon.

ASHFIELD—Convocation.—The Western Convocation met in St. John's church, Ashfield, (the Rev. G. F. Huntington, in charge), on Monday, September 21, St. Matthew's Day. An interesting report was read of work done under the direction of the convocation in Eastern Berkshire, by Messrs. P. S. Grant and D. D. Addison, of the Cambridge Theological School. They spent three weeks traveling on foot some three hundred miles, conversing with individuals and groups of people, and holding services. Everywhere their offer of Prayer Books was gratefully accepted.

The rectory of this parish has recently been put in thorough repair, with the help and encouragement of the bishop, and through the beneficence of friends of the parish and minister in Boston and New York. The sum of \$1,200 has been expended, and no debt incurred.

RHODE ISLAND.

NEWPORT—Emmanuel Church.—On Sunday, September 27, the Rev. Dr. E. F. Miles was advanced to the priesthood in this church (the Rev. R. B. Peet, rector), by the Assistant Bishop of New York. The sermon was preached by the assistant bishop. In the afternoon the newly-ordained presbyter preached. Dr. Miles is in charge of the Church of the Reformation, New York.

CONNECTICUT.

WESTPORT—Christ Church.—This church (the Rev. J. R. Williams, rector), was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese on Tuesday, September 29, the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. There were present, besides the bishop and rector, the Rev. Drs. E. E. Beardsley and H. N. Powers, and the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Hall, Elisha Whittelsey, Sylvester Clarke, H. L. Myrick, Benjamin Yarrington, C. M. Selleck, Millidge Walker, C. I. Potter, E. L. Whitcomb, J. K. Lombard, W. F. Nichols, and others. The request to consecrate was read by the rector, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Beardsley. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. Hall, Whittelsey, Myrick, and Clarke. In the Communion Office the bishop was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Yarrington and Selleck. The bishop preached from Hebrews xii. 22, 23, 24.

After the service, the bishop, clergy, and visitors were entertained by the ladies of the parish.

The church is built of brick, on a massive foundation of blue granite; is 75 feet long and 48 feet wide, exclusive of the tower and chancel, which are each 19 feet square, and has a seating capacity of over 500. The walls are 14 feet high; the peak, 38 feet from the floor; and the only gallery is the organ loft in the tower. The side and tower-end windows, as also those in the vestibule and robing room, are filled with rolled cathedral glass. The

chancel window of stained glass is in three sections; the middle one representing "The Good Shepherd," and the two side ones respectively the font with the dove hovering over it, and the paten and cup surmounted by the cross and crown. Over the chancel window proper is another large round one in which the emblem of the Blessed Trinity appears in beautiful and striking colors. The tower and spire are 148 feet high from the floor of the church, and the former contains a 2,000-pound bell from the Clinton H. Meneely Foundry, presented by Mr. E. H. Nash.

The altar, made by Geisler, a noble and beautiful structure, is the generous and loving gift of Mrs. Richard Smith Penoyer, in memory of her husband, whose early life, as well as her own, was passed in this place and parish; and who was for many years before his decease, a faithful and honored member of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, New York. The altar cross, also of Geisler's make, was presented by Mrs. E. H. Nash, in memory of her father, the late Lewis Partrie, for a long while an esteemed and exemplary vestryman of the parish. The carpet and chancel chairs were provided by the "Parish Aid Society," at a cost of \$400. "The Young People's Guild," besides contributing \$100 to the chancel window, purchased and made the very beautiful and appropriate hangings for the lectern and the pulpit.

The church throughout is lighted by gas and heated by steam. The entire cost of the building itself and all it contains was \$34,500, nine-tenths of which was paid by the two wardens, Messrs. Edward H. and Andrew C. Nash. "Think upon them, my God, for good, according to all that they have done for this people."

The bishop visited the parish again on Sunday, A. M., October 4, preached, confirmed nine persons, and assisted by the rector, celebrated and administered the Holy Communion.

WETHERSFIELD—Trinity Church.—This parish, (the Rev. B. S. Sanderson, rector,) began in January, 1868, in a village strongly Congregational, and in the midst of much prejudice, has had a remarkable history. The work was first started by the Rev. H. W. Nelson, then rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Hartford, and it was so successful that a beautiful stone church was built, which was consecrated on October 1, 1874. The parish has had but two rectors besides the present incumbent—the Rev. Messrs. H. S. Clapp and H. A. Adams, the first from 1875 to 1883, the second from 1883 to 1885. The present rector entered upon his duties in July last. The parish has never been in debt. There are now one hundred families, and about one hundred and fifty communicants connected with the parish, and in 1882 a Parish House was built.

Thursday, October 1, was kept as Parish Day, being the eleventh anniversary of the consecration of the church. There was a solemn celebration of the Holy Communion, the Rev. J. W. Hyde of West Hartford being celebrant, assisted by the Rev. H. A. Adams as deacon, and the rector of the parish as sub-deacon. The sermon was by the rector, and was an historical discourse from Ps. cxvii. 4.

In the evening the church was crowded. The clergy entered the main door in procession, and advanced to the chancel. Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. P. H. Whaley, W. E. Johnson, and J. W. Hyde. The sermon was by the Rev. H. A. Adams. After the sermon the *Te Deum* was sung. A letter was read at the taking of the offerings, by the rector, from the Rev. H. W. Nelson.

The exercises were closed by a social gathering in the Parish House, at which the Rev. H. S. Clapp, who had arrived too late to take

part in the services in the church, made a very happy address.

On Tuesday, October 6, the bishop of the diocese made a visitation of the parish, and at the morning service instituted the rector-elect into the rectorship. The bishop was received by the wardens, and, with the clergy, entered the church, the rector-elect, in all and chasuble, being seated in front of the chancel. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. J. W. Hyde and H. A. Adams. The sermon was by the Rev. T. B. Foster, from Acts xx. 28. The instituted rector then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Hyde and Foster.

After the service, the bishop and clergy were entertained at the Parish House.

In the afternoon the bishop preached, and confirmed eleven persons presented by the rector.

ALBANY.

ALBANY—St. Peter's Church.—The new building of the Orphans' Home of this parish (the Rev. Dr. W. W. Battershall, rector,) was dedicated to charitable uses on Tuesday, October 6, by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by the rector. Both the bishop and rector made addresses, and the service marked a significant day in the history of this fruitful and interesting work of charity. The Albany Argus gives the following account of the building:

"The front basement is devoted to the uses of a dining-room, and will comfortably seat twenty-five, and, with its cheerful coloring, is very attractive. Opening from this is a very large, finely-lighted kitchen, with all the necessary appliances for making it complete in every particular. This opens into a very large and solidly-constructed area, which is to be covered in winter with glass. From the area the garden is reached by a half-dozen stone steps. The principal floor has a handsome reception-room, opening from a large hall and into the school-room. This last is seventeen feet wide and twenty-seven feet long, and the height is lofty, thus providing most ample space for the twenty or twenty-five pupils it is intended to accommodate. The floor is of hard woods, inlaid and polished. The seats are of the very best and most improved make, and are graded to the size of the pupils. The entire west end is devoted to light, arranged to fall on the desks from the proper direction. In summer this room will open onto a piazza, from which the garden is reached.

"Ascending to the second story, we find the matron's rooms and the nursery, with easy access between, enabling the little ones to be under the careful and constant eye of the matron. The third story has a large room in the front, fitted to be used as a sick-room or hospital. This room is to be entirely furnished by a lady of St. Peter's, and the rear arranged for a lavatory, etc., in the most complete manner. Ascending a wide and easy flight of hardwood steps, one reaches the dormitory, which occupies the whole floor surface. This is particularly pleasant to see. The polished hardwood floor, the softly tinted walls, and the warmly-toned wood ceiling, together with the large gabled windows, filled with quarry-shaped panes of quietly-colored glass, form a fitting receptacle for the snowy bedlens. Everything within and all without, on the premises, has been most carefully and thoroughly done.

"The sanitary arrangements are complete, the plumbing being of the very best quality in every particular, and arranged in the most scientific manner. Especial flues have been constructed to ventilate every apartment and fixture, and these, in conjunction with five fireplaces and the heating apparatus in the base-

ment, will prove a source of great value to a house cheerfully furnished, well lighted, and scrupulously neat in every particular. The improvements cost \$3,700, beside carpets, range, and various articles of furnishing contributed by the ladies of St. Peter's congregation. This Orphans' Home takes destitute and uncared-for children, without regard to religious denomination, and gives them shelter and training till they are sixteen years of age, when they are recommended for service in a suitable home."

ALBANY.

STAMFORD—Consecration of Grace Chapel.—This chapel, which is a chapel of St. Peter's parish, Hobart, (the Rev. R. H. Barnes, rector,) and is the outgrowth of four summer's voluntary services of the rector, was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels. There were present and assisting, the rector, and the Rev. Messrs. T. B. Felcher, Reeve Hobbie, and R. J. Adler. The instrument of donation was read by the rector, and the sentence of consecration by the Rev. Reeve Hobbie, who laid the corner-stone. The bishop preached, and confirmed seven persons. There was a large congregation, and the music, rendered by the chorus choir of St. Peter's church, was excellent.

Grace chapel was built principally through the offerings of summer visitors, stimulated by the zeal and energy of the late H. V. W. Tucker, who passed away a year ago, and to whose memory a handsome brass tablet has been erected. The chapel is of wood, pointed gothic, open roof, interior finished in yellow pine with oil finish. The windows are stained glass from the factory of E. Colegate, New York, and the chancel memorial window reflects great credit on the maker. Most of the church furniture, the Communion service, Bible, Prayer Books, etc., are gifts; the altar linen is the gift of the ladies of St. Clements, Philadelphia, the oak font a memorial of the Ingraham family.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children.—The corporation for the Relief of Widows and Children of Clergymen in the State of New York held its annual meeting in St. Augustine's chapel, on the afternoon of Thursday, October 1. This meeting was an interesting one, this being the first year of the second century of the existence of the corporation since the Revolution. The Bishop of Western New York was present, and presided, and a large number of members was in attendance. The treasurer's report showed the finances of the corporation to be in a prosperous condition. The capital now exceeds \$225,000, and the special relief fund, about \$30,000, proves of great service and comfort in the aid extended in cases of need among the annuitants.

Although the benefits of the fund held in trust by this corporation are open to all the clergy of the State of New York, the number of contributors continues to be small, being only about one sixth of the clergy in the State. To the younger clergy particularly, the inducements offered are unusually great. The annual dues are only \$8, and the returns to the widows and children of clergymen are far beyond what can be obtained for so small a sum in any life insurance company.

The officers of the corporation are: The Bishop of New York, president, *ex-officio*; the Bishops of Western New York, Long Island, Albany, and Central New York, respectively first, second, third and fourth vice-presidents, *ex-officio*; the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Price, vice-president (annually elected); the

Rev. Dr. J. A. Spencer, secretary; Mr. Richard M. Harrison, treasurer. The Standing Committee is Messrs. Cadwalader Ogden, Henry Drisler, Charles C. Haight, the Rev. Dr. T. M. Peters, the Rev. W. N. Dunsell, together with the president, secretary and treasurer.

NEW YORK—St. Ann's Church.—The thirty-third anniversary of St. Ann's church for Deaf Mutes and their Friends (the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector), was observed on Sunday, October 4. The rector presented the following statistics in his sermon. The receipts for the year ending September 30, were: For current expenses (\$1,000 from Trinity church) \$5,546.11; specials for music, \$540.50; toward the debt, \$1,218; charitable parochial objects, \$794.83; diocesan objects, \$125.85; general objects, \$754.05. Total, \$9,923.81. Baptisms, adults, 9 (3 deaf mutes); infants, 14 (1 of deaf mutes). Total, 63. Confirmations, 47 (10 deaf mutes); marriages, 39 (5 deaf mutes); burials, 50 (2 deaf mutes). Communicants last year, 538; admitted, 47 (10 deaf mutes); received, 40; died, 21 (2 deaf mutes); removed, 64; present number, 540 (about 100 deaf mutes).

NEW YORK—Ascension Chapel.—A company of the Knights of Temperance has been formed in connection with this chapel (the Rev. J. F. Steen, in charge). It now numbers about one hundred lads, and the number is increasing each week. They meet weekly in a hall which, though large, is not sufficiently so for their marching and drilling. The rent of this hall, about \$20 per month, is paid by the boys themselves.

On the evening of Monday, October 5, by invitation of the minister in charge, the Rev. Drs. W. R. Huntington and H. Y. Satterlee, the Rev. G. F. Nelson, Mr. Robert Graham and others attended a meeting of the company. They found about seventy-five of the young knights in attendance, with their officers. The preliminary exercises consisted of hymns, the reading of the Bible by the warden, and a few collects. Some new members were admitted, after having been duly examined. These exercises were followed by a drill by some of the older members, which was very good. Addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Huntington and Satterlee, who expressed themselves gratified at what they had seen.

NEW YORK—The Advent Mission.—Missioners have been engaged for the Advent Mission in the various parishes, as follows: St. George's church, the Rev. W. Hay Alden; Church of the Holy Communion, the Rev. Dr. F. Courtney; St. Michael's church, the Rev. G. R. Van de Water; Church of the Heavenly Rest, the Rev. Dr. Francis Pigon; Zion and Incarnation churches, the Rev. R. B. Randall; St. Ann's church, the Bishop of Western New York; St. Ignatius's church, the Rev. A. C. A. Hall; Church of the Redeemer, the Rev. Dr. C. C. Grafton; Church of the Resurrection, the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair; Church of the Epiphany, the Rev. O. A. Glanbeck; Holy Trinity church, Harlem, the Rev. F. H. De Verne; Church of St. Mary the Virgin, the Rev. George C. Betts; Calvary church, the Very Rev. H. Martyn Hart.

During the continuance of the mission there will be held a mission for children, in St. Mark's chapel, Avenue A. (the Rev. J. E. Johnson in charge). It will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, assisted, probably, by his son, the Rev. W. W. Newton.

NEW YORK—Correction.—In our report of the assistant-bishop's address, in the list of episcopal acts, the words "sermons and addresses 35" should have read "sermons and addresses 539."

NEW YORK—*The New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society.*—The annual meeting of this venerable society (established in 1809) was held on the evening of Thursday, October 8. The proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. C. R. Duffie. Mr. A. L. Clarkson presided, and the agent and treasurer, Mr. James Pott, read the annual report, which was ordered to be printed and circulated. It shows a distribution of thirty-six thousand Bibles and Prayer Books, through the bishops and clergy, to all parts of the country, proving how general is the work of this long-established society. Since the last annual meeting the Board of Managers has lost one of its members by the death of the Rev. Dr. G. J. Geer. This vacancy was filled by the election of the Rev. T. H. Sills. With this exception, the officers and the board remain the same.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—*St. Ann's Church.*—This church, which has been closed for alterations during the summer, was reopened for divine service on Sunday, October 4. The music was rendered for the first time by a surpliced choir, which the organist, Mr. Archibald Arthur, has had in training for some weeks.

BROOKLYN—*St. Peter's Church.*—The rector of this church (the Rev. Charles A. Tibbals) inaugurated a series of people's services on the evening of Sunday, October 4. They will be continued during the winter. His plan is to have a shortened service, which will be printed on a card for the use of strangers. The music is to be hearty and plain so that all may join in it. The sermons will be short talks on subjects of interest.

FLATBUSH—*St. Paul's Church.*—Extensive alterations having been in progress in this church (the Rev. Dr. Summerfield E. Snively, rector), services have been suspended since August 1, but were resumed on Sunday, September 27, when the enlarged church edifice was completely filled.

The first church building for this parish was erected nearly fifty years ago, and gave way about twelve years since to the present church, a small but well constructed edifice, designed by Mr. Charles Haught. As it had only one hundred and twenty sittings, its size has long been insufficient; but it was feared that its symmetry and beautiful proportion would be marred by enlargement. Under the direction of Mr. Thomas Howe, Jr., however, the enlargement has not injured but greatly improved the churchly appearance of the building. The north wall has been removed, and an extension carried the full length of the church, with a lower roof, and an additional entrance on the northeast angle. Eighty additional sittings are thus secured. The new pews correspond with the old ones, and an additional aisle extends along the north wall. An organ and choir chamber has been constructed on the northeast of the chancel, an important and much needed improvement. The additions are constructed in the same substantial and tasteful manner as in the original building. The interior effect is very fine, giving the impression of great breadth and spaciousness.

The cost of the alterations was \$2,000, which has all been provided for by voluntary contributions. During the past year, a handsome window in memory of Mrs. Hincken, a beloved parishioner, was placed in the centre of the south side, the design representing the Angel of the Resurrection.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

WILLOWDALE—*Grace Church.*—The eleventh anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone

of this church (the Rev. W. E. Allen, rector,) was held on Saturday, September 26. A procession of clergy and laity moved from a neighboring house to the church, singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." Service was said by the rector and the Rev. C. W. McNish, and the rector made an appropriate address. After the service the ladies of the parish served a collation on the lawn for all present; and the ladies of St. Faith's Guild provided refreshment and games for the children of the Sunday school.

CARTHAGE—*Grace Church.*—The cornerstone of the new church of this parish was laid by the Rev. R. A. Olin, on Thursday, October 1. There were present besides Mr. Olin, the Rev. Dr. Albert Danker and the Rev. Messrs. J. Winslow and G. Moyses. An address was made by the Rev. Mr. Winslow, the founder of the parish, in which he reviewed the history of the Church in Jefferson County, and the history of the parish. Of one of the clergy in charge he said: "Many of you remember that earnest and devout young man, but not at that time possessing just the requisite qualifications and experience for that kind of work, but who has since grown into a strong and grand missionary. So matters went on between hope and fear, success and failure, storm and sunshine, till he [Bishop Brewer] of whom you are all thinking at this moment, came directly from the seminary full of zeal according to knowledge, having health and courage, grace and bravery, and who is to-day planting the Church up to the base and on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains—a noble bishop in whose work we are all interested, and for whose success our prayers are daily being poured by you into the listening ears of our Father in Heaven. From his entrance among you the success of the parish was no longer a peradventure."

He spoke of the struggles through which the parish had gone, and congratulated the congregation on the spirit they had manifested. He referred to the destruction of the former church by fire in October last, and said: "You have been brave; you have been purified by fire. Whosoever the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Go on, then, from this date in the zeal and courage of the past, building yourselves up in the holy faith which has cheered your friends who have fallen asleep. Build upon this foundation your church, which in its interest and beauty shall exceed the one that the flames used as incensed ashes rising toward Heaven."

A letter was read from the Rev. T. G. Jackson, a previous rector, and an address made by the Rev. R. A. Olin.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

GENEVA—*Hobart College.*—This institution has opened this year with one of the largest Freshmen classes that has ever entered, while the other classes have been slightly augmented by students from other institutions. Seven members of the new class are from South Carolina, one from Cuba, and one from Texas.

NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH—*Death of the Rev. Dr. Forbes.*—The Rev. Dr. John Murray Forbes died at his residence, in Elizabeth, N. J., on Sunday, October 11, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Though Dr. Forbes has lived for some years past in retirement, he was at different periods prominent in the history of the Church. He was rector of St. Luke's church in this city during the exciting times consequent on the Oxford Movement in England, and in that church were first introduced what were then regarded as extreme practices, but are now

considered harmless. The principles of Drs. Newman, Pusey, and Kohle were making themselves felt, and many were disposed to push them to an unwarrantable extreme. Among those were the late Dr. Ives, some time Bishop of North Carolina, and Mr. Preston, subsequently a monsignore in the Roman ministry. Dr. Forbes had great friendship for, and sympathy with these gentlemen, and in carrying out their ideas of Church doctrine and principles, he was borne by his convictions into the Church of Rome, in 1849. Whether he influenced Bishop Ives, or Bishop Ives influenced him, has been a matter of dispute; the influence probably was mutual. At any rate Dr. Forbes's action preceded that of Dr. Ives. Unlike Dr. Ives and Mr. Preston, however, Dr. Forbes could not conform himself completely to his new surroundings. He found that he had been pursuing an unseasonable shadow, and that what he sought was not to be found in the Church of Rome. After some years service in the Roman ministry this fact was made so evident to his mind and conscience, that he could stand it no longer, and he abandoned the Church of Rome, publicly acknowledging his error in a letter to the then Roman Archbishop of New York, the late Dr. Hughes. After a brief period of lay communion, his deposition was reversed, and he was re-admitted to the practice of the ministry by the Provisional Bishop of New York. After his return to the Church, Dr. Forbes acted as assistant to the late Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks, in the Church of the Holy Saviour; but was made Dean of the General Theological Seminary in 1869, a position which he held until 1873, when he resigned, and retired to reside in New Jersey.

Dr. Forbes had suffered for some time from great bodily weakness, having lost the use of his limbs and to some extent of his sight, but his mental powers remained unimpaired, and his general health remained good until very recently, when it began to break. Dr. Forbes was twice married. He leaves a son by his first marriage, and his second wife and several children survive him.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK—*Trinity Church.*—The rector of this church (the Rev. J. S. Reed,) has made arrangements for a ten days' mission in the parish. It will be held in the latter part of November, and all the clergy of the city will co-operate. The mission will be conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Aitken and Stevens.

NEWARK—*St. John's Church, Woodside.*—On Sunday, October 4, the Rev. A. L. Wood was instituted into the rectorship of this church, by the Bishop of Tennessee, the bishop of the diocese preaching the sermon. The celebration of the Holy Eucharist followed, the bishop of the diocese being the celebrant, assisted by the Bishop of Tennessee and the newly-installed rector. The service was choral, the music being rendered by a surpliced choir and a chorus of female voices. In the evening the Bishop of Tennessee preached on Reality in Religion.

This parish is in better financial condition than ever before, and being situated in the midst of a rapidly increasing population, seems destined to grow.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Redemption.*—The rector of this church (the Rev. Thomas R. List,) preached his tenth anniversary sermon on Sunday, October 4. During his rectorship he has baptized 592 adults and infants, presented 193 persons for confirmation, has married 392 couples, officiated at 334 burials, held 1,651 services and delivered 1,382 sermons

and addresses. Many improvements have been made in the church property, which is valued at \$50,000, and which is free from all indebtedness. There are 347 officers, teachers and scholars, connected with the Sunday-schools and Bible-classes, and 276 communicants are registered in the parish.

PHILADELPHIA—Episcopal Hospital Mission. The twentieth anniversary of the Bishop Alozo Potter Bible Class of this mission was held in the mission building on Sunday evening, October 4. The service was said by the Rev. Thomas R. McClintock, minister in charge of the mission, assisted by the Rev. Henry A. F. Hoyt, chaplain of the hospital. The Rev. Samuel E. Appleton, D.D., preached the sermon in which he pointed out the manly character of Daniel as that after which they would do well to fashion their lives.

Dr. Ashurst read the annual report of the Bible class which showed that there was a total membership of 131, with an average attendance of 70. Miss C. C. Biddle has been the faithful teacher of this class during all these years, going from her home to the hospital every Sunday, and spending several afternoons during the week visiting the homes of the men. Her influence over them has been great and productive of much good in the neighborhood of the hospital. She has had, during this period, 1,000 men under her care, not counting those who have attended the class for two or three Sundays.

PHILADELPHIA—Federate Council.—The Bishop of Pennsylvania has issued a call for a meeting of the Federate council of the dioceses in this State, to meet at the Episcopal rooms, 1102 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, November 17, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Michael's Church, Germantown.—The congregation of this church, (the Rev. J. K. Murphy, rector,) celebrated its festival day on the feast of St. Michael and All Angels, when the church was handsomely decorated. Morning Prayer was said by the rector, assisted by the Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss. The rector then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. William Ely. The sermon was preached by the Rev. G. W. Hodge, from Revelation iv. 8. A second service was held in the evening, when Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Falkner, and the Rev. Messrs. C. H. Hibbard, S. C. Hill, and T. W. Davidson. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVicker, on the encouragements and discouragements of work. There were also present the Rev. Messrs. Joseph Wood, W. Ely, T. P. Egé, and E. Cope.

This was the twenty-sixth anniversary of the first use of the church, and the ninth of its consecration. There were large congregations present at both services.

PHILADELPHIA—Clerical Brotherhood.—The discussion of the new Marriage License Law was the subject which engaged the attention of the Clerical Brotherhood at its meeting, on Monday, September 28. About fifty clergy were present, and the Rev. Drs. R. C. Matlack, C. D. Cooper, and Benjamin Watson, and the Rev. Messrs. H. L. Duhning, W. M. Jefferis, J. Karcher, C. W. Dnane, S. B. Simes, C. J. Mason, S. D. McConnell, R. C. Booth, J. R. Moses, and I. Gibson, participated in the discussion.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Transfiguration.—As Sunday, October 4, completed the first year of the Rev. Dr. Sidney Corbett's administration of this parish, he preached an anniversary sermon, and among the statistics that he mentioned were the following. Alluding to the Sunday-school he said that it had experienced a healthy growth during the year, and that he had attended all but three of the

sessions. He officiated at 113 services; baptized 27, of whom 9 were adults; presented 22 for confirmation, some of whom were heads of families; married 2, buried 7, and ninety were added to the communicant list. He made nearly 600 calls and received a corresponding number of visits.

The rector will be assisted during the balance of the year by Mr. W. L. Kolb, who has been a Baptist minister, but who is now a candidate for orders, and will study at the Philadelphia Divinity school during the six months canonically required.

PHILADELPHIA—Sunday-School Lessons.—The Sunday-school association has arranged with a number of the clergy to teach the Sunday-school lessons to teachers, on Saturdays at 4 P. M., in one of the class rooms of the Church of the Epiphany.

PRUCA—St. John's Church.—The bishop visited this parish on Sunday, September 27, and confirmed fifteen persons, the largest number that has been presented for confirmation in many years. Among them were some of the oldest and most prominent men in this section of the country.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

SOUTH BETHLEHEM—Lehigh University.—“Founders Day” at the Lehigh University was observed on Thursday, October 8. There was a very large attendance, attracted both by the observance of the day, and by the laying of the cornerstone of the Packer Memorial church. There were present the Bishop and Assistant-bishop of Central Pennsylvania, and the Bishop of Pittsburgh, and a large number of distinguished clergy and laymen from this and other dioceses.

At the hour appointed a procession of the clergy, trustees of the university, members of the faculty, instructors and students, followed by the members of the Masonic fraternity, marched to the site of the church. Here the president of the university made a brief address, presenting the stone to the Grand Master of the Masons, who, when prayer had been offered by the Bishop of Pittsburgh, the Grand Chaplain, proceeded to put in place the cornerstone of the Packer Memorial church, in accordance with the usages of the order.

The bishop of the diocese then proceeded with the service of the laying of the cornerstone of the church. Addresses were made by the bishop, the assistant-bishop, and the Bishop of Pittsburgh.

The exercises of “Founders Day” then followed, with the annual university sports.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—House of Mercy.—In 1838, at a meeting of a committee appointed by the District of Columbia Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, held in St. John's church, it was determined to undertake this class of mission work. There was about \$800 pledged at once, and the Misses Talcott, two of the Clewer Sisters, were obtained to take immediate charge of the work. In January, 1884, an association was organized, a board of ladies elected, and a number of gentlemen chosen as trustees. A charter was secured, and the society entered at once on what has proved to be an active career. A house, well adapted to the purpose, containing sixteen rooms, was purchased for \$15,500, and in April, 1884, the work of the Institution practically began. In May the house was formally dedicated with public service and benediction. The House of Mercy receives penitent women from all parts of the country. It is dependent for maintenance on voluntary contributions. The cost of maintenance is about \$125 per month. During the first year twenty-nine women, of ages varying from fifteen to forty, with some

fifteen infants, were received and cared for. At the end of the first year twelve adults and six children remained in the house. At first but twelve could be cared for at one time, but the accommodations have since been doubled. Of these inmates, six were sent to a hospital, four returned to their friends, seven were transient or otherwise discharged. Some come merely as to a place of temporary refuge others moved by a desire to reform. Every effort is made to induce a change of life, and every encouragement thereto extended by the sisters in charge. A work-room is provided, and instruction in sewing and other things given, it having been found that many have fallen into vice from sheer ignorance of how to procure a livelihood.

The house is not under the charge of any particular parish, but is the care of all the parishes in the District. A small fee entitles any one to membership of the society, and liberal sums have been given, amounting to about \$4,000, while the disbursements to the present time amount to nearly \$6,000. The work has been helped by some four hundred friends, though further aid is, of course, required. It will be continued as long as means are forthcoming to sustain it. The treasurer's address is 2101 G street, N. W. The rector of St. Paul's parish, within which the house is situated, is the chaplain. Services are held morning and evening, and the Holy Communion celebrated weekly and on festivals. Once a week an address is made by one of the clergy. During Lent services are more frequent. Orders for sewing and washing are received, these are filled by the inmates, and thus some of the house expenses are met, and the women encouraged thus to lessen their sense of obligation to the institution.

The nursery department is now distinct from the reformatory. Here the mothers act as helpers. At three years of age the infants will be sent to orphanages, and the mothers, if then able, will be expected to contribute to their children's support.

Homes are found for such as prove worthy of confidence after sufficient trial. Thus far thirty-five have so been cared for. There are nine or ten still in the house, and two infants.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.—Christ Church, Georgetown.—The cornerstone of the new church building for this parish (the Rev. A. R. Stuart, rector,) was laid by the bishop of the diocese on Thursday, October 1, on the corner of Thirty-first and O streets, in the presence of a large congregation. The musical portions of the service were rendered by a choir of fifty voices, with organ and orchestral accompaniment. The cornerstone of the old church, laid in 1818, was found to contain a copper-plate, bearing the name of James Monroe (then President of the United States), and silver and other coins of 1817. These, with the contents of the cornerstone of the enlargement in 1867, consisting of a list of the rectors of the parish, convention journals, photographs, etc., were added to memorial and other sermons, current coins, etc., and, with a copper-plate inscribed October 1, 1885, were deposited in the new stone.

The bishop made the address, and related many interesting facts in connection with the history of the parish.

MISSISSIPPI.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

OCTOBER.

16, 17, Hernando.
18, 19, 20, Como.
21, 22, Sardis.
23, 24, 25, Winona.
26, 27, 28, Carrollton.
29, 30, Vaiden.

NOTE.—The above are the appointments of Bishop Green only.

OXFORD—St. Peter's Church.—On the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity, the assistant bishop of the diocese ordained to the diaconate Mr. John Augustus Harris, and preached the ordination sermon. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Messrs. W. P. Browne and U. B. Bowden.

INDIANA.

DIOCESAN ITEM.—The bishop returned to his work in the diocese, after a six-weeks' vacation, early in September. He has moved into the episcopal residence. This house was built by Bishop Talbot in 1873, at a cost of \$18,000, and is a commodious and comfortable residence.

Miss Sybil Carter, in the interest of the General Board of Missions, visited the parishes in the central and southern portion of the diocese recently, and did much by her visit to create an interest in the work of the board, besides receiving generous offerings in its behalf. The bishop is desirous that every parish and mission-station should make an annual offering in behalf of the General Board.

The Rev. L. F. Cole of All Saints', Minneapolis, has been elected to the rectorship of Holy Innocents', Evansville, and has accepted. This beautiful church and its rectory were erected some years ago by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Viele, as a memorial of a beloved and only daughter. It has recently been slated and renovated by the generous founders, and the rectory put in perfect order for the rector. He entered upon his duties on October 1. The new St. Paul's, Evansville, one of the finest stone churches in the diocese, is steadily approaching completion. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy by Christmas.

Harvest Home festivals have been held in a number of parishes—at St. Stephen's, Terre Haute, Grace, Indianapolis, St. Paul's, Evansville, St. Luke's, Frankfort, St. Mary's, Delphi, and Trinity, Loganport. The churches were beautifully decorated with grain, flowers, fruits, and vegetables. The special service set forth by the bishop was used, and appropriate discourses preached. In a great agricultural State like Indiana such a service is especially appropriate at the close of the harvest.

The clergy of Indiana are working as they have never worked before, reaching to towns and villages adjacent to them, holding services in school-houses, borrowed places of worship, and wherever there is an open door. The missionary at Frankfort has recently opened three new stations; the missionary at Crawfordville, in the heat of summer, held missions of nearly a week each, in two towns, Tipin and Kokomo, never before occupied by the Church. He has regular services in two other towns, Lebanon and Thorntown. In this way the Gospel and the Church is being presented in Indiana as never before. The people flock in crowds to the services, and express themselves delighted with the beautiful worship of the Church. In many towns they are moving in the matter of securing lots and building churches.

On Sunday, October 4, the bishop consecrated the pretty Gothic church erected during the summer at Newcastle. This is the county seat of Henry county, a rich and populous county, and contains a population of 4,000. The services of the Church were first conducted here by the bishop in 1884, and through that year they had occasional week-day services from the missionary at Muncie. In January last Sunday services on alternate Sundays were given by the present missionary, the Rev. W. D. Engle. The Diocesan Church Building Fund made a grant of \$500 toward the church building, the result is a neat church

and lot, with bell, organ, font, communion service, a choir of men and boys, two classes confirmed, a Sunday-school of fifty children, a congregation that fills the church; and not only this, but reaching out from this as a centre, services have been established in two other adjacent towns, lots secured and building funds begun to erect two new churches in the same county during the coming year. This is but a specimen of what may be done in many other counties in Indiana. The bishop needs help in founding these new churches. The whole diocese is missionary ground, fifty counties like Henry to be occupied, churches to be built, and congregations gathered.

St. Stephen's Hospital, Richmond, has completed its first year. It has cared for a goodly number of patients, and met all its expenses of furnishing, rent, and maintenance, and closes the year without debt. The beginning of the endowment of a child's cot has been made, and the children of the diocese are at work for it. They are also much interested in accumulating the means to found a diocesan orphanage. The bishop asks from each child in the Sunday-schools of the diocese an offering of one cent a month or twelve cents a year. Already nearly \$100 has been contributed, and each month adds to the sum. At no distant date the orphanage will be begun.

The Howe Grammar School, the diocesan school for boys, begun a year ago at Lima, has entered upon its second year with more than double the number of pupils of the first year. This is matter of great encouragement to the rector, the Rev. C. N. Spalding, and to the bishop, who is deeply interested in its success.

The Rev. P. B. Morgan, recently restored to the work of the ministry, is laboring earnestly at Connersville. The Rev. J. G. Miller of North Dakota has been appointed missionary at Bristol and Mishawaka.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO—Western Theological Seminary.—This institution was formally opened on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels'. At noon there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the seminary chapel, the bishop of the diocese being celebrant, assisted by the Bishops of Springfield and Indiana. The Ven. Archdeacon Wesley of Ely, England, and the Rev. Professor W. J. Gold of the seminary were also in the chancel. The bishop preached from Exodus xxiii. 16.

The opening and dedicating of this institution marks a most important period of the history of the Church in the Northwest. As is generally known, the erection and endowment of this great school for the ministry of the Church is due to the munificent generosity of Dr. Tolman Wheeler of Chicago. Two years ago he placed at the disposal of the bishop sufficient means to carry out to completion the seminary just opened, and it will not only long be a monument to the Christian character of the donor, but it is already an adornment to the city, with which his name is connected as one of the pioneers.

The new Divinity School is situated on the north side of Washington Boulevard, near California Avenue, with a frontage on the boulevard of two hundred and one feet, and a depth of one hundred and ninety-four feet, running through to Park Avenue. The buildings are two in number, of beautiful and imposing appearance from the boulevard. They consist of the theological halls proper and a dormitory for the students. The theological hall, which will be known as Wheeler Hall, measures ninety-six feet in front by fifty-seven feet six inches in depth. It is in the late Gothic English ecclesiastic style of architecture, and of red pressed brick, with brown-stone and terra-cotta trimmings. In the centre front

is the main entrance, through a Gothic portico six feet wide and nine feet high, across which are handsomely-designed and substantial oak doors. These open into a spacious hall, to the right of which is the dean's office, and on the opposite side a commodious reception-room. At the east end of the building, in front, is the seminary chapel, a richly-finished apartment, the woodwork being all solid oak. The room has a vaulted ceiling and a striking appearance, the east end projects sixteen feet beyond the main front line of the building in the form of a five-bayed apsis, twenty-four feet wide. Each bay has a chancel window, in the middle one of which is a figure of our Lord, and in the others are figures of the four evangelists. On the east side is the recess, in which is a handsome organ. The chamber is lighted by another stained-glass window, with the words "*Te Deum Laudamus*," and beneath them figures of cherubim and seraphim offering praise. Opposite the apsis is a rose stained glass window, having a cross in the centre. At the extreme west end of the building is the library, a spacious apartment, two stories high, and having space for twenty thousand volumes. It is lighted in front by a quadruple stained-glass window, twelve feet wide and nineteen feet high. In the upper part of this window are portraits of Bishops Seabury and White. On the top floor of this building is a large hall for elocutionary purposes and general meetings. On the main floor again is a commodious apartment devoted to the Wheeler School for Boys, under the Rev. T. D. Phillips, which opened with an attendance of fifteen. Conveniently situated to it is the refectory. All remaining space of the four floors of the main building is devoted to professors' rooms, robing-room, and lecture-rooms.

Twenty-five feet distant from Wheeler Hall and Chapel is another large four-story building, the exterior of which corresponds with the larger building by its side. This is the dormitory building, and it is admirably fitted and arranged to accommodate the students. In this building excellent hospital quarters and a gymnasium are provided.

Of the clergy present and participating in the opening were the Rev. Drs. Clinton Locke, W. H. Yibbert, A. Loderbach, T. N. Morrison, A. Z. Gray and C. W. Leffingwell, and the Rev. Messrs. L. S. Osborne, T. N. Morrison, Jr., E. A. Larrabee, Luther Pardee, G. T. Griffith, G. C. Street, J. H. Knowles, Antoine Lechner, L. D. Mansfield, J. E. Thompson, H. G. Perry, C. H. Bixby, Morton Stone, F. M. Gregg, Joseph Rushon, J. H. Edwards, C. A. Holbrook, M. V. Averill, G. W. Whitney, Henderson Judd, A. P. Greenleaf, W. E. Toll, G. S. Todd, Isaac Foote, A. V. Garrel, and F. J. Hall.

After the service the clergy and other visitors were entertained in the refectory by the ladies of the cathedral, after which congratulatory speeches upon the present success achieved in this important undertaking were made by the Bishops of Springfield and Indiana, the Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, Professors Gold and Morrison, and others.

WISCONSIN.

NASHOTAH—Opening of Nashotah House.—The opening of Nashotah House for the Advent term took place on the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 A.M., all the students receiving. Morning Prayer was said at 9 A.M., and at 10:30 a procession of clergy and students moved from the old chapel to the Preaching Cross on the chapel lawn, where the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafeld. At the conclusion of the sermon, the procession reformed, and led by the cross-

bearer, entered the chapel, when the bishop celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. Dr. A. D. Cole, president of the Home. The music was very spirited and rich, rendered by a choir composed exclusively of students.

The number of students admitted this year, is larger than for many former years. They give promise of great usefulness in their ministry.

The chapel has during the winter been entirely refitted in hard wood. The stalls of the seminarians have been placed within the rails of the chancel, and the chancel itself has been extended outward as far as the pews. The walls have been retinted, and the wood work has been repainted in warm, but quiet colors.

The visiting clergy at the opening included the Dean of the Cathedral (the Rev. C. L. Mallory), the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield and the Rev. Messrs. T. W. Barry, J. Francis, F. Osborne, C. S. Starkweather, R. F. Sweet and D. L. Sanford. Many visitors were present from Milwaukee, most of whom dined with the president at Shelton Hall, after the ceremonies.

At 4 P. M. there was choral Evensong, and at 9 P. M. Compline Office in the Oratory of the House.

IOWA.

FORT DODGE—*St. Mark's Church.*—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. R. J. Walker, rector,) on Sunday, September 27. Although the morning was very rainy a large congregation was present, and in the evening, when the weather had cleared, the church was filled, and many had to go away for lack of room. In the morning the bishop preached and celebrated the Holy Communion. In the evening he preached and confirmed eight persons.

OREGON.

PORTLAND—*Church Schools.*—The Daily Oregonian of September 30 has the following notice of the Church schools in Portland:

"In spite of the 'hard times' St. Helen's Hall and the Bishop Scott Grammar School—two prominent educational institutions of Portland—open this term with flattering prospects. St. Helen's Hall has a list of one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty pupils, and the grammar school a considerably larger number than last year. The faculty of the former institution numbers thirteen, eleven of them educated and trained in the best Eastern schools, and two of them in St. Helen's Hall. The grammar school has a faculty of seven, three of them, including the head master, are graduates of Yale College, and is well 'manned' both for instruction and discipline. These are educational institutions of a high order, and of great advantage to the citizens of Portland and other parts of the State. . . . We are glad to record the continued success and prosperity of these Portland institutions, which in the past fifteen or sixteen years have done so much to elevate the standard of education in our State."

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN—*Church Congress.*—The Churchmen of New Haven have been busily preparing for the meetings of the Church Congress next week. Large numbers are expected from various parts of the country and many families will entertain guests. The Consolidated Railroad and other roads centering in New Haven give free return tickets, and round trip tickets at reduced rates can be obtained on most of the railroads in New York and New England.

Carl's Opera House, where the sessions of the congress will be held, is centrally located, and easy of access by horse cars from all parts of the city. It is the largest opera house in New Haven, and while it will be probably well filled, it is hoped that all who wish to hear the speakers will find good accommodation.

The sessions of the congress, as already noticed in THE CHURCHMAN, will begin on Monday and end on Friday. The last session on Friday will be held at 2:30 P. M., to enable those desiring to leave the city by the evening trains to do so.

The list of writers and speakers includes men of marked ability and reputation from this country and England, and it seems probable that the tenth session of the Church Congress will by no means fall below the average of those that have preceded it.

PARAGRAPHIC.

SAND contributed to the Mississippi by its branch, which is greater than itself, is observable in the South Pass, 1,800 miles below the mouth of the Missouri.

In Cuba large deposits of iron ore have been found, and the island will be able to rank with those countries which supply the world with raw material for making iron.

M. BLIVIER explains the occasional disturbances of underground telegraph wires during thunder storms, as an effect of electro-dynamic induction, or of electrostatic induction.

ARTICLES dyed with aniline colors, faded from exposure to light, will look as bright as ever if sponged with chloroform. The common commercial chloroform will answer the purpose.

A YOUTH in Bohemia, being imprisoned for five years for theft, spent them in making a straw watch, five centimetres in diameter. It was an example of patience and ingenuity without a parallel.

A TUNNEL found in the isle of Samos, 5,000 feet long, goes back nine centuries before the Christian era, and was constructed to supply the old seaport with drinking water, as we learn from Herodotus.

EXPERIMENTS show that cider containing less than three and a half per cent. of alcohol has been diluted, or else must have been made from bad apples. Ordinarily it should contain about five per cent. of alcohol.

TRAINS on the road to Vesuvius run night and day, and are proving a source of profit to those that built it. For those who preferred it, Vesuvius might serve as an inexpensive crematory, now it is so accessible.

In England pipes to convey water under high pressure are now made from steel plates. They are coated with lead on both sides and then rolled into form, riveted, soldered the whole length, and covered with pitch.

ACCURATE observations made during the last few years corroborate the tradition handed down from the early settlers of Casco Bay, that the flowage of the Underwood Spring is entirely unaffected by the amount of rain-fall.

CARBONIC acid, passed at summer heat over a mixture of chloroform and bisulphida of carbon into a lethal chamber, gives to animals a painless death. It has been tried by its discoverer, Dr. Richardson of England, upon 6,000 dogs.

It, says the Railroad Gazette, 282,240 pounds of coal will propel a ship and cargo weighing 5,600,000 pounds 3,290 miles, an ordinary letter burned in the boilers will generate sufficient energy to transport one ton of freight one mile.

THE sunflower makes with its seeds good food for hens and horses, and the stalks and heads, minus the seeds, make good fuel. The plant is extolled as a preventive of malaria, but there are not sufficient data to make this more than a theory.

By jets of steam slag is transformed into a fibrous silicate cotton, incombustible like asbestos. It is much used in England in the construction of houses with mansard roofs, the spaces being filled with it, to protect the house from extremes of heat or cold.

A MR. WIGHAM in England has invented a new method of illuminating lighthouses. He substitutes gas for oil. The light is powerful and easily controlled. The gas flames and can be raised and lowered automatically. It is especially fitted for a thick atmosphere.

MR. J. HULL holds that gas pipes should be laid as deep as possible under the surface to prevent disturbance to the joints by the upheaving and settling of the earth from frost, or pressure from traffic. Lead pipes are preferable to iron from absence of rust.

THE increase per cent. in the population of this country for nine decades has varied from 22.65 during the war decade, to 35.83 in the period from 1840 to 1850. In the ten years from 1870 to 1880 the increase per cent. was 30.08. The influence of the war was still felt.

If a few drops of sulphuric acid be combined with pure butter, the butter will assume an opaque, whitish color, and after some ten minutes will change to brick red. Oleomargarine, with the same test, changes first to a clear amber, and after twenty minutes to a deep crimson.

EDWARD I. died in 1307, and 463 years after his body was not decayed. Canute's body was found fresh in 1786, and he died in 1017. In 1569 three Roman soldiers were dug out of a peatmos, and were found fresh after about 1,500 years. Many other instances like these are related.

THE elaborate icing that imitates frost on Christmas and other cards is produced by sintering fine particles of ground glass upon the gummed cards. It is dangerous to the girls who do the work, the atoms penetrating their lungs and either causing early death or chronic inflammation.

THE condor on the west slope of the Andes has become a scarce, and the government of Chili has offered \$5 each for their destruction. It would seem almost a hopeless task, for they fly at vast elevations—sometimes 20,000 feet above the level of the sea—and build in inaccessible places.

By a recent law France has appropriated \$90,000 to be expended on the maintenance and education of every seventh child in families in needy circumstances. They are becoming anxious lest the family as an institution should die out for the want of children as a constituent part of it.

DR. E. DE LA GRANJA, of Boston, upon his return from Spain, where he has been investigating the cholera, declares that the microbe is an effect and not a cause of cholera, and that Dr. Ferran's inoculating liquid, containing only sterile bacilli, is powerless as a preventive of the disease.

PROCTOR the astronomer said his first real astonishment in this country was in receiving circulars from eminent distillers, offering essences, a pound of which could convert fifty gallons of alcohol into fine old brandy or good whiskey. He did not invest, for he knew the nature of the poison.

A LENS, three feet in diameter and seven inches thick at the centre, the largest burning

glass on record, was presented by the English government to the Empress of China. In its focus even the diamond is reduced to vapor. The Emperor suspected magic, and the lens is kept buried in the ground.

It is now confidently predicted that the Atlantic will ere long be crossed in four days. The increase of speed has been accomplished by the power of the engines, and not by the finer lines and proportions of ships. The three-cylinder engine has done much to increase the speed and lessen the cost of fuel.

It seems probable that Papine will become an important addition to the materia medica. Tried in facial neuralgia it was more satisfactory in its results than opium, morphine or chloral hydrate. In a case of hepatic calculus it acted like a charm, but large doses were required and the influence had to be kept up.

Mr. BAKWELL, an English geologist, estimated that the apex of the horseshoe fall at Niagara receded about three feet a year, and Sir Charles Lyell conceived that it was about six feet a year. Recent surveys confirm Mr. Bakewell's view, which would tone down the age of the falls from 35,000 years to 7,000 years.

If two or three tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts are dissolved in a quantity of lager beer, and the mixture is applied to glass, it will give it the appearance of ground glass. It will be found useful upon transoms and other windows where a screen is desired. When the windows are washed it will have to be re-applied.

DRAGON-BLOOD pottery, rare now even in China, has been successfully made in Chelsea, Mass., and is remarkable for its depth, lichen and true blood color. It is quite a surprise to those who are interested in ceramics. The same potter, Mr. H. C. Robertson, has produced the most admirable specimens of iridescent pottery.

At Dumfermline, Scotland, tumuli of large dimensions have been found. Upon opening four of the cists, implements of the stone age have been found in large quantity, and not less than 2,000 years old. Among the treasures were urns, quite large flint flakes, arrow heads, pestles, etc. The excavations are still going on.

THREE-FOURTHS of the nutrient matters eaten by the middle-class in England are from the animal kingdom, and one-fourth from the vegetable. If the proportions were reversed, the eminent physician, Sir Henry Thompson, says there would be cleaner palates, more active brains and a better state of health for those not engaged in laborious employments.

A MINISTER (not on the frontier, but in Illinois), recently said in his sermon that he would rather be born when he was than to have been one of the children who were taken into the arms of the Saviour and been blessed by Him. People knew a great deal more now than they did ages ago—knew all about railroads, telegraphs and everything—more even than St. Augustus Ceres did. When the blind lead the blind, is it not a wonder they do not escape the ditch?

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Missouri has been invited to deliver the annual sermon before the National Prison Association at its meeting in Detroit, Mich., on the 19th instant.

The Bishop of Texas desires that after October 31 at letters, etc., be addressed to him at Austin, Texas.

The Rev. Dr. Charles Beck has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Scranton, Penn., and entered on city mission work in Wilmington, Del., under the bishop of the diocese.

The Rev. C. W. Camp has assumed the rectorship of Grace church, Lockport, N. Y. Address accordingly.

The Rev. H. C. Cunningham's address is The Helvetia, Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass.

The Rev. Daniel Place has declined the charge of Homeless School, Johns College, New York. His address is 34 Oakland Place, Rochester, N. Y.

The Rev. O. A. Glazebrook has been elected rector of St. John's church, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Rev. Thomas W. Haskins will continue in charge of Homeless School, Jubilee College, Ill., and will enter on the rectorship of Zion church, Morris, Otsego County, N. Y., on November 1.

The Rev. Henry Macbeth has been elected rector of Trinity church, Oxford, Penn.

The Rev. Dr. F. L. Norton has resigned his position as Dean of Albany.

The Rev. B. W. Rhames has resigned the appointment of missionary in Livingston County, Mich., and will enter on the rectorship of Zion church, Morris, Otsego County, N. Y., on November 1.

The Rev. P. Bowden Shepherd entered on his duties in the Church of the Advent, Philadelphia, Pa., October 4. Address, 455 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, Penn.

The Rev. J. Ferdinand Tamm has been elected rector of St. Paul's church, Doylestown, Penn.

The Rev. W. A. Tenre has resigned his position in Trinity church, Little Rock, and returns to his home in St. Paul's, Hotville, Ark.

The Rev. Cornelius L. Tving has been elected to the rectorship of Calvary church, Brooklyn (E. D.), N. Y.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, Births, Ordinary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Thirty Cents a Line*, nonpareil for *Three Cents a Word*, prepaid.

MARRIED.

October 8, at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, by the Rev. W. O. Lamson, WILLIAM J. HOOVER of New Haven, and FANNY D., daughter of Abram S. Smith of Nyack.

DIED.

Peacefully entered into rest, at Cincinnati, October 3, ANN ELIZA, widow of David K. Cady, in the 84th year of her age.

Entered into His eternal on the evening of St. Bartholomew's Day, August 31, 1895, the Rev. DANIEL FAULCON HETRINGTON, aged 66 years, 5 months, and 9 days, at Caryle, Illinois, Diocese of Springfield.

Entered into rest, at Brooklyn, New York, on Thursday, October 8, 1895, MARY A. KILGAS, widow of the late JOSEPH KILGAS of Troy, N. Y.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTION.

Dean NORTON of Albany, being about to remove from that city to a wider sphere of usefulness, the Cathedral Chapter, in accepting his resignation, send him the following resolution:

"The Chapter of the Cathedral of All Saints, in accepting the dean's resignation of his office, put on record their recognition of the pleasant personal relations between the chapter and himself during his connection with the cathedral, of the acceptableness of his ministrations and the liberality of his gifts, and especially their appreciation of the joint energy and ability with which Mrs. Norton and the dean inaugurated and carried into successful operation the work of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions in the cathedral and in the diocese."
G. DEAN, Chancellor.

APPEALS.

NABOTH'S MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to send Naboth. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as at times past, the offerings of His people. Offerings are solicited: 1st. Because Naboth is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio. 2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land. 3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary. 4th. Because it is the best located for study. 5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination. Address: Rev. A. D. COLE, D.D., Naboth, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY

aid young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. Give and it shall be given unto you.
Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK, 1284 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELINOR WHITTELEY, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned begs most gratefully to acknowledge the following offerings for the work in Mississippi: Mr. Providence, K. L. through CHURCHMAN, \$5; through treasurer DOMESTIC COMMITTEE, J. T. H. Hart, \$10; through CHURCHMAN, \$10; Lee Children, Manhattan, Kansas, \$8.97; St. Thomas, Mamaroneck (Women's Missionary Society), \$30; "Little Rock," Sunday school, \$10; St. John's, Orleans, La.; L. S. A. Murray, salt Lake County, Utah, \$5; St. Peter's, Oxford, Miss., \$7; for church at Canton, from St. Mary's, Newton Lower Falls, \$5.

It is very greatly desired to open at once a school in connection with St. Mary's, Newton Lower Falls, in Vicksburg, and help for that purpose and the support of the services is solicited. The work is developing, and the friends of the friends of such work will meet the increasing need.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.

Oxford, Miss.
In answer to our appeal published in THE CHURCHMAN of September 19, for funds to complete the rectory, dig a well, pain the yard, etc. I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the following amounts: J. L. W. \$2; Mrs. J. M. Codman, \$10; "B. A.," \$50; and \$1 for St. James's church, from Mrs. C. J. S. RUSSELL, Lawrenceville, Va., Oct. 10, 1895.

The undersigned most gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following sums in response to appeal for the Cathedral of All Saints, Wash. C. D.: Andrew C. Penn, \$20; C. B. Smith, Wash. C. D., \$1; Rev. C. E. P. N., \$5; the Rev. G. F. R. Philadelphia, Pa., \$1; Miss C. S., New York City, \$1; Mrs. H. Penn, \$50. G. DE WOLF, Mission, Wia., Oct. 8, 1895.

FREE CHURCH ASSOCIATION—ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Free Church Association (Massachusetts Branch) to receive the report of the Executive Committee, select officers, and transact all other business, will be held at the Episcopal Church, room 5, Hamilton Place, Boston, on Monday, November 2, 1895, at 3.30 P. M. C. WINGDORF, Secretary.

The annual service will be held at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, at All Saints' Day (Sun.), November 18, at 10 P. M.; Sermon by the Rev. R. H. Hood of Longwood. Rectors will please give out the above notices to their congregations.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York give notice that the Mission will be held (D. V.) November 27th, that the headquarters of the committee, previous to the meeting, will be at the residence of E. P. Dutton & Co., 39 W. Twenty-third street, where all communications should be addressed, where information may be obtained, and the literature of the Mission will be found.
H. Y. SATTERLEE, Chairman.
HENRY MOTTER, Corresponding Secretary.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Evangelical Education Society will be held in Philadelphia on Tuesday, November 8, at 10 o'clock A. M. in the Church of the Epiphany, Independence.
ROBERT C. MATLACK, Secretary.

I would mention, for the information of those attending the Congress, that there will be a daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist, at 7:30 A. M., at Christ church, corner of Broadway and Elm street; also, Matins and Litany, at 9 o'clock, on Wednesday and Friday.
ERASMUS VAN DERLIN, Rector of Christ Church, New Haven, Conn.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

Clergymen whose parishes or post office addresses are not correctly given in the latest journals of their respective dioceses, are requested to notify the editor of WHITTAKER'S CHURCHMAN'S ALMANAC at once.
Send 3 Bible House, New York.

THE CHURCH ALMANAC FOR 1896.

Clergymen whose names, parishes, or post office addresses are not correctly given in the convention journals of 1895, published by October 15th, should not fail to notify the editor. Send the necessary corrections to "Editor of the Church Almanac," care of the publisher, JAMES POTT, 18 Astor place, New York.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

The famous Jubilee Singers of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., are advertised in another column to give three grand concerts at Chickering Hall, under the directorship of Prof. George L. White, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, October 19, 20 and 22.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE SPIRITUAL IMAGINATION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Your editorial of September 26, on "Rennan's Romance," leads me to a few reflections. "Romance of the Infinite" is a very French phrase, and unfortunate; nor do I defend the author of it. Yet even a "romance" may be something "founded on fact." And truths imagined—not imaginary—may be more than "created and contemplated" by the imagination, if it be the spiritual imagination. May they not be by it grasped, accepted, believed even to the soul's health? Comprehend, we may not; apprehend, we can. Are not spiritual things spiritually apprehended; and is not the reverent imagination the soul-faculty—a good and far-generous faculty—of classes of faculties which apprehend religious truth or truths?

Of course, the word "imagination" is liable to misdirection. At first glance, a careless reader might think me to mean *imaginary*. For example, a novel is an imaginary, or imagined story. But I use the word imagination in a different sense. I do not mean *arbitrary*. Imagination is essential to our life; to nearly all classes of thought even; certainly to many. For instance, without it, you can have no science of numbers. Without it, where were astronomy, and other useful sciences! Written language even depends on it, for words have only an arbitrary and imagined relation to ideas; yes, even to sound. You cannot add or subtract without the aid of this faculty—a faculty which, it will be perceived, is by no means, useful in poetry and fiction only.

Now, it is useful in religious affairs, too. In the Psalms, how useful; in the grand political sermons, so to speak, of the prophets; yes, even in the driest narratives and commentaries of religion, and the religious life; in the use of words in the different senses, primary, derivative, and figurative senses in which, in the paucity of human words, we are compelled to employ language.

Under the phrase "the religious imagination," I respectfully include Faith, Hope, Trust and all the intuitive faculties. We cannot conceive of God as He is. He is too high for thought; all that human thought can do is to conceive of Him as He seems to us—here is play for the greatest and most reverent imagination. As we cannot, by all our searching, find God unto perfection, so neither can we His ways, nor yet our relations to Him. We can, however, imperfectly; it is our right and privilege to attempt this; and it is through the intuitions and the gifts of hope, faith and trust, that we do so the most successfully and approximately. The telescope does not reveal everything to the eye, but it may a great deal. The spiritual imagination is a sort of lens system, and through it we may get, if not full, yet very encouraging views of the far-off things of the soul. God thus may be different to each of us, or, in the sense that we have "imagined" Him—as I may call it—more or less truly. Each one may thus "make his own Heaven," in that he may conceive of it according to his own best and highest ability! Through the lenses of hope and trust, we may gaze from the mount of our religious experience, and view the promised and with greater or less distinctness. By faith, the highest type, or, if you prefer, as of this "spiritual imagination," we may be led on and on, so that, inspired by it, nothing shall be impossible to us that is possible to man in the realm of Christian and godly things.

And so I group all the "gifts" of which I speak, under the head of the "spiritual imagination." Nothing spiritual is unreal! Spiritual things are the only "real" things. It is that careful sense, the "Presence" is real—not carnal, fleshy, but true, actual, indubitable, and though ever "spiritual," yet ever, and as fully—"real." It is no pun or play on

words. Get the fullest idea of the word "real," and you have the highest conception and the most worthy of the phrase—"real presence." And so let one take in the fullest idea of my phrase "spiritual imagination," and he will be pleased to see how very much is meant by it. We cannot realize supernatural things, and our relations to them cannot fully do so, cannot realize how God, for instance, can be the Being He is, and yet bear to us the relations which we try, though all so feebly, to express by the human terms of Father, Friend, Love, "punishes," "it repented Him," "forgives," "is angry," and all the rest of it, while we cannot realize to the full, we can *imagine* them, picture them to ourselves, dwell upon them with a reverent faith and in a holy frame of mind, lean in a spirit of trustfulness towards them, and he that hath ears to hear will hear and he that will understand shall understand. As low in a family causes the members of it to understand each other, to imagine just the right thing of the other, and not jealous and spiteful things, so will our love and faith, and hope and trust, and all the better qualities of ourselves lead us to appreciate more fully and realize more nearly, the things that pertain to the eternal life and our future welfare.

Said Napoleon, "imagination rules the world;" he meant fancy; I classify under it, the intuitions, the soul-faculties, the antennae by which the spiritual nature of man reaches out and grasps the things of the Spirit, the things which belong to Him who is a Spirit, and whom, being such, we must worship in spirit and in truth. R. W. LOWRIE.

UNIFORMITY IN RE STOLES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The Rev. Charles L. Newbold, in yours of September 19, introduces the question of Black Stole vs. Colored. It may seem to some a small question, seeing it has no doctrinal significance one way or the other, the black stole worn over both shoulders designating a priest as much as one of another color. But it has an objective significance and propriety in reference to the Church Year, and on that ground it ought to be considered worth one's while to discuss it. And I might say here that Bishop Cox, of whom no prolate has written more strongly and appreciatively of the Church Year, ought to see in this movement to use varied stoles a movement that should enlist his strong support. *Verb. sap.* But I would like to say a word or two by way of question suggested by the Rev. Mr. Newbold. He says that the only legislation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in reference to her priesthood and diaconate upon vestments is to the effect that whatever was the customary habits for the clergy in England at the time of the organization of the American Church—or should I say the Protestant Episcopal Church—is the law to it. It was a wise standard to go by; but, supposing it to be the fact, is there any way of knowing what the custom then was in this matter? It is assumed that the black stole or scarf was then worn, but is there any proof? It has been strongly asserted that the scarf was worn only by certain doctors in divinity of the universities and by chaplains to the nobility came into more general use in the times of Whitfield, Lady Huntingdon endowing all the preachers of her sect with the scarf, and declaring thereby that they were her domestic chaplains, and thereby to a large extent protecting them from interference on the part of bishops and rectors.

It has been decided by the privy council that stoles of any kind are inadmissible, not being any where prescribed—only being prohibition. Nevertheless, no wearer of a black scarf or stole (for whatever the shape, the latter has become the accepted term by the most ultra of the low Church school

bishops) has dropped its use, to my knowledge. Therefore, as those who sought a ruling from that source have not seen fit to obey it in this one matter, others feel themselves more than justified in adopting the rule, founded on taste and ecclesiastical propriety and educational tendency, which prevails throughout Wesleyan Christendom, and having in itself nothing to do with doctrine, corrupt or incorrupt.

And certainly it is important that this matter be discussed. For if there seems a necessity to so enrich the present Prayer Book by making one festival more significant and joyous than another, it seems that it is equally imperative that the clergy should not on Mondays as Easter and Christmas be in mourning by wearing a long black stole that seems, even to the general or common mind, to be quite in keeping with a funeral, or Good Friday, but utterly out of harmony with not only great festivals, but with christenings, confirmations, or marriages. Wm. ROSS BROWN.

Mansonville, Quebec, Canada.

THE REV. HENRY VAN DYCK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The forthcoming memorial volume of the Seabury Centenary will contain a full account of this clergyman, from which it will be seen that the Rev. Dr. Hills erred in saying, in your last issue, that he was "rector of St. James' church, Newtown, L. I., till his death, in 1811." He died September 17, 1804, and was buried "from his house, No. 4 Cedar street, New York." E. E. BEARDSLEY.

New Haven, Conn.

NEW BOOKS.

CURST AND CHRISTIANITY. Studies of Christology, Creeds and Confessions, Protestantism and Romanism, Reformation Principles, Sunday Observance, Religious Freedom and Christian Unity. By Philip Schaff. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. 310. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Schaff is widely known to that part of the world which is interested in religious literature. A vigorous writer, a clear thinker, a learned scholar, whatever he may say is sure to command as it is to deserve, attention. This volume consists of lectures, papers and addresses delivered at different times and places, upon the topics indicated in the title. The earlier portion is devoted to Christology. We do not agree with Dr. Schaff in his interest in the later Christological questions which he here states as occupying the mind of Germany. We hold that it is wisest to leave the whole matter where the great General Council left it, viz., with the Creed a statement of facts, which were clearly of revelation. The mere physical reconciliation of these facts belongs to a dangerous domain. It is speculation by finite minds or infinite verities. The English and American Churches have stopped short at the true resting place, simply affirming the two natures in the One Person of Christ without dogmatizing on the subject. The "Kenotic" and "Gradual Incarnation" theories of Germany simply bewilder without edifying. But the reader will find in Dr. Schaff's pages a clear statement of the various views and a very excellent summary.

A less satisfactory part of the book is his dealing with the question of the Unity of Christendom. Dr. Schaff's idea is that the more important bodies who hold the orthodox faith should remain as they are and the minor sects disappear. It is an idea which seems to correspond to that of the political situation in Europe where the leading States are arranged to preserve the balance of power, while the petty States are mediolized. We do not see upon what principle this can be arranged. If the differences which sever the large communions are essential enough to warrant their remaining in schism—the differences which have created the small bodies may be equally essential. What is to decide? If outward

"Mansel's "Limits of Religious Thoughts,"—Hamilton and water, but excellent.

dissimilarity is a good thing, it is as good for the small sect as it is for the large. If we understand Dr. Schaff rightly, he would have Episcopalians, though they should become convinced that parity was the normal policy of the Church, nevertheless remain Episcopalians, because it would be a pity, as he says, for any of the "historical Churches" to disappear. We, on the contrary hold, that if the Episcopal Church could be convinced that its theory of orders was wrong, it would be guilty of sin in still requiring episcopal ordination. It would have no right to put its preferences in the way of reunion. He would not wish the "Apostolic" dropped from the Nicene Creed, because having been, though wrongly, placed there, it is awkward to make an alteration. Yet Dr. Schaff would revise the English Scriptures, at least as important as the Nicene Creed, and where the result of revision is quite as inconsequential. There is but one really vital distinction between Protestant bodies, but that is very vital. It is the distinction between religion as received, and religion as constructed. It is between appealing to the Bible as the witness of a revelation which comprehends institutions as well as doctrines, and looking to the Bible as the *origins* of a revelation subject to the interpretation of every man's private judgment. On this latter ground every sect has equal right to its existence. Dr. Schaff speaks of "heretics," but there can be no heretics under this latter view. If a Protestant communion looks to the belief that it has the faith once delivered to the saints and the order established by the apostles, it cannot depart therefrom. The question is simply one of evidence, not of choice. If a scholar should say, "I believe the primitive Church was episcopal, but I think presbyterianism better adapted to the wants of the present day, and I can make out a sufficiently plausible case to warrant it," he is responsible for the schismatic posture in which he stands. If he says, "I believe presbyterianism the original state, and therefore hold fast to it," one may think he is wrong, but must respect his rights of conscience. The real difficulty in dealing with all men in Dr. Schaff's position is this: They insist upon a virtual recognition of their own orders, which must be on the part of those who recognize, a virtual denial of other orders. No bishop, Anglican or American, can admit Dr. Schaff's orders without logically denying his own consecration. This may seem a point of no consequence to Dr. Schaff, but his only way out of it is to admit the self-election of any person—man or woman—who claims to exercise the Christian ministry. In other words, to him the sole validity of a ministry lies in the fact that somebody recognizes it. If not, then there must be a line drawn somewhere, some power to confer, and, if so, then a ministry not so conferred is invalid.

It will not do to say that the right of choosing its own polity resides in any body of sufficient importance, because it is utterly impossible to say what degree of numbers will make a body of sufficient importance. That is the Methodist argument. "We are so many millions, therefore it is not fair that we should give up our orders. We do not claim to be right, but we claim to be many, and that settles it." But suppose the comparison to be made between three hundred thousand colored freedmen in the South, and three hundred Presbyterians in New York City. One would hardly say that numbers would make the former a body of more importance than the latter. The truth is that if there be any such thing as an ordination, it cannot be a matter of caprice. If there be any reality in it at all, its conditions must be settled. It may be only a matter of decent solemnity that the deacon to be ordained be clad in a white surplice, and the ordainer wear the

robes of a bishop. But it is a matter of essential moment, if anything is conferred, that the one who bestows has the authority to bestow it. If parity or prelacy are indifferent, that can only come because one or the other is a usurpation. The one is claiming that to which it has no right, or the other is claiming a right which never existed. Now orders are an external fact, and so is intercommunion. We cannot see how the one can be admissible without the other, unless it be said that valid orders are not necessary to the administration of the sacrament. The truth is, Dr. Schaff's notion is the one of the Evangelical Alliance, viz.: an exceptional union, which separates at once and goes on to perpetuate differences. That says, in effect, "We are giving a great spectacle of Christian charity, but we mean nothing by it." It must be a pretence on the part of the one or the other of those who meet. People can "agree to differ" only on some point they hold non-essential to the matter in which they engage. Dr. Schaff's idea is that men of differing denominations can unite in matters of social and moral reform, and so they can; but they can do so only by keeping in abeyance their denominational status. If this be involved, one or the other must give way, and the tendency of this union is not to a union of "the Churches," but to a thrusting of the Churches to one side. The Congregationalists complain that the Young Men's Christian Association and other like organizations have had just this effect.

CHURCH LIFE IN COLONIAL MARYLAND. By the Rev. Theodore C. Gambrell, Baltimore. [George Lorett, 1885.] pp. 315.

Mr. Gambrell possessed some special qualifications for the preparations of this work, and it will be found full of interest to those who love to study the history and progress of the Church in this country. A native of Maryland, the rector of one of its earliest parishes, a diligent student with free access to old and original records, he has painted an accurate and attractive picture of colonial Church life upon both shores of that State. His work begins with its earliest settlement, and is brought down to the period of the completed organization of the Church in the country in 1792. Without claiming to be a history, and with only a general reference to authorities for its statements and facts—and we think it would have been better to cite chapter and verse—it is yet a valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical history. It is, as it were, the work of a pioneer—he has blazed the trees along the way and so lightened the labors of the road-makers who will follow. The work abounds with curious facts. Thus we learn that the colonists from the beginning were vexed with the question St. Paul discusses in the case of Philemon. "Does the baptism of a slave work his manumission?" it was asked, and when their baptism was by reason of this problem neglected, the Legislature—the Church was by law established—intervened and solved the question by legal enactment. We find, too, a Rev. Mr. Boucher seizing the leader of a party which was attempting to prevent his occupying his pulpit, and telling him, "with his pistol cocked, that if any one should dare attack him he would blow his, the leader's, brains out." But the belligerent parson lost the battle, and we are told that "they escorted him out of church and all the way home, and with music, too, though it was by the fife playing the rogue's march." But there are in the volume many graver facts of Church history in Maryland, of its relations with the State and of the important part it took in the promotion of that union of dioceses now represented by the General Convention. There is in the work a succinct narrative of these events, with a fuller history of St. James's Parish, Anne Arundel County, and the

book will be gladly welcomed in these days of centennial and historical reminiscences.

DRIVEN BACK TO EDEN. By E. P. Roe. [New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.] pp. 260. Price \$1.50.

"Driven Back to Eden" has appeared as a serial in St. Nicholas. Its illustrations are in the capital style which belongs to that periodical so dear to the hearts of the juveniles. It is the story of a family tired out from the hard life of tenement houses and taking refuge on a farm in the country just above the Hudson Highlands. They are successful in gaining a happy, comfortable, and healthful home, and the amount of labor needed to accomplish this does not seem to be understated. The point about which we are the most uncertain is whether the author has not pictured the maximum of success and the minimum of failure. The market, for instance, is unvaryingly good, and there are none of those awkward and unlooked-for expense items which actual life is so rarely free from. The theory is a very alluring one, and Mr. Roe professes to know the facts which sustain it. We do not in the least question the discomforts of the life from which these "dwellers in Eden" fled. It is one of the drawbacks of the usual life of American cities that it falls so hardly on the middle classes, on those who have only limited and fixed incomes. Those who would gladly live within easy distance of the cities are driven into its close confined streets by the presence of malaria. There must continue to be a majority who cannot hope to rise above the level at which they begin—clerks, salesmen, book-keepers, and the like, who are necessary to the great work of business. They cannot all gout and become happy and prosperous market-gardeners. It is not an increase of pay which these want; they know that they are getting fairly what they earn. It is that they should be able to get their money's worth for what they pay. This is the real problem.

THE WORLD'S WORKERS.—Dr. Guthrie, Father Matthew, Eliza Burritt, Joseph Livesey, By John William Kirton, LL.D., author of "Buy your own Chaises," etc. [Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, New York and Melbourne.] pp. 128.

A biography may be of poor indeed not to be worth reading. It is evident from the names of three out of the four here given that the book is intended to glorify temperance workers. Total abstinence like misery has the power of bringing about strange companionship. A Scotch Presbyterian divine, an Irish Romish priest, an American blacksmith, and an English hand-loom weaver are grouped together by no other affinity than their opposition to the use of strong drink.

But we cannot say that this method of biography is very satisfactory. One wants to know more about Burritt's intellectual methods than the slight facts here given, what the result of this wondrous culture, and how much was real, and how much superficial.

If it is the idea of the book to show that temperance men have attained fame and position, it is a very dangerous argument, because it is at once open to the answer that people who were not total abstainers have done the same, and even to force on the comparison where men who were far from abstinent have also been eminent and esteemed. It is a pity that the best of causes should be marred by bad methods.

Joseph Livesey and Father Matthew are properly "temperance" biographies, that is lives of men who made that their chief cause of action. With the other two it was more an incident of their careers. As a Scotch divine, Dr. Guthrie was by no means the greatest; as a linguist Burritt fell far below Mezzofanti. The truth is, these "lives" are, after their kind, a sort of *acta sanctorum*, and that style of biography is the worst which is written.

AN ORIGINAL SKELT. By Edward F. Roe, Author of "Barriers Burned Away," etc. [New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.] pp. 382. Price \$1.50.

There is no doubt of the great sales which Mr. Roe's novels obtain. There is no doubt also that books very much superior to them in literary value do not begin to rival them in public favor. We cannot stop here to analyze the reasons for this. We only feel the more free to utter our criticisms because we are morally certain that this book will have a pecuniary success which will not be affected by anything that we may say. We cannot, in the first place, complain that the characters are not pitched upon a sufficiently high ideal. They are too high, if anything. The intention of the book is excellent. Its idea is that of a young girl in the upper ranks of society, who is supposed to have great powers of fascinating her male friends. She is led to use these powers for the end of elevating and inspiring these friends, and making a set of heroes of them all. The Civil War furnishes the opportunity, and the hero-in-chief, being by circumstances cut off from that opening, is enabled to win his spurs in the draft-riots of New York. The trouble is that all the characters are made of wood and not of flesh and blood. They have the individuality of a set of chessmen.

We should like to praise this book, for its moral tone is unobjectionable, but we cannot find it interesting or anything but commonplace. Yet, as we say, the verdict of the community is undoubtedly against us.

BIRCHWOOD. By Jak. [New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.] pp. 215. Price \$1.25.

This is a very fair "young folks" story. It is a sort of exemplification of the practical carrying out of the "Agassiz Association," which is so well known to the readers of St. Nicholas. It tells how some young people fitted up a country farm-house as a museum and public library, and one of its moralists, "There is a great deal more to be learned of the things immediately around one, than one supposes." Which is, we hold, a very good moral.

As much cannot be said of many books of this order—false religion, false sentiment, unreal incident, and unnatural development of character are the faults which mar at least one half of the works which well-meaning people write for the young.

THE WORLD'S WORKS. Sir Titus Salt and George Moore. By James Burnley. [New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.] pp. 128.

These are two well written sketches of two remarkable men, who made large fortunes and used them with a liberality and good judgment worthy to be recorded beside the deeds of George Peabody and Peter Cooper. Though these are brief, yet they are true to the principle of biographic writing, and give a fair outline of the lives of two "self-made" men, the way in which they made their money and the very noble way in which they spent it. Sir Titus Salt was the builder of "Salt-tairs," a model manufacturing village. George Moore was at the head of the relief movement for the starving Parisians after the close of the siege. Other and numberless good deeds were theirs, but these will serve for examples.

LITERATURE.

"**SUCCESS IN LIFE,**" by Canon Farrar, with a brief biography, will be presently issued by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

The Century Company has published the *Life and Times of William Lloyd Garrison* in two volumes. It is a work that will find many readers.

Of the seven editorial notes in the Trinity Tablet for October 9, only three are devoted to athletics. The Tablet is handsomely printed

and is full of interest for Trinity men and their friends.

S. C. GREGG & Co., Chicago, will issue "Natural Theology or Rational Theism," by Dr. M. Valentine, and "Hegel's Logic," by Dr. W. T. Harris. The latter work makes one of Griggs' Philosophical Classics.

The Young Churchmen Co., Milwaukee, have changed the Living Church Annual and Clergy List, Quarterly. Subscribers will have at the same cost not only the Annual as before, but a corrected clergy list every three months.

At the recent meeting of the British Association, at Aberdeen, Sir Lyon Playfair strongly urged the increased support in schools and colleges, by the State, of scientific education. To science the State was largely indebted for its knowledge of life and the improvement of industrial arts.

The colored plate in Art Interchange for October 8, is a design for cup and saucer decoration, with directions for treatment in mineral colors. The number contains many other designs, and a full page illustration of L. Kraft, "The First Rendezvous," in the salon of the present year.

THE DECORATOR AND FURNISHER for October contains many sketches and designs to illustrate its letter-press, and they cover almost every part of household decoration and furnishing. The columns of Hints and Notices are full of valuable information which, in every number, would more than repay the cost of subscription.

THE Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria has made sketches of the palace and grounds of Luxembourg for a work, "Oesterreich in Wort und Bild," which, assisted by Austrian and Hungarian writers and artists, is being prepared for publication. The princess was paid for her sketches, and has placed the money in a savings bank to the credit of her infant daughter, the Princess Elizabeth.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS announce new publications in science, education, medicine, general literature and for the holidays. Among them are "Expression of Humor in Animals," by Wm. H. Beard, "Evolution of Today," a summary of its theories, by H. W. Conn, "Problems in Philosophy," by John Bascom, "Poetry as a Representative Art," by Prof. Raymond, and "Brain Rest," by J. L. Corning, M.D.

SCIENCE, a very able weekly journal, has been removed from Boston to this city, and its editorial rooms are at 47 Lafayette Place, and its publication office at 743 Broadway. The number for October 9 shows a typography very much improved, and is accompanied with a supplement and a map of the regions affected by the revolution in Bulgaria. It has a varied table of contents, and is replete with instruction and interest.

MR. THOMAS WHITTAKER announces the tenth thousand of Shinn & Coan's Prayer Book and Hymnal for the Sunday-school, "Immortality"; a Clerical Symposium on What are the Foundations of the Belief in the Immortality of Man," by Rev. Canon Knox-Little, Prebendary Row, Principal Cairns and others, and the Rev. T. K. Cheyne's new translation of Isaiah, with commentary, two volumes in one, largely reduced in price.

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(No. 426)

FOR NOVEMBER

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- { ST. LUKE.
18. } Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
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25. Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
28. ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.
30. Friday—Fast.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

BY GRACE C.

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—*ST. MARK, VI. 31.*

"Apart!" Dear Master, in that little word
How much of sadness and of mystery lies,
How darkly fall its shadows on our hearts,
How deep the bitterness that dims our eyes.

Yet thou hast said it! As in the days of old
Thy chosen ones, who knew Thee "face to
face"

Were called apart, so now we hear Thy voice
"Come ye—apart into a desert place."

That desert place, so desolate and lone,
How could we strive its thorny paths to trace,
Were not Thy presence promised to Thine own,
Their strength in weakness, Thine abundant
grace!

But Thou art faithful, and to earnest hearts
Whose light is in the sunlight of Thy smile,
Thou speak'st at again, in loving, cheering tones,
"Come ye yourselves apart—and rest
awhile."

Yes, rest! In lowly self-communings deep,
Seeking to know Thy will, our Saviour guide;
The voice of pride, ambition, discord hushed
In patient waiting by Thy pierced side.

For Thou art ever with us, and in Thee
Alone we find relief from toil and care,
Nor need we fear the barren desert waste
If but Thy will, dear Lord shall guide us
there.

"A. M. D. G."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ZIGZAG," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

In the Darkness.

The two followed what they thought was the way by which the others had gone, or, rather, they did not think about it at all, or how long they had been detained. Till suddenly, simultaneously, before either could speak on the subject which was uppermost in their minds, both knew that they had missed their way and were alone in the Catacombs.

"Do you know where we are, Edward?" said Stella, as the taper burned on, very near its last "holdable" inch.

"No, dear. We must wait. There is no danger if we keep still. I don't think we are out of the way, really. When they get outside they will miss us and come back for us. Are you very cold? We have your taper still half unburned. And if by any chance we shall be left without light, if it be longer than I think—"

"I am with you, Edward. I am not afraid of the dark then, but—"

She quite broke down and burst into a fit of passionate weeping. Edward drew her closer and closer to him, and placing the tapers on the higher rock shelf that they might continue burning as long as they could, he supported her tenderly, not daring to speak, lest, man, Englishman though he was, he should follow her ex-

ample. The perfect sympathy between them by which each seemed to know the thought of the other without need of speech, had been strangely increased as they looked into "the depths of parting."

For both knew what had been done, both knew that "necessity had been laid upon them," and that their own hands must inflict suffering upon themselves as the Christians of old suffered at the hands of others, *pro ecclesia Dei*.

Neither ever knew quite what they said then as they sat together in the darkness—the shadow of sacrifice on their spirits—the physical gloom growing murkier and more oppressive, till at length the one candle flickered out, and it had not lit the other nearly touching it.

The darkness was complete. But again Stella repeated:

"I am not afraid—with you."
Half broken sentences—half defined thoughts—passed between them—till at last Stella said:

"We are only unprofitable servants after all. But God knows we are giving our best to Him, and He can see that it is our best by what it costs us. Oh, Edward, I am so tired, and so ill. Will no one come to take us out? Can we do nothing?"

"Nothing. We can only wait. My darling! I do nothing but bring suffering upon you."

Stella tried to speak but she could not. She leaned against him, faint and exhausted.

"Stay, dearest, I will go—not out of sound of your voice—and see if I can find my way to any spot I recognize."

"Don't leave me alone here. Oh, I couldn't bear that."

"Very well, it is perhaps of no use."
"Yes, it is." She corrected herself. "Only call to me as you turn the corners, and when I can't hear come back—I mean come back before you can't bear."

He took off his overcoat in spite of her entreaties as she felt what he was doing, and arranged it around her.

"Stay," she said. "I will not call to you, I will sing. As long as you can hear me it will be all right."

And so, as he groped his way, hoping to find that they were near the chapel of St. Cecilia, he heard the sweet, low, well-trained and powerful voice, touching once more these darkened galleries with the music of "a hymn sung to Christ as God," by a Christian maiden.

By a thought awakened by their strange circumstances, and feeling that no secular words or melody were appropriate, Stella selected instantly Cardinal Newman's hymn.

Echoing, yet muffled, came the words and music to Edward's ear, reaching his heart, as he felt along the walls literally "amid the encircling gloom." Stella sung the hymn through once, and then the second verse again; and then the first verse:

"I do not ask to see the distant scene,
One step enough for me!"

And then Edward came back.
"I can find no landmark. Are you very weary and afraid?"

"Weary, not afraid," she replied, once more. "We are quite safe, and I am with you."

"Stella," he said, "just this once more let me kiss you, my darling. I will never ask it again till—"

"Without harm we may belong to each other," she interrupted him. That was their parting and the seal put to their broken engagement—for once more sacred in being broken off than in being kept.

"We ought to call occasionally, if they are looking for us; they will find us more readily."

"I can't sing any more. Besides, I shouldn't like to use hymns as a sign to any one but you, though I think just now that I was not singing only to you. You call."

At length the call was answered by voices talking, with sudden relief in their tones, above the shouts, "Are you there, Shelley?" And presently, one after another, the party trooped in with fresh supplies of tapers, and explanations began which were only notable on one side.

"We never missed you," said Dr. Lorton, "till we got out after our round, and then we searched for you everywhere. You aren't far off the track, but just enough to cause this delay in finding you."

"We kept quite still when we found you had gone while we were talking to an old acquaintance of mine," said Edward.

"Quite so, quite right—the best thing. I remember, twenty years ago, a friend of mine stayed away, and didn't keep quiet. She had nearly lost her reason when we found her. But there were two of you, and I suppose that you didn't think that you would be forgotten in your darkness."

"No," said Stella, with a meaning which Edward caught, "we didn't think that in our darkness we were forgotten."

But when the party turned into daylight again, Dr. Lorton looked at the girl who had been his *ris-a-ris* in the carriage with dismay.

"My dear Miss Grey, in spite of your pretence of bravery, you have had a great strain on your nerves. Why, you look an old woman! Mr.—er Shelley, you are Miss Grey's cousin, I believe. Let us take her home at once. I don't like Miss Grey's looks; she is in for fever," he added to the lady in whose charge Stella had been placed.

"Not already."

"Not a consequence of this shock to the nerves; nasty thing, though, it might be, mentally and physically, to be lost in these catacombs. But I am mistaken if she isn't already suffering from a touch of fever. Go on with your expedition. Shelley and I will take her home to her friends. If any lady, except Miss Toblett, likes to come, well and good."

"Nonsense," replied the lady, in the same under tone.

Now that Stella had been freed, she was much annoyed with the trouble caused.

"Let Miss Grey go back with Mr. Shelley. They are engaged to each other. Mr. Shelley won't want to have you. He was a priest, you know. And we really can't manage without you. I heard Mr. Shelley ask Miss Grey to stay behind, and if they have been punished by a little fright, they deserve it. Such bad taste of Mr. Shelley, parading his engagement, with you present!"

Wrapping her selfishness up a little more politely, the lady, much to Stella's relief, it must be owned, sent her home with Edward, while the rest of the party fulfilled the programme of having a picnic tea at the mouth of the catacombs. The behavior of the lady was remarked upon afterward, but at the moment, with relieved minds after

their fright, every one turned to the task of unpacking the provisions.

And as Stella and Edward drove off, Dr. Lorton looked after them for a minute, and thought to himself what, in coarse language, the Dominican had announced, "The usual thing—what a pity it is! I had heard of the secession. 'Cherchez la femme!' " as usual. And I remember now my friend spoke of young Shelley as so promising, and so devoted to religion—of the stuff of which martyrs are made, that was his expression, I remember.

And such a pretty, charming girl to be a stumbling block!

"No, Miss Toblett, I do not consider that the catcombs are utterly fatal to the pretentious. Oh, thank you! Good English too! What a treat! A real banquet-table springing up in the desert, minus the table. I am never quite sure, do you know, that I should have been happy to recline in the old Roman fashion? I prefer modern times."

CHAPTER V.

The Valley of the Shades.

With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank thee while my days go on;
And having in thy life-depth thrown,
Being and suffering (which are one)
As a child drops its pebble small
Into some deep well and bears it fall,
Smiling: so I. Thy days go on.

K. B. B.

The gaily colored drawing-room belonging to the Shelleys was filled with flowers as Stella had arranged them before her expedition. Bowls of sweet-scented carnations and nignonette, and roses, tall masses of iris, blossoms of peach and quince, with books, photographs and knick-knacks, gave the apartment such an air of comfort and refinement "as only English ladies," (by no means all of them!) "know how to impart to these poor rooms." We quote the manager of the hotel, whose prices were not in accordance with the manner in which he spoke of the suite after Mr. Shelley had taken it.

In the room the archaeologist was seated at his writing-table in a most despondent attitude as Stella pushed aside the heavy velvet curtains over the door with a slow hand, and walked rather stiffly, rather unsteadily, into the room. She felt so unwell and so giddy that she was not able to realize what she had done, as they two, Edward and herself had driven home.

Edward followed her to see her safely with her aunt. What he would do next he did not know. I think that just at this moment he, too, scarcely realized what had happened. The joy of sacrifice—just given to help us over the critical moment, though if pain be merit we lose nothing of that a little later—that was still lighting up his soul. The martyr's pang brought the martyr's raptures. Just for a little while, a modern sacrifice for the old cause of God's glory brought something of the old joy.

And so in the physical and in the mental fever of the two lovers, respectively, there was much high tension, much strain, but, for the moment, the dull, dead pain had not begun.

The archaeologist was feeling the destruction of his hopes with much more vivid consciousness, as he held out a thin letter with hieroglyphical foreign writing to the over wrought, highly excited young man. As Stella slowly went out of the room, Edward read—

"MOST HONORABLE SIR, GENTLEMAN!—I have not the necessity to make my assurances that something of more than ordinary happenings has to me caused the deception. It is to me not to be believable, but I invite you with pleasure, to make what you will please to the regard of that rhyton. I do beg you to receive my expressions of incredulity of what you do now affirm with all respect from the part of ———."

"What is this?" said Edward. "The rhyton a fraud?"

"Of course, of course. Made a fool of me! Can you make head or tail of that?"

"— seems to think that he has been deceived himself. It appears extraordinary that a man who knew his business could have been taken in. He is not like an amateur."

Mr. Shelley was insulted. "As if I couldn't see through an ordinary piece of deception! Look here. It is beautifully done. It is a genuine antique, but broken and a part of it wanting. Now it has been repaired all but a little bit, not to cause suspicion by its perfection, and painted by an artist. It was worth anything, dirt-cheap at a hundred and twenty pounds. If I had wanted to sell it I should have asked two hundred from the British Museum, and they'd have been glad to have capped their collection by giving me at least a hundred and fifty for it. Instead of that it is worth perhaps, five pounds. And of course when an antique is suspected —!" Mr. Shelley shrugged his shoulders in a manner which an Englishman, happily we think, never acquires without long practice abroad.

But it is expressive, and it gives other people a chance of getting in a word during the momentary pause.

But now Edward did not want to talk. He was glad that Mr. Shelley should go on, and Mr. Shelley did go on, till at length, having told Edward all about it, (though had a new listener come in that would not have interfered with the commencement of the story—rhyton, *da capo*, ad lib.) Mr. Shelley did pause and begin on the subject which Edward knew would have to be faced sometime, but, especially after the rhyton incident, did not expect to have to face then.

"By the way—just heard this morning. Forgot till now. Old Smith is dying really. Can't last out the week. Of course no haste. Want of delicacy. Still just as well your case is at an end. Glad it's all settled. We talk of going to Florence on Tuesday. Don't suppose you'll stay behind us, eh, Ned? And then, Paris and England! You'll go to the bishop, I should think, first thing. Don't suppose you have changed your mind."

The jerky character of these sentences was the result of the antiquarian's looking at his work as with a brush dipped in spirits of wine touch by touch he denuded his rhyton of its black paint, which should have been enamel, and exhibited the cracks and flaws and supplements beneath the outer coat. Next to getting hold of a genuine, your antiquarian loves unmasking a fraudulent article. With beaming good-temper—forgetting how dear it had cost him—Mr. Shelley was practically proving his fraud, and so returning in high glee to his plans. He actually chuckled about the absurdity of supposing that Edward could change his mind, and the forlorn appearance

his rhyton. He expected an answering laugh from Edward. Instead of that the younger man came round the table, and standing with his back to the light looked down, tried to speak and hesitated.

"Hullo! what's wrong?" said the antiquarian. "Stand out of my light, my boy. I'll just get this done. And then I'll write two letters, one about it, the other about you—what I talked about yesterday, you know."

"Uncle Herbert," said Edward, "don't write about us—me, I mean. I have—we have changed our mind—our minds. Stella and I—"

The archaeologist burst out laughing. "My dear boy, all right, all right," he chuckled, "never you mind. Of course you and Stella were obliged to fall out some time; but you'll have enough time to make up your minds again before the answer comes from my lawyer. No occasion to stop that with Rome six days post, there and back, from England. Why, when I was young I'd have changed my mind twelve times over in that time for the pleasure of quarrelling and making it up with a pretty girl like Stella! But you see, you began love-making rather later than I did, and so you think that you know your own mind because you're no longer a boy. But it's all the same. As long as you're young enough to be in love, you're young enough to play the old tricks. And Miss Stella's as good a girl as girl ever was. But she's young and pretty, and likes to have her fun, too! The idea of coming to me with a grave face like that over a lover's quarrel! Why, Ned, I thought you were a man, in spite of your up-bringing! A B C, sir, A B C. You don't know the alphabet of love. Serious? ha! ha! ha!"

"I am serious," replied Edward. He could not explain what had influenced him, what had influenced Stella, to his uncle, and especially in this mood. How that good temper grated on him! "Stella and I cannot see our way to marrying yet," he blurted out lamely.

"See your way to marrying! Pack of nonsense! What do you mean? What do you mean, sir? Not yet? I'll have no shilly-shallying. Marry Stella, or don't marry her; you don't get the chance twice. My little girl isn't going to be worried for you, standing there with a wry face and a glum look, and a 'I'd like to see if I can find anything that would suit me better,' I say! No; don't talk to me, you young scoundrel, you! I might have known better than to trust you, you deceiver, you fickle, amenable *painted rhyton*—that's what you are!"

Mr. Shelley held up the remains of the vase, once "the finest specimen extant," which now, broken, pieced and unenamelled, looked the very metempsychosis of a detected hypocrite!

"I'll listen to nothing, to nothing, do you hear, sir? Do you hear?" went on the infuriated uncle, very quick to resent a slight offered to his darling. "And whatever do you want?" he added as a woman entered the room.

"Miss Grey seems very unwell, sir," answered the maid, "and Mrs. Shelley's out. And, sir, she's like Miss Baldwin when she sickened for the fever; it's been coming on for some days. Will you please send for the doctor, sir? I think he should come at once

A little later the two men, uncle and nephew, were once more alone, during that dread time of waiting for the doctor's verdict, which all of us have gone through, some of us frequently, with the heart-sickness increased by remembrances of former occasions and the renewal of pain. The men were silent. Mr. Shelley wanted to be talked to—to be told it would be all right—to hear all those platitudes which we don't believe in when they are spoken, and yet which we miss bitterly if we happen to be with any who are too strong-minded to offer us such poor comfort. Edward was very still. He felt as if he had been turned into stone externally, and that he could scarcely feel anything. He was now in the regions of pain, but in the icy regions. Mr. Shelley, having forgotten all he had said, but with a vague knowledge that he had quarrelled, and, with his temperament, not being able to understand silent grief, began nervously: "Beg your pardon, Ned. I never thought it might be poor Stella's doing, with the fever upon her. Sorry I spoke so roughly. We both feel this."

No answer.

"Can't you speak, Ned?"

No answer. Edward heard. He could not explain what he thought, but he would like to if he could find words, or could speak, but somehow he could not wake up; the room was getting dark; he was falling asleep, and the doctor would soon be here, and he must hear whether Stella had really fever. . . . And the next thing, before he could "wake" up properly, he heard two voices talking about him. He was lying down. A great buzzing was going on, and far away he heard his uncle say: "Poor young fellow! He's devotedly attached to my step-daughter. Shock, you know; and I fancy there had been a bit of a lover's quarrel."

Edward tried to move. But he had no power for a minute or two it seemed to him, and then he recovered from the faint brought on by the combined effects of the previous mental struggles between discipline and pleasure, which had made him sleepless and weary in all his new joy, and then of the scenes through which they had that day passed. He had been thoroughly exhausted before the bad news came.

"That's right," went on the antiquarian, "lie still or you'll be doing it again. And a woman's bad enough, but a man frightens you to death going off like that! And you knocked over the table with the rhyton when you fell, and it's smashed for good and all."

"How is she?" asked Edward. "Stella, Miss Grey, I mean," he added as he saw the doctor.

"I am afraid we are going to have fever, but Miss Grey is very young and the attack may be very slight," was the answer.

And so just then none of the quartette left Rome. Through days of brilliant sunshine the fever ran its course. Stella was always growing weaker. There were no dangerous complications, but the pretty, fair, young girl was very fragile; and, though the case was only a "moderate" one, all feared a relapse, even if she could without that maintain her strength. Those dark Roman days, with light and gladness and beauty around, but mocked the anxious watchers inside and outside of the sick-room! One day a message came for Edward.

He was in the drawing-room, waiting with sinking heart, not able to do anything, to know, to feel anything, but that Stella was passing away from all who loved her. He had paced up and down the drawing-room till he had sunk down exhausted in a chair by the table where her work-basket with the unfinished work still lay as she left it. He felt a hand on his shoulder. It was Mrs. Shelley, changed and saddened, and now very grave.

"Stella is asking for you, Edward. She is better—Oh, no, Edward, it is only for the moment! Nothing can save her now, the doctors say. She has been removed into another bedroom because it could not hurt her, and it is a great thing to break the associations. She is so weak; you oughtn't to see her; but she is fretting so. You must stay only a minute. She must not be excited. Can you be brave?"

It needed all his courage—another kind of courage here—to follow Mrs. Shelley to the sick room where Stella lay, so changed, so ill.

Her great eyes sought his, and she knew him, though all her strength was gone. She could not even put out her hand to him.

"Edward is here, dear," said Mrs. Shelley, speaking very distinctly. Stella was almost dead now from the effects of quinine.

"Tell him—Edward—it wasn't that day made me ill," she said feebly. "I am very glad. It is your motto. We did it for God. I wanted to tell you not to be sorry when I am gone. That's all. Good-bye, Edward."

She could not speak any more. Her last words had been very indistinct, but she shut her eyes and seemed content. She had wanted him to know that he had nothing to reproach himself for, and that their sacrifice was deliberate.

Edward rose mechanically from his kneeling position and followed his aunt out of her room without a word. She had to go back to Stella, and she left him alone in the drawing room, in silence with his sorrow, watching for the coming of the Awful Presence.

Yet, after all, Stella did not die.

Day after day she lingered on, but gradually strength seemed first not to fail, and then to increase, and at length, quite suddenly, the quartette was ordered to move up to the hills. Stella was taken from her bed to an invalid-carriage and driven across the Campagna to the hill-side village of Albano, and very soon then she knew the bright keen pleasure of the convalescent patient in her new delight that "everything was so beautiful."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelley could not understand it at all; but the resolution taken by Edward and Stella never wavered. At first both hoped that after some years, when Edward had quite proved his motives to be pure and had provided this "honest in the sight of men," he might retire, as it were, to a position in which marriage would not stultify his work, or at least, as in some cases, it would not greatly hinder it. But, whatever were the issue, this is what they said to each other two years after the vow had been spoken, when, for a brief time they were able to speak to each other. They were then still firm in their resolve, though how acutely they felt the sacrifice only

themselves knew. Stella had said: "I wonder if Dr. Lorton begins to believe now in one reformer?"

"I don't know that I could have done this only to gain his opinion, Stella," replied Edward. "It seems harder each day. 'Lawful, but not expedient.'"

"Dr. Lorton only represents what others rightly think," said Stella. "It is hard that what is our right should be in such a case only wrong."

"Hush, dear! we may not judge others, even though we know now how dearest costs dearest. Very imperfectly, very feebly, you and I know something of the nature of self-sacrifice. It is the best thing man has, reverently given to be united to the best thing God gives. That great voluntary sacrifice was the giving of all to win all. Ours is indeed little."

"And yet it was our all—our best!" said Stella.

They were alone. And it had cost them so much that just for a minute or two they might dwell on it. She was not thinking of their action in any self-complacent spirit, only touched with the joy of having found something to give, as she added suddenly:

"Edward, I found this in a book I took up the other day: 'Not God Himself can do His best without man's best to help him.' Is it truth or is it irreverence?"

"In one sense the deepest truth, dear. God's best will be done—I am sure of that, even when all seems darkest—but no man may help who does not give his best, whatever that best may be, or for whatever end it may be given," added the man, "unto whom much had been given," and "from whom much had been required."⁹

"Ad majorem Dei gloriam."

THE END.

THE WELL-DRESSING.

"Blessing the crops" is not the only relic of ancient ceremonial which still lingers here and there throughout the Church of England. Recently the Guardian gave an account of the "well-dressing" (an expression of the primal sense of the sacredness of Wells) at Tixington, Derbyshire, where it has been celebrated in unbroken continuity for hundreds of years. The village, with graystone cottages, nesting in the wooded dell on the crest of one of the bleak limestone hills which stretch northward and eastward from the far-famed valley of the Dove, and the long-fronted, mullion-windowed, terrace-gardened hall, in which, or its predecessors, the ancient family of the FitzHerberts have resided without a break from the time of Henry IV., and have decked its pannelled walls with their portraits—and the tiny Norman church perched on its high green sycamore-shadowed bank above the village green, preserving its rude south door, and still ruder chancel arch, and its low, sturdy tower, kept from running down the steep slope by massive Early English buttresses, memorials of a time long anterior to its first grant as one of the chaperies of Bradbourne, by Sir Geoffrey de Caucis in 1205, to the far distant Priory of Dunstable

⁹ As has already been hinted, this was a peculiar case. Edward had to choose between one particular kind of work, which he was specially suited for and apparently called to, and his marriage. The latter would have made it impossible to do the former with any effect.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Cardinal Newman says the true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment, his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearsome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes an unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage—that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice; he is patient, forbearing, and resigned on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irremediable, and to death because it is destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in the argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it.

BOOKS FOR THE GUEST CHAMBER.

At one time I was staying in a house where the guest chamber contained among the furniture a little shelf of books. I have often thought of them since, with a wonder that more careful hostesses did not provide the same. Nights when I could not sleep, and mornings when I waited in my room for the breakfast-bell, I dipped into the contents—a volume or two of poems, some short stories, and interesting travels comprised the whole—and I found not the least pleasant part of my visit in those quiet moments by the window which overlooked the great old-fashioned garden. Any housekeeper could spare six or eight books from her library, and almost any guest would bless her for the thought. A little workbasket fully stocked, pen, ink, and paper ready to hand—the visitor cares nearly as much for these as for fresh towels and extra coverings. The Golden Rule, which is a guide to all branches of good housekeeping as to all branches of all business, comes to one's aid here, and what we care most for in another's home we should endeavor to give the owner in our own.—*Ruth Hall, in Good Housekeeping.*

—and its five wells, whose annual benediction gathers together a large and reverent throng as often as Holy Thursday comes round—seem to belong to the past rather than the present age, combining to form a picture of quiet beauty, which carries us back to England's youth, especially in this delicious springtime, when even at that great altitude—some eight hundred feet above the sea level—the banks are spangled with flowers, and the trees are putting on their fresh green livery, and the air is vocal with birds.

This interesting ceremonial, the origin of which we may hesitatingly carry back to pre-Christian times, having been adopted and hallowed in the spirit of Pope Gregory's wise counsels to St. Augustine by the teachers of the true faith, survived the shock of the Reformation, when it assumed a new dress in accordance with the change of ritual, which it still wears little changed. The proceedings of the day commenced with morning service in the little low-browed village sanctuary. The clergy engaged in it were the Rev. James FitzHerbert, vicar of Tissington, the Rev. Richard FitzHerbert, rector of Warsop, and Canon Gray, vicar of Blyth. The hymns and canticles were lustily sung by the village choir, with added strength from the crowded congregation. A very appropriate sermon was preached by Canon Gray, from Ps. xlii. 1, "Like as the hart," etc., enlarging on the symbolism of water as expressive of the longing of man's spirit for the knowledge of God and communion with God, "with joy drawing water out of the wells of Salvation." The preacher last year was the Bishop of Lichfield, from whose diocese Tissington has now passed into that of Southwell. At the conclusion of the service, from which, according to immemorial custom, the Psalms of the day, as well as the Epistle and Gospel, were omitted, to be said at the wells, the officiating clergy, in surplice and stole, followed by the congregation and the still larger number who had been unable to find a place in church, commenced the circuit of the wells, five in number. Each of these, with the exception of the third, the "coffin well," which was wisely left to the natural adornment of a luxuriant bank of primroses, rising from the long stone-lined basin from which the well takes its name, was embellished with the traditional form of decoration in floral mosaic, the work of the villagers, with whom it is an hereditary art of which they are not a little proud. At the back of the basin from which the water flows is erected a tall wooden framework, which, being daubed over with moist clay, is covered with blossoms arranged according to their colors, so as to form an architectural design, framing a picture, and surmounted with texts of Scripture, flowers and leaves alone being employed. It is difficult to estimate the number of thousands of double daisies, white and red, primroses, pansies, marsh-marigolds, geraniums, and other flowers absorbed in the pictures. The first halt of the procession was at the "Hall Well." The architectural facade, marked out in flowers, was surmounted with the text, "Thou hast crowned Him with glory and honour." Here Ps. viii., "Domine, Dominus noster," was recited, and the hymn, "As pans the hart for cooling streams," was sung. The procession then moved a

short distance to the "Hands Well," where Ps. xv., "Domine, quis habitabit," was recited, and hymn 445 *H.A.M.*, "Palms of glory, raiment bright," was sung. The architectural framework of this well, which was surmounted by the cross, bore the text, "I am the good Shepherd," and contained a landscape with the Shepherd and His sheep skilfully wrought in different colored flowers. At the third, or "Coffin Well," "unadorned, adorned the most," to utilize Milton, no artificial decorations were attempted. Here the Psalm was "Domine, in virtute Tuâ," Ps. xxi., and the hymn, *H.A.M.* 183, "When wounded sore the stricken heart." At the fourth, or "Town Well," at the head of the little triangular village green, the Epistle for the day was read, and "O God, our Help in Ages Past," *H.A.M.* 165, was sung. Here the design included the *Agnus Dei*, backed with a spray of purple passion flowers, worked in pansies, and the texts, "Behold the Lamb," "Let the Heavens rejoice." The ceremonial concluded at the fifth or "Goodwin's Well," on the rising ground above the green, where the Gospel was read, and the Old Hundredth Psalm sung. The design here, which was one of the most elaborate, embraced the cross, with the ladder, nails, and other instruments of the Crucifixion, and above it the text, "Peace be unto you." The benediction having been given, the procession separated, a large number being hospitably entertained at luncheon by Sir W. FitzHerbert in the panelled hall of his ancient mansion. So ended this most curious and interesting ceremony, a legacy from the far off ages, when, as Canon Gray remarked in his sermon, "the primitive tribes which ranged over the bleak hills of Derbyshire took this mode of expressing their dim idea of God, as the author and giver of all good things, and especially of water, the purest, brightest, most necessary of all His gifts."

IN MEMORIAM.—S. D., 1884.

BY KATHARINE INOMIRE.

At rest in the Lord | with the Lord glorified;
At rest in green pastures, still waters beside,
In the joy of His presence, the light of His smile
Who drew her apart from earth's friendships
awhile.
By faith she had walked with Him here on the earth
Through sunshine and shadow, through anguish
and mirth.
Without Him life held not the fulness of joy,
And with Him grief held not the power to
destroy.
Unseen, she had loved Him, and loved Him so
well
Her tongue had no need of her loving to tell.
The power that constrained her alone forth
from her face,
And filled her whole life with a beautiful grace;
For the dear loving Lord is faithful and true,
And daily more near to His own image drew
Her strong trusting soul, till the word went
around—
"She hath stood with the Master on holy
ground."
Then the veil of frail flesh that so long hung
between
The things of this world and her Saviour un-
seen
Was rent, and her spirit went forth at His
word
To dwell in His presence; to rest in the Lord.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH TRAVEL.

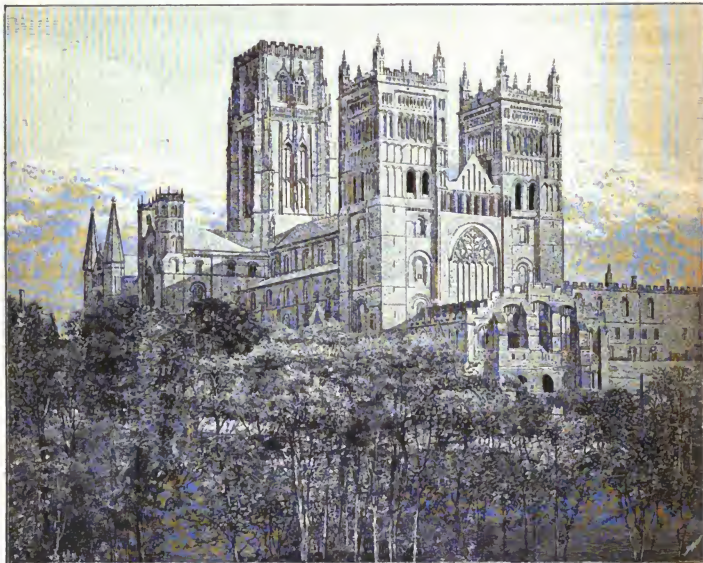
BY M. MEDLICOTT.

Durham.

The city of Durham is beautifully located on the river Wear, which winds picturesquely around and through the town till you can scarcely tell which way the stream flows or whether it is one stream or more. Alighting at the station, and crossing over the Framwellgate Bridge, as it is called, built originally in 1120, but rebuilt some four centuries later, we quickly find ourselves in the heart of the town. Naturally our first visit is to the cathedral, and there is no difficulty in finding it. There is

fugitives became safe within the sanctuary of St. Cuthbert, to whom the cathedral was originally dedicated. History tells us how St. Cuthbert, prior and afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne, but known and revered through all the north, dying in the solitude of Farne Island, a favorite retreat of his, found his final resting place on this hill. Legend, attendant of history, further describes how miraculously this spot was pointed out to his followers, wandering over the country seeking an abiding place and carrying the body of their master with them. At all events, on this lovely spot, so well guarded and fortified by nature, the pilgrims laid to rest with holy care the mortal remains of Cuthbert, building at

As we approach it from the north, on which side is the principal entrance, we are at once struck by the grandeur and massiveness of the building. It is so stately and majestic, yet so well proportioned that the details are almost lost in the general effect of majesty, and we feel how worthy it is of the lordly rank held by the diocese to which it belongs. Entering by the Norman doorway facing us, we pause a moment to notice the rich carving of the deeply recessed arch, and to examine the curious old iron knocker called St. Cuthbert's knocker. This in old times gained fugitives entrance to the sanctuary, and as it is hollow, with openings for eyes, a grotesque face, 'tis said that at night a



DURHAM CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

scarcely another in England or in Great Britain so beautifully situated, or so commanding in appearance. The windings of the river form a peninsula of a high hill, richly wooded down to the water's edge, and, crowning the summit of this hill, stands the cathedral, the central feature of our vision, overlooking the town and country beyond. A steep path leads almost directly from the bridge up to the top of the hill, and the cathedral itself standing close upon the brow, almost overhangs the river below. A magnificent building it is!

On the north side a railing or fence separates the surrounding churchyard from the green beyond, interesting as forming the boundary line, which once passed,

first a chapel of boughs merely. Upon this lordly site in time a "cathedral huge and vast" looked down upon the winding Wear, and was dedicated September 4, 999. And "all men rejoicing and praising God, the uncorrupted body of the most holy father Cuthbert was translated with due honor into the place prepared for it." About a century later the cathedral was rebuilt by Bishop William de St. Carilef, in great part unchanged till the present day, though somewhat added to and restored. Well is it described as "a church which for stately grandeur and beauty of proportion may perhaps be matched, but cannot be exceeded anywhere." "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole land is Mount Zion."

light was placed inside it to point out the way.

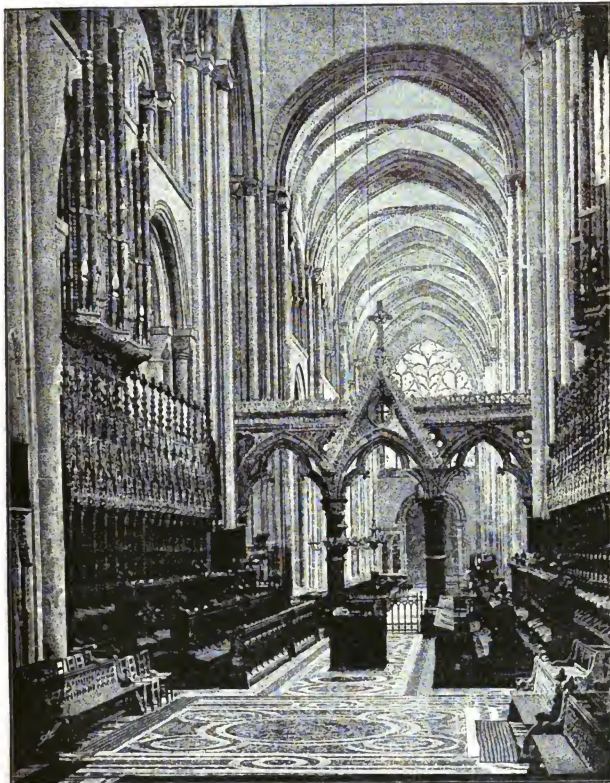
Grand is the view presented to us on entering, of the nave with its Norman architecture so well preserved. The heavy, massive columns are alternately ornamented with fluted, zigzag or diamond-shaped furrows, peculiar in their effect and very beautiful. A very fine but modern screen separates nave from choir. The carved oak stalls of choir are beautiful. The "bishop's throne," a lofty, canopied seat on the south side, is said to be surpassed in height only by the papal throne at Rome. The magnificent altar-screen, commemorative of the Neville family, terminates the east end of the choir, with doorways each side leading

to the feretory behind, in centre of which St. Cuthbert was buried, and the site of his shrine is still pointed out. East of this again is the Chapel of the Nine Altars, said to be the largest chapel of its kind in the kingdom, traces yet remaining of the altars which stood around the sides and in front of the windows, thus giving the chapel its

beyond which females were not permitted to advance, the good saint being very strict in his rules as to the "weaker sex." (Might not this be taken to mean that he feared their influence?)

The great west window is similar in its tracery to the one at York, and very beautiful. On either side are modern stained

is on the west end of the cathedral, taking the place indeed of the western entrance, and entered only through the cathedral. Steps lead down to it from the nave, and as we enter we notice first the peculiar effect of the rows of columns and arches. There are four rows of these, Norman in style, with the heavy "dog-tooth" carving to the



INTERIOR OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM THE CHANCEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

name. Returning now to the nave we spend some time looking at the massive pillars and arches, the grandest specimen we have yet seen of Norman architecture, looking also at the various monuments of interest. At the west end of nave is the beautiful font, carved on sides with scenes from the life of St. Cuthbert. Near this, too, on the floor, is the "boundary cross" of blue marble,

glass windows, very fine, representing St. Cuthbert and Bede. Below these are doorways leading to the Galliee, the part of almost the greatest interest to us in the whole building. This chapel fairly overhangs the cliff below, its walls being almost a continuation of the wall of rock, so that when a little doorway is opened in the west wall we look down into the river below. It

arches, so characteristic of Norman work. The effect of all this is to give you a curious impression of interlacing of columns and arches—if one may so speak—as there are three rows of these columns, besides the columns against the wall, forming four rows of arches instead of three, as we ordinarily find them. The altar stone of blue marble, with five crosses on

top, marked in the marble, stands on one side; and towards the south-east corner of the chapel is a large altar-tomb, with a slab of blue marble covering it, and clearly to be read the inscription, "Hæc sunt in fossa, Bedæ venerabilis ossa." This tomb was erected during the Reformation, and the remains of the good and "venerable" man placed in it, and here centres the chief interest of our visit to this grand cathedral. A plain, unpretentious tomb, is not it?—different from shrines erected to saints and kings! Yet is not the name of Bede worthy of honored remembrance, and could stately shrine or lordly monument add greater dignity to his name? Methinks not. And his grandest title is the name by which he is always denoted, Venerable Bede, and the sweetest memory we could have of him is that of his fighting bravely against his last great enemy and holding in check his failing senses till his scholar and amanuensis could take down from his dying lips the last words of the Gospel of St. John, which he was engaged in translating. Not here at Durham did he live and die, but a few miles off, at Jarrow, in the little monastery that owes its chief fame to his connection with it. Well would we have liked to pay a visit here also had time permitted.

In the library of the cathedral, opening off the cloisters, and upstairs, we were shown some MSS. of Bede's time, one of them said to have been written with his own hand. Here, also, we saw the original bills for removing the bodies and making the graves of Cuthbert and Bede. Curious documents they were. Other MSS. with beautiful illuminations are to be seen here, and in the new library, a room leading to the old library, where these MSS. are kept, are many Roman and Saxon stones, parts of altars and monuments, etc., the Saxon stones, especially, being curiously carved. The cloisters are very fine, and many doorways and arches are worthy of notice. Passing from the cloisters, through an arched stone passage underneath the new library, we come out upon a beautiful walk leading along the bank of the river, so thickly wooded, till we come to the Prebend's Bridge, as it is still called, leading across the river Wear. From this bridge what a lovely view! Here on our right, high up, overtopping the trees with their rich luxuriance of green, rises the stately cathedral. Down below rushes and sparkles the little river, the beautiful woods on either hand adding to the harmony of the scene. Nor must we forget the view, so extended and beautiful, from the summit of the central tower, well repaying us for the toilsome climb. Here, as nowhere else, we realized the many windings of the Wear, and how the cathedral, from her seat lofty and vast, looked down upon her children dwelling around.

To the north lies the old castle built by William the Conqueror, but added to and rebuilt in part since then. It now belongs to the University of Durham, and is well worthy of a visit. Entering through the old Norman arch of the twelfth century, we can but notice the massiveness and curious carving of the work. Indeed, there is a great deal of this Norman work to be seen inside the building; the Norman gallery, with its curious old arches and zigzag carving on them; the "black staircase," of

veritable black oak, erected in 1665; the curious collection of pictures, bishops and apostles, the latter brought from Spain; the old rooms, still hung with tapestry and furnished with rich old furniture, occupied by judges during the assizes; and last, the Norman chapel, with curiously ornamented round columns. In the chapel of the University are some of the *misereere* seats brought from the cathedral during its restoration, all curiously carved, one representing a man driving a woman in a wheelbarrow. The altar and some carved panels in the chapel embody portions of the old pulpit in the cathedral. So the two buildings are curiously interlinked in history. The castle is finely situated, though on ground a little lower than the cathedral, and originally built for its defence.

One peculiar feature in the history of Durham seems doubly interesting as we survey the grandeur and position of its cathedral. We have before alluded to its lordly rank. Its bishops were "prince bishops," the County of Durham was "the bishoprick," and the bishop was the temporal ruler of the same. The term "diocese" referred to the whole territory under the bishop's spiritual jurisdiction, in distinction from the term "bishoprick," which applied only to the County of Durham, under his temporal control. This palatine power gave many and extensive rights to the bishops, making them more independent of all temporal control or jurisdiction, almost wholly independent, indeed, of the king. Naturally, the more ambitious sovereigns were jealous of this power, and under Henry VIII., who abolished similar rights in the See of Ely, many of the privileges of the palatinate were curtailed, and in 1836 they were at last wholly vested in the crown.

Strange it seems now to us to think of the customs and habits of those far-off days, when the ecclesiastical power was so dependent upon, or synonymous with, not merely temporal power, but military force, when the chief officers of the Church of Christ, instead of being "men of peace," were often the contrary, men of war, military leaders, lords of the realm; yet often, let us not forget, seeking power and wealth, not for themselves alone, but for the increase and aggrandizement of the Church, to which they devoted their best energies. May we not say truly that those times needed a different system from these—an influence that should add dignity and power in the eyes of the people, who were impressed by what they saw, who were appealed to through the senses? With changed times come changed systems and modes of thought, and who of us would wish now to go back to those early days, dearly as we love to hear and read of them?

As we rapidly speed away from the city, on our course northward, almost our last, as our first view, is the grand building with its three noble towers, still keeping, as for centuries past, its watch and ward over the busy toilers of men.

SOCIETY is neither my master nor my servant, neither my father nor my sister, and so long as she does not bar my way to the kingdom of heaven, which is the only society worth getting into, I feel no right to complain of how she treats me.—George Macdonald.

WHAT AN OLD CHRISTIAN THOUGHT OF LIFE.

The Epitaph of Abercius of Hierapoia.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

"We are His people and the sheep of His pasture,"—PSALM c. 2.

I mentioned last month the inscription on the tomb of the old Bishop Saint Abercius, recently discovered by Mr. Ramsay, near the town of Synnada, in Asia Minor. There ought to be for us a deep interest in anything which brings these latter years into nearer contact with the days when Christianity was still in its purple dawn. I am far from thinking that the Church of even the earliest days was perfect, or that it was in any respect more divinely enlightened than our own may be; but I think that most of its members in those times of trouble and persecution, when as yet religion did not walk in silver slippers, were far sincerer and less worldly than we are in these days of conventionality and compromise. They could still breathe the pure air which swept from the plains of Gennesareth; still catch from nearer echoes the divine accents of the Sermon on the Mount. In the second century after Christ the doctrine of the Church was far less corrupted than it soon became by influxes of false interpretation, of ecclesiastical tradition, of priestly assumption, of elaborate dogma, of monastic gloom. In those days, golden priests used chalices of wood; in days of greater wealth and less holiness, wooden priests used chalices of gold. It is good for us, I think, amid the universal recrudescence of ceremonialism and of sacerdotal claims, to look to the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged. That was why, not long ago, I called attention to the newly-discovered book—so simple, so primitive, so interesting—called "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," which is perhaps the earliest of extant Christian writings, and has in it, I believe, purer and truer lessons for us than many are at present willing to learn. I now invite you to think with me over some of the lessons suggested by this inscription on the tomb of a Christian Bishop in Phrygia in the second century—one of the oldest, and quite the most interesting which we possess.

1. It is not often that inscriptions on tombs are very edifying. They are generally empty; often vulgar, sometimes grotesque. With their fulsome eulogies and pomposity of titles, and pride of small successes, the taint of the world is too often upon them. Wander round our great Abbey, and among its hundreds of monumental inscriptions you will find scarcely half-a-dozen which are good. Sometimes they point a bitter reflection on the world's insincerity, like that of Samuel Butler, which records that it was placed there "lest he who in life often wanted bread, in death should want a stone." Sometimes they are shockingly cynical, like that very evil one chosen for himself by the poet Gay:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
"I thought so once, and now I know it."

Sometimes they are a sigh over human misery like that in the cathedral of Chester:

"Death, the great monitor, often comes to prove
"Thou dost we dole on, when 'tis man we love."

or that simple, bare, blank word "Miserrimus," "most wretched," the frozen epiterrimus.

of some disastrous life, which, as it were, appears in anguish to an unanswering heaven from the cold cloisters at Worcester.

Perhaps we might expect more edification from bishops' epitaphs: but those in the Abbey, at any rate, are for the most part mere pomp and vanity, with ostentatious emblems of croziers and mitres, and boastings of the consummate virtues of very ordinary men.

The only episcopal epitaph that ever struck me was one which I read as a boy on the brass tablet of good Bishop Hildesley, in the Isle of Man—"Siste, viator, vide et ride palatium Episcopi"—Stay, passer-by, see and smile at the palace of a bishop! But when we talk of these early pastors, or bishops, we must discard all modern notions which, for good or for evil, and as I think mainly for evil, cluster round the office.

Abercius was not a peer of the realm. He was not called "My Lord." He did not live in a palace. He had no status, entourage, worldly circumstance.

His position was far more like that of the vicar of some poor city parish. Probably his whole diocese did not contain anything like so many nominal Christians as the Parish of St. Margaret's or St. John's, though it may have contained far more real ones.

The bishops of those days were humble officers of a struggling and persecuted Church. Surely it should be of some interest to us to know what such men, in such an age, thought of human life; what were their hopes, their helps, their view of this mortal coil. Let me read you, with the omission only of three unimportant lines, the inscription, restored from its recently discovered fragments on the old Phrygian altar tomb. I will explain its meaning afterward.

"I, the citizen of the elect city, wrote these lines while living, that in due time I might have here a resting-place for my body. My name is Abercius. I am a disciple of the pure shepherd who feeds his flocks on the mountains and the plains, and has great eyes which gaze down in all directions. For He taught me faithful writings, who sent me to Rome to see my kingdom, and to see a queen golden-robed, golden-sandalled; and there I saw a people having a bright real. And I saw the plain of Syria, and all its cities; and crossing the Euphrates I saw Nisibis; and everywhere I had comrades. Faith led me everywhere, and I followed, having Paul with me. And she everywhere set food before me, a fish from the fountain, very large and clean, which a pure virgin grasped. And everywhere she gave this to her friends to eat, having excellent wine, and giving a mingled drink with bread. Standing by, I, Abercius, bade this inscription to be made. I was passing faithfully my seventy-second year, and let every one of like mind who reads this pray for me."

Doubtless, as you hear it, much seems to you obscure and fantastic, because Eastern Christians had a habit of expressing themselves in a highly metaphorical manner. But the meanings which lie beneath the metaphors are full of beauty and instructiveness.

2. Notice first, in passing, how, in each new discovery of students and travellers, we acquire a fresh evidence of Christianity. We live in an age of scepticism, and yet in

every old coin, or Monbie stone, or Phrygian inscription, or recovered writing, or broken slab, or crumbling tomb in Asia Minor, in Palestine, even on the far-off banks of the Tigris or the Euphrates, the Great Head of the Church is ever supplying us with fresh historic confirmations of the facts which we have historically received.

If the New Testament were taken from us to-morrow, it is hardly too much to say that from medals, and catacombs, and the ruins of long-forgotten cities, and relics and writings of days within two generations of the death of Christ, we could reconstruct and demonstrate every essential fact of

"Those ancient years, which breathed beneath the Syrian blue."

3. Abercius begins by telling us that he is the citizen of a chosen city. What city does he mean? Not, assuredly, the obscure Hieropolis, of which he was bishop. No, but that city of which St. Paul wrote to the Philippians, "our citizenship is in heaven;" of that city which the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews meant when he says that the old patriarchs "looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;" of that city, the New Jerusalem, which St. John saw coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband, having the glory of God, and her light like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. But how simply is this truth shadowed forth! To Abercius this world was not a home. The only thing which seemed a reality, which seemed worth recording, to him, was that he was a freeman in the city of God. A modern Christian might tell us in his epitaph that he was born in London or York. To Abercius such a fact seemed an accident, or a triviality. The one important thing to him was that he was a citizen of that elect city, the Church of Christ, which the Good Shepherd had called forth from a guilty and selfish world.

4. To describe himself further it does not occur to him to mention that he was a bishop or overseer, but he only calls himself a disciple of the pure Shepherd, who feeds his flocks of sheep on the mountains and the plains, and whose great eyes gaze down on all. This emblem of Christ, as Bishop Lightfoot conjectures, may be derived from some picture which St. Abercius had seen in the catacombs at Rome. In those subterranean corridors for worship and for burial "the fair Shepherd" is the favorite symbol of the Lord. To those early Christians, loving, joyous, uncorrupted, Christ was not either the wrathful avenger, hurling before Him ten thousand thunders, of Michael Angelo's picture of the Judgment Day; nor was He the convulsed, emaciated, agonized, dying Christ of the ghastly crucifixes presented by a corrupt Christianity to the groaning worship of mankind. No; but He was a living Christ; He was an ascended, divine, glorified Christ, Christ who, having once died, dieth no more: Christ who, alike in lofty and lowly places, feeds and loves and seeks His wandering sheep, and whose eyes beam light upon His suffering world. Our poet says:

"All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

But the old bishop's conception of Christ is truer and sweeter. He thinks of Christ, not of "a great taskmaster," but as of Him "who shall feed His flock like a shepherd,

and gather the lambs in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young." My brethren, more depends than you may think on our emblems of the Lord. The conception of mediæval monks, of self-torturing ascetics, of the Romish papacy, presents to us always a Christ either of fury and terror or of agony and blood, under whose feet they paint a hell, into whose hideous glare His elect look down with eternal self-satisfaction and seraphic psalms. And this is orthodoxy! It may be the orthodoxy of sects and of Pharisees, of priestcraft and of ignorance; it was not the orthodoxy of the apostles and evangelists; it was not the orthodoxy of the earliest centuries; it was not the orthodoxy of the pupils of St. John.

(Concluded next week.)

THE RECOVERY OF HEZEKIAH.

BY THE REV. WM. KIRKCU.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the narrative in the xxxviii. chapter of Isaiah and in the parallel passage in II. Kings, is intended to be the record of a divine interposition. It is meant to be the account of a miracle, not of a mere surgical operation or medical prescription. Part of it is quite obscure, as, for instance, what it contains about the step-clock and the ascending and declining shadows, all reference to which is singularly omitted from Hezekiah's Song of Praise. Nevertheless the historian intends obviously to convey the impression that the king's recovery was by a special interference of the divine goodness, in answer to prayer, and supernaturally revealed and promised through the ministry of the prophet.

To any consistent theist the mere miraculousness of the king's recovery would present no serious difficulty. But the narrative in II. Kings and in Isaiah is admirably adapted to set in the clearest light precisely the place where the supernatural makes its appearance, and at the same time to enable us to perceive the reasonableness of the intervention, and how widely it differs from any capricious disturbance of natural laws and processes. In fact, leaving out the "sign that the king should go up to the house of Jehovah," the exact nature of which is perhaps no longer ascertainable, a very few omissions—nay, scarcely more than a slightly different "way of putting" the case—would bring it within the most ordinary occurrences of common experience. Here is a godly king, afflicted with a dangerous boil or carbuncle. It becomes more and more certain that unless he can obtain relief he must die in a very few days. His religious adviser and trusted friend comes to visit him, and sees at once the seriousness of his danger. It is no time for formal compliments, not even for that reticence with which we so habitually endeavor to spare the feelings of those who are dear to us. A king, more perhaps than many other men, may well desire to have an opportunity granted him to make his last arrangements, give his last commands, perhaps to undo some wrong, or hasten the fulfilment of some yet unaccomplished purpose. So his faithful adviser warns him that he has no time to lose, he must set his house in order, because he must die and not live. But even as he is passing away from the palace, before he is gone out into

the middle court, a possible means of cure flashes across his mind. He bethinks himself of a cake or plaster of figs. He orders this to be applied to the boil, and so confident is he of the efficacy of this remedy, that he goes back forthwith to encourage and cheer the king, and to assure him that within three days he shall be able to present himself in the house of Jehovah.

Now it is plain enough that a case like that might occur any day, that, in fact, such cases are exceedingly common. They involve no difficulty whatever, and are not in the slightest degree incredible. But let us just a very little vary the circumstances. Let us suppose that the thought of the plaster of figs did not present itself to the mind of the prophet in that spontaneous way, which is none the less mysterious because it is so familiar. Let us suppose that the king's danger was widely known and that his subjects were greatly distressed by the apprehension of his approaching death. As the prophet is coming away from the palace a friend hurries up and accosts him thus: "You have access to the king, and I know what will cure him. It is perfectly simple and harmless; it is merely a plaster of figs. But it will certainly relieve him. Go and use your influence to have it immediately applied. Cheer the king's spirits, and confidently promise him that in three days he shall be able to present himself in the house of Jehovah." The prophet hurries back accordingly, applies the figs, gives the king the cheering assurance, and in three days the king is cured.

Now this again would involve no difficulty; it would be entirely credible. Such a case might happen any day, and might happen to anybody. Wherein does it differ from the previous case? Simply in this: that whereas, in the first case, the thought of the plaster of figs arose spontaneously in the prophet's mind, that is to say, in a way for which we cannot account; in the second case it was suggested to him by a friend. There is nothing whatever intervening in the nature of a new material antecedent, nothing that can be weighed or measured, nothing that can be detected by chemical analysis, or by light, or by any physical test, however subtle. The thought of one mind has been communicated to another mind, and thus, though the laws of nature remain exactly what they were before, they have been subordinated to the needs and desires of a particular individual. We are so perfectly familiar with this mode of moving freely about in the midst of the most rigid physical conditions, we are so used to exercise this royal prerogative that we do not realize how wonderful it is. And yet, strangely enough, when we learn that Almighty God does this very thing, that He moves freely in the interspaces of His own arrangements, that He communicates with those whom He has made in His own image, that He suggests to a prophet the curative virtue of a plaster of figs, and bids him cheer a sick man with the confident assurance of a speedy recovery—when we are told all this, we are inclined to disbelieve that it is possible for God, though we are doing the like ourselves every day of our lives.

There is no proof from experience of the absolute uniformity of nature; it is accepted by the most thorough going "scientists" only as a most fruitful working hypothesis—one, moreover, the truth of which is ren-

dered more nearly certain by every new experiment. There is, scientifically, no reason in the world why the "laws of nature" should remain to-morrow what they are to-day, though there is an enormous probability that they will. If we want to find a reason for the order of nature, for the permanence of nature's "laws," we must leave science and seek our answer from metaphysics and ethics. The first of these will give us *cause*, as distinguished from mere invariable antecedence, and the other will give us *right and wrong*, and the obligations of a *promise*, express or implied. The theist will find no insuperable difficulty in believing that God may vary the means by which He brings to pass what He desires; but, inasmuch as His perfect will and wise purpose may be expected, by reason of their perfection, to be well-nigh invariable, so we may look for a permanent law and a general uniformity, to which the exceptions shall be so few that they may be well described as miracles. Moreover, as our conduct depends largely upon the uniformity of nature, we may, on ethical grounds, trust the promise of permanence which is implied in those very rules which require from us stability of character. But beyond these limits we have no more reason to expect uniformity in the Divine operations than to expect change. In fact, there must have been change—the change which is implied in creation; nay, the change that is called evolution. For, come how or whence it might, when life appeared the created universe was so much the richer.

And nothing is more certain than that the miracles of Christ, for instance, are in no kind of conflict with the perfection of the Divine wisdom or the promises implied in the uniformity of nature. If Peter walked on the sea without sinking, that highly exceptional power could have, and did have, no effect whatever upon the ordinary duties of mankind. It did not supersede the art of ship-building, or make navigation more dangerous. It neither lessened our duties, nor robbed them of their reward. We are very often told that the removal of a grain of sand from one planet to another would alter in some real degree, though too minute for our detection, the attractions of the whole planetary system, and that the miracles of Christ involve physical changes which would disturb the balance of the whole physical universe. But this kind of argument may very easily be pushed into caricature and absurdity. When Jesus anointed a blind man's eyes with spittle and restored him to sight, what disturbing change did He produce in the physical properties or arrangements of matter? The saliva and the clay, even after they had been set apart, by a determination of the will, to a benevolent use, weighed exactly what they had weighed before. When Lazarus was raised from the dead there was neither creation nor annihilation of any material substance, and to the Divine Chemist the recombination of elements that had begun to decompose and disperse must be at least as easy as was their first production. Even in the multiplication of the loaves and the fishes it is not at all certain that there was any increase in the actual matter of the world. The miracle may have consisted in the superhuman wisdom of the operation, and is not more wonderful than what we call the natural multiplication of

corn and fishes, which is equally beyond the reach of the largest human resources.

The narrative of the recovery of Hezekiah attributes it to the goodness of God, in answer to Hezekiah's prayers. Thus saith Jehovah, I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears. It cannot be denied that the very atmosphere of scepticism which we are all compelled to breathe is, likewise of the most useful drugs, at once stimulating and narcotic. We scarcely know how stimulating and beneficial it is until we find ourselves, perhaps during a summer vacation, in some stratum of what seems like antediluvian life and thought. In that stagnant air all poisonous superstitions grow rank, just as cholera prevails in those Spanish towns where the inhabitants kill their physicians, and look for safety in tawdry images and dead men's canonized bones. But, again, we scarcely realize how narcotic this air of scepticism is until we read the Divine promises, and come into communion with some godly man or woman who simply believes and lives by them. We are constantly reducing the value of prayer to a *minimum*. We scarcely like to speak of its effects, excepting so far as they are reflex. And there is good reason to remind both ourselves and other people that *all* wishes and *all* requests are not necessarily Christian prayers. But there is no reason whatever to suppose that the attitude of our minds toward God makes no difference whatever in God's treatment of us. It may well be that He bestows blessings upon us, at least, who have full light of Christian revelation, only on condition that we ask Him for them. Nothing can be more absurd than simply to take for granted the uninterrupted gifts of the Almighty, and yet this is the very folly to which we are especially liable. We fancy that God is, not to speak profanely, too good-natured to say no, and at last we lose the habit of even going through the form of asking Him, till we cease in any real way to believe even that He is.

Therefore, if for no other reason, at least for our own good, that we may not sink into that mere oblivion of God which is almost more dangerous than active misbelief, God insists that we shall keep our religion awake. We are to watch upon prayer. He never binds Himself to give us more than He has expressly promised, but He assuredly warns us that we can claim no more. Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. And if anybody wants to know *how* God can answer prayer, we may boldly answer *easily enough*. Do you wish, and ask submissively, to be healed when you are sick? Then, if it is better for you to live longer in this world, why should it not be as easy for the Almighty to suggest the *plaster of figs*, or what not, to the physician, as for the physician to tell your wife or your nurse how to put the plaster on? What, after all, are what we call the spontaneous suggestions and impulses which arise within our souls? What mysterious intercommunication there often seems to be between friends far apart! What mysterious intercommunication there unquestionably is by means of language, written or spoken! There is scarcely a difficulty which can be suggested as to the efficacy of prayer which does not at once vanish if we assume no more than this: that God can communicate with us as really and as easily as we can communicate with each other.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

MISS PHOEBE'S SCHOLARS

BY MRS. E. B. SANFORD.

II.

Margie Nicholson began to go to Miss Phoebe Glover's school about the same time

that Ernest Mathews did. Margie's own home was many miles away. She had come to spend some months with her grandmother, and her grandmother very soon decided that it would be a very good thing for the little girl to go to Miss Phoebe's school.

Not that Margie was a troublesome child about the house; by no means. Her grandpa often said she was as quiet as a kitten at her play—more so, in fact; for when Kitty was playing with a spool or wooden ball she made much more noise than Margie did with her dolls. But, for several reasons, Grandma Nicholson was very wise in deciding as she did.

Margie had two faults which her grandma wanted to see her overcome—she was too shy and timid, and she was not very fond of hard work. When I tell you this you will not be surprised to hear that Margie did not very much like the idea of being sent to school.

Almost every night for some time after she came to Redfield the little girl complained of "such a lump in her throat" when sent to bed, and the trouble was often so serious that grandma would lie down beside her to comfort her, although grandpa laughed at her for indulging the child in such a way.

So when Margie heard about the school plan she looked very sober, and presently said: "Grandma, I'm afraid I shall have a lump in my throat if I go to school—I know I shall!"

Grandma laughed, and said:

"Well, dearie, shall you want me to come and sit by you to cure it? How I

would look with my cap and spectacles among Miss Phoebe's scholars! You must not mind if the lump comes, dear. Just be brave, and it will soon go away."

Margie sighed, though she was forced to smile at the idea of her grandma being one of the scholars.

"Shall I have to learn long, hard lessons, grandma?" she asked.

Debby?" she asked, and Margie liked the idea very much.

Aunt Debby was grandma's sister, and lived with her; she was a good deal older than Grandma Nicholson; but she was very fond of "the childie," as she called Margie.

When grandma set up the garter, and began it, Margie laughed: "Oh, that is such a little piece to knit across! why, I

can do that all to-day, I guess!"

"No dear: for you will have to knit across a good many times; but if you knit a piece every day, as I shall want you to do, you will soon finish the pair."

Margie began very zealously, but she soon found that it was something like work. She came to grandma several times, saying: "Please knit across once, to make it easy for me!" And before her own little fingers had carried the thread across more than half a dozen times she was ready to put it away for another day.

The next day grandma had to remind her of it, and the next; and not only remind her, but insist upon the work being done, for Margie was quite tired of it, and wanted to throw it aside.

One morning grandma said: "Now dearie, I want you to be really industrious, and do a good piece on your knitting. See! I want you to make it reach across the end of the lounge before dinner. My little girl must not be so idle!"

So Margie knitted two or three times across; then she stopped to meas-

ure her work on the end of the lounge. She did a good deal more measuring than knitting; and she stretched and pulled the poor garter to make it reach across, and sighed deeply when obliged to take up her needles again.

Grandma was very grave about it; and when dinner was ready she told Margie she must not come to the table until she had finished her stint.

Margie cried, but grandma was firm. So at last the little girl went to work in earnest, and then she very soon exclaimed: "It reaches now, grandma! It really does!"

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"AS SHE SAT WAITING A VERY UNEASY FEELING CAME OVER HER.

When the first day of school arrived, amid all her troubled thoughts Margie was very glad of one thing: that Ernest was one of the scholars. Ernest had begun going just a week before, and he felt quite like an old scholar. So he promised to stop for Margie that morning, and he did.

"Why, Margie, you needn't be afraid!" he said, consoling. "Miss Phoebe isn't cross a bit—not ever! It's real nice at school!"

Margie soon concluded that Ernest was right. To be sure the tears came to her eyes, and a little lump in her throat, when Miss Phoebe began to ask her questions to find out how far she had got on in her studies; but the questions were put so pleasantly that the bad feelings soon passed off.

The lessons, too, were very easy that first week; but by the end of that time Miss Phoebe found out that Margie had a quick bright mind, if she chose to use it, and she began to put her forward a little.

But, alas! Every lesson which required any real effort caused so many sighs and tears and distressing "lumps," that if Miss Phoebe had not been a very faithful teacher she would have been glad to put the child back into the baby class and let her stay there.

One thing which Miss Phoebe wished Margie to do was to use her slate in learning arithmetic. Margie was very quick in answering questions and learning tables, but to do sums on her slate she was sure would be dreadfully hard. Only to think how the big boys and girls puzzled and frowned over their slates!

"But my dear," said Miss Phoebe, when Margie tearfully spoke of this, "I don't expect you to do the same lessons as the older class. You can easily do what I want you to if you will listen to me, and try!"

I don't know but Margie's tears would have blotted out her first attempts if Ernest and Susie Mott had not been waiting to begin with her, and they were both so well pleased and eager to try that they made her feel a little ashamed. So she tried, and to her surprise got on very well that day.

But, as one might guess, indolent little Margie was often in trouble over her slate.

One day Miss Phoebe had promised her children a ride into the woods after school. She had engaged Ben Brown to come for them with his big four-horse wagon, and school was to be dismissed an hour earlier than usual.

The children were delighted, and buzzed away at their lessons like so many bees, to get through in time. But Margie's anticipation of the treat only made her more impatient with her stupid sum, and she sighed over it very dismally. At last a good-natured thoughtless girl, who sat near her, beckoned to Margie to hand her the slate.

"I'll show you," she whispered, and quickly set down the answer, nodding cheerfully as she passed it back.

Margie felt greatly relieved, and turned round on her seat, holding the slate ready to show Miss Phoebe. But as she sat waiting for her teacher to be at leisure, a very uneasy feeling came over her. Was not this naughty? Was she going to deceive her teacher, and act a lie?

When at last Miss Phoebe's class had finished she turned and held out her hand for Margie's slate, saying very kindly: "Well, my dear?"

A very large lump swelled in Margie's throat, and she was silent a moment; but in her heart she asked the Lord to help her to be truthful.

"It's done teacher—but somebody did it for me!" she said.

Miss Phoebe looked glad, and drew the child towards her and kissed her.

"I am glad you told me," she answered. "And now, Margie, if you are to go with us after school, you must do another sum, without any help: will you try?"

"Yes ma'am," Margie said, very humbly and gratefully, for she felt that she hardly deserved to go at all. But she did try faithfully. The sum was soon done, and a very happy little girl nestled close by Miss Phoebe's side on the wagon seat.

PREPARING CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Now is the time when thoughtful people begin to prepare for the holidays.

"It not the amount a gift costs in money which makes it beautiful and valuable. It is the loving thought of which it speaks which constitutes its claim to our regard. If you really wish to show your family and acquaintances that you love and would like to please them, you will suit your gifts thoughtfully to each of them, studying their necessities and tastes. You will not give grandma a gay neck ribbon, and Angie a pair of spectacles, nor present the cook with a volume of Tennyson, and brother Theodore with a pair of slippers, when he already has three pairs not worn out.

"Gifts which little fingers themselves make are always especially prized by mamma and aunts. There is a great deal of fun and pleasure in preparing for Christmas, and half of it comes from the difficulty of making peoples' presents when the people are always popping in at the wrong moment. Let me suggest two or three pretty things which the girls may make without much trouble and with little expense.

"A chintz bag to contain the weekly stockings until they are mended is a gift to be prized by a busy mother. Let it be of any size you please, and gather it on either side to a square of pasteboard, the corners rounded a little at the lower edge. These squares must be covered, and on one of them may be gathered a little outside bag to hold darning cottons and thimbles, while the other must have some bits of gay flannel attached for a needle-book.

"A set of table napkins may be worked with a tiny design in each corner. Beautiful hair-receivers are made of tiny Japanese parasols, opened half way, and looped up with ribbon. A baby's rattle may be easily made. Set up twenty-four stitches with scarlet single zephyr, knit across plain twenty-two times, bind off, and leave an end long enough to sew up the sides. Run strong thread through every stitch on one end, draw up tightly, and fasten; then stuff it with cotton, and when nearly full put in a twisted cord. Then make two more pieces of other colors, stuff in the same way, and fasten little bells to each, attaching all three to a rubber ring.

"The little fan-shaped shells which are gathered on the beach in summer make lovely emery needle-cushions. Stuff the cushion with emery sand, and glue it fast to the shells, the large rounding ends apart. Tie with a loop of narrow satin ribbon.

"A very beautiful afghan for grandpa can be made without much labor if the whole family will join in knitting it. Take Germantown wool; you will need six banks of black, three of white, three of pink, three of blue, and three of yellow. Set up fifty stitches for each strip, and make the strips each a yard and a half long. Crochet together with black, and finish with a deep fringe.

"A small photograph on an easel, a growing plant, an album filled with stamps, a handkerchief case made of crocheted worsted over silesia or muslin, a scrap-book filled with selections—any little thing, in fact, which says, 'I love you,' is a fit and graceful Christmas gift."—*Harper's Young People*.

ART.

E. P. DETTON & Co. are offering some photographic copies of celebrated old pictures, which are very attractive.

A Boston young woman, Miss Caroline W. Hall, recently took the second prize in oil painting in the Academy of Fine Arts at Milan, Italy.

THE choir of St. John's chapel, under the direction of Mr. Le Jeune, has the honor of inaugurating the monthly "solemn music," as Milton has it, for the season. The success of this movement, which began with the same director, choir and chapel, perhaps four years ago, is not readily estimated; for it has, long ago, overthrown its parochial bounds and made itself felt far and wide, until dozens of city churches and congregations of other beliefs have, per force, fallen into line in this musical mission, which seeks and attempts to hold the masses within religious influences at least on the Lord's Day.

It is common enough now to read announcements of similar services placarded on different church porticoes, especially where the pulpit fails in stirring the masses, and these may legitimately be counted in as offspring of the St. John's and St. Chrysostom monthlies. It is true some such pious art is demanded of the Church if she is to resist successfully the insidious fascinations of Sunday evening secular amusements. For the Sunday concert, afternoon and evening, has made a root-hold in New York which will gain strength year by year. The foreign, Hebrew and openly irreligious elements in our vast population is the congenial soil which provides sustenance, while there is a painful weakening in the religious community in favor of an easier and less stringent interpretation of Sunday duty. The Sunday park concerts given every summer, have accelerated this tendency, and people, not a few, who by no means throw aside their allegiance to the churches, may be found taking their pleasure in those Sunday evening resorts.

The churches, therefore, in self protection, are pressed into the exercise of their best musical art. On Sunday last there were three or four choral or musical services announced for afternoon and evening in different churches and denominations, and the number and attractiveness is likely to increase.

The evening was discouraging, yet the accustomed multitude filled every sitting before the opening of the service. The choir was somewhat re-inforced, as is usual on these occasions. The professional was, "Hark! Hark! My Soul!" with a new setting by Mr. Le Jeune. It is easy and fluent in rhythm, rich in harmonic color, and kindled with the writer's felicitous melody. It seemed to float into the church without accompaniment, until the choir were well gathered in the chancel,

where the organ found them in perfect pitch, an achievement beyond the ability of many thoroughly trained choirs. The concerted opening of Evensong, Rev. Mr. Cook, precentor, to Mr. Le Jeune's family setting, seemed especially reverent in quality, and was delivered with delicacy and fervor, the voices, unaccompanied, rendering the refined and subtle harmonies with seemingly spontaneous and unconscious ease and purity of tone.

The psalm *Laudate Dominum* was chanted antiphonally by choir and congregation to an Anglicized Gregorian in quality of genuine heartiness. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, by Mann, with the lovely past passages and resonant unisons, although generally known, came out with singular freshness, deserving the fine intelligence and exquisite tonality of the choir. Indeed, the old maxim *ars est celare artem* is illustrated in the culture of this choir, with whom perfect intonation and faultless delivery have become an intuition or second nature.

The selection of an entire oratorio, "The Creation," for an anthem, seemed a stretch of audacity for any church choir. Barring the single accident of its inordinate length, however, the interest was sustained, and indeed cumulative to the final Hallelujah. The recitatives and arias were admirably sung, Dr. Martin taking the part of Raphael, Mr. Mockridge as Uriel, while the long role of Gabriel was divided between two choir boys, soloists, who gave the ornate and exacting airs, the marvellous works, "With Verdure Clad," and "On Mighty Pans," with the ripe grace and technical elegance of professional artists. The last, especially, one of the most trying of all the great Haydn songs, would at another time and place be welcomed with storms of applause.

In the delightful trio-chorus numbers the same high artistic traits were noticeable; these lads hardly in their teens fairly holding their own with the tenor and bass. In the choruses, and particularly the last, "Achieved is the Glorious Work," there was the volume and impressiveness of a hundred voices.

After a few effective remarks by Dr. Weston, who enters into these occasions with characteristic enthusiasm, the choir and congregation sang "Abide With Me," as it is sung nowhere else, and with the recessional, "Daily, Daily, Sing the Praises," the first "monthly" in this dear old church came to a rapturous conclusion.

For the first Sunday evening in November the anthem is Weber's "Harvest Festival Cantata."

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

The original Committee on the Mission for New York City was appointed June 4, 1883, and the same day this committee decided that the great prerequisite of a mission was the preparation of the clergy. It was conceded that due preparation consisted in more than one thing; but, while this fact was freely recognized, it was unanimously held that the main thing required was an accession of spiritual power. Hence it was resolved to observe a series of "Quiet Days," otherwise known as a "Retreat," before entering upon the actual work of the mission. The "Retreat"—for the word is now divested of a certain something with which at first it stood connected—was held at Garrison's, in the Highlands, during three days of the week just passed, the occasion proving a memorable one, and indicating the opening of a new epoch in Church life. Those who have had a practical experience of the Diocese of New York during the last twenty-five years will appreciate very fully the deep significance of this event. Old things have passed away, and men of widely different theological views are now able, and even glad, to associate themselves together with such a common object in view as the quickening and deepening of spiritual life. It was a large and representative assembly. The scene in the little church where the exercises took place was every way remarkable. The burning bush, glowing here and there on the hill-sides, amidst the rich autumnal foliage, was simply a type of that heavenly flame which, as the days wore on, shone with an increasing beauty and radiance in the midst of that throng of priests. Men felt that it was good to be there. Partly lines faded out. Differences were reconciled. Hearts, once estranged, were touched by the fire of divine love and fused into one. But this is not all. Neglected truths essential to a successful ministry were recognized and rescued from the desuetude into which they were in danger of falling, and men of different schools of thought saw how much all held in common. In a word, a work was done that can never be undone, and in the future the great body of our clergy will hardly feel satisfied without a series of Quiet Days every year.

The investigation of the Excise Department of New York City, which a committee of the State Senate has lately been carrying on, has brought to light a state of affairs which deserves to be seriously pondered. It is not merely that the Excise Board appears to have granted licenses to persons of the worst character, and for places which are the habitual resorts of the criminal classes; but it is the fact that for the doing of this knowingly there are advocates and apologists among those whose duty it is to administer and enforce the laws, which demands to be now considered. Whether the traffic in intoxicating liquors ought to be licensed at all is a question sufficiently grave. Large numbers of thoughtful people find it impossible to approve of such sanction. And though there is no doubt that a still larger number of people, no less

thoughtful and conscientious, believe that a well considered and thoroughly administered license system is the best method of controlling and lessening drunkenness and its attending evils, yet the only ground on which they can base their contention is that under such a system licenses will not be granted either to profligate people, or for disreputable places. When it is seriously argued that no discrimination against such should be made, because licensed vice and wickedness are better than unlicensed vice and wickedness, it is easy to see that the whole case in favor of the existing excise law is abandoned. The policy, moreover, of licensing places of resort, where the vicious and dangerous may congregate and ply their trade, for the purpose of getting them off the streets and placing them under certain supervision, cannot be justified under any theory of the persistence of evil. Such meeting-places are just what the vicious most desiderate; and when the authorities legalize or wink at the opportunities that are thus afforded to the wicked, they are already committed to an allowance of the evil consequences, and are responsible for them.

The large and enthusiastic audiences which attended the sessions of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston last week were a welcome evidence that interest in Christian work is not declining in busy American life. The success of this annual meeting of the Congregationalists was no doubt enhanced by the circumstance that it was held in Boston, the historical headquarters of Independence, and where modernized and secularized Puritanism is still a well entrenched power, spite of the inroads of Unitarianism and the still more remarkable growth of the Church. In Boston, moreover, there are excellent facilities for the accession of great crowds of people from the neighboring regions, and for the easy handling of them when they arrive. Indeed, there are few cities in the world where the conveniences of travel and entertainment are better organized and administered, and where the visitor or sojourner finds himself more thoroughly comfortable than in Boston. The success, which is evidenced by large and characteristic audiences, was a thing easily attainable, therefore, provided a sufficient motive were supplied; and it is only fair to believe, as we do, that the motive in this case was a genuine interest in the aggressive work of Christianity in foreign lands. No doubt that interest has been kept alive in the past, and at the Boston meeting was further fostered and ministered to, in the exceedingly interesting reports of the foreign work, made in many cases by the missionaries themselves. Nothing could have been more admirable, apparently, than the programme of subjects and speakers, and the whole management of the meeting. It is not impossible that an intelligent study of the methods of the American Board meetings might be of benefit to our own work. Beyond all question such annual gatherings for the consideration of missionary interests, for the discussion of methods, for gathering up and diffusing missionary intelligence,

and arousing enthusiasm for missionary work, are most useful to the Congregationalists, and would be most helpful to us.

It remains true, however, even after the Boston meeting of the American Board, that nothing in this world has ever been as perfect as one would wish to have it. One distinguished Congregationalist there was at least who publicly arraigned the Board's financial and other management, and who declined to be appeased in advance by the prospective interchange of amenities between the Prudential Committee and the secretaries, and the secretaries and the Prudential Committee. Of the causes which led him to make this impeachment, or the motives which controlled it, we of course are ignorant. What private griefs, if any, the distinguished complainant had we know not. We only note the fact and the publicity of the whole proceeding, in order to say that when grievances are had it is much better that they should be publicly stated and exhaustively investigated, if worthy of notice, than that they should be silently or secretly cherished. Half the grievances in things ecclesiastical and civil would perish if resolutely brought to light, and a large proportion of the remainder would shrivel into insignificance or become otherwise unlovely even to their possessors in the mere act of making them public. For the rest, all real evils can in no wise be so well corrected or removed as by a frank statement of them at the proper time and before the proper tribunal in the most public way.

It is reported from Washington that an official communication has been received by the Secretary of State from the United States Consul at Canton, complaining of the persecution of Christians in China, and asking that some provision be made by the Western powers for their protection. The catalogue of offenses includes the robbing and destruction of chapels, beating, hacking and boycotting of native Christians, and the refusal of the authorities to punish the offenders, to protect the Christians, or to take measures to secure restitution. It is much to be hoped that something may be done to enforce treaty stipulations, at least, and extend due protection to the persons and the work of the brave missionaries who are laboring in that heathen land. But while this is being done it might be well for our authorities at home to set a good example to the heathen, and prevent such persecution of Chinamen as has lately been going on in this Christian land. It is possible that our government is justified in not allowing large numbers of the Chinese to come to these shores. But those who are here ought to be treated with fairness and justice, to say the least; and until they are, we need not be greatly surprised if our people are persecuted in China.

The persistence and malignancy of Mormonism have had a fresh illustration in the perversion to that superstition of a number of Methodists and Presbyterians in Illinois. It is reported that eight adults and four children, people of respectable standing,

and in comfortable circumstances, recently left Bridgeport, in that State, for Payson, Utah, to become active members of the Mormon Church. Two of them, we are told, are young women; and it is further said that the females among the perverts were the most stringent advocates of polygamy. These people were converted and baptized last spring by Mormon missionaries, who have been very active of late in that region. Such a perversion in an intelligent community, and of people who have hitherto been under the care of the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies, is calculated to set us thinking; and while we are thinking it may not be amiss for us to be reminded that Illinois is not the only State by a good many where such things are going on. Christianity is at this moment in sharp conflict with Mormonism, through the press and on the platform, in more than one community where the school-master has been long at work, and in States a long way east of the Mississippi. In one region, where it more than held its own a few years ago, it has been driven to the wall by the Church's quiet and elevating influence; but before the Church entered the field it had not been worsted or at all discouraged by polemical controversy. Beyond all doubt the Mormon question demands something more than the attention of politicians, and craves a treatment more serious and more profound than has yet been accorded to it.

In a certain parish in the vigorous Diocese of Massachusetts, a prominent member of the vestry has been doing a series of good deeds that may well stimulate others to like activity.

He had always been a generous helper, but realizing that he was growing old he made provision in his will whereby the parish was to receive something from his estate after his death. But it occurred to him that he might as well use his money now for the parish and be his own executor, so the first of his benefactions was a chime of bells, then came the complete decoration of the interior of the church edifice at his expense, and now, only a few days ago, he informed the parish that he had purchased a rectory.

May there be many more like him to do good while they have time.

Bismarck's leading of the pope into the position of a mediator is the most telling blow lately given to the papal pretensions to the temporal power. No greater kindness could have been done to Italy. It will help immensely that small, but honest and enlightened, party in the Roman Church who believe that moral, and not material, power should be the great aim of the Church. Accepting this mediation, the pope cannot much longer keep up the farce of playing "prisoner in the Vatican." It is a question yet whether the pope has fallen in consciously with a scheme of the great German statesman looking to a yielding up of his claims as a civil ruler, or whether he has unwittingly swallowed a glittering bait, which may land the Vatican party high and dry. The idea of being recognized by the greatest Protestant power of Europe as a mediator is, of course, most captivating to a pope who dreams of making the papacy again the *arbiter* of the world, and this in any case has led him to place himself in

an exceedingly difficult position. The object of the dispute between Germany and Spain is really of no value worth caring for. But Bismarck may choose to account it as of great importance, and the Spanish populace is wildly excited with the feeling that the Spanish honor is at stake. But Leo XIII. is very clever, and a consummate strategist, if not a profound statesman, and may find some way to escape the danger of offending the German chancellor or alienating the Spanish populace.

At a meeting of the United States Naval Institute at Annapolis, the other day, there was discussed a recent paper of Lieut. Danenhower, on "North Polar Researches," in which, after advancing the opinion that there is no continent of land but only a few undiscovered islands in the North Polar Basin, he goes on to say that the scientific knowledge yet to be obtained by polar adventure is not worth the loss of life and treasure that will be required for future expeditions. Undoubtedly Lieut. Danenhower has earned the right to hold and advance even this pessimistic and discouraging opinion; and it is not to be wondered at that other naval officers who have ventured less did not quarrel with his conclusions. One officer there was, however, who, if he has not adventured more has certainly suffered more; and in virtue of this, no one can deny the force of Lieut. Greely's rejoinder to Lieut. Danenhower. The former contended for the immense advantage to the navy itself of North Polar expeditions of research and discovery, in cultivating those qualities of courageous seamanship, indomitable energy, and prudent daring on which the highest efficiency of the service must depend. Certainly there is much to be said for the view which the gallant Arctic explorer urges. More, perhaps, might be said of the necessity to a nation's greatness of those impulses and aspirations towards the undiscovered and unattained which continually urge men to assail whatever difficulties confront them, and that, too, not so much for the sake of the result, as for the *gaudium certaminis*, and the joy of triumph over obstacles. When there shall no longer be men of this race of ours who eagerly desire to go to the North Pole, and willingly fare thitherward as far as they can, then indeed we may bid farewell to all our greatness. The decay of the race will have begun.

Lord Lansdowne, the Canadian Viceroy, has been making a progress into British Columbia, and, after the manner of his country and his kind, has been making a significant political utterance in the form of an after-dinner speech in that very distant quarter of the Dominion. After an appropriate reference to the milder climate and better weather of that occidental region, he proceeded to discuss at great length the relation of the colonies to the mother country. In taking strong ground in favor of maintaining the existing colonial system, and in opposition to what has come to be known as Imperial Federation, his Lordship spoke more as a Canadian, apparently, than as an Englishman. The chief grounds of his contention were the impossibility of formulating and maintaining a financial system that would be suited to the various requirements of peoples so widely scattered; the hardship of imposing upon all the colo-

nies alike the necessity of maintaining and upholding the same treaty obligations; and the impracticability of an imperial organization for the common defense. The ground of remoteness and separation, however, upon which the Governor-General based his argument, had a curious refutation in the fact that within an hour after his words were uttered, they were read in London, and were replied to in the English papers of the next day. The telegraph and steam-engine have eliminated mere distance from the problem which his Lordship has been considering; while the other causes of diversity and separateness have been almost equally removed by the movements of commerce and the distributions of trade. It may be now said that far-off British Columbia is really nearer to London than Limerick was when the Governor-General was born; and that there is really less diversity of thought and interest between the farmers of Kent and the settlers of the Pacific coast than there is even now between the crofters of Skye and the yeomen of Devon.

It is a remarkable illustration of the way in which philosophy usually opens the path for all new movements in politics, and men of thought clear the way for men of action, that it was a Cambridge professor, speaking in his lecture-room and in the line of his professional work, who first gave shape and form to what may now be called the imperial policy of England. In a remarkable course of lectures delivered some years ago, the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge discussed in a masterly way the great question of holding the English colonies together, and with the instinct of a genuine statesman pointed out the only course by which the disintegration of "Greater Britain" could be prevented. This initiative of Professor Seeley has been followed up with increasing insistence by various writers and statesmen, notably by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster in an able paper in the *Nineteenth Century*. All these contend with much favor for the virtual or formal federation of the colonial dependencies of the English crown and nation, and point out the vitality of some of the bonds which unite them all to the mother land. There are yet other bonds, however, the strength of which is hardly realized by any thinkers or writers in England; and they are the bonds of a common speech, furnishing by means of its literature, a common mould for the thoughts of men; and a common religion, by which there is enforced throughout the English-speaking world a common measure and standard of duty. The inviolability of these bonds is discoverable in the fact that English-speaking men, the world over, commonly refuse to learn any other speech than their own, and so impose their language with its modes of thought, upon all other peoples with whom they are in contact; and in the further fact that the same English-speaking races wherever distributed, cling with great pertinacity or revert with unerring certainty, to the typical religion of the race, which is that religion of conscience and duty, at once reverent and free, which has been known in the world ever since the See of Canterbury was fixed, as Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

The project of founding a national university at Washington, which was proposed by

the recent Roman Catholic Plenary Council at Baltimore, has taken definite form, and will, doubtless, be carried forward with vigor. It is announced that sixty-five acres of land have been secured as a site, at the head of Lincoln Avenue, Washington, directly opposite the eastern gate of the Soldiers' Home; and that work on the buildings will be begun as soon as the architect can prepare acceptable plans. No doubt the enterprise will be made as conspicuous as may be, and will challenge notice in all practicable ways. And, indeed, it is not to be regretted that this significant and monumental undertaking should secure the largest possible amount of publicity. The policy which it stands for should be kept constantly in the view of the American people. It is well that we should never be allowed to forget that Rome will be satisfied with nothing less than the absolute control of the whole educational system of the country; and the ostentatiousness of this enterprise is simply an outward sign of the arrogance of Roman pretensions, which will not be misunderstood. Nor need we fear the result of the competition with more enlightened institutions which is thus conspicuously inaugurated. Just as Roman Catholic countries cannot keep pace with Protestant countries in the vigorous and beneficent progress of civilization, so it has been found, and will continue to be seen that the men of this land who are trained under the influence of Roman Catholic traditions, are at a disadvantage which is precisely commensurate with the extent and reality of that influence. Just in so far, therefore, as the education to be furnished by this Roman Catholic University shall be pervaded by the spirit and favorable to the ascendancy of that alien communion, it will be found unequal to the competitions in which it must engage in our free American life; and we feel no regret that its pretensions and its failure should be as conspicuous as possible.

Not long ago a certain Mormon dignity, named "Bishop" Sharp, we believe, on being arraigned for polygamous practices in Utah, under the Edmunds Law, pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the court, proclaiming his respect for the law of the land, and promising to observe its requirements in the future. From the account that was given, the judge and the prosecuting officer were so moved by this unprecedented and amiable condescension, that the penalty of imprisonment was altogether remitted, as much of the pecuniary fine as possible was forgiven, and the complainant "saint" was dismissed with something like a blessing. It is true that he was careful to explain that his plea of guilty and his promise of obedience did not imply any change of moral or religious conviction on his part. His submission was too welcome and too graceful to be coldly criticised, and it was fondly hoped that his gracious example would be widely followed. Such hopes, however, have already been completely dashed. The next batch of offenders who were arraigned at the same bar, turned out to be as defiant and truculent a lot as the authorities have yet had to deal with, and it was found necessary to inflict the utmost penalty of the law. It is to be feared, however, that severity is likely to be but little more efficacious than clemency; for there is much evidence of a disposition

to treat the last convicts as martyrs, and to glory in their constancy and their bonds. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any external or legal remedy alone, no matter how wisely and firmly applied, is going to be effective in dealing with Mormonism. Nor will it do to decri its power because of its contemptible origin and the despicable ignorance and superstition upon which it is based. Its strength lies in its condescension as a religion to one of the common infirmities of human nature, to the most insidious of all the weaknesses of the unregenerate heart. It was precisely this condescension to the natural depravity of man that made, and still makes, Mahometanism the most popular of all the religions that have ever confronted the pure and chaste religion of the Christ; and the same fanaticism that has always characterized the followers of Islam may be expected, when occasion serves, to arm the not less misguided "Latter Day Saints." Something more, therefore, than the enforcement of legislative enactments is going to be necessary in dealing with this most minatory evil. More than any other problem that has yet arisen in our history, it calls for profound metaphysical study. That the difficulties which it presents are to be overcome, and that this plague-spot on our civilization will be healed or exterminated, we do not for a moment doubt; but it will be by statesmanship of a more transcendent quality and transcendental kind than has yet been applied to its solution.

It is stated in the daily press that Mr. Herbert Gladstone has publicly declared, in an address, that his father is in favor of excluding the bishops from the House of Lords. It is difficult to believe that such a declaration could have been made, much less authorized. On a matter of such importance it is to be supposed that the distinguished leader of the Liberal party would prefer to make his own announcement to the country, and in his own way. It is more than likely, however, that it is even to this complexion that the ex-premier's thoughts must come at last, driven as he is by the exigencies of his party. It is simply one of the phases of the movement in favor of disestablishment, for which Mr. Gladstone's party is responsible, and which it is now too late for him to control. To remove the spiritual peers from the Upper House, moreover, would be in the nature of a concession to the fierce and growing opposition to the House of Lords, which is getting to be a menacing feature of the English political situation. The successful stand made by the peers in favor of the submission of the plan for the distribution of seats by the late government, before they would approve of the extension of the franchise, has raised the question as to whether popular government can tolerate such obstruction by a branch of the legislature that is in no degree amenable to the will of the people. Added to this is the irritation caused in certain quarters by the stand which the bishops have occasionally ventured to make on such questions as the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill. If it should be true that the exclusion of the bishops from the Upper House is to be a part of the Liberal programme, it will not be the first time that the spoliation or humiliation of the Church has been made a Liberal tub to the Radical whale.

That some reform of the House of Lords is necessary in order to save it from being abolished, seems to be conceded by thoughtful men of all parties in England. It is interesting to note, however, that the removal of the bishops from that House would be not in accordance with, but in direct opposition to, the movement of reform that is most commended. In a thoughtful paper recently published, the Earl of Pembroke urges with much force the plan of largely increasing the number of peers for life only, such as the bishops are, and in this way introducing a salutary check upon the influence and power of the hereditary peers. For this purpose he would give all the judges of the higher courts, and representative men of letters and science, seats for life in the House of Lords; and he points out with much acuteness that the presence of such a body of men would not only add a much needed element of strength to the Upper House, but would give the commonality of England an interest in it, and a pride in its influence, such as would be the best guarantee of its preservation. In this connection it is to be noted that at present the bishops are almost the only peers who are the representatives of popular government in the House of Lords; since it is the prime minister of the government, who is himself the creature and the minister of the popular will, who places the bishops in the chamber of peers. To remove them, therefore, would be to eliminate the only really popular element from that House, and to surrender a coordinate branch of the legislature entirely to the control of the hereditary nobility of the realm. It is quite clear, even on the grounds that are here considered, that the exclusion of the spiritual peers from the House of Lords would be a movement towards despotism instead of away from it.

Archdeacon Paley, in one of his charges, gently insinuated that, though he did not like to interfere with the social enjoyments of his clergy, he did not think it looked well that the parson of the parish should "lounge about the door of a public house with a pipe in his mouth." If this was the "former state of the clergy," let us be thankful that it is not the latter, and that year by year the Church may, with increasing pride, point to a body of men whose influence will compare as favorably with that of any other body, as she herself may in the zeal and energy with which she addresses herself to all the living questions, whether religious or only partly so, of the day.

"Conscience, guided by intelligence," thought the late Bishop Lay, "defers gladly to all religious authority." This was the bishop's idea of what he termed "intellectual humility." And he not only advocated this, but practised that which he taught. Loyal to the Church at once religiously and intellectually, he was, at the same time, and conscientiously, an exponent of the humility which he inculcated. His humbleness thus was at once a mental and a Christian grace. He had no pride of intellect, while he was endowed with an intellectualness of which any one might be proud. His was "conscience guided by intelligence;" and right gladly did he ever defer to all due "religious authority." Loyalty, humility, and intelligence were exemplified in his teaching and in his public and private life.

THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.*

Deuteronomy.

II.

Those who deny the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy allege that it contains so many differences from the other books of the Pentateuch, that it is impossible to refer them to a common author. The most important of such alleged discrepancies will now be considered.

Num. xxxv. compared with Deut. xix. has been mentioned as a good example of the fundamental difference in legal style between the two codes. In the former chapter the asylums are called "cities of refuge," and the homicide is described as one who "killeth any person at unawares," while in the latter the asylums are referred to as cities to which "every slayer may flee" who had killed "his neighbor ignorantly." A child can see that these differences are merely verbal, and do not constitute a discrepancy. In Numbers, the laws in question are given at great length, in Deuteronomy, they are only briefly named, and this fact surely is sufficient to explain why the detailed provisions of the former are not rehearsed in a popular and recapitulatory charge. May not the author of any work dwell on a matter he has in hand with great fulness in one part of his work, and refer to it cursorily in another? Is his authorship to be questioned because he fails to repeat verbatim his former statement? This is an exact statement of the alleged discrepancy. The objection is not only puerile, but absurd.

The spies, according to Num. xiii. 1, 3, were sent by Divine command, while in Deut. i. 22 sq. the measure originated with the people. This is not a discrepancy, but an additional feature.

The comparison of Num. xx. 12 and xxvii. 14 with Deut. i. 37, iii. 26, iv. 21 harmonizes the apparent difference, for the rebelliousness of the people was doubtless the cause of that of Moses, and of his want of faith.

The alleged discrepancy between the precept that sacrifices shall be offered only in one place, Deut. xii. 5, and that a plurality of sanctuaries is contemplated in Ex. xx. 24, 25, xxii. 30, rests on a misunderstanding of the last-named places, in which provision is made only for the establishment of worship at different stages of the journey through the wilderness, not for the simultaneous existence of rival sanctuaries.

Comparison of Num. xviii. 20-32 with Deut. xiv. 22-29, reduces the alleged discrepancy to the supplemental enactment of the second tithe, which undiscerning critics have confounded with the abrogation of the first legislation on the subject.

The alleged contradiction of Num. xviii. 15-18 and Deut. xii. 17, 18, is disposed of by the fact that the former passage no more appropriates the whole of the firstlings to the priests than that the latter prescribes its entire consumption by the people.

The designation of the priests as the "sons of Aaron," in the earlier books of the Pentateuch, and as "Levites," or "sons of Levi," in Deuteronomy, has been instanced as proof that this book is the product of a post-Mosaic period; but while the former designation was strictly accurate as long as the priesthood was restricted to his family, its accuracy ceased after the whole tribe, to

which the family of Aaron belonged, had been consecrated to the priesthood, and the later designations were more correct expressions. The functions of the several orders of the priesthood having been minutely described in the earlier portions of the Pentateuch, their repetition was superfluous in the Book of Deuteronomy, which, nevertheless, clearly recognizes the distinction of priest and Levite, ch. xviii. 1. It may be added that the apparent confusion of terms is due to the congenitally and incurably, or the voluntarily and intentionally confused perception of the critics rather than to the language of the Book of Deuteronomy, and that the author of the whole Pentateuch would feel perfectly at liberty to use general terms and introduce bare allusions, which a literary forger would have carefully avoided.

It is argued also that the phrase "beyond the Jordan," ch. i. 1, 3, must have been written by one on the west side of that river, and therefore after the death of Moses; but that phrase was the current geographical name of the district, and the argument is as convincing as that a person writing in Louisiana of South Carolina must be at a point north of the latter State, and posthumous to himself.

Deut. ii. 12, the words, "Israel did unto the land of his possession, which the Lord gave unto them," are cited in proof that they must have been written after the days of Moses, but as they do not necessarily relate to Canaan, (for we may restrict them to the district already held by the two and a half tribes, cf. iii. 18, 20,) the objection lacks point and force. Some regard the passage and certain others in this chapter (cf. 10-12, 20-23, 34) as interpolations. This might be admitted without prejudice to the remainder of the book.

The objection urged against ch. xxiii. 12, 13, is set aside by the indubitable fact that the enactment is a sanitary regulation relating to military camps. The prohibition, ch. xvi. 2, "Neither shalt thou set thee up any image which the Lord thy God hateth," is referred to as one of the clearest proofs that Deuteronomy was unknown till long after the days of Moses. How could Joshua, if he had known such a law, have erected a *mappeba*, or sacred pillar of unhewn stone, under the sacred tree by the sanctuary at Schechem? * *Mappebas*, it is alleged, were set up in spite of the prohibition, and Josh. xxiv. 26, I. Sam. vi. 14, vii. 12, II. Sam. xx. 8, I. Kings 19, vii. 21, and Hos. iii. 4 are cited in proof of the allegation. Examination shows that in all these passages, except the last, the word *mappeba* is not used, the reference being simply to stones of monumental, not of idolatrous significance. The passage in Hosea is irrelevant, for it alludes to the well-known historical fact that idolatrous usages had

been in Israel, but that did not make them lawful.

The nature of these objections, the want of scholarship they reveal, and their general irrelevancy or exaggeration cannot upset the strong argument in favor of the Mosaic origin of the Book of Deuteronomy.

We have still to answer the question whether the whole book, as it stands in the Bible, is the work of Moses. Ch. xxxiii., containing the account of his death and burial, of course must, and is admitted to have been written by one who had survived him. The other parts designated as interpolations are: ch. i. 1-5; ii. 10-12, 20-23; iv. 41-43; xxiii. 1-43; and xxxiii. 1-29.

Ch. i. 1-5 not only do not contain anything to warrant the conclusion that they were not written by him, but are just such a title and introduction which a writer like Moses would have composed.

The ethnographical notices in ch. ii. may be due to a later hand, but as there are really cogent reasons for their introduction by Moses, which a subsequent editor could not have had, their Mosaic origin may be maintained, although their surrender would not touch the integrity of our book.

There is no good reason for treating ch. iv. 41-43 as an interpolation, but an excellent one for considering the passage as written by Moses. It stands between the first and second addresses, and the employment of the pause for the separation of the cities of refuge in the newly-acquired district east of Jordan was an impressive example of scrupulous care in the observance of a divine injunction (see Num. xxxv. 6, 14), which the wise legislator set for their imitation.

The Song of Moses, ch. xxxii., cannot be surrendered as a non-Mosaic composition: it is animated through and through with the mind and heart of Moses, who here rises from the dry details of historical notices and legal forms to the impassioned strains of sublime poetry. While this song does not contain anything inconsistent with the language and thought of the rest of the book, many coincidences in both respects supply strong proof that the book and the song were written by the same author.*

It is also proper to refer here to the coincidences between this ode and Ps. xc. (compare Deut. xxxii. 7, 18, 36 with Ps. xc. 1, 13, 15, 16), and to remind the reader that that psalm is also attributed to Moses†.

The objections raised to the Mosaic authorship of the Blessing of Moses, ch. xxxiii., remain to be noticed. The Blessing and the Song appear to supplement each other; for while the latter dwells on the calamitous results of the fall of Israel, the Blessing expatiates on the happy results of their fidelity. Both are poetic and prophetic, and

* See Keil, "Biblical Commentary," Edinburgh edition, vol. I, p. 466, also "Introduction to the Book of Deuteronomy," pp. xxvi., xxxii. in "The Pulpit Commentary," and the note in "The Speaker's Commentary," vol. I, pt. ii, p. 990, for concise and valuable information. Among separate treatises may be mentioned: "Thring's," "Commentaries on Castilian Moths," 1734; Dethe, "Dissertation in Castilian Moths," 1799; Ewald, "Das grosse Lied in Deuteronomium," in "Jahrb. der Bibl. Wiss." 1837; Volk, "Moeth Casticum Cyprius," 1861; Kamphausen, "Das Lied Moses," 1862.

† Ewald, "Die Dichter des Alten Bundes," vol. II, p. 31; Hengstenberg, "Die Psalmen," vol. I, p. 589; Delitzsch, "Commentar über den Psalter," vol. II, p. 3, says that the contents and diction of Ps. xc. are strictly Mosaic, and testify that this Psalm, the Song (Deut. xxxii.) and the Blessing (Deut. xxxiii.) are due to the same author.

* Robertson Smith I. c. p. 354. This rash writer further cites Is. xiv. 19: "In that day there shall be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord," in proof that "this law (Deut. vii. 29) was unknown to Isaiah, who attacks idolatry, but recognizes monoth and altar as the marks of the sanctuary of Jehovah." This is utterly irrelevant, for Isaiah speaks of a monumental pillar or terminal idol set up at the border of Egypt, and not of a pillar erected at the sanctuary of Jehovah. "Stone monuments to commemorate God's goodness or to mark signal events were repeatedly erected in post-Mosaic times. When this was done with no view to sacrifice or adoration, it was no violation of the Pentateuchal statute." (Professor W. H. Green on "Professor Robertson Smith on the Pentateuch," in "Presbyterian Review," vol. III., p. 148.)

marked by the same literary peculiarities. In these respects they stand or fall together. As to the subject matter of the Blessing, we may note that it meets every requirement of time and place, and exhibits a perfect consonance in thought and language not only with the Book of Deuteronomy, but with the entire Pentateuch. The correspondence of the Blessing of Moses to that of Jacob (Gen. xlix.) is striking, especially in its expansions and modifications.

The phrase "Moses, the man of God," which occurs in the title, may show that the Blessing was set down in writing by one charged with that duty, but cannot be regarded as evidence that it was uttered by another than Moses. We know that Moses "wrote" the Song (ch. xxxi. 21). The Blessing appears to have been dictated.

The topographical allusions in vv. 19, 23-25, urged as proofs of a post-Mosaic origin of the poem, appear to be perfectly compatible with the division of the land recorded in Num. xxxiv., and the general knowledge of the country which Moses must have acquired during his prolonged stay on its borders from intercourse with the inhabitants.

The alleged references to a monarchical form of government in v. 5, to an aspiration for a reunion of the nation after the secession of the ten tribes in v. 7, and to the Temple in v. 12, are due to misinterpretations of the text; for v. 5 does not refer to an earthly king, but to Jehovah; v. 7 advert to Judah as a tribe, and not to the kingdom of Judah, and v. 12 to Benjamin only. To interpret "to bring unto his people," v. 7, as "to bring back the tribes," and "he shall dwell between his shoulders," v. 12, as "to have the Temple within the territory of Benjamin," is to pervert the sense of Scripture and to insult the intelligence of Bible readers. The objections, however, are good examples of the arbitrary and harsh methods resorted to by skeptical writers to batter down the fair fabric of Holy Scripture.*

The Blessing then, the title excepted, must be claimed as the genuine utterance and farewell of Moses.

I claim the privilege of subjoining to the foregoing arguments, for which I am chiefly indebted to the labors of others, a strictly subjective testimony. In the preparation of an important literary work I had to transcribe with my own hand the entire Pentateuch, and to study it in the original as well as in some of the oldest and later versions.† This occupation, spread without intermission over many months, has induced a familiarity with the five books of Moses, which the constant reading at one time of large portions in print has only deepened. I give it as my conviction, at the conclusion of this exceptional labor, that the Pentateuch is a unit, that the hand, the mind, and the heart of Moses are reflected on almost every page, and that those who will peruse those books, say in five consecutive readings, unhampered by artificial arrangement, and without consulting a commentary, can hardly fail to

reach the same conclusion. The language of the Pentateuch, the diversity of its contents as to topics and treatment, impress the thoughtful reader that he is under the spell of a master mind who commands his respect, when he narrates history, by his scrupulous and guarded statements, when he enacts laws, by the wisdom, equity, breadth and strength of their provisions, and when he speaks to the people, by the earnestness and warmth of his address, but when he rises to the lofty realms of inspired instruction he carries him away by the impassioned fervor of his oratory to the far distant past at the foot of Sinai, in the valley between Ebal and Gerizim, and in the plains of Moab, where he seems to hear the awan song and the farewell benediction of the dying Leader, Historian; Lawgiver, and Prophet, until his majestic form fades from his observation in the dim blue of lofty Nebo of the Pisgah range. If these five books are not the work of one man, and if that man is not Moses, all appeal to internal evidence as sustaining an unbroken chain of the most weighty external evidence of every other book must be abandoned, for both kinds of evidence are greater in the case of the Pentateuch than in any ancient writing which has descended to our time.

From the copious literature on the Book of Deuteronomy separately, or on the entire Pentateuch, the subjoined list will be found to represent every school of theological thought since the Reformation:

Luther, "Auslegungen," Walch, v. iii.; Calvin, "Commentarii in quatuor reliq. M. lib. in formam harmoniae dig.;" Schipper, v. 1.; Poli, "Synopsis Crit.," vol. 1.; Piscator, "Questiones, etc.," and "Biblia;" Corn. a Lapide, "Commentar. in Pent.;" Bonfrerius, "Pentat. comm. illustr.;" Calmet, "Comm. lit. in V. T.;" Osiander, "Comm. in Pent.;" Gerhard, "Comm. in Deut.;" Clericus, "Comm. in Pent.;" Rosenmüller, "Scholia in V. T.;" Dathe, "Pentateuchus;" the Jewish commentaries of Johnson, Frankfurt, 1831, and Herzheimer, Bernburg, 1854. The *Introductions of Carpov*, Leipzig, 1741, Eichhorn, Jahn, Augusti, de Wette, Hävernick, Hengeberg, Keil, Bleek, and Davidson; also Articles on the Pentateuch, etc., in Herzog, Real-Encyc., and Smith, Dict. of the Bible. Colenso, "The Pentateuch," etc., London, 1862; "The Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuch," etc., London, 1864; Kuenen, "Religion of Israel;" Curtius, "The Levitical Priests," Edinburgh, 1877; Wellhausen, "Geschichte Israel's," 1878; Robertson Smith, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," Edinburgh, 1881; "Deuteronomy the People's Book."

On special topics, additional to the works named on the Song of Moses: Mayer, "Die Rechte der Israeliten Athener und Römer;" Cassel, "Der Midrasch u. des Gesetzes Ende;" Riehm, "Die Gesetzgebung Moses im Lande Moab;" Hoffmann, "Comment. in Mosis Benedictionem" (in Keil's "Analecten," iv. 2, Jena, 1823); Graf, "Der Segen Moses," Leipzig, 1857.

J. I. MOMBERT.

ENGLAND.

A CURIOUS SPEECH ON EPISCOPAL ELECTIONS.—From the report of the Salisbury Journal of the election of Canon Wordsworth as Bishop of Salisbury, it appears that the chancellor of the cathedral (Canon Swaine) in opening the proceedings, said: "My reverend

brethren—in the absence of the dean, which we all regret, the duty of presiding over this chapter has devolved upon me, and with your permission I will make one or two brief remarks as to the object for which we meet. The first will be, that we are not met to choose a bishop, but to elect one already chosen; our part is to affirm that choice—to testify by our assent to it that the person chosen is, to the best of our belief, duly qualified, canonically ordained, a man of irreproachable moral character, and sound in the faith. For the impression which commonly prevails that we not only meet to choose a bishop—i. e., to go through the form of choosing one—but that we ask for divine guidance to direct us in our choice, there is absolutely no foundation whatever in the 'order of proceedings' which you hold in your hands. Again, not only is the action which we are about to take not an obsolete and unmeaning, and so worthless, form, but it is an integral part of the appointment of a bishop, as borne witness to by primitive times. I will not insist upon the point (which is not without interest) that the Prime Minister, by whom the choice is made, represents under our present constitution both the crown and the people; but, at any rate, our action now is the formal assent of the clergy, without which no election would be valid, on any conceivable theory. Once more, if we are met together to-day to assent to a choice, with regard to which only one feeling can exist, that of intense satisfaction and deep thankfulness, I need scarcely point out how this implies necessarily both the right and the duty of withholding our assent, when the required conditions of canonical ordination, blameless life, and soundness of belief are not fulfilled in the person chosen. I have only to add that I ask you to join with me in prayer for a blessing on the act we are about to perform, as well as on the person who shall ultimately be set over us as the bishop of this ancient see."

DISESTABLISHMENT IN THE COMING ELECTIONS.—The cause of disestablishment does not seem to be as popular as its advocates imagined. The Record's publication of a tabulated list of how candidates for Parliament stand on the question, has created some feeling which has made itself felt among the Liberal candidates. Already many whom the Record had classed as favorable to disestablishment are disavowing such views, and some who were classed as doubtful have come out against disestablishment. It is beginning to be believed that the open agitation will do the establishment more good than harm.

The Morning Post, speaking of the attacks on the Church, says that the "tide of assent is a little overrid itself. The detractors reckoned too hastily. They did not sufficiently allow for the results of actual experience. Much of their fierce invective has been answered by the workingmen themselves, who have spoken with no uncertain voice upon the subject. The most notable convert to postponement is Mr. Chamberlain. He was very hot in the cause at one time, but he has found out his mistake, so he now takes refuge in an abstraction. In theory he is against any Church establishment; therefore, necessarily, against the Established Church of England and Scotland; but in practice it is really a people's affair, and till the people speak he is not prepared to move. This is quite a change of front. But a few months ago he was all for lashing the people upon to the required pitch of eagerness, now he is for leaving them alone. Before, he was for leading them; now, he is for following. The resulting probability is that the Church is likely to have rest for some time to come. But while there is good reason to believe that the Church of England is in no immediate danger,

* Concise accounts of the absurdities of skeptical exegesis, and satisfactory replies, may be seen in the "Speaker's Commentary," vol. 1, p. 965 sq., 464 in "The Pulpit Commentary" Introduction to Deuteronomy, p. 1212 sq. My paper on "The Higher Criticism," printed in THE CHURCHMAN, deals with the same subject.

† I refer to my edition of "William Tyndale's Five Books of Moses, called the Pentateuch," New York and London, 1885.

there is no reason for saying that there is no danger at all. The opponents will return to the charge at the first opportunity, and it is of the last importance that the Church should be fully prepared to meet the attack. Happily, the warnings which have recently sounded throughout the country have aroused a noble spirit of self-defence, and now the whole population is being instructed in the history of their Church, the duties of her members, and the designs of her enemies; and they are rallying to her defence with an energy which promises well for their ultimate success, and leads us to hope and believe that the grand historical Church of the past will still flourish and abide through ages yet to come."

Several other prominent papers speak in a similar tone. The London correspondent of a Scottish paper says that the disestablishment agitation is not gaining strength. "On the contrary," he adds, "I have received fresh and remarkable confirmation of the statement I made a few days ago that the better class of Nonconformists are getting sick of it. The Liberatorists are pushing the question to the front in every constituency where they have any sort of hold, and candidates have in many instances been deluded into the belief that the party are much stronger than they really are. The great object is to win a Radical majority next November, and then to carry disestablishment in Scotland, with a resolution affirming its abstract desirability in England also. If this object is defeated, the Liberatorists themselves—at least such of them as take a reasonable and practicable view of the situation—are ready to acknowledge that the question will be shelved for a long time to come; indefinitely postponed, in fact."

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS ON THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY.—The John Bull, of October 3, says of the late Earl of Shaftesbury:

"Full of years and honors, Lord Shaftesbury has passed away. His life has been one devoted to the achievement of a lofty ideal of activity, and his career of practical philanthropy has been crowned with a full measure of success. For more than half a century he has been foremost in every good work. Little has been attempted or accomplished to raise the condition of the English people, to promote their social welfare, to improve their moral status, in which Lord Shaftesbury has not taken a leading part. The school of religious opinion to which Lord Shaftesbury belonged is not one which enlists at the present time any considerable degree of public sympathy, and it is to be owned that Lord Shaftesbury too often gave painful evidences of the degree to which he was influenced by the intolerance of his evangelical views. But the honesty of his convictions, the sincerity of his faith, and the excellence of his intentions, won for Lord Shaftesbury's public conduct invariable sympathy and indulgence. A life such as his offers in these days, when philanthropy is too often a device of political intrigue, lessons that the English people are scarcely likely to neglect."

The Record says:

"We feel that on this occasion the ordinary expressions of regret are entirely out of place. The noble career that is now closed leaves an indelible mark on the history of the nation and the condition of its people. It has made men glorify our Father in heaven, and will doubtless be even more influential for good as its features come out more grandly, if less vividly, in the sober light of history."

AN INTERESTING RELIC.—The Bishop of Southwell reopened on September 25 the historic church of Blythe, founded in 1088. The removal of whitewash from the wall at the east end has laid bare a grand fresco of

fifteenth century work, the subject being "The Last Judgment."

THE DEAN OF LICHFIELD ON THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—Preaching at the reopening of St. George's, Edgbaston, the Dean of Lichfield, Dr. Bickersteth, concluded his sermon as follows:—"I am bold to affirm that there is no Church on the face of the earth that enjoys greater freedom than the Church of England; and that you could not strike a heavier blow at the liberties both of the Church and of the nation than by severing the sacred bonds which now unite the Church, the Throne and the State in one. And I believe that, when I say this, I am expressing the mind, not only of the great body of Churchmen, but also of vast numbers of our Nonconformist brethren, who feel that under the shadow of a comprehensive and tolerant National Church like our own, they enjoy a freedom and tranquillity such as they could not enjoy in an equal degree if the Church were disestablished. The Church of England has a wholesome moderating influence upon the various religious bodies around us. She sets up a standard to which they can look with respect; and by her sober and primitive teaching, as set forth in our Prayer Book, she keeps them in the path of orthodoxy. No; if there is danger to the Church of England, it is rather to be feared from within than from without. We want more unity amongst ourselves. We want more charity towards those who differ from us. Let us then at this time make it our earnest prayer that God will be pleased to bestow upon us these graces in larger measure. Then may we hope that in these days of sifting and trial our Church may prove herself to be more and more the 'home' of our people, and exhibit herself more and more as the defence, the light, and the glory of our country."

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON THE ENGLISH CHURCH.—In an address on October 16, Cardinal Newman said that the Church of England is the great bulwark in that country against atheism, that he wishes all success to those defending that Church, and that he and his friends will join in defending it.

IRELAND.

CHURCH STATISTICS.—The Journal of the General Synod for the year 1884-5, contains some interesting items of Church news for the past year. At the several ordinations of 1884 fifty priests and fifty-two deacons were ordained as compared with thirty-seven and forty-two respectively for the preceding year. The total number of confirmation candidates was 5,197; but four of the more important dioceses sent in no return under this head. Twenty-two churches were either built or restored; here again five dioceses sent in no returns. The sum of \$68,430 was contributed last year toward foreign missions. The total number of Church members is declared to be 638,935.

SCOTLAND.

HEALTH OF THE BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.—The Bishop of Edinburgh (Dr. Cotterill) was reported on October 2 to be seriously ill, and all hope of his recovery was said to be abandoned.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DAYS FOR OFFERINGS.—At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, held in New York, on Tuesday, October 13, the Board of Managers recommended to the Church the observance of the following days for offerings for the different departments of missionary work during the present fiscal year: the First Sunday in

Advent (November 20), Domestic Missions; the Second Sunday after Epiphany (January 17), Foreign Missions; the Third Sunday after Easter (May 16), Indian Missions and Missions to Colored People. It is to be understood, however, that in making this designation, it is not intended to interfere with the customs of parishes that have their own time of making offerings for mission work.

The Board of Managers recommend that all Sunday-schools unite in observing the custom of directing the Lenten offerings of the children to the general missionary work, under the care of the Missionary Society.

In future the Spirit of Missions will be published monthly throughout the year, and the annual reports which have hitherto occupied the double number for November and December, will be published as a separate pamphlet.

MASSACHUSETTS.

VESTED CHOIRS.—A few years ago there were but few parishes in this diocese where vested choirs were employed, but the number has steadily increased, and the probability seems to be that they will become as general as the quartette choirs were formerly.

The parishes in which they have been introduced speak of the impetus which has been given to congregational singing, the people finding it easier to sing with them, and gaining confidence by the increased volume of tone.

Some of the clergy think the vested choir helps to solve the problem of keeping growing boys interested in the Church services.

BOSTON—Church Rooms.—A circular has been issued by a committee of the Clerical Association, announcing that they have arranged for a series of Monday meetings of the clergy to begin November 2, and to continue through the winter and spring.

SOMERVILLE—Convocation.—The Eastern Convocation met in this parish on Wednesday and Thursday, October 14 and 15.

On the evening of Wednesday the vested choir of Christ Church, Cambridge, led the singing in a very spirited manner. The addresses were by Prof. Wm. Lawrence, the Rev. Dr. G. W. Shin, and the Rev. C. C. Grafton, upon "The Inward and Outward Manifestations of the Christian Life." On Thursday morning the Holy Communion was celebrated by the bishop, the sermon being delivered by the Rev. Dr. A. St. J. Chambré. In the afternoon a most valuable paper was read by the Rev. J. F. Spalding on "The Teachings and Influence of St. Augustine." It was the result of the most careful study, and was listened to with deepest interest. One of its most important points was the distinction between Augustinianism and Lutheranism and Calvinism, the essayist showing that the latter two were exaggerations of the exaggerated statements of Augustine.

A resolution was adopted pledging the convocation to assist the Board of Missions in its new plan of holding missionary meetings in as many parishes as possible during the year.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM—Mission.—A Mission at this place has been in charge of the Rev. F. S. Harraden, who has also under his charge the work at Framingham Centre and Natick. Recently Mr. R. M. Every, of New Haven, Conn., offered to give the Mission a lot for a chapel, and the people are now considering the erection of a building to cost about \$6,000.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN—Christ Church.—The first Harvest Festival was held in this parish (the Rev. E. Van Deerlin, rector) on Sunday, October 11. The church was handsomely

and tastefully decorated, the altar especially presenting a very bright and festive appearance. The altar was vested in white, and on the re-table stood beside the cross and vases two small sheaves of wheat, and clusters of grapes. The church was decorated with grain, flowers, fruits and vegetables.

There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 8 A. M., Morning Prayer and Sermon at 10.30 A. M., Litany at 3 P. M., and Choral Evensong at 7.30 P. M. The anthem "While the Earth Remaineth," (Tours) was sung after the third collect, and was well rendered. At the close of the service the Te Deum was read as a special Act of Thanksgiving.

NORWALK—Woman's Auxiliary.—The Connecticut Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary held its annual meeting at Norwalk, on Thursday, October 15. The meeting was one of great interest and was attended by delegates from all parts of the diocese. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which the bishop was the celebrant, in St. Paul's church at 9.30 A. M., after which the business meeting was held. The reports of officers showed no lessening of interest or of contributions, notwithstanding the financial depression of the past year. The meeting was addressed by Mrs. Brewer, the wife of the Missionary Bishop of Montana, who gave a brief account of Church work in Montana, speaking especially of the need of hospitals and schools. Miss Sybil Carter also made an address which the bishop and several other clergy were invited to hear. The bishop afterwards expressed the wish that Miss Carter might address the people of Connecticut in every parish.

A missionary service was held in the afternoon, at which addresses were made by the bishop, the Rev. Drs. G. Williamson Smith, and W. S. Langford. The pledges for the coming year are for the following purposes: Scholarships for Girls in Seguin, Texas, Reno, Nevada, and the Hill Memorial School, Athens, Greece. Work in Montana; an Indian church in South Dakota; Freedmen in Virginia, under Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Buford, Mrs. Brent and Mrs. Burgwin; and St. Mary's Orphanage in China.

ALBANY.

HOOSAC—All Saints' Church.—On Saturday, October 11, in this church (the Rev. J. B. Tibbits, rector), the bishop of the diocese admitted to deacon's orders, Mr. Edward Dudley Tibbits, the son of the rector. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Dr. J. I. Tucker, and the sermon was preached by the bishop. The bishop also confirmed four persons.

SCHRECKTADY—St. George's Church.—Two organizations for assisting in the parochial work here have been started, and have been very successful so far in enlisting the interest of the people. St. Mary's Guild, for women, started with a membership of sixty-five, and St. Agnes's Guild, for young girls of from twelve to fifteen years of age, has about twenty members. These two guilds embrace all kinds of Church work, and as the members only sustain the rector in the plan which he has devised, the parish must shortly become a very busy one. The Sunday-school has undertaken the support of a scholarship in St. John's School, Logan, Utah, and at the suggestion of the rector, will call it the "William Payne" scholarship, in memory of the late rector, who served the parish so faithfully for thirty-six years. The bishop of the diocese visited the parish on the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, October 11, and confirmed twenty-one.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—St. Mark's Chapel.—It has been definitely decided that in conducting the Ad-

vent Mission to be held in this chapel the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton is to be assisted by his son, the Rev. W. W. Newton. The chapel is situated amid a dense foreign population, on the east side of the city, and not far distant from the parent church. The mission will take the form of a children's crusade, a special effort being made to reach the young. The neighborhood swarms with the American-born children and grown-up offspring of Germans who are living here in such numbers that the region has sometimes been called "Little Germany." While it is difficult to reach the parents, on account of their ignorance of the English language or indifference to religion, it is very easy to reach them through their children, who no longer wish to be called Germans.

St. Mark's parish has nearly two hundred scholars, and the intention is to have a procession, with banners flying, march each night through some street or around Tompkins Square, back to the chapel, where the services will be held. In this way it is hoped to draw in the "rabble," both old and young.

GARRISON—Clerical Retreat.—A retreat of the clergy, preparatory to the Advent Mission in New York, was held at Garrisons, on Tuesday, October 13, and the three following days, under the direction of the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, who is the chief missioner of the Advent Mission. About eighty of the clergy were present. The exercises began at 4.30 on Tuesday afternoon with a short service, and an introductory address on the objects of the retreat, followed by silent prayer. At 7.30 P. M. there was Evensong and sermon. From this time to the end there was a steady advance in interest and power. The services for Wednesday and Thursday consisted of an early celebration at 8 A. M.; Matins followed by silent prayer at 10; hymns, prayers and address, at 11; Meditation from 2.30 to 4.30 P. M., and Evensong and sermon at 7.30 P. M. The subject of the address at the early celebration on Wednesday was "The Divine Presence—our Retreat;" on Thursday, "Our Own Vineyard." The address at 11 A. M. Wednesday was "The Shepherd Going Before His Flock;" on Thursday, "Walking with God." The subject of Wednesday's Meditation was "Some of the Characteristics of the Good Shepherd;" Thursday's, "Definiteness in Work and Experience: Especially in Experience of Forgiveness of Sin." The sermon on Thursday evening was a powerful demonstration of the doctrine of Assurance. On Friday the closing service was at 7 A. M., consisting of a Celebration of the Holy Communion and address on "Polished Shafts."

Mr. Aitken is an exceedingly strong speaker. He preaches rather than meditates. He is perfectly natural, and in the end commands assent. He had a difficult task before him, considering the widely divergent minds with which he dealt, yet he conducted the exercise with great skill. His appeals were very direct, and his exposures unsparring, while he showed a rare gift for bringing men face to face with the real issue, thus rendering decisions imperative.

STAATSBURG—Dutchess County Convocation.—This convocation met in St. Margaret's Church, Staatsburg, on Thursday, October 8. The assistant bishop was present, and a good representation both of clergy and laity. Missionary reports were made by the Rev. Messrs. J. C. S. Wells and Duncan McCallish. The convocation occurred in the suggestions of the report presented by the Rev. Dr. Sattelle at the late diocesan convention. An effort is to be made to raise the salary of every clergyman within the bonds of the convocation to \$1,000 a minimum. Resolutions favoring the employment of itinerant missionaries were unanimously passed. A paper was read by the Rev. H. L. Zeigenfuss, on "Phases of

Thought within the Anglican Communion;" a discussion followed in which many of the clergy present took part. The Rev. Professor George B. Hoxson was asked to prepare a paper for the next meeting of the convocation. The clergy and laity were entertained at the rectory.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—St. Mark's Church.—On the Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, October 11, the rector of this parish, the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Haskins, celebrated the forty-sixth anniversary of his rectorship. The sermon at the morning service contained especial reference to this interesting event. The text was from II. Corinthians ii. 16: "Who is sufficient for these things?" In the course of it he said: "When the Christian minister remembers whereunto he has been called, to what high office in the Church of God—an evangelist, a priest to administer the sacraments of spiritual life, a preacher unto God's people, a shepherd of His flock, a watcher over His souls, an ambassador and steward of God's mysteries, and an example to the flock over which the Great Shepherd of the sheep has made him ever overseer—when he remembers the great duties laid upon him through these holy offices, when he surveys the largeness of the charge, the difficulties of the work, and the awful responsibilities attached to them, he cannot but cry out with St. Paul, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' . . . All that he can do is to humble himself before God and plead for mercy and forgiveness as an unprofitable servant in God's husbandry. And it is with such a plea that I have bowed my knees before the Great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls this morning, in the review of forty-six years of an imperfect ministry over this parish. But, however humiliating and discouraging this personal review, because of its neglect of duties, its sins of omission and commission, yet there is also much to cheer, to encourage and to stimulate for the future. I think I may call you to record this day that I have preached some other doctrine to you than that which St. Paul preached, and which he charged Timothy to preach. My preaching has not been of man's wisdom, nor the vain philosophies of the day, nor the new developments of man's gospel, nor smooth things to please men's ears, nor the current topics of the hour, nor the Gospel with all its self-denials and warnings of a judgment left out; but I have endeavored to declare unto you the whole counsel of God, I have endeavored to reach unto you Christ and Him crucified, I have adhered closely to the faith once delivered to the saints. The faithful minister knows well that it is not in his popularity, nor upon the vast crowds that attend upon his ministry, that his success depends. Such crowds as often impede as set forward the Kingdom of Christ; they as often blind the eyes of God's servants and turn them to popular and worldly opinions and aside from God's truth. Through all the changes of near half a century, through all the removal of residences in the vicinity of the church because of the influx of business, through all the fluctuations of a city parish, where the population is ever coming and going, this parish has held its own, and gradually increased its number of communicants. About 2,300 have been added to the Church by Holy Baptism, 1,071 have been confirmed. The number of communicants is at present 460. Of these 2,300 that have been added to the Church by Holy Baptism, more than 1,000—1,071—have here renewed and ratified their baptismal vows. Now, when we remember that this multitude of the young, beside many more that have not been baptised here, have been every Lord's Day instructed in the way

of God's commandments, and have by pastoral teachings been prepared for the holy rite of the Laying on of Hands and for Holy Communion, there is cause for thankfulness for such numbers added to Christ's Church and for seed sown in young and tender hearts."

Dr. Haskins, in closing, spoke gratefully of the kind appreciation of his people through these many years, and their sympathy with him in his sore bereavements. The review taken shows forcibly the value of an earnest and consecrated ministry, and the sure result of a steady prosecution of work in one field.

BROOKLYN—St. Luke's Church.—The Mission to begin in this parish (the Rev. G. R. Vandewater, rector,) on Saturday, October 31, is attracting a wide interest. The programme of the services, published this week, will be useful not only to many in Brooklyn, but to many of the clergy who wish to study this phase of Church work.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ORISKANY—St. Peter's Church.—The bishop of the diocese advanced to the priesthood in this church on Friday, October 2, the Rev. G. A. Ottman. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. H. Gardner, and the Rev. Messrs. J. S. Lemow, C. J. Clausen, Horace Gates, C. E. Gardner and L. A. Arthur assisted. Both within and without the church everything was made attractive and hospitable by faithful Churchwomen. Mrs. Ottman's state of health obliges her husband, much to the regret of his people, to reside for the present at the South. He takes a parish in South Carolina. The Rev. James Kellogg Parker succeeds to his cure at Oriskany and Whitestown.

CLINTON—St. James's Church.—On Saturday, October 3, in this church, the bishop ordained to the diaconate, Mr. Charles Anson Potter. The candidate was presented by the Rev. Joseph A. Russell, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. W. D. Wilson. Several of the clergy were present, and a large congregation, including the boys of Kirkland Hall school. Mr. Potter is a graduate of Cornell University, and continues for this academic year at his post of instruction in Kirkland Hall school. He intends to take a thorough theological course for the priesthood.

ITHACA—St. John's Church.—On Wednesday, October 7, in this church, the bishop ordained to the diaconate, Mr. Channey Vibbard, Jr. The candidate was presented by the Rev. W. H. Casey, and the bishop preached the ordination sermon. The ordination was in connection with the fall meeting of the Sixth District Convocation.

SPEEDSVILLE—St. John's Church.—In this church, on Friday, October 9, the bishop advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Louis H. Burch, who has served a full term both as lay-reader and deacon of this parish. The candidate was presented by the Rev. J. A. Robinson, who preached.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

CLYDE—St. John's Church.—On Sunday, September 13, St. John's Church (the Rev. Hobart B. Whitney, rector,) had the happiness of worshipping for the first time in their new church.

Just two years before, this church building of wood of about forty-three years' standing was burned. It contained the old organ originally given by Queen Ann to old Trinity church, New York City, and afterwards transferred to Hobart College, Geneva, and later as above, where it was in constant use. This organ was hastily taken to pieces (as it still remains,) and preserved from destruction, together with all the movable fixtures of the building.

Just one year from the date of the burning, the cornerstone of the new church was laid by Bishop Coxe, which eventuated in the beautiful church of to-day. It is of Medina stone, gothic in architecture, with windows of rolled cathedral glass—several being memorial—beside two mural tablets in marble, all of beautiful and appropriate design. In brief the building, consisting of nave and deep, broad chancel, with chapel opening at right angles, is a very gem, while in such a setting the chancel window appears a jewel indeed. It is in the best style of the Messrs. Lamb, and the design is the two central figures—the Lord and St. John—of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," with paten and chalice in view on the table, and the towers of Jerusalem by moonlight in the distance, all surrounded by a border of passion flowers, jeweled at the angles.

The bishop warmly congratulated the rector and people on the great achievement, in which their devoted sacrifices had called out much glad encouragement and aid from the friends of both, and called attention to the fact that the cunning handiwork of the rector had produced entire the altar, stalls, pincia and credence, surrounded by a finely carved gothic tabernacle, etc. The chancel window is a memorial to the late Rev. Dr. Van Ingen, sometime rector of the parish, as was previously Bishop Paret, of Maryland.

The music of this church is by a mixed choir in the stalls, and includes what is usually assigned to a choir in the full choral service, under the instruction and voice control of the rector.

The services incident to the occasion occupied nearly the whole day—including the confirmation of ten persons and the baptism of several infants—a festival long to be remembered by the parish and visitors from neighboring towns.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—Grace Church.—This parish (the Rev. Dr. R. F. Alsop, rector,) has purchased a house on Cherry street, above 12th, for its workmen's club, which is now thoroughly organized. The building is undergoing the necessary alterations to adapt it to the uses of the club, and will soon be formally opened.

PHILADELPHIA—Southwest Convocation.—The regular quarterly meeting of this convocation was held in the parish building of the Church of the Holy Trinity on Monday afternoon October 12. The Rev. Stewart Stone, representing the Committee on the Establishment of Missions within the convocation limits, presented a map of several sites, one of which he specially favored, and which seemed to meet with general approval, but as more money would be required than could be expected from the Board of Missions, it was resolved to lay the matter before the Southeast Convocation at its next meeting, that the two convocations might establish and carry it on. To this end a committee of conference was appointed, consisting of the Rev. Messrs. Henry S. Getz and Stewart Stone, and Mr. Alexander Brown. Another mission was suggested to be under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Charles D. Cooper, rector of the Church of the Holy Apostles. As the representatives of this parish reported that they were ready to begin work immediately, somewhere in the vicinity of Gray's Ferry Road and Ellsworth street, \$300 was voted them.

The president of the Convocation, the Rev. Dr. William N. McVicker, then called attention to the colored work which had been begun by the Church of the Holy Trinity in a hall at the corner of 17th and South streets, and Mr. William Games, a colored man, described the work in detail and spoke of its needs. He showed that they had an average

attendance on Sunday morning of 130, and that about 100 other colored people were waiting to join them as soon as they should organize into a regular congregation; that they had a surplused choir of twenty boys; and that they desired to have the Rev. Mr. Morgan of St. Phillips, New York City, as their minister. Two hundred and fifty dollars was voted to them.

PHILADELPHIA—Southeast Convocation.—The quarterly meeting of this convocation, the Rev. C. George Currie, president, was held at St. Luke's Church on Tuesday, October 18. The Holy Communion was celebrated in the morning by the Rev. A. D. Heffern, assisted by the Rev. Henry L. Phillips. At the business meeting the Rev. W. S. Heaton was elected missionary for the district south of Washington avenue. A committee was appointed to confer with a similar one from the Southwest Convocation of Philadelphia concerning the establishment of a new mission on the line between the two convocations. Parish boundaries were agreed upon in the lower section of the convocation, and St. Peter's Church chosen as the place for the meeting in January.

Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. J. W. Kaye and the Rev. F. H. Bushnell, after which addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Rose F. Alsop, and the venerable Archbishop Kirby.

WEST PHILADELPHIA—Home of the Merciful Saviour.—This home for crippled children is the memorial of a bright, healthy boy, whose chief interest in life was to minister to sick children, and who was suddenly called away.

The first child came under the care of the home before the institution was opened. A house was taken without furniture; and the furniture has come piece by piece. When the home was opened applications for admission poured in, and each bed found an occupant. Many needy cases have had to be refused for want of room. The home takes the poorest, those whom the hospitals discharge, and for whom there is no place. It takes these sick and helpless children, without entrance fee, or payment for board, and cares for them, body and soul.

The children are under the care of a sister, whose unwearying devotion is like that of a mother. The household is composed of boys and girls, the sister in charge, two nurses and a cook, making a family of twenty-one persons. It is never known whose hand is to deal out the daily bread; the home depends on voluntary contributions.

Two of the boys, both very lame, have learned to print very well; they take orders, and their work has given satisfaction. The home is greatly hampered in this department of its work, for want of room; a workshop is greatly needed. Some of the children can learn to make brushes. One of the girls, who never leaves her bed, has learned to embroider. It is the intention to give a trade to each child that can take it. Those who improve in health sufficiently to go out and earn a living, will be encouraged to do so; and those whose health cannot improve, will remain in the institution.

The home has been in existence three years. During that time thirty children have been warmed, clothed, housed and fed by this venture of faith. During the same period \$10,000 has been collected to build a suitable home, a lot of land given valued at \$3,000, and \$5,000 been secured to build a chapel. The buildings will be finished before March, and the notes will be given of their opening.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

STRETLTON—Trinity Mission.—The assistant-bishop visited this mission on Tuesday evening, October 6th. He preached and confirmed six persons.

Although the mission has been in charge of the Rev. James Stoddard but a brief time, there are many indications of awakening interest in the services. With a united and vigorous congregation and a growing Sunday-school, the mission will soon prove itself well worthy of the attention and care that has been paid it by its friends and the diocesan authorities.

PITTSBURGH.

ETRE—St. Paul's Church.—The recently-formed nuptial choir of this parish (the Rev. G. A. Carstensen, rector,) sang for the first time on Sunday, October 11, and produced a favorable impression. It consists of twenty-eight members, ten of whom are men and eighteen boys. The assistant, the Rev. G. W. Lay, is entitled to special credit for the organization and training of the choir, and both he and the rector are gratified with its success. At the morning service the rector preached an eloquent discourse on the subject of Church music.

MARYLAND.

COLLINGTON—Holy Trinity Parish.—This parish (the Rev. W. G. Davenport, rector) is one of the oldest in the diocese. The original church building was erected in 1734, during the rectorship of the Rev. Mr. Henderson. One of his successors was the late Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, who served the parish from 1825 to 1829. He kept up his interest in the parish to the last, and was present and assisting at the consecration of St. George's chapel, Glenn Dale, a chapel connected with the parish. The present rectory was built for and first occupied by Dr. Tyng.

Shortly after Dr. Tyng's removal the old church, a plain wooden structure, was removed, and the present church erected on the site. It is a brick building, seating more than three hundred, situated on a commanding eminence, and covered with a luxuriant growth of English ivy.

Among Dr. Tyng's successors have been the Rev. Messrs. Macanheimer, Keppeler, and Thacker, and the Rev. Dr. Harvey Stanley, all but one of whom are now no more. Dr. Stanley died in February last, at an advanced age, but still at his post, after a rectorship of more than thirty years. The parish remained vacant after his death for some months, and the present rector entered on his duties in July, having come from Tennessee. Although but a short time has elapsed since his coming, and he has been laboring under many disadvantages, much good work has been already accomplished, the congregation are increasing, and much interest is manifested in the two parishes of Holy Trinity and St. George's. A Sunday-school and Bible class has been organized in both parishes, and nearly all the children in the neighborhood attend. The grounds surrounding the church and rectory have been much improved, the rectory has been thoroughly repaired, and many repairs and improvements put upon the church itself.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WESTON—Mission Work.—From a letter of the Rev. James D. Keeble, the missionary in this part of the diocese, we gather the following particulars:

Weston is the centre of the work. Here there is a church building with a comfortable rectory, and there are about fifty communicants. The Sunday-school is a very interesting one, with over one hundred names on the roll, and about eighty regular attendants, some of whom have not missed a Sunday in five years. About twenty-five colored children and adults attend the school. Seven of

these were recently baptized, one a deaf-mute woman, who, spite of her infirmity never misses the Sunday-school nor the night services. She expects to be confirmed at the bishop's visitation. At the same visitation, will be presented for confirmation two ladies, who were baptized in Virginia over sixty years ago.

At Buckhannon, fifteen miles from Weston, the missionary holds services regularly once a month, on Sundays, and occasionally on week days. The number of communicants is small. Buckhannon is a growing place, and had the missionary means to erect a small church, it would probably be filled at every service, and the Church would grow.

Brownsville, a small village, lies twenty miles from Weston in another direction, and over a mountainous road. Its industry is saw-milling, and furniture and carriage making. There is but one place of worship in the village, which is free to all. The missionary held a service here in August, which was crowded, and he was invited to come as often as he could. He went a fortnight later, and again had a large congregation. The bishop will hold a confirmation here also.

Twenty miles further on is Sutton, the county seat of Braxton County. The missionary was here in August, and found a small number of communicants. A large congregation attended his services, and he hopes to present a number for confirmation. Had the bishop the funds to place a good missionary here, a growing parish could easily be built up.

A short walk from Weston is the insane asylum with six hundred and fifty patients besides officers and attendants. Mr. Keeble holds service in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, alternating with the Methodist minister.

When the weather is good he frequently goes seven or eight miles in the country on Sunday afternoon to hold service in some one of the Methodist chapels, and always has good congregations.

Of all the mission fields West of the Alleghenies there is not a more interesting or needy one than West Virginia; interesting for its work, and needy, because indifference and error abound there.

During his first year in Weston, Mr. Keeble seeing the great need of Christian education for the young, made an effort for a parish school. Some friends coming to his aid he built in the rectory yard a school chapel, and had in constant attendance nearly fifty children. Some of the patrons of the school objected to the parish feature, and as they owned the larger interest in the building, he felt compelled to give way. For two years the school has been a select one. He needs about \$300 to buy out all the interests and then carry on the work of Church education so much needed where the public schools are in a lamentable spiritual condition. The bishop of the diocese added to the letter from which we quote. "Mr. Keeble has my full sympathy and endorsement in the work of his school, and in all his missionary labors in this part of the diocese."

OHIO.

CLEVELAND—Woman's Auxiliary.—A meeting of the Ohio Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in St. Paul's church, Cleveland, (the Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates, rector,) on Wednesday, October 7. After divine service, the rector made a brief address of welcome. The Rev. A. B. Nicholas, general missionary of the diocese, then spoke of the condition of diocesan missions, and the importance of the more flourishing parishes giving them a liberal support. The bishop then announced the officers for the ensuing year, as follows: President, Mrs. D. P. Rhodes; vice-president, Mrs. Theo-

dore Berry; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. C. S. Bates. The bishop read the resignation of the retiring secretary, Mrs. A. W. Armstrong, and then made an address on the work conducted by the auxiliary. The secretary, Mrs. Armstrong, presented her annual report, which indicated a substantial growth and an increasing interest in the society.

In the evening there was a largely-attended general meeting, at which the bishop presided. Addresses were made by the bishop, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, General Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, and the Bishop of Huron (Dr. Baldwin).

CLEVELAND—Convocation.—The Convocation of Cleveland met in Grace church, Cleveland, (the Rev. F. M. Clendenin, rector,) on Wednesday, October 7. There was a large attendance, the bishop of the diocese and the Bishop of Huron (Dr. Baldwin) being also present. The convocation sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Duncan. At the business meeting the following officers were elected: The Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates, dean, the Rev. E. L. Kemp, secretary, and the Rev. R. L. Chittenden, treasurer. The Rev. Dr. Y. Peyton Morgan made an address on "Impressions of the English Church, the Secret of Success in Endowment, and Sources of Weakness."

On Thursday evening a meeting was held in St. Paul's church, in connection with the convocation, in the interest of the Church Temperance Society. The Very Rev. James Carmichael, Dean of Montreal, and Mr. Robert Graham, Secretary of the Church Temperance Society, were expected to be present and make addresses, but both were unavoidably absent. The bishop of the diocese presided, and made the opening address, in which he stated that Dean Carmichael was unable to be present, as he thought the unhappy state of Montreal made it his duty to remain there. He regretted, also, the absence of Mr. Graham, being particularly anxious to hear him, for the reason that a year ago he had in that city expressed an opinion that did not harmonize with the speaker's views. For himself, he always felt that nothing was safe but abstinence; he had signed the pledge while at college, and had never had cause to regret it.

The Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates made an address, in which the duty of the State on the subject of the liquor traffic was ably discussed. He believed in the possibility of greatly restricting the traffic, and in such a manner that, while its evils will be decreased, there will be means of securing reparation for the evils resulting from it. He also spoke of reformation in its broadest sense, the power of the Spirit of God over man.

The Bishop of Huron made a very interesting address. He treated the subject from the standpoint of a child of God. He stated that while some persons indulged in liquor not to exceed moderation, they sometimes served as examples that lead weaker ones to ruin. The passion for strong drink was the great desecrator of homes. It could be conquered only through the Gospel of Christ. It was only the Redeemer of this troubled world that could pick up a fallen drunkard and make him know the joy of perfect peace.

TIFFIN—Convocation.—The Northwestern Convocation met in Trinity church, Tiffin, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 13 and 14. Able sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. C. T. Stout and C. M. Sturges. The Rev. G. S. May read an essay on "Church Abstinence."

At the public evening meeting on Wednesday, the general subject was "Church Going." The Rev. W. M. Brown spoke on "Reasons Why the Pews are Not Filled;" the Rev. E. H. Wellman on "Why the Pews Should be Filled with Hearers;" the Rev. A. B. Nicholas on "Why

the Pews Should be Filled with Worshipers;" and the dean, the Rev. E. R. Atwill, concluded with a brief address. Reports of missions showed the few clergy in this region to be laboring devotedly.

In a brief discussion of "The Book Anaxed," the speakers all expressed themselves strongly opposed to its adoption.

SPRINGFIELD.

CARLYLE—The Rev. D. F. Hutchinson.—The Rev. Daniel Falloon Hutchinson, rector of Christ church, died, after a week's illness, on Monday, August 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day. Mr. Hutchinson was born in Ireland in 1819, removed to Canada in early life, and there took Holy Orders. Three years ago he was transferred from the Diocese of Ontario to that of Pittsburgh, and assumed charge of the parishes of Mercer and Greenville, where he remained two years, when he removed to Carlyle.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. J. B. Harrison, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. J. N. Chestnutt, P. McKim, and J. G. Wright.

On Wednesday, September 16, a special meeting of the dean and chapter was held in Christ church for memorial services for the late rector. The Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh celebrated the Holy Eucharist, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. M. S. Taylor and G. C. Betts, the Rev. J. B. Harrison preaching the memorial sermon. The clergy, family, and parishioners visited the grave, and the lot in the cemetery was consecrated by the Rev. W. T. Whitmarsh. In the evening, after Evening Prayer, addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. Whitmarsh, Betts, and Taylor.

IOWA.

FARLEY and DYERSVILLE—Christ and St. Paul's Churches.—The bishop visited these parishes (the Rev. F. Duncan Jaudon, rector,) on Sunday, October 11. In the morning he confirmed at Christ church, Farley, seven persons, and in the evening, at St. Paul's, Dyersville, he confirmed two. In sixteen months thirty persons have been confirmed in the two parishes. Large congregations were present on both occasions. The offerings, amounting to \$13.17, were devoted to Domestic Missions.

WYOMING.

RAWLINS—St. Thomas's Church.—The missionary bishop visited this church on Sunday, September 13, celebrated the Holy Communion in the morning, and administered confirmation in the evening, preaching at both services. On Monday, in company with the Rev. Amos Bannister, the bishop visited the military post of Fort Steele, where he held service and preached that evening, and on Tuesday morning celebrated the Holy Communion, fourteen persons receiving. He returned to Rawlins on Tuesday evening, and the following morning took the stage for Lander and Shoshone Agency.

The church at Rawlins is being beautified with two coats of paint. A handsome set of green altar hangings was used for the first time on the occasion of the bishop's visit.

The Rev. Amos Bannister, who has labored here for nearly three years, effecting the building, consecration and furnishing of St. Thomas's church has tendered his resignation as minister in charge, to take effect December 1.

SHOSHONE AGENCY—Episcopal Visitation.—The Missionary Bishop of Colorado and Wyoming has been making his annual visitation to this remote corner of his diocese. He arrived on Thursday, September 17, after a stage

journey of two days and a night over a rough and uneven road. On Friday he went to see the house now building for the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, missionary to the Arapahoes, and in the evening of the same day held service and preached in the theatre building, Fort Washburn. On Sunday he preached three times at the agency, at North Fork, and at Lander, driving thirty miles for the purpose. The Church is making good progress in these places. The new church at the agency was consecrated by the bishop. The new church at Lander will be opened in two or three weeks. On Monday the bishop, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. J. Roberts, Sherman Coolidge and William Jones, drove sixty miles on a visit to the Arapahoe Indians, who were holding their great social festival of the year, consisting of mutual visits, singing and dancing. Here the bishop met Little Wolf, the chief medicine-man, or high priest of the tribe, who, as well as Black Coal, the chief, gave him a cordial reception. The visitation closed on Tuesday, when the bishop preached and celebrated the Holy Eucharist at Lander, as well as meeting the Ladies' Church Aid Society, and the Church Building Committee.

LITERATURE.

MR. T. COLB for two years has been making engravings of the old masters in some of the principal galleries in Europe for publication in the Century.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, have in press a Japanese story, entitled, "A Captive of Love," by Edward Greer, author of "Young Americans in Japan," etc.

ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co. will bring out immediately "A Woman's Work; or, Memoirs of Eliza Fletcher," by the Rev. C. A. Salmon of Glasgow. The subject of the work was a remarkable woman, and the volume cannot help possessing a deep interest for many readers.

A second edition of Canon Liddon's sermon, "A Father in Christ," preached at the consecration of the Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter, with a notice of the Rev. Dr. Hatch's unchurchly article in the *June Contemporary*, has been published by the Rivingtons and is imported by Mr. Whittaker.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. W. S. Boardman has taken charge of Trinity church, Kosiya, Long Island, N. Y. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Charles Breck (not Beck, as in last issue) has entered on city mission work in Wilmington, Del., under the bishop of the diocese.

The Rev. Clarence Bush, having returned from Europe, may be addressed at St. Luke's church, Hudson street, opposite Grove, New York.

The Rev. F. H. Bushnell's address is 1,255 South Broad street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. T. J. Danner has resigned the rectorship of Christ church, Jersey City, N. J., and his address is Christ church rectory, New Brighton, Beaver County, Pa.

The Rev. John L. Egbert's address is 81 Ocean street, Lynn, Mass.

The Rev. George F. Flichtner's address, until further notice, is South Orange, N. J.

The Rev. E. Hamway has resigned the rectorship of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Cairo, and of the Church of the Redeemer, Sardin, Miss., and his address is Tyler, Texas.

The Rev. S. H. Hilliard has resigned the rectorship of St. George's church, Lee, and taken over the rectorship of Trinity church, Woburn, Mass. Address accordingly.

The Rev. S. Gregory Lines has declined the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, San Francisco, and remains in charge of the Associate Mission of San Bernardino County, Cal. Address San Bernardino, Cal. Address San Bernardino, Cal.

The Rev. Dr. John Vaughan Lewis, Post Chaplain, has changed his address from Fort Omaha to Fort Niobrara, Neb.

The Rev. Jesse Albert Locks has been appointed by the Bishop of Long Island to the chaplaincy of the Cathedral School of St. Paul, Garden City, Long Island.

The Rev. Dr. Frank L. Norton, has been unanimously elected to the rectorship of St. Stephen's Memorial church, Lynn, Mass.

The Rev. R. O. Riddell has taken charge of St. James's church, Cumberland Furnace, Dickson County, Tenn. Address accordingly.

The Rev. R. F. Small will enter on his duties as rector of St. Stephen's church, Newark, N. J., on November 1.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, special acknowledgments, and other similar matter, Thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, October 15, 1885, at St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, Yonkers, N. Y., by the Rev. James Baughman, Minister, daughter of Amos T. Keat, to EUGENE C. CLARK.

At Middle Haddam, Conn., on October 6, by the rector, the Rev. F. D. Harriman, the Rev. JAMES O'NEILL, and Miss NELLIE OLMSTEAD FITZ, &c.

On Thursday, October 15, 1885, at St. Job's church, Warehouse Point, Conn., by the Rev. Wm. Montague Steer, of Long Island, assisted by the Rev. R. B. Sanford, rector, and other similar matter, daughter of J. H. Simonds, to HERBERT MARSHALL, Genl. of New York.

On Thursday, October 6, at St. James's church, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Charles E. Cook of Louisville, Ky., EDWARD F. DE SKELDING, to ANNE, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. W. Homer, So. Cal.

At St. Stephen's church, Wilkesbarre, Pa., by the Rev. Henry L. Jones, rector of St. Stephen's, assisted by the Rev. Howard E. Thompson, rector of Christ church, Woodbury, N. J., Mr. WILLIAM C. STEARNS, of Woodbury, and Miss MARY C. daughter of the late Stephen S. Winchester, of Wilkesbarre.

DIED.

In Philadelphia, on Monday, October 13, MARY B. BARTON, daughter of H. H. Barton, buried at St. John's church, Concord, Delaware Co., Pa.

At his residence, in this city, on Saturday evening, October 17, WALTER L. CUTTING.

Entered into rest, on Thursday, October 5, at Delhi, N. Y., WILLIAM L. ELTING, of Brooklyn, aged 80. Buried at the cemetery of New York, aged 89 years. Interment at Delhi.

At New Orleans, on Monday, October 12, 1885, FRANCIS HEATH GOSLEY, aged 36 years. Born at "Boncomb's Hill," North Carolina.

Departed this life on October 8, at South Gloucester, the community of the Catholic Church, Mrs. PARNELL HALE, aged 94 years.

At Summit, N. J., on Monday, October 13, WILLIAM CLEVELAND HICKS, in the 57th year of his age.

Entered into rest, on Wednesday evening, September 30, 1885, JULIA A. KERRY, wife of Malcom Lee, of Malcom, Seneca Co., N. Y.; one of the early members of St. Job's church, of Clyde, N. Y.

Suddenly, at his residence, on Thursday, October 1, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, BRUNO MAXIMILIAN TOWLER, the first and only senior warder of St. Mark's church, Geneva, Ill.

Though called suddenly, the summons found him not unprepared; for the service of his Father's House was the joy of his life. Faithful to death, he has entered into the joy of his Lord. His loss to the parish is well felt.

In New Haven, Conn., at Trinity church rectory, on October 18, 1885, ALIDA VAN SCHIEB, daughter of Edwin and Marion Eckford Harwood.

At Baltimore, on October 17, HANNAH, widow of the Right Rev. W. B. Whittingham, late Bishop of Maryland, aged 95 years and 4 days.

COMPLIMENTARY RESOLUTIONS.

THE REV. MR. FLICHTNER.

At the meeting of the Board of Managers on Tuesday, October 13, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, under the reorganization which took place on the 1st day of September, the duties of the Secretary of the Domestic Committee ceased, but the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. Mr. FLICHTNER, was asked by resolution of the board to continue to act as Secretary of the Domestic Committee, which request was assented to for the month of September, which request was renewed on the 15th of October, by the committee of eight. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That inasmuch as the work of the Rev. Mr. FLICHTNER, as Secretary, will cease within a few days, the Board of Managers, in parting with him, desire to express and put on record its thanks for his long and faithful service, which during his whole term of office, he has rendered the cause of missions, and for the excellent labors in the domestic department of missions, and in the domestic department, which, with much labor, he has recently rendered, and which now give, and will continue to give, to the cause of missions, in the future, a glance, to the condition of the domestic branch of our work.

Resolved, That we tender to him our best wishes for his further usefulness in such duties as he may be called upon to assume in behalf of the Church.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

"ORDAIN" OR "APPOINT."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Will you please insert the following letter on the Revised Version, taken by me from the Guardian (London) and the Church Times?

The writer, the Rev. James Wayland Joyce, is a most distinguished clergyman of the English Church, especially well known in the department of ecclesiastical law.

Nashotah.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

THE REVISED VERSION OF ACTS XV. 23.

Sir—All who have a regard for the integrity of the Church of England may well feel grateful for one of your leading articles in the John Bull of August 15. You have with great reason called attention to the method of dealing with Acts xv. 23 by the Revisers of the New Testament, who have introduced "Elder Brethren"—that is, in plain English, "Lay Elders"—into the Superscription of the Encyclical Letter of the First Christian Council, and have excluded Presbyters therefrom. It is not now needful to dwell at length on the forcible arguments which have been adduced against the Revisers' method, or to insist farther than you have done—to use your own well chosen words—on the intense gravity of introducing this novelty, or the mischief and danger of sanctioning such a notion. But perhaps you will allow me to supplement what you have so well written, and first, to call attention to one or two special points touching the translation of Acts xv. 23; then, secondly, to notice two other occurrences which the Revisers have made in the same direction.

I. As regards Acts xv. 23, reference has been already made to the fact that the word *πρεσβυτερος* has been four times in this very chapter used as a substantive, but that now, on its fifth appearance, when used in the same connection, the Revisers have turned it into an adjective. Of course, the word signifies more anon; but meanwhile it is observable that the translation of the Revisers in no way accords well with their own translation of Acts xv. 2 and 6, nor with their own translation of Acts xvi. 4; and further still, that it is diametrically contradictory to their own translation of Acts xxi. 18 and 25, where their own rendering affirms that the Presbyters were among those who wrote the Encyclical Letter of the Jerusalem Council.

But, sir, there is a graver matter here involved which seriously affects the integrity of the Revisers' scholarship. It would, of course, be idle to reason with them unless there was an agreement as to the Greek Text. But now (wholly abstaining from venturing on any opinion whatever on the comparative value of the various texts of this passage), for the sake of argument, let us take the text as adopted by the Revisers themselves. It now lies before me, *οἱ Ἀποστολοι και οι πρεσβυτεροι ἀδελφοι*, and, admitting their text with all submission, I affirm that they construe wrong. Not to insist on the fact that the Revisers, by using *πρεσβυτερος* here as an adjective, have thereby the authority of scholars—as Irenaeus and Origen in ancient times, Wordsworth, Jacobson, and Alford in modern ones—and of concurrent testimony in all times, it must be added that this word *πρεσβυτερος* cannot be used as an adjective in the Revisers' way: In the Greek of the Septuagint and of the New Testament *πρεσβυτερος* will not continue as an adjective immediately antecedent to its connective substantive. In that Greek (classical) Greek is not at this moment invoked, though something might be said on a proper occasion on that head) *πρεσβυτερος*, if adopted as an adjective, must be used as a predicate in a proposition, or else combined in some other idiomatic form, as *ἄριστος πρεσβυτερος*, Gen. xxi. 1, or *ὁ ἀρχαιος πρεσβυτερος*, 28, Luke xv. 23. And in the latter case it is observable that this idiomatic peculiarity of the word is incisively marked, because just above—v. 13—we have *ὁ ἀρχαιος υἱος*. Further, this peculiarity of the word *πρεσβυτερος* in its adjectival sense may be traced in Gen. xvii. 2; Ezek. xvi. 46, xxiii. 4; 2 Kings (LXX. 4 Kings) xix. 2; Is. xxxvii. 2. And, not to burden your columns with further refer-

ences, it may be added that between forty and fifty instances in Hellenistic Greek have been lately referred to, but in no one case can *πρεσβυτερος* be found as an adjective immediately antecedent to its connective substantive. If one might venture on a surmise as to this peculiarity in the word, it may perchance be accounted for by the fact that *πρεσβυτερος* in the comparative word *πρεσβυτος*, a word commonly itself used as a substantive.

The fact is, that the words *πρεσβυτερος ἀδελφοι* in this passage are apposition nominatives: "Elders-Brethren." It is a form of speech abundantly common. In truth, there are two instances of such a form in this very chapter, *ἀδελφοι ἀδελφοι*, vv. 7 and 14. The like form may be seen in I. Cor. xv. 20-23; Heb. xii. 9; I. Joh. iv. 14; St. Clem. ad Cor. xv. xxviii. xliii.; St. Ign. ad Rom. ix. And in classical Greek this idiom is familiar to the simplest scholar as constantly recurring. In fine, the Revisers, by excluding Presbyters from the Superscription to the Encyclical Letter of the Jerusalem Council, and by substituting Elder Brethren—i. e. Lay Elders—in their place, have not only contravened all authority and contradicted all Church history but have stumbled sadly in their scholarship.

II. But to come to a second and an even more fatal excursion of the Revisers in a like direction. We find in every single instance in the New Testament where the word *ordain* occurs in reference to an entrance on the ministry of Christ, that the Revisers have changed the word *ordain* of the Authorized Translation into the novel word *appoint*. In truth, in this sense the word *ordain* is absolutely banished from the pages of the Revised New Testament. And further still, the Revisers have accomplished this surprising feat in scholarship—that they have translated five severally distinct Greek words—(1) *κατα* (2) *τιθημι* (3) *καταριθμα*, (4) *προχειρισμαι*, and (5) *χειροτονειν*, by this one single English word *appoint*.

Now, being somewhat anxious to discover why this word *appoint* was, as one may say, hugged with such parental devotion by the Revisers, I have made some investigation respecting it. And I find that the word *appoint* is the word chosen by that fiery controversialist John Knox, in his first Book of Discipline, A. D. 1560, for designating "Readers" to their office, where he abolished Ordination by laying on of hands. Also that the second Book of Discipline, A. D. 1578, when supplementing on Ben's magnifying, absolutely revels in this word *appoint* as signifying the designation of preachers to their offices by congregational patronage. His own one may see by consulting Collier's Ecc. Hist. vol. vi., pp. 304-6. And, still further, in the trust deeds inaugurated by John Wesley for the establishment of schismatical congregations, this word *appoint* is universally used to signify the designation of a preacher to his place and office. (See Carter's Bampton Lect. Appx. pp. 393-4, ed. 1872.)

This substitution by the Revisers of the word *appoint* for the word *ordain* in the Authorized Version is specially notable at Acts xv. 23, considering that the Authorized Version there accords exactly with Wiclif's, Tyndall's, Cranmer's, the Geneva, and the Bishops'; and considering further that the Revisers have there discovered a novel and surprising method of translating *καταριθματες*, a word in Hellenistic Greek notoriously signifying *ordain*, as may be learned from Justin Martyr, Quæst. et Respons. xiv. Can. Apost. 3-28 (al. 30)—67, Can. Nic. 4-19.

III. There is a third excursion of the Revisers still in the same direction which is equally by no means escape notice. At Acts xv. 28, where St. Paul is represented as addressing the Presbyters of Ephesus, the Revisers have in their text newly denominated the Presbyters as Bishops, by substituting the word "Bishops" for the word "overseers" as now appearing in the Authorized Version, and have thereby contravened two distinct and important testimonies of the Christian Ministry. Thus it is manifestly clear that the Revisers are blind to the fact that *ἐπισκοπος*, in the language of the Greek Testament, is a generic word signifying "overseer," "over-looker," or "inspector," and is not synonymous with our specific English word "Bishop."

To sum up the result of these excursions of the Revisers in different parts of the New

Testament as they have translated it, the following is the outcome:

- 1. Lay Elders authoritative in Synod.
- 2. Presbyters excluded from subscription to Synodical Acts.
- 3. The word *appoint* universally substituted for *ordain*.
- 4. Bishops and Presbyters reduced to one order.

And all this by an application of scholarship as questionable as can be imagined—some people may be inclined to say, absolutely intolerable.

It would be exceedingly interesting to be informed what influences in the English Revision Company have led to the above results, all tending in one direction; and it would be more interesting still to learn how those members of the Church of England who belonged to that Company were inveigled into these unchristianly measures. The work seems patent enough. But clearly the net in this case has not been spread "in vain," though one would have thought plainly enough "in sight."

It is, however, satisfactory to write that a petition against the adoption of any of these singularities of the Revisers has been presented on behalf of forty-six clergy of the Diocese of Hereford to the Convocation of Canterbury; and, further, that their petition in reference has been recorded on the minutes of the Upper House there. Moreover, unless I have been much misled and am laboring under very serious error, a good deal more will be heard of the above matter when the Convocation of York next assemblies for business.

JAMES WAYLAND JOYCE
Burford Rectory, Tendbury.

"N. OR M." ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

On August 29 you inserted an article from my pen making a reference to Bishop Christ Wordsworth's suggestion, in his Catechism, that the above letters might stand for *Nicholas* and *Mary*. Afterward the Rev. Mr. Metcalf's article appeared, in which he suggested that Bishop St. Andrews on the subject, and enclosed a reply. S. F. HORCAJUN.

IN THE CATECHISM—"N. OR M."

DEAR SIR—The matter about which you write, under date September 14, and ask for an answer (which I am sorry I have been unable to send you), is one of interest to several of our associations both old and new. When I first went as a master to Winchester College, some forty years ago, and had occasion to prepare a class of boys for confirmation, I determined to make myself thoroughly acquainted at all points with the Church Catechism. And acting on this resolve, I was not a little mortified to find myself checked in *Historia*, inasmuch as among all the books which I had collected as useful to be read or consulted upon the subject, numerous and various as they were, while most of them took no notice at all of the answer to the very first question, "N. OR M." (though it struck me at once that there was something curious in the choice, and still more in the collection or inverted order of the letters), and one afforded what appeared to me a satisfactory solution of the obvious difficulty. It so happened that while I was in this state of doubt and perplexity I received a letter from one of the Eton masters, dated "December 6, Founder's Day," and, wishing to discover whether there might be any special reason for that association of time in connection with the foundation of our most distinguished public school, I turned to the calendar, and there I saw that December 6 and December 8, the two first *festal*, or *quasi-festal*, days in the Church's year, after Advent Sunday, were marked, the former as the day of "Nicholas, Bishop of Myra," the latter as the day of "The Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." It struck me at once that I had found the difficulty which I had been unable to solve in the catechetical problem. I knew something about St. Nicholas, "the Boy Bishop," the Patron Saint of Education, and I soon discovered more. No saint's name was more familiar before and at the time of the Reformation. See, for instance, in the Book of Homilies, the *third part of the sermon against Peril of Idolatry*: "Every artificer and profession hath his special

saint, as a peculiar God. As, for example, scholars have St. Nicholas and St. Gregory." And again, *ibid*: "God and St. Nicholas be my speed!" There was good reason, therefore, why "N.," the initial of Nicholas, should be chosen to represent the name of an indefinite boy; and of course a boy's name must naturally stand first. There was equally good, or even still better, reason why "M.," the initial of Mary, "our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, should be chosen to represent the name of an indefinite girl; and of course the girl's name must come second. This would account not only for the choice, but for the inverted order of the letters "N. or M."

So far I seemed to have discovered a more satisfactory solution of the matter than any I had met with. And this solution was confirmed when it further occurred to me to examine the original statutes of our own college, Winchester, founded five hundred years ago. In those statutes it is not a little remarkable that when an indefinite boy is referred to the letter "N." is used, and from this I inferred that even at that early date in catechisms and other such formulae "N." had already taken possession to denote a boy, and "M." to denote a girl.

And now for associations of a more recent time. In the Teachers' Prayer Book, published three years ago by Dr. Barry (now Bishop and Metropolitan of Sydney), the following passage occurs at p. 234: "The answer 'N. or M.' appears to be a corruption of the 'N. or N. N.' (*nomen* or *nomina* of the Latin." Having noticed this, I wrote to Dr. R., an old friend and colleague as sub-warden at Trinity College, Glenalmond, to ask whether he had ever heard of my explanation, and if so, what he thought of it. He replied: "I had known it is used, and from this I inferred your theory, though I did not know to whom it was due" (I have little doubt he had heard of it from me in former days, and had forgotten the fact); "but what puzzles me on this and on any hypothesis is the conversion of the 'M.' for the man, and the 'N.' for the woman, in the marriage service." To this I made answer as follows: "I had considered the objection from the marriage service, and satisfied myself that nothing more was to be inferred from the use of the letters there than the fact that those two letters, from their use in the Catechism, had come to be adopted generally for indefinite persons, and that this was the case first with 'N.', and for both sexes. Are you aware that in the original copies of all the six revisions of the 'Prayer Book' (see Pickering's Fac-similes) the true reading is, 'I, N., take thee, N., etc.'? When the present reading of 'M.' for the man and 'N.' for the woman began to be introduced I cannot say, but it is plainly due to the fancy or the carelessness of the printer."

One objection to your interpretation (which I first saw, I think, in an American Church journal many years ago) is, that double Christian names, supposed in the explanation of M. for N. N., though common now, were rarely, if ever, known in the older time, when the inverted alphabetical order, 'N. or M.' was first introduced into the ante Reformation catechisms.

To observe that Mr. H. A. Metcalf, in his letter to THE CHURCHMAN, concurs with me in more than one of these latter remarks.

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
C. WORDSWORTH,
Bishop of St. Andrews.

Bishopshill, St. Andrews, Oct. 2.
P. S.—In Dr. Laing's edition of Knox's Works, vol. 1, p. 5, the following note occurs:

"The letter N. was an abbreviation of *Nomen*, or *nomina*, or some body, mode adopted from the Canon Law, where the name of a person was not ascertained." *Valent quantum*.

If my own theory is not accepted, the next best explanation appears to be that N. or M. represents the two components of the word *Nomen*.

GEORGE L. HARRISON.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

It cannot yet be too late for me, a life-long friend, to lay my tribute of affectionate respect on the grave of one whom the community has acknowledged and mourned as a public bene-

factor. Many others may have hurried past the saddening event, and become absorbed in other associations, but I must linger, for his death is still very fresh and his loss very present and engrossing to me. When one and another drop from the ranks of old and loving comrades on the field, the survivors cannot close up the gaps and march on as if nothing had happened. The step will falter, the tears come unbidden, and the lips with tremulous accents whisper "Farewell."

My friend was too much identified with the people among whom he lived, to have passed away without honorable mention. The record of his public life as a merchant, and as a philanthropist I need not repeat. The conspicuous facts of his career are well known. His hidden springs of action, the inner depths of his character, are worthy of notice, and demand for him a more profound respect. Of those personal traits which gave color to his outward life let me presume to say something. No word of commendation of his life and services has been written, which was not deserved. His acts of wisdom and of mercy have been well and truly rehearsed—let us hope they will be remembered and imitated.

The report of his bequests to charitable institutions has more recently transpired, and some who supposed him to be immensely rich, because they had known him in life to give with princely liberality, may have been surprised that the aggregate of his benefactions at death was no greater. Many men by their last wills have given larger sums for public purposes; very few, we venture to say, have bequeathed for beneficent uses a larger proportion of all that God has given to them. And it may be noted that every one of the eight objects provided for by Mr. Harrison is an institution for the relief of the distressed. Yet he did not endow any museum of art. He appreciated liberal learning, yet no college or university is the richer by his bounty. He loved the Church with an ardor of devotion not often witnessed, and to its uses in lifetime he was a most generous contributor; but by his last will and provision did he supply means to build, adorn or endow a sanctuary. His compassionate nature was engrossed, more and more as years advanced, with care for the relief of the distressed. He accepted public trusts in the execution of which he could become more thoroughly informed as to the sources, degrees, preventives or palliatives of human misery, and most effectually labor for its relief. His mind was concerned with errands of mercy; and his will is witness to the forms in which he saw and pitied most the miseries of his fellow creatures.

My friend was a man of earnest thought, and strong, yet well considered convictions. He not only knew what his opinions were, but he knew also why he held them.

His vigor of purpose was irresistibly strong. Whatever he believed ought to be done, he believed could be done. And if Providence seemed to have laid the task on him, he applied himself to the undertaking with no thought of failure. No measure of time, no amount of money, no stress of endeavor was esteemed too great to be expended for the accomplishment of a deliberate purpose. Yet, in the things which he will which seemed so stern and inexorable, there was a tenderness of heart, a sensibility to the rights and even the desires of others which was almost feminine. Any who may have felt it useless to resist, would have found it very effectual to appeal.

He was one of the most affectionate of men. He yearned over those whom Providence had entrusted to his keeping, with an intensity of devotion and solicitude exhausting to himself, and repressive of what might have been an innocent freedom in others.

He was as true in his friendships as in his religion. Like his Divine Master, whom he loved, he loved unto the end.

Loyal to the conclusions which his own sagacious mind had elaborated, he had a self-reliance and an accuracy in his views, not over other men. He was not supple under the drift of social forces that bear too many on aimless and uncertain ways. He was a man among men. But before God he was humble as a little child, distrusting his own goodness, and clinging to the Cross of Christ as his only refuge.

I have been intimately associated with him in the service of God and man through many years and in various departments of the Church's work, and can bear the most unequivocal testimony to his intelligence, his liberality, his unstinted devotion of time, thought and influence to whatever errand of piety or mercy he was commissioned to fulfill. In the memory of his eminent virtues and noble deeds, I ought not to ignore the fact that these distinctions were evolved out of sufferings which would have paralyzed the spiritual life of many. Days of active beneficence were followed by nights of sleepless exhaustion, not occasionally, and at long intervals, but constantly, through weary months. "He learned to do good by the things which he suffered," and as a trusty disciple and imitator of the compassionate Saviour, he was "made perfect through suffering."

The removal of one so exemplary from offices of beneficence, in which too few are found to follow, and fewer still are competent and willing to lead, is a public calamity. But to those who knew the departed, his translation from toilsome service to perpetual repose brings the soothing thought:

"Th' hushed! the mortal strife is o'er,
The sufferer is at rest,
And now he sleeps in calmness,
Upon his saviour's breast."

M. A. DEW. HOWE.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PERIOD OF THE REFORMATION, 1517 to 1648. By Ludwig Hölsler. Edited by Wilhelm Gieseler, Professor of History at the University of Göttingen. Translated by Mrs. G. Sturge. New edition, complete in one volume. (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.) pp. 702. Price \$2.50.

This volume is the result of a series of lectures delivered at the University of Heidelberg. This will serve to account for the form in which it appears. The Reformation is taken up as it took place in the different countries, so that the history is continually going back to the starting point, now in Germany, now in France, and now in England and the Scandinavian nations. The form of lectures naturally also pre-supposes a certain acquaintance with the leading facts of the times treated of, and induces a dogmatic assurance of statement not common in other histories. But this arrangement gives a broad, bird's-eye view of the subject which is, we think, one of the chief merits of this work. Another feature of it is that it gives full as much attention to the political as to the religious side of the Reformation. With the continental part of it we are disposed to find very little fault. While it is less philosophical than such a history ought to be, in its highest development, and less picturesque than it might be made by a great master in the art of description, it is nevertheless and gives a general outline of events which the student will accept as more satisfactory than the deep or brilliant work of another. It possesses the one requisite wanting, which all historical writing fails,—grasp of the subject, the power to see the relation and proportion of events. The space given to political history brings forcibly out the fact that the Reformation was largely swayed, at least in Germany, by political causes, and fruitful in political results.

The account of the Reformation in England, is the least satisfactory. It is manifest from the start that the past relations of the English Church to the Papacy are not understood or felt, and consequently the entire position of the English reformers is misapprehended. As a rule it may safely be said that no nation can easily comprehend the thoughts and feelings and situation of another people lying beyond its Western Meridian. The German professor is no exception to this rule. He regards Luther as the moving spirit of the English Reformation, whereas its great and pressing causes were quite distinct from those of the continental uprising. No one can, in fact, understand the English Reformation who can-

not understand the attitude of men like More and Cranmer, Gardiner and Falkland, men who saw abuses, and desired their removal, but were not on that account ready to be swept away in the headlong tide of revolution—men who would pass over to the conservative side without being bigoted partisans. It has always been the characteristic of English history that it has had men like Falkland and Halifax, as well as the Straffords and Cromwells, whose motto was "Thorough." The conditions of the German Reformation were essentially different from those of the English. There was from the very constitution of the German Empire an almost entire absence of the feeling of nationality and of loyalty to the sovereign which prevailed in England. The political revolutions both preceded and followed the religious. The Wars of the Roses left the English people in a state of intense devotion to the House of Tudor. The English Church had become endeared to the English people, before the great civil war came to work out the problem of Parliamentary government. Both Church and State had their times of severest trial; but these trials were not contemporaneous. The Church came back at once into the heart of the nation, when Charles II. landed to put on his father's crown, but the arbitrary government of the Stuarts could not be set up again in its old place. Not even the flush of returning loyalty would suffer the people to forget the lessons they had learned in the Tory Parliament. Had Mary Tudor lived to reign fifteen years instead of five, had she left a son inheriting the blood of Philip and the principles of Henry VIII., the course of English history might have been utterly different.

The movement on the continent was a Reformation. The Protestant body, whether Lutheran or Calvinistic, took on essentially the condition and character of a new Church. Its members seceded from the old Order and reorganized a new. In England the movement was a purification of the Church, without destroying its identity.

It is this which the German professor and his editor both either fail to perceive, or purposefully ignore.

We think that in the main the accuracy of the details of the writer is worthy of German care and research. There are, however, a few errors which an English translator ought not to have permitted. Page 499 "Sazony" is put for "Sroy" and page 630, Thomas Cromwell, for Oliver Cromwell. Also (but this is a blunder of the author), it is said that the English Church has a number of seats in the House of Commons, evidently a confusion in his mind between Convocation and Parliament.

We have given an extended notice to this book, because on the whole we have found it one of the most satisfactory in giving an extended and general idea of the Reformation period. It stands to other histories and biographies in the position which a map occupies in a collection of landscape pictures. Its careful study will prepare the way for a better appreciation and enjoyment of far more fascinating volumes. It brings back to the memory and arranges in succinct order the manifold incidents of general literature; it may not be brilliant itself, but it throws an illuminating ray upon the most valuable and delightful of historical studies.

THE STRANGERS OF HER YOUTH. By Sarah Dowdney. Author of "Strangers Yet," "Sleeping Stones," etc. [New York: Thomas Whitaker.] pp. 225. Price \$1.25.

There must be stories provided, we suppose, for Sunday-school libraries. The demand being as it is, it is as well that the supply should be of books of this class, fresh, reasonable, and with the moral on the right side, but

not too much of it. One thing we like much in this novelle is that there is a good deal of allusion to and quotation from the best sort of English literature.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Of Mr. Roe's stories three-quarters of a million volumes have been sold.

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How may our feet this rugged path ascend?
Tho', dim in distance, pastures green appear,
Shall we not perish ere we reach the end?

Lo, at our side Immortal Love is seen
With bright wings duly furled; His grasp is
strong

Upon our trembling hands; His steadfast
mien

Quiets the fluttering heart; and so, ere long,
We follow, step by step where He doth lead,
Asking not whither. On the rocky ways
Small fragrant flowers spring beneath His
tread,

But lie unheeded as on Him we gaze,
And, knowing we are weak and helpless,
still,

Trusting, go on; our only thought—His will.

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"He certainly did leave peace behind
him." It was thus an invalid (since gathered
to her fathers) spoke to her daughter after
I had left her, as it proved, never to see her
in this life again. Yea, verily; for the Son
of Peace was there.

It occurs to me to pen some thoughts, in
reply to your last, which may, I hope, leave
behind them, as my spoken words did, some
of that same Peace which passeth under-
standing.

Say to your sick friend what I here say to
you. Read the suitable portions of my
letter at the sick-bed, stop, give a rest, then
resume. The sick cannot go to church—
the Church must go to them. And think-
ing how many thousands of such there may
be to-day, I shall send my words where they
may, perhaps, reach them, as well as your
friend. Are we not all brethren, and if one
member suffer, suffer not the others with
it? One body, one Lord, one faith, one
hope, one peace and comfort.

I am glad so many find the Office for the
Sick "words of comfort." All do who
enter into the spirit of it. It has soled
many a heart. Fatigue has become rest by
it. Hope and joy have flowed from it as
streams from far-off mountain springs.
And those opening sentences. You intima-
te that the minatory tone of "whom the
Lord loveth, He chasteneth," might seem to
some a blemish. But would we not be
bastards, we must submit to a Father, and
what a showing can we make when He calls
on us for it?

Smeared and blotted copy-books, after all
—at any rate, only more or less such—is
about all any of us will have to carry up to
the Master's desk as our names are called
out. Children are we all, not yet out of
school—idle to-day, truants yesterday, God
only knows what to-morrow. If it were
mischievous only that we were in, we need not
care, or negligence; but alas for some, for

many, do they not break the rules willfully,
and almost take pleasure in wearing the
patience of the Master?

Nothing have we to boast of—but little to
point to. Yet we hope for favor, and, at the
end of the term, for honor and advance-
ment. The Law was a school-master, yet,
brought to Christ by it, we are still on the
lower forms, and not yet ready to be called
no longer servants and learners, but sons
and friends. Must He discipline us and
chastise us? He will if we go on so and
need it, for whom He loveth, He chastiseth,
and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.

And so I find myself back at the office in
which you and others take "so great com-
fort."

* * * You say some one has asked
you, "What answer shall I give God in that
day for my shortcomings?" I do not, of
course, think the judgment will be a literal
one. Where would the millions stand? Our
voices would be lost in space. But it may
be real, all the same. Conscience even now
is a seat of justice. But in "that day"
we cannot be special pleaders—no pettifog-
ging at that bar. What answer will we
make? Have it ready—study our plea
—plead sin, plead human nature, plead
Satan. There is but one, and none other
can any one make, and that the Saviour.
Put all thy trust in Him now, and He will
let you put it all in Him then; so that,
whether literal, or only real, the account we
shall render, even now in the lower Court
of Conscience, shall make Him our
Plea, our Attorney, and our Refuge. He
shall answer for us. He is your "answer,"
as the lawyers might term it, if I
forget not.

* * * You plead your intentions, and
"take comfort" in them. Well and good.
While, doubtless, those "certain brethren"
do carry the doctrine of intention a little
far, there is much in good motives and a
holy intent. If a man loads his gun, and
only fails to kill his foe because he could
not find him, he is in heart a murderer.
Even he that hateth his brother is. And so,
if you try to do well, you, in a sense, do
it. "A desire for holiness is holiness—in
the germ thereof." Still, even motive is
of the earth, earthy, and intention human,
and therefore imperfect, and often of a very
mixed nature. We may take comfort in
them only to a degree.

* * * There are those of the world,
worldly, who glory in their shame. But
there is an honest and a dishonest shame.
Who is there who, though he have done his
best, is not ashamed even of that best. To
long that he had done better, to hope that
he will so do, and to strive that he may—
this is to have shame of which one need not
be ashamed, even in "that day." The
worldling knows it not, neither can know
it; but in this kind of shame can the
humble Christian rejoice—yea, does rejoice.

* * * There is such a thing as what
you call "constitutional piety." Some are
born good, not absolutely good—relatively
so, better than others. I know of men with
whom really an ounce of religion goes
farther, and does more good, than a hundred-
weight with other people. They are to be
envied; if envy be right at all I had rather
be jealous of that in them than of all their
gold were they as rich as Croesus. All the
mines of Golconda were, with all their yield,
not half the patrimony that this one gift is.

Blessed they who have "natural piety." We
who have it not must cultivate it—yea,
covetously.

* * * Doing and trusting are not "in-
compatible." If you do all, and trust none—
i.e., do without a spirit of trustfulness, in
other words, take things into your own
hand to that extent, be sure that God will
let you. He is a jealous God, jealous of
His own honor, and if you wrench yourself
away from Him as you may have seen a
petulant child do, and start out to do wholly
for yourself, ten to one you will find it lonely
business, and wish that God had not let you
go so willingly to try on armor too big for
you. Remember David all dressed up and
tricked out in Saul's—a pretty figure the
young man cut, and heartily ashamed was
he of himself—with no doubt, his fair coun-
tenance blushing crimson at his youthful
folly, as perhaps older eyes were shaded
with shields and older heads hung low, yet
in respectful silence, as the young stripling
stripped him of the graves, and laid aside
the iron spear, and took him modestly to
his little sling and the smooth stones from
the brook, and then going out, doing and
trusting, touched the brazen forehead of
the giant as it had been with a finger from
the vengeance of the skies. God often
"lets" us. He lets us do foolishness that
we may learn wisdom. He plays with our
leading-strings, which, in our confidence,
we take to be a strong harness that we can
"do" wonders in, as parents do with knitted
reins around the necks of prancing boys
playing horse, only to let us think it is
we who are doing it all, while His own kind
and loving hand is guiding after all. And
so I trust and yet do, do and still trust.
The eagle tries her young on her own back
and wings first. No doubt the venturesome
eaglets would like to strike out on their
own wings, and a pretty muss would they
make of it. They must wait—waiting is trusting.
God knows when the wing-joints of the
soul are strong and waxen firm, and we can
be "let" go, out on the clear air, and our
own soaring. And, even then, doing and
trusting. The wing is ours, but the air His.
He must surround and uphold us, or our
poor flying and wretched flapping would,
indeed be in vain, and down the crippled
things into the snare of the hunter.

* * * God's machinery is never at rest:
night and day goes the great shuttle back
and forth, noiselessly, yet ceaselessly. "The
mills of God grind slowly; and they grind
exceeding small." A friend lost her only
son; she wrote me: "Ah, well, God never
makes a mistake." Though He smote, yet
would she trust Him. Human needles drop
stitches, and human workmen patch their
blunders up as best they can; but who shall
dare affirm of Him that He has no plan to go
by, and carries on His providences by the
haphazard inspirations of the moment? God
is no such apprentice hand, oh, my
friend.

* * * Forgive the injury you have
received of . . . and give him a re-
ceipt in full by going and doing him a kind-
ness, it will sting like a nettle. If you
really want revenge, pour coals of fire on
his head. We have a perfect right to get
even with people in that way. . . . Resis-
ting evil and having it flee from us is
well; but to keep out of the way of it has
always seemed to me better. Try it, and
don't be ashamed of your stratagem; such

cowardice is bravery. Don't coquette with sin: it may not only flirt you in return but betray you, and do its worst.

* * * And may that Physician who advertises to forgive all our sin and heal all our infirmities visit by His Spirit of Truth and His Comforter each of all these our sick in this chamber, and give unto him the blessing of His peace, for it is He only who giveth medicine to heal his sickness, and who only maketh all his bed in his trouble. And pray thus: "Oh, my Father, take my heart. For I cannot give it Thee. And when Thou hast it keep it. For I cannot keep it for Thee. And save me in spite of myself. For Thy Son's sake. Amen."

REMEMBER.

BY GEORGE ROSE.

Saith the Rose,

Life hath more than piercing thorns—

Remember!

Life hath sweetness, life hath beauty to its close

Sweetness—beauty—O remember!

Saith the Sun,

Life hath more than low'ring clouds—

Remember!

Life hath gladness, life hath glory for each one:

Gladness—glory—O remember!

Saith the Dove,

Life hath more than hateful strife—

Remember!

Life hath love, and it is, O, so sweet with love!

Life hath love—hath love—remember!

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This somewhat unfamiliar type of evangelic ministrations was inaugurated in the Mother Church about fifteen years ago, when the Rev. Dr. Benson, founder of the Brotherhood of St. John the Evangelist, at Cowley, Dr. Wilkinson, present Bishop of Truro, and the Rev. J. M. Aitken, deceased, undertook the delicate and difficult task of a parochial mission work, which, while it should find welcome in parishes ripe for a special and searching ministration, should effectually protect both parish and clergy from the perilous accidents of what is known as Protestant Revivalism.

Dr. Benson perpetuated and continues the movement in the training at Cowley, whose clergy are identified, not only in England and America, but in the East Indies, with systematized and untiring labors in the promotion of a deeper religious life. The American branch of the brotherhood located in Boston, has been chiefly instrumental in the introduction of parochial mission activities in the American Church. In England, the results of this work were so impressive that a society was afterward formed under the title, "The Church of England Parochial Missions Society," of which the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, son of the Rev. J. M. Aitken, was invited to become chairman—for this purpose surrendering, the important vicarage of St. Saviour's, Liverpool. There are ten associated clergy, who are devoted exclusively to the holding of missions. Besides, the society nominates five additional men to curacies, granting them £150 annual stipend, and reserving the

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There is no little spiritual significance in the fact that more than twenty rectors in the city have come together, drawn by a common solicitude to inaugurate a simultaneous mission in their respective parishes. It becomes yet more significant when it is borne in mind that many others heartily favor a movement in which they cannot personally engage at this present. It is confined to no line of Churchmanship. It has no theologic undertone. It is nothing else than the expression of a profounder interest in Christian work and living throughout the city. For the city rector works in the face of terrible disadvantages. The season is clipped at both ends. Parishioners are continually dropping out in early spring, and dropping in until the holidays. The actual congregation remains hardly four or five months together. Meanwhile, social distractions challenge ministerial work at every step, and amusements of all conceivable flavors crowd day and night.

The Parochial Mission, then, is like a trumpet call to arms, an imperative reveillé sounded, until every ear shall catch the signal of warning. It undertakes to quicken and refresh the baptismal ideal of the Christ-life, to stir up the personal conscience to a quick sense of stewardship, to push back the incoming tides of materialism and worldliness—in short, to verify and energize the regular ministrations of the parishes so skilfully and persistently that they may become soluble, and enter actively into the spiritual consciousness of the people. And first: The work of the missionary, therefore, is confessedly, quite unlike stated pastoral work. And the missionary himself firmly insists upon this distinction. It is strictly supplemented. It seeks to build on existing foundations. It is not another rectorship, substituted for the time being. The missionary works in a congenial field; and it is his work to individualize and specialize the pastoral seed-sowing. He is skilled in hand-to-hand dealings with souls. He is a Nathan among the prophets. He uproots and unsettles nothing of pastoral planting. He digs about the vines and does hard husbandry to make the field fruitful. His season is short. His labors are multiplied and he works under a steady, unflinching enthusiasm of purpose which would shortly burn or wear out the strongest.

Secondly, the missionary undergoes a special training for his line of ministry. Added to a strongly religious sensibility and temperament, under habits of systematized devotion, he thoroughly establishes himself for every good word and work by disciplines, instructions, hardships, and schooling under men who have well learned this wayside and house-to-house ministry. In England some of these brothers are "set apart" for this work and give themselves wholly to it.

Thirdly, where the movement is thoroughly understood, the spiritual care of the flock is handed over without reservation to the

missioner during the continuance of his work. Not that the rector is ignored, or superseded—only that he stands aside from the immediate struggle, helping by his prayers, sympathy and ghostly support his fellow worker, for the time. Thorough work and permanent results are practicable under no other relations. The rector himself learns new wisdom in plain dealings with individuals, gathers fresh courage in presence of the mission fruits, and starts anew, newly equipped for the longer, larger battle.

And fourthly, it is strongly urged by the missionaries that their work bears no affiliation with what is known as popular revivalism. The modern evangelist lives and labors on excitement. He belabors and stimulates the emotions with almost malicious ingenuity. He knows and in turn wrenches and tortures every nerve of sensibility. He is an incendiary. His course is often marked by devastation, charred remains and desolated experiences, beyond reach of resuscitation or recognition. In only one significant particular has this school of workers found recognition; and that is—be it spoken in all gentleness—in the remarkable "hymnal," specially compiled and published for this occasion, where is found much of the inarticulate, rhapsodic extravagance of Moody and Sankeyism—words and music (?)—to the displacement of universally accepted hymns and tunes already dear to all Church people: Twenty hymns and tunes will "carry" any mission—if well selected—the fewer indeed, the better. But as each missionary is master of his field for the time being, little harm may follow this freaky infiltration of coarser elements.

Again, our missionaries protest against emotionalism and give explicit cautions, like danger signals, against excitements and pietistic stimulation. They take pains to state that in their experience, the measure of spiritual gains is determined by the absence or repression of merely sympathetic disturbances. They seek for tranquillity, soberness of thought and a supreme sense of religious duty.

Naturally enough much interest attaches to the Reverend Clergy of the English Church who have somewhat heroically undertaken to cross the Atlantic in response to the Macedonian appeal of their American brethren.

The Rev. Mr. Aitken, already mentioned, undertakes the mission at St. George's, Stuyvesant Square, assisted by the Rev. James Stevens. Mr. Aitken, in his sermons, on Sunday last, as well as in the conduct of the Retreat for the Clergy, at Garrison's, has already given explicit tokens of what may be hoped for from his labors.

At the Church of the Heavenly Rest the missionary will be the Rev. Francis Pigou, D. D., Vicar of Halifax, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. He is mentioned by an appreciative yet discriminating friend as an admirable example of the best clergy of the Established Church, experienced in mission duty, for which he has exceptional spiritual ripeness.

The Rev. Dr. Watkins has secured for the work at the Holy Trinity the Rev. W. H. Warren, M. A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Lambeth, London. He has large experience in this special work, and is mentioned as a very eloquent and forcible preacher. He is a son of the well-known author of "The Diary of

a Physician," and "Ten Thousand a Year." The Rev. Aaron Bell—of whom fewer particulars have reached us, officiates at the Church of the Holy Spirit. The missionaries from our own clergy are already well-known to our readers.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.

II.

Helps and Advantages.

In her Home Missionary work the Church has had certain helps and advantages which deserve thoughtful attention at this time. These have arisen from her characteristic gifts and endowments—some of them as old as her Divine charter, and some of them the product of providential circumstances.

(1) She has been helped by her historic descent, her definite hold on the visible organic continuity through eighteen centuries of the Kingdom of Christ. She traces her lineage back to the Day of Pentecost. She has always, and well-nigh everywhere that she has set up her altars in this land, claimed to be more than a voluntary fellowship or sect brought into being by any one man or school of men. When asked for her founder, she has not been obliged to stop with Luther or Calvin, with Zwingle or Wesley, but has pointed at once to Christ and His apostles. This she has done with a persistent emphasis that no faded ideal dignity arising from mere association with a venerable past could have induced. The historic sense has wrought upon her life, shaped her attitude, toned her teaching and worship, and imbued all her relations to society with the power of an instinct, and, at times, with the fervid energy of a passion; and that instinct, that passion, has had its source and ground in a well-reasoned belief that the Gospel and the Church of this age have authority only as they are one with the Gospel and the Church of apostolic times. This historic temperament in ecclesiastical methods has had its influence, and a marked one, on the mind and character of the people; and yet it has not been what it will be in the near future. Heretofore the common mind has felt, rather than recognized it. The masses have been too busy in making history to give much thought to history already made, and especially to the formative chapters of Church history in a remote past. But as the nation verges toward maturity, and its memory begins to turn with studious pride the leaves of its own records, it will strive to weave them more and more into one piece with the past, as another act in the drama of the ages. As this feeling grows, the historic influence of the Church will grow with it. Stronger now than it was even a generation ago, it will be still stronger in the next.

(2) The Church has been helped as a missionary force by the confident rather than controversial tenacity with which she has adhered to a fixed and positive teaching on all the essential verities of the faith. Her Creed is an inheritance. It has come to her as a legacy to be handed on as she received it. It embodies the voice of the Christian past, the definite testimony of the body of Christ guided by the Holy Spirit in its judgments and interpretations of God's Word. This Church disclaims all power or

right to change it. To improve it by addition or subtraction, or even by transposition of its articles, is impossible. It is the deliverance of authority, and yet to hold it is consistent with all wholesome liberty. For while it covers the citadel of God's truth, it leaves open to freedom of private opinion a vast, unfenced area of probable or only possible truth. And so, while it binds to the centre, it provides for limitless radiations of thought. The necessary facts of the Gospels and the necessary deductions from those facts compose it. It is simple in its unity, wonderful in its brevity, and utterly free from all traces of the rational or even the devout speculations of men. None, save those who have tried it, can know with what power this Creed has enabled our missionaries to speak to individuals, and even to whole communities weary of sectarian shibboleths, or set adrift by a looseness of teaching whose prevalence has won for it the honors, if not the name of orthodoxy. This power will grow as men yearn more and more for stability of faith, and dogmas founded on opinion ravel out into impotence under the handling of free thought. Nothing is more noteworthy in the history of our missions than the extent to which the Church has welcomed earnest seekers among the thoughtful for the city that hath foundations and the ancient ways of the great company of God's faithful people.

(3) Liturgical worship, another part of the common heritage of the Catholic Church, has done good service as an aid to our missionary work. For a whole generation this was thought by some within and by all without the Church to be a burden and a hindrance. It was often argued that with such extra weight to carry, whatever the soundness of our teaching, we could undertake no hopeful, aggressive work. It was asserted that the "rough and ready" life along the frontiers, and in communities too new for settled habits or intelligent tastes even in social arrangements, would be intolerant of prescript forms and established offices in religion. These, it was claimed, must be thrown aside, and more elastic and popular methods adopted if the Church was ever to become a power among the formative elements of our Western civilization. Nor was this all, for even in the old life of the Eastern and Middle States liturgical worship was openly and learnedly opposed as a hindrance to devotion, and not seldom controversially denounced as a petrified, mechanical contrivance utterly subversive of religious fervor. Experience has more than answered these objections. With hardly an exception, our missionaries have borne witness to the value of the Prayer Book, as not only providing the best possible services amid the rude and ever shifting emergencies of their work, but as the best compend of Christian knowledge and discipline for use among the ignorant and the irreligious. While, on the other hand, as at least one practical result of the liturgy's missionary work, the Denominations about us have gradually been so wrought upon by its breadth, tenderness, fervour, and dignity that it seems now only a question of time when they will begin first to admire, then to imitate, and finally to adopt this priceless treasure of the Church. Thus it turns out as well in our own experience as in the growing sympathy and inclination of the

unliturgical Christianity of the time, that the Church "through the ages all along" was not mistaken either in its estimate of the devotional wants of man in all conditions and in all places, or in its provision to meet them.

(4) Still again it must be noted how much our missions have been indebted to the fact that they have been planted by a Ministry of Apostolic descent. Though for many years an occasion of controversy, and often of bitter prejudice, that Ministry has been a power of attraction. Even in offering itself to those who repelled it, it has done good service, for it told them, though only in a passing way, of an authority, dignity, and continuity in the Sacred Office foreign to the teaching of lower theories. And it was no slight thing to do, moreover, that in a country where the people believe themselves to be the source of all power, having any claim on their obedience, it reminded them that there was at least one function ordained for the service and rulership of men whose authority was from above, not from below. That our missions, as well as the Church itself, have derived advantage from this principle of apostolic descent we have abundant evidence in the increasing numbers of earnest men from other ministries who, by their own action, have owned the value of a commission that connected them historically with the continuous priesthood of all the Christian ages.

(5) Finally, in naming the elements of strength in our mission, due place must be given to the living power embodied in the missionary episcopate. Armies are nothing without leaders, and governments useless without rulers, so the Church, in the task of laying foundations in new empires, is powerless without pioneers and master-builders. In this respect God has richly blessed us. Guided by His Spirit fit men have been, as a rule, chosen by the Church for this work—men of whom, as a whole, it is impossible to speak too highly. They have proved themselves worthy of the best days of the Church. For energy, perseverance, patient endurance of hardship, administrative ability, and abundance of labor, it may be doubted whether any body of men consecrated to the like office and work has ever surpassed them. In the vast fields committed to their charge they have stood out in bold relief as the central figures around which the Church's strength has rallied for aggression and conquest. Though too far apart to join hands or to meet for counsel, save on rare occasions, their solitary missions have flamed with Gospel light, and, as beacon fires kindled along the far-reaching frontiers, they have signalled the incoming host and given them a welcome as they advanced over river, and desert, and mountain. With saintly patience and heroic nerve, and amid discouragements and difficulties that may not be described, they have built foundations worthy of men of apostolic descent. By what they have dared, done, and suffered they deserve to be regarded as the glory and strength of our missionary work, and, next to the truth as it is in Jesus, they, with their faithful clergy, represent a large share of the spiritual endowment of our American branch of the Catholic Church. It is, speaking generally, only as we rise above the varying fortunes of the hour—above mere statistics meaning much or little according to circumstances—

above the ever-changing machinery of our reigning ecclesiastical wisdom, and fasten our eyes upon these abiding helps, these living forces that we can estimate the present influence or forecast the future of apostolic Christianity in this land.

"YORK"

A Biographical Sketch.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.

It was on the 25th of January, 1880, that we first made acquaintance with "York."

How well we remember that morning! It was a very cold day, the air was intensely clear, and our footsteps rang on the frozen pathway as we turned off the high road and made our way across a ploughed field to the Works. The huts built of wood, an old picturesque hall, with its outbuildings now turned into several dwellings, and a newly-erected mission-room stood below the brow of the hill we were crossing, and were as yet hidden from sight: but the wide expanse of undulating country was dotted by farm-houses and cottages, from whose distant chimneys thin lines of blue smoke rose straight into the wintry air. It was a morning which made the blood tingle in one's veins, and brought far-distant sounds with sharp distinctness to the ear—the church-bells were ringing two miles away, I remember. We had hardly entered the field when we met two navvies. One of these was a remarkable-looking man—tall, somewhat thin, and very muscular. His features were plain. A scar disfigured one cheek, and the countenance was by no means a pleasant one. He wore the usual navy dress—a pilot cloth coat, white trousers, and soft hat, and was clean and respectable in appearance. He and his mate came lounging along, and looked a little surprised when we stopped them.

We asked the tall man if "he knew that he was going the wrong way."

"Why, how's that?" he replied.

"You are going from the mission-room instead of to it!" and then, as the men smiled, we explained that the Bible class was to be held every Sunday morning and afternoon by the young lady who, for the first time, came that morning; that there would be also evening service; and we begged them not to waste the day, which was not theirs but God's, and come with us.

But in vain; they gave the usual reply as they edged away: "Not to-day," "Not this time."

"Then will you come this afternoon—do? This beautiful day is God's; He has given us it; do come and read His Word for an hour."

"Well," said the tall man, "I don't mind if I do."

"Now that is a promise you won't forget."

"No, I'll come;" and so he did.

We soon were informed his nickname was "York," and that his life had been as bad as had could be. He was a great strong man—a powerful son of the devil, for though uneducated he had much force of character and great determination; but the Spirit of God must have reached his heart, for from that afternoon he became a regular attendant, and he never missed again either morning or afternoon unless he remained

away to nurse a sick mate, or to go to some special church service at a distance.

From that time, too, his place was never empty at the evening service; and strange, indeed, would the mission-room have looked without "York." Between the ending of the Sunday-school and the time for evening service that first Sunday, we two friends went round the huts and houses, and invited the men to the mission-room.

At some of the dwellings we were known, at others we were strangers, but at each we received a kindly or at the least a tolerant welcome.

In one a good many men were sitting, some finishing their teas, others grouped round the fire. Near the hearth "York" was sitting, reading the tract we had given him that morning; and on his knee was seated a tiny, pretty child, his strong arm round the little thing.

The Bible-class teacher tried to make friends with the child, but she turned from the strange young lady, and clung with both hands to the big, rough man.

"That speaks well for York," we remarked to each other, as we came out into the darkness.

Hardly a month later, on the 15th of February, the secretary of the Navy Mission spent the Sunday at the Works, and preached in the mission-room. It was that evening's sermon which made things clear to "York's" mind. The previous three weeks had done much for him. His interest had been awakened in subjects which he had never thought on before, his conscience was aroused after a sleep—a stupor, rather—of years, but the very voice of the Lord spoke to him that night.

The subject was Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah, and Isaac's question, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" and the old man's reply, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for the burnt offering." The preacher compared the burden of sticks to the sins a man had committed and had to carry, and said that the wrath of God would fall like fire and consume the man and his sins if a substitute could not be found, but such a substitute had been provided. "God has provided Himself a Lamb for a burnt offering;" and the speaker urged his hearers to accept the substitution of the Lamb of God.

"York" went home to his crowded lodge with his soul on fire.

Bedtime came, and he, too, lay down, but not to sleep. The more he thought upon his sins the greater number he remembered. Old forgotten transgressions started to life and stared him in the face. They would not be banished; they crowded round him more and more; a multitude, they came to torment him. He felt, from the bottom of his soul, he deserved to be lost. Hell seemed close to him. He felt he could not, dare not "stand by his sins" before the bar of God. He burst into a violent perspiration. Well he knew, if he decided for Christ, the life of persecution before him; but those sins! those sins! he could not silence their outcry. In the early morning hours, in the pitch darkness, he flung himself on his knees by his bedside and cried, "O God! I cannot carry my sins any longer. I put them upon Jesus. The fire has fallen on the Lamb of God. I take Him—now." And the worn-out man crept

back to bed and fell asleep—soothed by the blessed sense of pardon to rest.

The very next morning he got up early to pray, and from that hour gloried in the Cross of Christ.

He soon seized an opportunity of pouring into sympathizing ears the story of the change that came over him in the room, and his love for the place and all its surroundings; and he showed his delight in the mission-room in a very practical manner.

It, like the huts, was made of wood. In his wandering life he had picked up two handicrafts, if such they might be called—haircutting and joinering; and the latter he was glad to put in practice for our benefit.

It was "York" who knew how to doctor knots in the wood-work and so on; and when our little chancel was added "York" varnished it with much satisfaction and pride, losing half a day's work on purpose. He was fond of taking illustrations from his joinering, and once, when regretting that lack of education hindered his usefulness, he said, "If I'd had education I might have done some of the planing work; but, as it is, I can only knock a few rough knobs off." But not only did he turn joiner for his beloved room, he became also a decorator. He labored hard with some more scholars over the Christmas decorations, and produced grand effects in red calico, though we must own that "merry" did lack an "r" and "Christmas" a "t."

One hot day, when all the other men had gone off to the *Sports*, "York" and another dear friend spent the day in tarring and sanding the felt on the roof, and they said it had been happier work to them, though it was so hot, than "enjoying the pleasures of the world."

"York" was always eager to learn, and a most attentive listener to any teaching. He took intense interest in the Bible lessons, and the afternoon was oppressive indeed when "York's" eyelids drooped. He took to missioning amongst the other men too, sometimes in rather a rough fashion, for if a man got drunk "York" would mark him, and rising next morning at five, instead of half-past, would go to his slumbering mate, rouse him, and give him a good talking to, showing him in very plain language the consequences of his sin.

"But," we asked, "are they not angry at being awakened?"

"Oh, yes; they don't like it so well; but they don't want to get up, and while they are in bed I have 'em. I puts truth into 'em rough, and they can plane it for themselves."

His one object now became to glorify God. The winter had ended, spring had come and gone, summer had smiled and passed away, and now September had come. The fruit-trees in the garden of the old Hall were laden; the corn-fields on the opposite hillsides shone golden in the sunshine, and another red-letter Sunday had come to the Works. On that seventh of September a confirmation by the venerable Bishop Wordsworth was to be held in our Mission-room, and eight navvies were prepared after much prayer and thought to openly confess Christ before their mates and renew their baptismal promise "to be His faithful soldiers unto their lives' end." Two of the candidates, "York" and another dear fellow, a young

man of twenty, were not sure that they had ever been baptized, and so to be certain of it the same clergyman who had preached in the previous February came that afternoon to baptize them. A clean table-napkin was spread on a bench, a white china bowl containing "fair water" stood upon it and served for a font, and there, reverently with bowed heads and clasped hands, we saw our dear friends stand and, even as little children, be baptized. Out into the bright afternoon we went, praising the Lord who had turned darkness into light.

That same evening, before a crowded congregation of his mates, "York" and seven more grown navvies were confirmed, and if ever men meant the words they spoke those navvies meant their confirmation vows. Those who watched the laying on of hands knew what they had been and knew what they had become.

From this time "York" became a regular communicant.

As in his old days he had thrown himself madly into sin, so now, with all the enthusiasm of his soul he gave himself to God. He studied his Bible incessantly. He did not always quite get hold of the meaning, but his mistakes were of no real importance.

A brave, strong, loyal Christian was "York." A man full of prayer; one who walked in the sight of God. His influence was bound to touch his mates. One of these saw him one day, when he thought himself quite alone, cover his eyes and pray before he began breakfast. The man was surprised, and watched him after that from behind heaps of stones or pieces of timber. "York" was working alone then, at some distance from the other men, and thought no eye but God's was on him. His fellow-workman saw he never ate without grace, and the thought "He has got something I have not," drove him to seek and, thank God, to find the Saviour.

But we were not to have "York" much longer amongst us. He is not dead, no! we trust he will live to a green old age; but he is thousands of miles away, and most probably we shall never meet on earth again. He determined to join a brother in Australia. It was at Whiteside gathering of the members of the Christian Excavators' Mission in Leeds, in the June of 1881, that we said farewell to dear old "York." His mates presented him with a book and a purse containing about four pounds. His Sunday teacher had given him a handsome reference Bible; he was photographed with it last year and sent us copies of the likeness. In saying farewell he gave us a most racy and characteristic speech. We wished him good-bye with an ache at our hearts, but thanking God for what in fifteen short months His grace had done; for before our eyes we saw a living testimony that out of a drinking, fighting, hispheming, impure man, God the Holy Ghost can make a new creation—a brother of the Lord Christ. The next day (for he had remained with us to the last moment, and had to travel all night to catch the ship) "York" was out on the ocean.

From his decent appearance and behavior he was at once appointed constable, and had to see that the emigration rules were not broken, and that proper conduct was maintained among the emigrants. This appointment at once subjected him to the dislike of the bad and unruly. When he

knelt at his bunk-side to pray, they did all they could to annoy and disturb him, swearing, throwing things, and finally, seeing he bore patiently their insults, one man, an Irish Roman Catholic, emptied a bucket of water over him.

In the old days, "York" would have instantly knocked the man down, but not so now—though he would not allow the slightest infringement of the rules, he bore all personal insults with an unmoved patience. Moreover, he did all he could for the spiritual welfare of his fellow-passengers, feeling, as he described in a letter home, "the courage of a Daniel and the zeal of a Paul." He got up a Bible-class and prayed constantly for his persecutors. Nor did he omit small kindnesses in return for their unkindness and annoyance. "I cut their hair, shaves them—love your enemies," he wrote. All this had its effect; before the voyage was half over, he had won some to care for their souls, and even the worst grew to respect him. As the ship sailed up the Sydney harbor, the man who had thrown the bucketful of water over him came up with a shamed face and held out his hand.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked.

"York" replied, "I can't, for there was no offence taken."

"Will you shake hands?"

"Ay, that I will, but what for?"

"Because you're a brave man."

Then, after a brief time of Christian communion with his mates in Sydney, he went far away up to his brother's farm in the bush, and there, till a few months ago, he has remained ever since. He had hardly got settled when he began to look about for work for Christ, and undertook the charge of a Sunday-school twelve miles away. On Sunday evenings he gathered a few "neighbors" together and held a little service. And for his own spiritual nourishment he rode twenty miles for the holy communion. As time passed, "York" made one rule never to let an opportunity go by of speaking to every one he met of those subjects which lay nearest his own heart. He had done the same in England, and he pursued the like course in Australia. "One of the best opportunities I have of doing my Master's will," he wrote, "is when riding along the road from home or making new acquaintances—"

"I have sent you my likeness," he continued. "I said to the man after finishing me, 'Do you know the first likeness taken in the world?'"

"He began by telling me the Grecian, and it was improved by another foreigner."

"'No,' I said, 'I have it in this Bible.'"

"'He was a German; he listened very attentively. I told him he was the image of his Creator."

"'Surely,' says he, 'you do not mean to say our Creator is so full of selfishness as man?'"

"'No, not so; but the likeness was there,' I told him what defaced it, and how that Blessed One came to rectify it, and that by faith we can get a likeness to God."

"He said he believed he was a sinner."

"I said, 'if you do there is a Saviour for you,' telling him to read the third chapter of St. John's Gospel."

When once he had taken a little contact to mend the road close by a public school, he made friends with the schoolmaster,

hoping to learn from him, for "York" is always trying to "improve his mental education." "I meant," he wrote, "to learn something of him and he should of me, in which I rather think I was the gainer of the two, I am sorry to say. For I wanted to learn him in return for what he had learnt me, but he felt himself too proud to learn from a poor navvy."

"When one time I had occasion to go to his house on a Sunday, I asked him if he had given his heart to God."

"'Cannot I be a Christian without praying in public or going to a place of worship? I can go by myself and pray.'"

"'Yes, you can, but do you do it?'"

"'That is my own business.'"

"'Yes, and God's.'"

"'It's my opinion,' he said, 'that passage of Scripture will come true—the first shall be last and the last first.'"

"I said, 'Let us try to have one place of the two, but I think, if you do not alter, you will lose both.'"

But all "York's" work has not been equally unsuccessful. Many has been the means of bringing to the feet of that Saviour he loves so utterly. This has been so because he realizes "Our works are very little in helping on God's kingdom, yet I feel it a pleasure to do all I can for Him to have the glory."

Last Christmas Eve, early in the evening, he saddled his horse and rode off on a long road he had planned out through the bush, touching one farm here and another there. He was armed with his hymn-book. He thought to himself, "Christmas Day is to-morrow, and out here in the wilderness most like they will forget what the Lord did for them. I will remind them with some carols." So the whole night long he rode from farm to farm, and the sleeping households woke to hear a single rough voice singing with the angels, "Glory to our new-born King."

"I cannot do enough," he simply said once, "for Him who has done so much for me; but the widow's mite pleased our Lord."

So his life has gone on in the bush, but his heart has been constantly turned to his old navvy life and his fellow-workmen, and he sent his all in money, £2, to help forward the Navy Mission, which God had used to bring him to Himself. At length the longing to be at work for Christ in the old way and among his old mates has broken down every other consideration, and sent him off on tramp. This June he has written us a happy letter, with part of which we close this little account of dear old "York":

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER: I AM now in Sydney, which I may say on tramp, although I am having some happy visits with my old friends and fellow-workmen. Nearly ever since I have been in this country it has been on my mind that I ought to be amongst my old mates to show and tell what God has done for my soul, and now keeps me by His heavenly grace. I praise Him I have been with good Christian people and enjoyed happy seasons, and the results of my labors have been fruitful; but I do feel for my fellow-navvies. As Moses chose rather to be in the wilderness with the children of Israel than in Pharaoh's house, thus God knows my heart on this subject. I have not got much light, but,

the darker the place the brighter will a little *light shine*, and may He, for His own glory and to His praise, increase my courage . . . and I do have occasion to mourn over my hard-heartedness and weakness of faith. Lord, give me more. . . .

Well, as work was slack in the place where I was living, I thought I would get on some public work. Well, I bought a tent, and got on some waterworks. I felt alone, yet not—the Father was with me. The second day, at dinner with them, I told them what God had done for my soul, and what a devil I was before giving my heart to be cleansed from all sin. Then I said, 'Will you allow me to read a few verses out of my Bible?' 'Yes,' they said. I read the fifth of St. Mark to the twenty-first verse. Then I said, 'I will pray with you, my brothers.' They laughed, and said, 'Do you think, if you was to die now you would go straight to heaven?' 'Yes.' Some said, 'That's more than I can say.' I said, 'Believe on the Lord, forsake your sins, and repent, and thou shalt be saved, and God bless you.' Do you know, I had a lot of eyes watching me after that, even the ganger watched me more than common, to see if he could not pick me up. I felt God with me, for His eye was on me too and guiding me; I felt it good to keep *well down* at the foot of the cross, looking *well up*. Here I stayed three weeks, and it was finished, so now I had to ride all night on the water in a boat to get to Sydney to see my old friends and to go out on the line where J. Smith and Teetotal Tommy is. In the room where our bunks were there was card-playing. Before retiring I pulled out my Bible and began to read. The card-players left off playing to rattle me, and the steward said:

"Do you believe in that book?"
"I said, 'With all my heart.'
"He said, 'I don't.'
"I know you do."
"No; it's been altered five or six times."
"I know all about it; thank God it is true for me."
"How do you make that out?"
"It's only been translated and retranslated for every poor soul to read and understand it."

"You know, I had three or four at me at once; but I said, 'Let us reason together, then I will talk with all.'
"One fellow said, 'Read us a chapter.'
"All right," I said, and turned to the fourteenth Psalm: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'
"The steward said, 'I never said there was no God, for I do say there is one.'
"Again I repeated the verse, and 'Steward, you do believe in my Bible, I know.'
"How is that?"
"You believe you are a sinner; do you not?"
"Yes."
"Then the Bible tells us so too, and we need a Saviour."

Then I fell on my knees and prayed, and got into my bunk. The next morning I saw some of them with their backs up and asked them how it was with them. They shook their heads. Lord, help them to come to the light from darkness. I went to see Miss — at her home, and she has a nice place, and she said, 'Well, York, you are looking younger,' I am not six yet, for all my other time in the world was dead till my conversion; then I was quickened by the true life. She is very busy,

and we proposed to hold a union meeting at W. Noyce's, so I went round and told the members our intentions, and as many as could come came, and we told of the good our mission had done. It was the instrument in the hands of God for bringing me for one out of darkness into His marvellous light; before I was led by the devil. It is a deal different in this country to home, yet there is plenty of room for workers. Lord, help us to push it along here. . . .

Good-bye, and God bless you, "York;" it is true of you at least, "Once I was blind, now I see."—*Sunday Magazine*.

WHAT AN OLD CHRISTIAN THOUGHT OF LIFE.

The Epitaph of Abercius of Hieropolis.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

(Continued.)

"We are His people and the sheep of His pasture,"—PSALM c. 2.

5. "For He—this pure shepherd" says Abercius, "taught me faithful writings." The faithful writings are the four Gospels, the old, old story, the Gospels of divine and human love, the Gospels of peace and good will toward men. The special reference seems to be to the Gospel of St. John, to the authority and genuineness of which we have here a new and powerful testimony. But notice that Abercius puts Christ first, the Gospels afterward. He is not a Bible-Christian, and the difference between the two is stupendous. It is the difference between sectarianism and piety, between orthodoxy and holiness, between narrow hatred and heavenly love. The supernatural revelation to him was Christ, and not the books which testified of Christ. "Ye search the Scriptures," said Christ to the Pharisees, "for in them ye think that ye have eternal life, and ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life." Abercius went to Christ, and then the Scriptures became to him, not what they are to modern parties and their idol newspapers, heaps of miseries to throw at all who hold different errors from their own, but guides to the feet of Jesus, and luminous with the light of love.

6. Then he tells us of his travels; not because they were travels, but because they led him everywhere to happy communities of Christian men. The pure Shepherd had sent him to Rome, where he saw the golden-robed, golden-sandalled queen, and a people having a bright seal. This has been frivolously explained to mean that he saw at Rome the Empress Faustina, and the Roman senators who wore large seal rings; and out of his supposed interview with the empress, his biographer has made a marvellous legend. Nothing assuredly would have been less likely to occur to this Christian bishop as worthy of record, than the fact that he saw at Rome a pagan empress. The Empress Marcus Aurelius, his bad wife, Faustina, and his bad son, Commodus, would have had less interest for him than three poor Christian slaves. He would have estimated the grandeur of their humanity, not the glitter of their passing rank. To him, as to our Prayer Book, the greatest queen could but have been "this woman," and the mightiest sovereign "this man." Faustina was as little to Abercius as Poppaea and Nero were to St. Paul. Still less would he have cared for men having gold

rings. No! in his simple metaphorical style "the golden-robed, golden-sandalled queen" is the Church of Christians in the royal city; and the bright seal is the seal of baptism, the seal of God on the foreheads of His redeemed children. In the book of Ezekiel the vision had said to the prophet, "Go through the midst of the city and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and cry for the abomination that be done in the midst of her." That mark, in the original, is the letter *thou*, which in the old Hebrew was written as a cross. What struck Abercius in the great wicked streets of Rome, was that there walked in the midst of them a purer people who had the bright seal of their redemption visibly marked upon their foreheads. In the imperial city he saw the crowded splendor of her merchandise, her palaces and amphitheatres, her purple robes and golden eagles, her ivory sceptres and curule chairs; but he saw the Church which reminded him of St. John's vision of the woman clothed with the sun and sandalled with the moon, and with twelve stars as her crown; and he saw the souls of men.

7. And so when he goes on to say that he had travelled through the plain and cities of Syria, and crossed the Euphrates to Nisibis, it had not been his object to speculate on the resources of nations, or to gaze on the magnificence of nature, but to share his thoughts, and hopes, and happiness with those who owned with him one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all. Faith was his guide and courier, and he followed her with the thoughts of Paul for his support. With such a guide, with such bright truths to help him, Christian intercourse was a precious thing in days when Christian was to Christian as a brother; when for professing Christians brotherly love had yet a meaning; when even pagans exclaimed with envy, "See how these Christians love!" whereas now they say with triumph, "See how these Christians hate one another!"

And when Abercius tells us that faith set before him everywhere as food a "fish from the fountain, right large and clean, which a pure virgin held," do not suppose that he, like modern travellers, is telling you about his daily meals. It is only the picturesque style of the East. Perhaps, originally as a secret watchword in times of danger, Christians were accustomed to speak of Christ as "the Fish," because the first letters of Greek word *ΙΧΘΥΣ* "fish," stood for the *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιου Σωτηρι* Jesus Christ the Son of God the Saviour. It is said that when under peril of persecution, one Christian desired to recognize another, he would say in a low voice *Ιχθεις* and the other, if he were a Christian, would reply "*Ιχθιδιον*" a little fish, a humble Christian. "We are," says Tertullian, "as little fish in relation to our *Ιχθεις*; we are born in the water (of baptism)." In another ancient epitaph found at Autun, the Christian is thus addressed: "Offspring of the holy Ichthus, use the immortal life which, while yet a mortal, thou hast received from the divine waters. Refresh thy soul, beloved one, with the overflowing waters . . . eat with a longing hunger, holding the fish in thy hands." So then here, once more, we have the old Christian idea, now so utterly forgotten, or with such gross and superstitious materialism abused,

of feeding on Christ; nourishing our life with the life of Christ. This is mystically expressed by Abercius, when he says that everywhere faith gave him the fish as food—that fish is Christ. It is right large, for it satisfies all needs. It is clean, for in Him is nothing but holiness. It comes from the fountain of baptism, and the pure virgin who grasps it is the Church. She gives it to all everywhere, and with it good wine—the new wine of the kingdom of heaven, and bread therewith. The bread is the bread of life, and He who said, "I am the bread of life," and the wine is Christ.

The word "excellent" wine is *Xpociv*, and among the early Christians there was a play on the words *Xpociv* and *Xpociv*—Christ and excellent. Here, then, thus early, on this tomb of a poor Christian hishop in the second century, you have the recognition of the Gospels; of the Epistles; of the love, and the divine exaltation of the risen, ascended, glorified redeemer, Christ; of the strong sense that He was ever with His children, and His Church; you have also the spread of the Christian truth; the mutual loving-kindness of Christians; the supremacy of faith; the communion of saints; the Holy Catholic Church; the holy seal of baptism; the sacramental communion of the Body and Blood of Christ. And thus the little epitaph of a few lines becomes a mine of Christian evidences. And notice as its central thought that the Christian must live on Christ; cannot live without Christ; must be sustained by the thought of Christ.

What do we live on? Our bodies on material food. Yes! and our minds on what? It is on journalism; and on frivolous personality; and on books which ignore Christ, and think Christianity an obsolete thing beneath their notice? Do you expect Christian intellects to thrive on such food? "Give me a great thought, and I will live on it," said Herder. Are these great thoughts to live on?

And our spirits, what do they live on? or do they live at all? There is only one thing on which the Christian spirit can live, and that is on Him who is the true manna, and the water which he who drinketh shall thirst no more.

"Irene, da calicem! Agape, misce mi!"—O Love, give me that cup! O Peace, mingle that wine for me! Lord, ever more give me that living bread.

Such was the self-chosen epitaph, the last legacy to the world of the old man who tells us that he was spending his two-and-seventieth year, not amid the world's shame and shadows, but truly; that is, in the region of the eternal realities; and thus he has supplied us with our thoughts this morning; he has, as it were, handed to us the bright torch of his faith over the dust and darkness of seventeen hundred years. Compare his thoughts with those of modern life; compare his epitaph with those in the abbey, and you will feel the change that has come over Christians. You see it in the abbey tombs. First, the effigies lie on their backs with hands upon their breasts, like the Russian proverb, "Two praying hands, and life is done." They are tombs of humility, of prayer, of death. Then the figures kneel humbly on their knees. Lastly, they stand in earthly pomp and pride, the bishop in his lawn and mitre, the judge in his ermine, the warrior with his sword, the

statesman gestulating in the passion of oratory; lastly, their memorials loll at ease in their arm-chairs. The old way was the better; the old conception was humbler and more true.

8. And to conclude. Has he nothing to teach us? Are your views of life like those of the old simple-minded Abercius of Hieropolis? Do you attach the same importance to the things which seemed important to him? Are the same things dear to you which were so dear to him? The citizenship which he places first of all—are you citizens of that heavenly city?

Competition, fret, push, envy—the Juggermath-car of our modern life, under whose wheels we fling our children in thousands—it has no place in that city of God. There are no jealousies, no meannesses, no deliberate injustice, no slanders there. The greatness of great men is not there supposed to be manifested by shamefully bitter judgments on others, and all the spleenful malevolence of atrahulous pride.

The great archangels there—the cherubim and seraphim, the lucifer spirit of knowledge, the ardent spirit of love—are not too intellectual to know God, or Christ, or judgment, or eternity. There are no evil passions there; no wrangling sects; no peering malignities; no paltry jealousies; no fawning flatteries; no subterranean intrigues. Their ignorance does not assume the air of infallibility, nor hatred wear the mask of zeal. That city of God is not in the least like London, nor its society like modern society. In it the leading principles are magnanimity, and unselfishness, and purity, and love.

Are you disciples of the pure Shepherd? Are you among the sheep which He feeds on hill or plain? Does it ever occur to you that His great eyes are looking down upon you? Are the Scriptures to you faithful writings meant only to lead you to Christ, and to teach you love? Do you ever think of the bright seal of baptism on your own brow, or on that of your brother Christ's? Is your chief delight in humble, kindly, genial intercourse with those who own with you the same dear Lord? How many of you come to the supper of the Lord, to rejoice in the wine poured out, the broken bread which faith provides for you? Does faith give to you that great, clean fish from the fountain? Do you feed on Christ in your hearts by faith? Are you spending your lives truly—among the things which are face to face with eternal realities, or in the midst of small aims, of mean shams, and selfish greed, and ever-vanishing illusions? How many of us offer, how many of us receive, how many of us desire the prayers of our fellow-Christians?

What, when you die, will be the meaning of your life? When poor Robert Emmet was sentenced to execution he said: "Let there be no inscription on my tomb; let no man write my epitaph; no man can write my epitaph."

It is true; none know us; none can write our epitaph. But what honest epitaph should we choose for ourselves? One epitaph of eternal significance shall be written for us. It cannot be avoided. It is, "He did that which was good," and "he did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." What epitaph shall the eternal hand of God inscribe upon our tombs?—*Sunday Magazine.*

ON PRAYER.

BY M. O. C.

Of all the duties of the inner life I suppose there is none which is performed so frequently in a perfunctory manner as private prayer. Probably the rule of our lives since we first learned to whisper our holy prayers at our mothers' knees, has been to "say our prayers" each day, morning and evening. Alas! that "saying" our prayers should be but a too true description of a vast majority of our devotions: the evening comes, so we kneel down and, with little thought or effort at recollection, repeat our common form, perhaps learned from some book, perhaps still the childish prayers, though we have long outlived our childhood. A year or two ago I was speaking to a woman about her children's prayers, she said, Oh yes, she always made them say their prayers at night; but on my asking her what they said, she quoted the old doggerel,

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on, etc.

and after these a few words about "telling no lies," which I now forget. And yet this was an intelligent woman, who for some time had been attending a little mission church where there was very decided Churchly teaching, and was herself a communicant. Knowing that such ignorance as this still exists, and that with some less ignorant prayers are simply forms without any reality, at the outset of this paper I will say a few words as to what prayer is, and its constituent parts, in the humble hope of helping perhaps one of my sisters. First, then, prayer is the lifting up of the heart to God; talking with God. It is the treating Him as "our Father;" and as little children look trustfully up in an earthly father's face, and make their little wants known, or tell him their little joys and sorrows certain of sympathy, so ought prayer to be to us. In prayer we make God our confidant, and as we speak He hears and helps and comforts. Are we glad and full of a deep joy, then we follow St. James's advice, and being merry, "sing psalms." Are we anxious and careworn, then we go and lay our burdens down at His feet, and even as we lay it there relief and comfort come, and He "refreshes" us, and as we rise from our knees we feel such a wondrous fullness of vigor, such a simple trust, that though the trouble remains it no longer crushes nor weighs us down. A praying Christian brings to bear against all difficulties, within and without, the host of heaven, yea, God Himself, and surely "if God Himself be for me, I can a host defy." My sisters, if we would pray, if we would but really live, we must pray, and pray continually. "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God." It must not be only great needs, great joys, great sorrows, that must bring us to our knees, but the tiny daily trials and pleasures of life should all be the subjects of prayer. Prayer ought to consist of five parts, by which I mean our stated morning and evening prayers, and they are: 1, confession of sin; 2, thanksgiving for mercies received; 3, praise; 4, petition; and 5, in tercession. The more these several steps of prayer come in all our devotions the better. Whatever time of day we pray we must

always be conscious of having committed more or less of sin since last we knelt in prayer, so ought to begin our devotions with confession of sin and prayer for mercy. "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on me," is a prayer for pardon with which we are all familiar, and which will suffice for our general prayer for pardon; at night there ought, after the Invocation, to be a brief but careful examen of the day past, and then a somewhat longer form of confession, bringing in the particular sins our examen has brought to mind. One word of warning: self-examination is a very unpleasant duty, and if the devil can make us neglect, or slur over it, he certainly will; hence we should jealously watch ourselves, lest, little by little, we get into careless habits as to this duty. Then, if always conscious of sin in ourselves, we ought also to be ever thoughtful of the loving, tender care wherewith our Father has guarded us, and this naturally comes in the second step in prayer, thanksgiving. If this is a difficulty, I think it will help us to attain to a thankful spirit if we often, in our morning prayers, just briefly recount the great blessings of our life, such as our birth of Christian parents; our baptism; holy teachings in early childhood; our confirmation with its great gifts; all opportunities He has given us of being present at the holy sacrifice and of communion; for being brought under Churchly teaching, and led by the spirit to accept the faith; preservation in dangers and sickness; for the twenty, or thirty, or forty years of long-suffering, tender, pitying love wherewith He has loved us, notwithstanding all our sins and coldness; and surely by the time we have thought of these, and of the special, particular love to our own souls which are sealed up in our innermost being, known only to ourselves and God, our hearts will be filled with a great thanksgiving, which shall express itself in a *Te Deum* or a *Magnificat*, or a simple "for this, for this, my God, I thank Thee." And by thanksgiving the heart is attuned to praise, the third step in prayer, and we cannot better express praise to the great, the glorious, the Eternal God Who is Love, than by a *Gloria Patri* or the *Gloria in Excelsis* from the Communion Office. Praise will be, we believe, our great employment in heaven; let us try to learn it here on earth. See how full the Psalms are of praise; see how in the glimpse of glory we have in Revelation the key note is praise and worship, and do not be satisfied with your devotional life until you can offer to God true praise.

The fourth step is petition. And here I would only say, my sisters, you cannot ask too much, and yet nothing is too small to be prayed for. Thus I make a grand petition for the salvation of all men, for the spread of the Catholic faith, for my own entire conversion—all great things, but not too great for His power and strength. And again, I am hungry and have no work, so I ask for daily bread, and He who "feedeth the young ravens that call upon Him" sends me what I need. Some thing or person I love much may be removed from me, I ask for him to be spared, and am quite sure, if good for me, it shall be so. I may pray about my work, about my games, about all that interests, like a little child prattling to her mother, and I know He will hear and bless. And when I have prayed

for myself, my own needs, the temptations I am about to meet, the work I have to do, I must leave myself in His hands, knowing how He will be with me all the day to make me strong in His service, and "keep me in all my ways."

Lastly comes step five, which is intercession, and about this I would speak at some length, for it is a duty but little thought of by many.

If we omit intercession in our daily devotions we are failing in a very plain duty taught us in Holy Scripture and by the example of our Lord Himself, and we are missing a glorious privilege, even that of being fellow-workers with Him. For what is the present work of the Man Christ Jesus but making "intercession for us"? and if we pray for others here our prayers ascend into the Father's presence, making one sweet harmony with the prayers of His dear Son. My sister, because you are a poor, hard-working woman, may be, and with lots you need to pray for yourself, that need not cut you off from the happy privilege of praying also for others. What is the pattern prayer? "Our Father," but intercession? No, "I" nor "me" in that prayer, but each time we use it we do so simply as "members of Christ, children of God," and pray for all who are united to us in that wondrous "communion of saints." Whatever we do we must not be selfish in prayer, narrow, petty. We may pray for our own wants as much as we like, but the wants of others must never be excluded. That is one of the great blessings of our "Common Prayer," that it is composed so largely of intercession. Look around you and see; is there no one living near you who needs your prayers? do you not know any one who is in sorrow or trouble, or whom you feel powerless to help; human sympathy is so poor and comfortable in real trouble, and you feel that; oh, then, pray for them. There is a Heart that can feel for every sorrow, there is a Hand stretched out to hold up and sustain the most broken-hearted. Invoke from your Heavenly Father that aid, and you will help the sorrowful a thousandfold more than you could by warmest expressions of pity.—*The Penny Post*.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The following is a pretty little Eastern Legend:

"When Adam was driven out of Paradise all the animals that aforesaid had delighted to follow him fled at his approach. In deep sorrow he sat down upon a rock and covered his face with his hands. Soon, however, he heard a rustling in the bushes, and felt a soft tongue gently trying to lick his covered face. He looked up and met the liquid eyes of a dog brimming over with love and compassion for his fallen master, and Adam was comforted; for he found there was still one creature that forsook him not, but preferred his company to a life of wild liberty. And ever after through succeeding ages the dog has been of all animals the friend of man."

How can anybody ill-treat so faithful and loving a companion? Especially a dog's love for children will claim a return for all children's hearts. The other day in making a call I saw a very large dog lying at full length upon the hearth-rug. He was a St.

Bernard and a splendid fellow; his mistress was a tiny maiden of twelve years, who had been sent to the house with a message and the dog had followed her. "Come, Leo," said the little girl when she was ready to go. The huge creature rose in an instant and obeyed, as if he had no will of his own. And yet he could have crushed her with his paw; I might have said he could have eaten her at one mouthful; but he was content to do her bidding, baby as she was, because he loved her, and ill would it have been for anybody or anything that would have dared to molest her.

THE ART OF CATECHISING.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE HODGES.

I.

Bishop Wilberforce once preached a sermon before the University of Oxford, having before him, by way of manuscript, the back of an envelope bearing the one word "fog." The bishop's biographer does not tell us what the sermon was about, and the note gives foothold only for the most hazardous conjecture. If we were to guess what the sermon was *not* about—which would certainly be the easier task—our knowledge of the bishop's theology would give us ground for affirming quite positively that he did not describe the happiness and helpfulness of a "vague religion." It is much more likely that his theme was the danger of indefiniteness. In spite of Mr. Matthew Arnold, there is danger in theological indefiniteness. Many a man who has made shipwreck of his faith, first lost his bearings and drifted from the right course by being blinded by a doctrinal fog. He only can steer surely who sees clearly. He will be the keeper of the faith, able to go aright himself and to lead others, who knows exactly what he believes and precisely why he believes it. Accordingly, our duty as teachers in a day of doubt, is to teach as definitely as we can. We may well pray with one of old, "Lord give me wisdom enough that I may speak plain enough."

The advantage of catechising over other methods of instruction, is in its unrivalled opportunities in this matter of definiteness. Other modes of teaching display the knowledge of the teacher; catechising discovers the knowledge or lack of knowledge of the learner. Preaching, or general instruction, is an attempt to fill a group of narrow-necked vessels by dashing water over them. A few drops may lodge in each. Catechising, to give the old comparison a new application, is a singling out those vessels one by one, and pouring water into them. You are sure then that some gets in.

The word "catechise" has a syllable in common with the word "echo." In each word the common syllable is the significant one. The letters which precede it in "catechise" are, in the Greek, *κατὰ* and simply add emphasis. Catechising, then, is an emphatic or loud kind of echoing. An echo in the chateau of Simonetta, in Italy, has thirty voices. I have heard catechisings that had three hundred.

In the first rubric after the catechism in the English Prayer Book, clergymen are directed to "instruct and examine" the children of their parishes. "To instruct"

* Read at two meetings of the Pittsburgh Sunday-school Association.

has been defined as a questioning of the meaning into them; and "to examine," as a questioning of the meaning out of them. In our Prayer Book, for some reason, the rubric reads: "instruct or examine." To instruct *and* examine is catechising. "To instruct," that is the voice; and "to examine," that is the echo.

The purpose, then, of catechising is to get a clear, emphatic echo. At Simonetta you can get only sounds repeated. Sunday-schools may be made to echo thoughts also. There are two kinds of catechising. One aims chiefly at a repetition of exact words; the other seeks ideas and meanings, and has small regard for the mode of their expression.

In doctrinal catechising, the former method is the better. We have apostolic example for teaching a "form of sound words." Much depends in matters of the faith upon the use of the best words. The catechist who provides a catechumen with the most true and definite expression of a doctrine, thereby arms him with shield and sword. What is the mystery of the Trinity? That the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God; and yet they are not three Gods, but one God. What is the mystery of the Incarnation? That Jesus Christ is at the same time God and Man. What is the mystery of the Atonement? That Jesus Christ saved us from our sins by dying for us. Such answers become formulas, definition of truth, tests of falsehood.

Doctrinal catechising, especially with infant classes, may well be made a literal echoing. *Catechist*: "What is it to sin? To do what God tells us not to do." *School*: "To do what God tells us not to do." *Catechist*: "What is it to sin?" *School*: "To do what God tells us not to do."

Exclusive attention to sound, however, sometimes produces quite remarkable echoes. Here is "My duty towards my neighbor," from an English school room. It should be remembered that where we say "to honor and obey the civil authority," English children say "to obey the queen and all that are put in authority under her." Here is the whole answer: "My dooty tornds my nalsers, to love him as myself, and to do to all men as I would they shall do and to me to love, onner and suke my farther and mother and bay the queen and all that are pet in a forty under her, to smit myself to all my goones, teachers, spartial pastures and masters who oughten myself lordly and every to all my betters to hut nobody by would nor deed, to be trew and jest in all my declins, to beer no nalsis nor atred in your arts, to keep my ands from peeking and steel, my turn from evil speak and lawing and slanders not to civil or desar other man's good, but to lern labour trewly to get my own leaving and to do my dooty in that state of life and to each it bes please God to call men."* The catechist here had evidently made no sufficient attempt to find if the child knew the sense as well as the sound. In doctrinal catechising, after the words are learned, the formula should be made real by questions upon the meaning. This process demands much patience. Again and again must the mind be urged to reinforce the lips. Even after the most careful teaching some curious answers may

be expected. The Bishop of Chester, acting as catechist, asked "Who is your spiritual enemy?" and one child in the school spoke up and replied, "the bishop."

In narrative instruction, that is in Bible lessons, it is better in the main, to use the other kind of catechising, and to get the meaning of the answers recited, rather than the words. The Scripture story having been read, or told, or previously studied, the catechist tries to make it real to the children, and to impress its meaning by questions.

The lesson, for example, is the marriage feast at Cana. Where did our Lord go? To Cana. Where is Cana?—no answer. Well, is it anywhere in Pennsylvania? No, sir. Think now where the Bible says it is; Cana of—? Galilee. Now, you remember there were three parts in the country where Christ lived. The lower one, in the South, was Judea. What great city was there? Jerusalem. The middle part was Samaria. What happened there at a well? Christ talked with the woman. Galilee was the northern part. Our Lord lived there till he was nearly thirty years old. What was the name of the place where he lived? Nazareth. Yes, and Cana was only about five miles from Nazareth. What did our Lord go to Cana for? no answer. Well, it was to attend a funeral, wasn't it? No, sir; a wedding. What kind of a time do people usually have at weddings; do they feel happy or sorry? Happy. And so our Lord was there when these people at Cana were having such a good time. Does he know when we are happy? Yes, sir. Is he glad when we are glad? Yes, sir. And yet some people think that religion is meant to take all the pleasure out of the world. Don't you think that those people enjoyed themselves all the better because our Lord and St. Peter and St. John and St. Bartholomew and the other ministers were there? Of course they did. But if our Blessed Lord is with us and sees us and hears us, how careful we ought to be to make our glad times good times. Then, farther on, about the water-pots: What were standing in the yard? Water-pots. What were they made of? Stone. What was in these big stone jars? Water. Were they full? Yes, sir. Think a moment; didn't our Lord tell the servants to fill them? Yes, sir. So you see they were not quite full. Well, if some of the water had been taken out, what had the Jews used it for?—no answer. Why, what do we use water for? To drink. Yes; for what else? To wash our hands. But when do we wash our hands; when they are clean? No, sir, when they are dirty. Well, one of the strange things about the Jews was that they washed their hands when they were clean! It was a part of their religion. No matter how clean their hands were, they would no more think of eating their dinner without washing them over again, than we would think of eating without saying grace. Perhaps they were even more particular than we are. What proverb do you know about clean hands—"Clean hands and a"—? "pure heart." Now we can see one reason why the Jews washed so much, even when they were clean; it was to remind them that God wanted them to have pure hearts. We have left off washing our hands as a part of our prayers; but what are we to have? Pure hearts.

"THEIR EYES WERE HOLDEN THAT THEY SHOULD NOT KNOW HIM."

BY THE REV. JOHN MAY, M.A.

We talk together as we go
All sadly down the path of life;
Broken with pain, and bent with we,
Or wearied with the daily strife:
O come, Thou crucified! draw near:
Walk with us till the night is here.

When cares oppress, and doubts arise,
Come near, and join us as we go;
O take the dimness from our eyes,
That we may see thy face and know!
Say in our ears the word of peace;
And bid the doubt and anguish cease.

Lo! as the widow weeps her loss,
When Thow art gone our spirits fail;
Our sins have nailed Thee to the cross,
And sadly we passed down the vale;
O Jesu, come from out the tomb
Where they have laid Thee,—Saviour, come!

Be with us, Lord!—Forgive the sin;
Come, talk with us: our hearts are sad!
Thy words shall make them burn within!
Thy loving voice shall make them glad.
Walk by our side, and with us stay;
The night is near; far spent the day.

These sins have hid Thee from our sight;
Yet, Lord, we fain would do Thy will.
We hate the evil, love the right;
But, oh! somehow, we stumble still!
Draw near, and let us hold Thy hand;
Without Thee, Lord, we cannot stand.

Thou praydest, once, that all of Thine
Might from the evil thing be kept;
But we have lost the grace divine;
For sin assailed us as we slept.
O come! Our oil is all but spent:
We love Thee, Lord, and we repent.

Come, Saviour, come! and with us sup;
The Night is drawing on apace;
Come, break the bread, and pour the cup,
That we may see and know Thy face!
Come! drink with us the sacred wine
And feed us with the bread divine.

And when, before the final gate
We stand, and shrink with mortal fear;
Then as we halt disconsolate,
Wilt Thou not, as of old, draw near!
'Bid with us through that awful Night,
And lead us safely to the Light!

A RECOGNIZED PULPIT TALENT.

Better than the literary style of the day as found in the pulpit, or at the desk, is the clear deep stream of devotional feeling which runs through the sermons and lectures of the parish clergy. The cold essay of Blair and of his court days is gone, no less than the stately efforts of Jeremy Taylor and his unconscious imitators and followers. Every principle established or elucidated, is driven home by the living voice, and though but as the chance arrow of the archer who drew his bow and shot King Ahab between the joints of his armor, that he died, still the sermon loses by no means any of its force from the loving sense of personal responsibility and heart consecration with which, in our pulpits, far and near, it is delivered. The sermon is living truth for living men, and dead issues and a dreary style are recognized as all out of place.

* How to Teach the Church Catechism." By the Rev. Evan Daniel. p. 12.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

MISS PHOEBE'S SCHOLARS

BY MRS. E. B. SANFORD.

III.

Two of the youngest of Miss Phoebe's scholars were her own little nephew and niece, who lived in the house where the school was. Little Elma, indeed, would have been thought too young for any school, except her auntie's, under her own papa's roof. And yet Elma felt herself a match for Charley, any day, when they were together.

When the school first began, more than a year before Ernest, or Margie, or Walter began to attend, Elma began with it as a scholar. Then she was not quite three years old, and sometimes she had the same effect upon the other children as "a lamb at school." But, as the scholars knew that if they did "laugh and play" Miss Phoebe would send Elma in to her mamma, they tried to keep straight faces, and treasured up her funny little sayings and doings to laugh over at recess.

One day Elma was scribbling earnestly on a slate; after a while she said to Susie Nott, in a loud whisper: "I've made a horsey on my slate!"

Susie looked and nodded, though she could not make out "head or tail" of the horse.

"Take it off now!" said Elma, and she held up the slate to be washed with Susie's sponge.

Another time she was watching a bug, or beetle, which lay on the floor without moving.

"Poor bug, all dead!" she said to herself, pityingly, and then nudged Charley to look at it.

Something else arrested her attention,

and when she glanced back at the beetle it was slowly travelling across the floor.

"Oh, see the bug now, Charley! Is it mended?" said Elma.

Once when the geography class was reciting, Miss Phoebe was explaining to the children about the productions of different climates. Elma sat beside her auntie, gravely listening, and presently announced:

"My bruvver Charley sared some beans, out of the squash, when mamma cut it, and he's going to plant 'em in the summer, and have some onions grow!"

Charley and Elma were generally very loving and kind to each other, and did not often have a serious quarrel. But one morning when the school-bell rang they came in with clouded faces, and glanced at each other several times rather crossly. They had been with their papa for an early drive before school, and on the way they chose sides, as they often did while riding. That is, Charley claimed everything that they saw on one side of the road, and Elma had the other side for her's.

"I've got a beautiful flower-bed, in front of that house!" cried Elma.

"Have you? I've got a cunning little dog. Oh, and a swing! See how high that boy is swinging in it!"

"That's nice! Oh, see my little ducks, and my calfy over there in the pasture!"

So they went on, until at last Elma screamed, with delight,

"Oh, Charley, three dear, pretty rabbits for me! See—in that field!"

Charley was envious now.

"Say, Elma, let's change sides!" said he.

"Oh, no; 'cause then the rabbits would be yours, and I want 'em for mine!"

"Let me own one of them!" But Elma shook her head.

"You'll have lots of nice things on your side," she said.

"I think you're awful stingy!" answered Charley.

Papa had been driving slowly up the steep hill while this went on, and was so busy with his own thoughts that he did not notice the children's prattle until these angry words came out. Then he said,

"Tut, tut! Don't quarrel, little ones."

But, as I said, the cross feelings lasted until they reached home and had gone into school. Miss Phoebe noticed this, and when she had a few moments to spare she called Charley and Elma to her side.

"What is the matter, children?" she



"THREE DEAR, PRETTY RABBITS FOR ME!"

Of course the children had to laugh then, and they wondered what sort of climate Charley would need to raise onions from squash seeds.

"He's going to, isn't he, Aunt Phoebe?" said Elma; "and I'm going to plant all the egg shells, and have some eggs grow in my garden!"

By the time Elma was four years old she was a very sedate little scholar; only, even then she would ask funny questions sometimes. As, when her auntie was telling some of the children about the motions of the earth around the sun, Elma asked:

"Auntie, does the sun turn into the moon at night?"

asked, in a low voice, so as not to disturb the scholars who were studying.

"Charley wanted my rabbits!"

"Well, auntie, she had three, and she wouldn't let me own one!"

Auntie was puzzled until she remembered their drive, then she guessed what it meant.

"Were they wild rabbits, out in the field?" she asked.

Charley guessed they were wild.

"Were they quarrelling, Elma? Was one little rabbit keeping all the good things away from the others?"

"Why, no, auntie, of course not! Why, they were cuddling down together just as nice as could be!"

"Just think," said auntie, "how they would feel if they could understand that two little children were quarrelling about them! If you had some rabbits that were truly your own, Elma, would you like to keep them all yourself, and not let brother Charley own a share?"

"Why, no, I wouldn't!" said Elma, and, after a little struggle, she added, "You may own one of my field rabbits, Charley, and I'll own one, and the other we'll own together!"

Miss Phoebe smiled at them, and sent them quietly to their seats, and she smiled again as she saw Charley give his little sister's hand a loving squeeze on the way.

After school Miss Phoebe called Elma and Charley to take a walk with her.

"Would you like to see some tame rabbits?" she asked, and there was no doubt left in her mind by their answer.

Miss Phoebe took the children to a house off on a by-road. She knocked at the door, and asked for "Barney."

"I think he's out feeding his rabbits," said the pale woman who opened the door.

"Oh, then, may I take these little folks out there? I came to ask if they might see the rabbits."

Barney's mother said,

"Certainly."

And they went round to a shed back of the house. Part of this shed was divided off with wire screening, and, looking through the wire, the children saw Barney and the rabbits, too.

"Oh, what beauties!" cried Charley. "They're all white! How pretty white rabbits are!"

"Oh, Charley, see those dear, dear little ones!" cried Elma, clapping her hands.

"Well, Barney, have you any ready for sale now?" asked Miss Phoebe.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; all these nearly grown ones are large enough. There are three pairs of them, you see," and Barney reached after one and another of his pets.

"Auntie, are you going to buy some of those dear, pretty rabbits?" asked Charley, with sparkling eyes.

"I thought of it, Charley. Have you forgotten that it is somebody's birthday today?"

"Mine! Oh, will they be for me, then?" and Charley fairly danced with joy; so that the old rabbits made a rush for their burrow.

Elma stood by, with her little hands clasped, looking at Charley, and then at the rabbits.

"Auntie, Elma shall own them with me; may she?—because she said I might own part of her wild ones."

"Very well, dear; that is a kind thought.

And now Barney wants you to choose your pair."

"Why, aren't they all alike?" asked Charley.

"They are not all alike to me," Barney said, and he pointed out some little differences.

"Well, you help me choose, Elma," said Charley.

And after due consideration the important bargain was made, and Barney promised to bring the pair home within an hour.

To the children's surprise, when they reached home they found their papa busy building a rabbit-hutch. So the little rabbits found a home directly.

And Charley and Elma never quarrelled about them once.

A SUNDAY SERVICE AT CAMP CHOCORUA.

BY K. S. H.

As I am sure every boy who reads THE CHURCHMAN will have his curiosity and interest aroused by the word "camp," I may as well begin by telling you a little about Camp Chocorua. On an island in one of the most beautiful lakes in the White Mountain region are the permanent wooden buildings of this summer camp for boys. Here every year nearly the same boys spend three months in a healthy, happy outdoor life, and the place might well be called a boys' paradise, so thoroughly "good," in boy language, are the times they have. The name of the camp is taken from grand old Mt. Chocorua, which, nearly thirty-five miles in the distance, raises its bald, gray summit far above the surrounding hills.

One bright, clear, cool Sunday afternoon in August we started from our hotel in a large mountain wagon, and drove nearly four miles over a rough but picturesque road to a point on the shore of the lake nearest to camp. Here we were met by a party of camp boys and quickly rowed over to the island. I wish you could see this island, with its quaint camp buildings, seven in number, its sandy beach, its placid cove, where a fleet of tiny white canoes lay peacefully at anchor, its fine trees, and, best of all, the twenty-two brown, healthy, happy boys who love this island almost as dearly as their homes.

After landing and greeting the many boys familiar to us from our frequent visits, we started for the chapel, following a winding path under the trees to the extreme end of the island. Here, in a grove of white birch trees, the boys have made a clearing, built rustic seats, and Nature, as though working with the boys, has placed a large flat-topped stone, which answers well for a reading-desk and could be used for an altar. In fact it is always called the altar by the camp, and every Sunday it is dressed with ferns, golden rod, pond lilies, or any fresh wild flowers that are in blossom. A large white birch cross stands on this rock altar; I won't try to tell you how many feet high, as I am very stupid about measurements, but it adds greatly to the impressiveness of the chapel. A small cabinet organ, which can easily be carried to and from the chapel by the boys, furnishes the music for the services, and on this Sunday one of the camp gentlemen accompanied the organ with his violin.

Quietly, reverently, as though in a real church, the boys took their places on the rustic seats. All were dressed in the regular camp uniform of gray and red, and were bare headed. After a few moments of silence, "Onward, Christian soldiers" was heard in the distance, sung by the camp choir, as they marched in procession along the winding path. The choir is constituted of such men and boys in the camp as possessed voices, and they had been carefully and faithfully drilled by a member of the camp faculty.

Of course you know there was no priest at this service, but Mr. B——, the originator and owner of the camp, wearing a plain black cassock, took his place by the big rock and impressively began to read the form of Evening Prayer. The versicles and psalter were chanted by the choir, assisted by some ladies among the guests. At the close of the regular evening service the hymn, "Art thou weary, art thou languid," was beautifully rendered; the first two lines of each verse were sung as solos by the different voices, the remaining lines being given by the entire choir. No sermon or address followed, but at the close of the hymn all knelt, and Mr. B—— read the Commandments, the choir chanting the responses as in a choral service. We all know the Commandments have no place in evening service, but the reading of the old Mosaic law seemed a fitting close for this particular service, and a good moral lesson for the boys to carry with them through the week.

Then followed the offertory, for every boy is expected to give every Sunday some portion of his allowance, or of money earned in camp work, as I can assure you the camp is no mere holiday place, but a great deal of real hard work is done by these boys. During past seasons the offertory has been used for subscriptions to papers and magazines for hospitals and news boys' clubs in New York City, and I suppose it will be appropriated to such objects this year, but on this particular Sunday of which I am telling, the money was for work of the Bishop of New Hampshire. I am sure you will be surprised and interested, and will wish the boys success, when I tell you that this summer they commenced a fund to endow a bed in the boys' ward of St. Mary's Hospital, New York, and they have formed a charity contracting committee to do work and earn money for this object. Two thousand dollars will be needed, but the boys do not seem appalled by the largeness of the sum.

But we have drifted away from the service, so let us go back to the chapel and listen while the choir rise and sing, "All things come of Thee, O, Lord!" and Mr. B—— places the alms basin on the rock altar. A few collects were read, the choir chanted the *Nunc Dimittis*, and then the procession formed and slowly left the chapel singing, "Hark! hark! my soul!" As the voices died away in the distance, I think every one present felt that in every way the service was beautiful, reverent and touching.

No one present that Sunday will ever forget the scene; overhead through the trees the blue arch of sky, here and there glimpses of the beautiful lake sparkling under the rays of the western sun, and in the distance grand old Chocorua, seen

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ingly keeping watch over all. Surely, to the last days of their lives, these Chocoran boys will remember their Sunday services in the island chapel, and certainly they will be the better men for the kind, watchful care, interest and affection of their great friend, companion and adviser, Mr. B.—

I never visit Camp Chocorra without wishing every joy, manly boy throughout the land might enjoy just such a boys' paradise as this, and I am sure every boy who reads this sketch will echo my wish.

ART.

A SOLDIERS' and sailors' monument is to be erected on the plaza at the entrance of Prospect Park, Brooklyn, at a cost of \$250,000. The architect is R. M. Hunt, and J. Q. A. Ward is working up his designs.

MR. I. M. GARGENGOLO's "On the Promenade," which was exhibited in Boston, was very effective in its rendering of the costume of two models of the time of the directory. It was not long without a purchaser.

A NEW "Holy Family," by Correggio, unspolied in the principal details, has been discovered and restored through Herr Pentler, the custodian of the Vienna Art Academy. It has been recolored three times.

THERE is at South Kensington, England, a picture of Niagara painted by a Massachusetts artist named Wickers, before there were any houses near the falls. It is said to have artistic merit as well as historical.

SOME of the heads in some of Rubens's pictures which have been supposed to be fanciful creations, are now found to be counterparts of heads of some statues in Mantua. It is supposed Rubens made studies of them when residing there.

BRONZE portrait busts have been executed by Thomas Woolner of Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell, the Earl of Derby, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone. They are to be placed in the Executive Council Chamber of Sydney, New South Wales.

ABROAD the talents of the best artists are employed in interior decorations. Alma Tadema has not thought it beyond the scope and dignity of his profession. Something of the same kind has been done in this city, but only a beginning has been made.

THE value of the works of art belonging to the City of Paris is appraised at \$2,451,890. In this sum is included the value of works in the civil buildings, religious edifices, parks, public gardens, highways, etc. The estimate is much lower than we should have placed it.

MUNKACZY is at work upon a painting, the "Death of Mozart," of the same size as his "Milton." Mozart is represented as reclining in an arm-chair feebly attempting to beat time, while four friends sing a requiem. Behind the chair are two female figures manifesting their grief.

THE Louvre has obtained an antique male statue, life-size, holding in one hand a lyre formed of the carapace of a tortoise, and resting the other hand on the trunk of a tree. The "Diane" has been removed from the hall to which it gave its name, and placed in the Salle la Caze.

A PORTRAIT of Albert Durer, painted by himself in 1503, has been found in Germany. In the Albertina collection of Vienna there is one inscribed, "This is a likeness of myself, made in 1484, by means of a looking-glass, when I was a child. Albrecht Durer." It is a marvellous work for a child.

THE Symphony and Oratorio Societies have at length completed their arrangements and issued their prospectuses for the coming season.

Mr. Hilborne L. Roosevelt continues President of the "Symphony," and the Rev. Wm. H. Cook, of the "Oratorio."

The concerts of both societies are to be given at the Metropolitan Opera House, where perfect ventilation, exquisite decorations, and inexhaustible seating capacity invite the public.

The "Oratorio" gives three concerts, and three public rehearsals, and the selections are of highest importance, viz. (I.), "The Grand Requiem Mass of Berlioz" (II.), "The Messiah," and (III.) Wagner's Sacred Musical-Drama, "Parsifal," without mutilations or omissions. This latter event is likely to prove the climacteric of musical interest this season, as it will be the first delivery in America, and it will draw from many parts of the country the leading disciples of the music of the future. The concerts will be given November 19, December 19, 1885, and March 4, 1886, and the rehearsals, as usual on the preceding afternoons.

The "Symphony" proposes a series of six concerts and six rehearsals. The opening programme, for November 7, presents "Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony," "The Parsifal Vorspiel," "Raff's Walpurgisnacht," "Liszt's Orchestrated Rhapsodie Hongroise," with two arias for Fräulein Brandt, from Liszt and Gluck. The rehearsals are given on the afternoons before the concerts. The management announce many novelties of great interest, proposed by Mr. Walter Damrosch during his recent visit to Europe. It almost goes without saying that Mr. Damrosch is director of both societies.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

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SCIENCE.

MICHAEL ANGELO underestimated the lateral strain upon the cylindrical portion of St. Peter's dome in Rome, and huge cracks appeared in it about 1681. In 1747, after finding by close mathematical calculations that the strain exceeded the resisting power by 1,000 tons, six iron bands were put around the dome and there has been now for 138 years no further trouble.

THE mortality tables for July show that the following cities were the most unhealthy of those in this country, and in this respect they went before all the cities of Europe but one: Yonkers, Richmond, Va., Mobile, New York and Brooklyn. Yonkers leads the way with a rate of 38.6 to the 1,000, and none of the others fall below 37. The rate of Königsburg, in Europe, is 39 per 1,000.

A PHOTOGRAPH of a section of the sky has been taken at the Paris Observatory some five degrees square, which shows 3,000 stars on a ten-inch square plate. These are distinctly seen on the plate stars of the fourteenth and fifteenth magnitude. If this portion of the sky is fairly representative, the number of stars, visible to the fourteenth magnitude inclusive, must be more than 20,000,000.

THE inclined plane of the Pennsylvania Railroad by means of steel cables hauls up teams, and freight and passenger cars with the utmost ease. It is 840 feet long, with a rise of nearly forty-three feet to the hundred. It is built on arches, with spans of 232 feet, 120 feet and 60 feet. The cables, entirely of steel, are the largest ever made in this country, and the whole structure has been built without regard to cost.

THE Anthropological Congress, soon to meet in Rome, will have before it a collection of 700 skulls of criminals numbered and classified, with photographs of 3,000 and the brains of more than 150 convicts. They will have thousands of autographs, poems, etc., by criminals. Maps of crime in Europe, with reference to food, institutions, suicide, meteorology, etc. We will furnish a curious study and the conclusions will be looked for with interest.

SOME time ago vessels arriving from sea reported large areas of surface as covered with dead tile fish. From that day no trace of the tile fish has been discovered, and it would seem as if the whole species had been destroyed. Professor Baird thinks it may have been done by cold currents penetrating the waters where they lived. It is only about five years ago that the tile fish was first made known to us by officers of the United States Fish Commission.

M. DOMEYK gives some curious conclusions of his forty-six years of observations on earthquakes in Chili. They are more frequent in the north part where the Andes are 15,000 feet high and there are no volcanoes, than in the south part with its volcanoes and lower mountains. The effects upon buildings depends more upon the nature of the soil than the violence of the shocks. Where there are several shocks the same day it is the second or third that is the most devastating.

THERE is an imitation Japan that may be applied both to iron and wood-work, and it will look nearly as well as if it came from a Japanner's oven. The article at first receives a coat of size, mixed with ivory-black, and when it is dry it is sand-papered and covered with another coat. Then repaint and smooth, taking care not to expose the color of the wood. Mix black Japan with turpentine until it will run from the brush, and give a coat, perhaps two coats may be necessary, in a warm room free from dust.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

IN VIEW of the recent appearance of the revised version of the Old Testament, we feel that a special interest will arise with reference to the history of the Bible. We have therefore secured Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.'s edition of Dr. Mombert's "Hand-Book of the English Versions of the Bible," published at \$2.50, and offer it, with THE CHURCHMAN, at \$5.00, or to subscribers now fully in advance at \$1.50.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

The great event in the Church during the last week was the Church Congress at New Haven. It had been admirably prepared for, both by its own secretary and committees, and by the local committees of entertainment, and it was admirably conducted throughout. Preceded by the Holy Communion, with an earnest, loving address by the Bishop of Minnesota, it was opened with a notable speech by its chairman. This speech struck the key-note for the whole congress. It was remarkable not only for the dignified courtesy of its delivery, but also for its conservative independence of thought. The time has, indeed, come when what is merely human in theology, what is new and not the old faith or doctrine, must be rooted out, even if another reformation is required. It was altogether fortunate that the congress was held in Connecticut, and so had the advantage of the presidency of the bishop of that diocese.

As to the subjects of discussion it was of necessity the case that some should be old, and therefore that little which was new should be elicited in their discussion. But the writers and the speakers, with scarcely an exception, evinced that they had thought deep upon the subjects of which they treated. There was little of "buncombe," and a vast deal of earnestness. They differed thoroughly. But the statement of differences made each see the other more clearly, and appreciate him the more.

After all, it is a great step toward unity, to bring differing men upon the same platform. It is one thing for a student, a defender of his opinions, to sit in his study and think, and write against one who differs with him, and quite another thing to meet him personally in public debate. He is no longer an abstract, but a concrete being. The two find that they have many things in common; that they are both men of like passions, yes, and what is better, of like virtues and like excellences of character. The personal presence may be provoking, but it is provoking to love and to good works.

At the congress, that most profound, far-reaching, all-absorbing topic—the Atonement—was discussed from all sides, and in such a spirit that men with a reasonable faith, who had previously dreaded and deprecated the introduction of so sacred a theme to the forum of the congress, were not only disarmed of their apprehensions, but were profoundly grateful for the discussion. Æstheticism in worship was a subject which promised to produce a spicy, keen, debate, and it kept its promise. It was apparent that the laity were not a whit behind the clergy in their interest in, and in their knowledge of the principles of worship.

Acrimony, if there was any, was confined strictly to the Tariff Question, for on that men may differ as widely as they like. It is not a matter of theology. Still less is it a science. Apparently it never will be. The best financiers and political economists do not understand it, and they never will.

Church Unity seemed on the whole to be the subject of profoundest interest. And well it might. It is the comprehensive,

all-absorbing need of the day, and Churchmen may well devote time and thought to determining what shall be done and what shall be undone, in bringing into their proper place those who still refuse their allegiance to the one holy, universal, apostolic Church.

It need not be said that the presence of America's distinguished guest, the Venerable Archdeacon, Dr. Farrar, gave a special and valued attractiveness to the congress.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has set forth some "prayers for the approaching election" with an expression of his wish that they may be used in his diocese. It need not be said that the prayers are reverent and devout in spirit and in form, and perfectly appropriate to public use. It is easy to see, however, that their very adaptation to public use allows them to be employed by all parties, and with any political intention that the worshipper may cherish. To the Conservative they will be a devout petition for the defeat of the Liberals. To the Liberal they will seem to ask for the success of his own party. Each will read into them his own party hopes and fears, and will employ them for the confusion of his adversaries. It may be gravely asked, we think, whether such use of public prayer is desirable. It is not that the prayers set forth by the Primate are not excellent. On the contrary, they are so admirable that it is to be wished that they might be used at all times. It is only when they are set forth to be used with reference to a particular crisis like the approaching election, concerning which men are sure to differ, that the use of them is open to grave question. The serious employment of them at this juncture by the two opposing political camps will hardly tend, we fear, to promote belief in the sincerity or efficiency of public prayer.

The news that comes from Copenhagen of the trouble between the Danish government and people reads like a page out of the history of the seventeenth century. It is hardly credible that a constitutional monarch like Christian IX., in a country where the rights of the people are so clearly guarded by constitutional guarantees, could be led to occupy a position so untenable and so critical as that which he has assumed in relation to the popular branch of his parliament. For some reason or other the King of Denmark has been more kindly thought of and spoken of outside of his own kingdom than usually falls to the lot of reigning princes. Whether this has been due to the story of the simplicity and poverty of his life before he succeeded to the throne, to the affection that has dignified his domestic life, to the beauty and attractiveness of his daughters, and the brilliant marriages which they have made, or to the worth of his own character, it is certain that he has stood high among contemporary rulers. It is a matter of sincere regret, therefore, to see him engaged in a struggle with his parliament and people much the same as that which drove the Stuarts from England and the Bourbons from France. Unless he shall somehow learn wisdom before it is too late, there is little doubt that a like fate will over-

take him and his house. There may be no bloody revolution and no use of the headman's axe. Kings are no longer so important or so dangerous that it is necessary to kill them or to shut them up. King Christian's castle of Glücksburg, whence, in 1863, he was called to the throne, is conveniently situated just across the border, in the duchy of Schleswig, which, since his accession, has been absorbed by Prussia, and thither he could easily retire if fortune should deprive him of his crown. Or, if Prince Bismarck should object, he can easily and comfortably emigrate in a Cunard steamer to this country. There is room enough here for all the unfortunate and oppressed; and an exiled king could hardly do better than come here, be naturalized, and settle down to the enjoyment of the privileges of citizenship.

From the accounts which reach us there is abundant evidence of the interest and success of the National Prison Reform Congress, which held its annual session last week in Detroit. The discussions of the various topics on the programme were all marked by distinguished ability, and gave evidence of such careful research and earnest thought as augur well for the important and unselfish work which the association has in hand. On the last day a set of resolutions was adopted, which may be considered as summing up the results of the congress. They recommend the industrial training of children as an important means of preventing crime; promptness and certainty in the detection and punishment of criminal offences; the investing of the wardens of prisons with the power to appoint and remove all subordinates, and with responsibility for their character and service; the making of the rescue and reformation of the prisoner the primary and controlling aim in all prison discipline; a thorough reformation of the county jails of the country, so that all contaminating intercourse between those confined therein shall be impossible, and the establishment of houses of detention for accused persons and witnesses, distinct from the prisons to which convicted persons are consigned; the establishment, wherever practicable, of separate prisons for women, to be governed by officers of their own sex; and that in determining the kind of productive labor which shall be used, regard should be had not to its effect upon labor outside of the prisons, nor to its cost to the taxpayers, but to its effect in promoting or injuring the reformatory discipline of the prison. It should be added that these recommendations were made after a most thorough and exhaustive discussion of each topic, and were adopted with substantial unanimity.

At the meeting of the New York Classis of the Reformed Church, which was held the other day, the pastor of a "down-town" church made a vigorous appeal for permission to remove his church to another locality. The reason which he urged with most vehemence was the disreputable character of the neighborhood and the wickedness of the people. From the account of the discussion which has been

published, it would seem that the ground of the pastor's contention was not the absence of population, but their depravity. Indeed, he drew quite a striking picture of the crowded houses within a stone's throw of his church, the inmates of which could, in summer, when the doors were open, "see the pastor in his pulpit." The result, urged this zealous pastor, was the emptying of his church, because the respectable people disliked going to such a neighborhood, and the consequent inability of the congregation to pay expenses; and he predicted that unless the removal which he asked for should be allowed at once, the work would be abandoned and "the shutters go up on the church." We do not undertake to fault the reverend gentleman's application for permission to abandon such a field. From his standpoint, perhaps, it seemed the only thing to do. If the Gospel is to be preached only to the respectable, and only when those to whom it is preached are able and willing to pay for it, as seems to be his understanding of it, then, perhaps, it should be provided only in those localities where respectable people live, or to which they will go. Meanwhile, what is to become of the unsavory locality from which this pastor would fly? Who is to preach there the old Gospel to the poor? and who shall support the ministry of such a gospel? We commend these questions to some of the rich Churchmen of New York and elsewhere. In all the large cities of the land there are localities in quite as evil case as this, and where the case is quite as hopeless under any system of mere congregationalism or parochialism. In England, one strong argument in favor of the Established Church is that she is able to hold her own, and to minister to the poor and outcast, because of her endowment. In this country we have only the endowment that lies in the interest and affection of our people; but if this is available, as it should be, there is no reason why, under the Church's system of episcopal administration, such work should not be as thoroughly done in our cities as anywhere in the world.

Among the notable happenings of the day is the declaration made by Cardinal Newman against the disestablishment of the Church of England. In a recent public address he advised Roman Catholics to assist the Conservatives in maintaining the establishment against the attacks of its enemies, declaring that "it is one of the greatest bulwarks of England against atheism," and promising it the support of his friends. It is supposed that this utterance will greatly assist the Conservatives in the coming election, and will aid them in securing an alliance with the Irish party. It is well known, however, that Cardinal Newman does not represent the influence that exerts most control in Irish ecclesiastical matters. He has always been too much an Englishman to be a thorough-going papist. It is pretty certain that there are Roman Catholic dignitaries in England and Ireland whose zeal for alliance with the Conservatives will be cooled rather than heated by the cardinal's plea for the Established Church. However honorable, therefore, this utterance may be to Dr. Newman as an Englishman and a Christian, it is not likely, we venture to predict, to cut much figure in the coming campaign against the establishment.

TENTH CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Tenth Church Congress opened in New Haven, Conn., on Tuesday, October 20, with the celebration of the Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M., in Trinity Church, by the Bishop of Maine, assisted by Rev. Dr. G. S. Wildes. There was a large number both of clergy and lay present. In the chancel, besides the celebrant, were the Bishops of Connecticut and Minnesota. The address was by the Bishop of Minnesota:

Our Lord said to us, "Come, turn aside with Me and rest awhile." The Church repeats her Master's words, she calls His children to give to Christ as ministers the sacrament as she has ministered it for a thousand years. There is no name sweeter than Holy Communion. Communion with a present Christ and Saviour who will be to troubled folks what he was to Mary Magdalene as she knelt at His feet. When the tie that bound man to God was broken, all other ties snapped asunder. We cannot kneel beside His table and not have sad thoughts come,—thoughts that everywhere hedges have been builded in the Lord's garden. It's most sad to think of Christian division. All around us men are asking, in doubt and despair, is there any God? We thank God that while we Church folks are as narrow as any other people on earth, because we are men, yet the Church recognizes the validity of all other baptisms and has faith in the wisdom of the incarnate Son of God, she recognizes that the Holy Ghost is the salvation for us, and it is the Holy Ghost which keeps up the life current between us and those who walk in heaven. Our Saxon fathers gave this dear feast the name of the sacrament. Every off-recurring communion should be a fresh consecration to Him who gave His life blood for us. Unbelief will scoff at the Church, alas, it will doubt the Christ of history. The Christ that lives with us, works through us and speaks to us, none can gainsay or deny. The originators of the Church Congress bided wiser than they knew. World-wide Christ is stirring the hearts of His people. Wherever you find a great heart, it is pondering over the incarnate mystery of creation. A little while 'oh! such a little while to do the work the Master has given us to do, and then rest in the paradise above.

At noon the congress met at Carl's Opera House, which was quite filled, over two thousand being present. After brief preliminary devotions, the Bishop of Connecticut, who presided, read the

OPENING ADDRESS.

It is my duty and far more my privilege, in the position with which you, brethren and friends, members of the Tenth Church Congress, have honored me, to bid you welcome to this doxace and to this, one of its chief cities. In extending to you a cordial greeting I am not speaking for myself alone, nor yet for the good people of this city. I speak for the diocese, and I may venture to add for the State as well. Permit me to express the hope—I trust it will not miss its fulfillment—that you will bear away with you not only pleasant memories of your session, but also of the city, the State, and the diocese in which it is to be held. May the results of our coming together be more than all that we dare to anticipate. It is true that we are not here to decree anything, to bind ourselves or others to anything, to pass any hard and fast resolutions which are to be maintained and enforced in the face of any and all opposition. Indeed, it is almost, if not quite, a truism to say this. But even truisms are not altogether without their use. But surely disputation for the sake of a forensic victory and discussion in the interests of truth are widely different things, though they are readily confounded by persons who are either unwillful or unable to take the trouble to distinguish things that differ. Mere disputation is less than worthless, alike in its temper and its results. Fair and honest discussion can never issue in anything but good.

I inspect that a good deal of the unbelief

which is hastily charged upon the discussions of the Reformation period of the sixteenth century is rather to be traced to habits of mind engendered by those scholastic disputations and exhibitions of intellectual gladiatorialship which, after the revival of learning, became so popular in Europe, and came, one may say, into the places of the tournaments of earlier days. When a scholar of those times consulted the lists with three hundred and more propositions which he was bound to maintain against all comers, when both attack and defence "consisted almost wholly in advancing authorities, *pro* and *con*, on every point, inventing fine doubts as to the meaning of these authorities, and tripping up each other by every trick of word-splitting authorized by the subtleties of dialectic fence," then only one result could follow. All truth, even the most sacred and awful, must have come to be regarded as a plaything to be sported with, a ball to be tossed about by skillful combatants—in short, an utter immorality.

No wonder then that a terrible vengeance followed such a fearful perversion. We wonder that the heart against the just claims to reverence and humble obedience of that which stands next to God Himself should have been left to follow out the way which they had chosen to the bitter end of indifference first and at last of unbelief. Why, it may be asked, should one speak of this! Simply because there are many, very many persons, who, confuting this capricious disputations, with honest and manly discussion, shrink from and fear the latter because of results which are due only to the former, and dread the contact of differing thoughts and convictions that are living and real because of the deep wrong and abiding harm that have been wrought by these unmeaning contests in which altered thoughts and expressed convictions, methods, and results are alike shams and unrealities. Let it be understood, everywhere and always, that truth, all truth, can never suffer or be endangered by frank and free discussion, provided always that one thing is borne in mind.

In all departments of human knowledge or belief—and it is difficult to see why the *credenda* of the Christiana truth, faith, should be excepted from this law—there are certain great truths, which in themselves considered, lie outside the limits of possible discussion, and from which, as a basis, all discussion must start. In science, for instance, no one but a man ignorant of its first principles would undertake to discuss the phenomena of what we term the solar system with another who deided the system of any certain sun round which that system revolves. With such an one that elementary scientific truth might be so far matter of discussion as to involve its certainty, its position as an absolute and fundamental truth, but till that was settled and admitted any further discussion of the phenomena attended to would surely be barren. Their discussion presupposes certain admitted and established truths, and this one among the number. It is difficult, as has been said, to see why settled truths in morals and in the faith should be regarded as lying entirely outside of this law.

I do not mean to say that such things do not present different aspects to different ages and changed conditions of human thought and life. So those unchanging truths they are sometimes called the everlasting—hills present themselves under the changed aspects as imparted to them by the morning or evening twilight, or the noonday glow; by the effects produced by shadows of passing clouds; by the fresh life of springtide; the glory of summer greenness, or the snow of winter, which yet in themselves their inner structure and being, they remain the same, the grandest earthly emblems of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

There is another thought that suggests itself just here, not altogether foreign to what has now been said, though it bears chiefly on matters of religious belief and incidentally of practice.

We are all of us familiar with the apothem—a half-truth is a whole error. The same may surely be said of a single truth or aspect of a truth, dissociated from its proper place and taken out of its rightful connections. Herein

I am persuaded we find the origin and cause of many sharp doctrinal discussions, and of many attacks of unbelief. We may add to these, and with the same comment, that theories about doctrines are true, or false, often for into the place of the doctrines or truths themselves, much in the same way in which the two things just spoken of usurp the same position.

Let, then, any one of these mistakes occur; let some single truth or doctrine, or some single aspect of either, be distorted and isolated from its proper connections and relations; above all, let some human theory about a doctrine or truth be thrust into the place of the doctrine or truth itself; and who can measure the disastrous results! It comes to this in the end, that the merely human theory of speculation is so identified with, and so usurps the position of the doctrine once revealed and then transmitted in the Church of God, that it fills the field of vision. And then, when a few generations, or a few centuries, it may have gone by, men talk of this as old doctrine, a title to which it has no claim, and in its break down the true doctrine falls with it. What do we see in more than one country in Europe to-day, but this very thing! The faith once given to the saints has been weighed down and over-shadowed by the assumptions and vagaries of scholasticism, enforced as part of the faith itself, till the ill-compacted mass has given way; till the faith itself has been buried in the ruins, and the dread silence of utter unbelief broods over the wreck of what men have most unhapily, most wrongly, identified with Christianity.

Something of the same sort may be witnessed nearer home. How often it is said, all about this country, that the old doctrine is abandoned and cast aside, when the real truth is that that which called old is simply new, is nothing but one or another theory of a single great sixteenth century mind, a mind which evolved what has been termed the Protestant scholasticism, beyond and back of whose theories and speculations the real truth and the ancient doctrine lies. Even so, beyond the theories which have broken the beams of pure white light into the various colors of the spectrum, we find the pure white beam again.

These truths, so important to be remembered in all discussions which touch on Christian doctrine, have equally important bearing on that subject which occupies so large a place in the thoughts and hopes of Christian view, the unity of a divided Christendom. It is not for him who is honored with the duty of presiding over the discussions of the congress to attempt, in any way, to deal with one of the topics introduced in its programme. But this much may, I think, be said.

In approaching the great subject of Christian unity, it is most encouraging and hopeful to remember that we approach it under conditions widely different from those which prevailed not many years ago.

First of all, there was then a disposition to look first at points of difference. Now, it would seem men are ready, or are getting ready, to look first at points of agreement. Now it is said that there is some danger in an era of good nature. No doubt there is some truth in the saying. But I venture to think there is a great deal more danger in an era of ill nature. If an apostle could expect believers to be ready to give a reason of the hope that was in them, surely they who profess themselves Christians may well approach each other in the same spirit, and put away all wrath and clamor and evil speaking.

Secondly, and the great importance of this fact can hardly be overestimated, we have passed far beyond the stages of discussion when men talked of the advantages of division and separation, because they provoked out "good works"; the other, not unimportant word in the passage, the word "love" is I believe, generally omitted in the quotation. To-day we are ready to admit the evils of division, not only in view of what he immediately about them, but also in view of the conversion of the world; are ready to own that our Master and Lord meant what He said when He uttered the prayer, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in

Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

I am delaying you too long from other and more important things; and I will only add these inspiring and of the same kind hopeful words of a great divine: "We live amid closing histories and falling institutions; there is an axe laid at the root of many trees; foundations of fabrics have been long going away and the visible tottering commences; the earth quakes and the heavens do tremble.

"The sounds of great downfalls and great disruptions come from different quarters; old combinations start asunder; a great crash is heard, and it is some vast mass that has just broken off from the rock and gone down into the chasm below. A great volume of time is now shutting; the roll is folded up for the registry, and we must open another. Never again—never though ages pass away—never any more under the heavens shall be seen forms and fabrics and structures and combinations that we have seen. They have taken their places among the departed shapes and organisms deposited in that vast mausoleum which receives sooner or later all human creatures. The mould in which they were made is broken, and their successors will be cast from a new mould. The world is evidently at the end of one era and is entering upon another, but there will remain a Christian and the Christian Church to enlighten ignorance, to fight with sin and to conduct men to eternity."

After the address the Rev. Dr. G. D. Wildes, General Secretary, delivered a brief necrological memorial of members deceased during the year.

TUESDAY EVENING.

The congress is already a full-blown success. The attendance is marked both by high intelligence and deep earnestness. There is little room or disposition for frivolity or superficial attention. There seems to be a solid fulcrum, a sufficient leverage, and unexpected power, for this joint movement against misconception and ecclesiastical impracticability. The outgrowth must be something solid and encouraging. The people here know how to manage such a congress. Ushers are at the railroad station to welcome and direct visitors, while their hospitality has ransacked the city in the service of expected guests. Yale, through its venerable president, who sits with his guest, Archdeacon Farrar, at the right of Bishop Williams, offers its warmest welcome. The congress has captured both college and city, and were Carl's opera house twice as roomy it would be filled. Many clergymen of various ecclesiastical bodies are in attendance.

TORIC: "The Christian Doctrine of the Atonement."

PAPERS.

THE REV. C. A. L. RICHARDS, D.D., of Providence, R. I.

For the Platonic doctrine of ideas we study the dialogues of Plato. For the Christian doctrine of the Atonement shall we not turn to the sayings of Jesus? What is that doctrine? Its friends shall state it. We may take it as a sober expression of a common view of the Atonement as put forth by an able authority in the English Church, and adopted by leading divines of other Christian bodies, that God the Father laid upon His Son the weight of the sins of the whole world, so that He bore in His own body the wrath that men must else have borne, because there was no other way of escape, and thus the Atonement was a manifestation of divine justice.

We have here four things—a concentration of wrath due to many upon one, a divine transfer of penalty from guilt to innocence, the descent of the Father's wrath upon His Son, in the very act of that Son's self-devotion, and in all these a display of divine—i. e., absolute and ideal, justice. Whether these statements harmonize or conflict with moral-

ity, philosophy, and sound theology, it is not the purpose of this paper to inquire. The simple question is, Do they speak the mind of Christ?

After reviewing many sayings of our Lord bearing upon His ministerial office on earth, in which the writer discerned no trace of the expiatory work, he continued: Now in all these words of Jesus, from which it is believed no relevant text has been omitted, there is none which suggest that our Lord had any work to do upon His Father, had any change to bring about either in the Divine nature or the Divine attitude toward men. The all look toward, not Godward. Hardly one out of two of these can conceivably be associated with the expiatory theory. They all are in full accord with the simple conception of a loving Son, who is the visible image of a loving Father, is born into the world to disclose His Father's heart and win thereby His brethren, becoming to every light and life, and freeing them from their sin by reconciling them to His Father, and giving them back their lost sense of sonship, and on the road to this divinely-blessed work, incurring with a willing mind the shame, the suffering, the death which men, not knowing what they do, inflict upon Him.

The advocates of the expiatory theory rest, then, their system, save a single, solitary phrase of Christ upon the words of His disciples and mainly St. Paul's. The Christ-saying is found in St. Matthew xx. 28. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life, a ransom for many." The words undoubtedly imply sacrifice, and may suggest expiation. They would comport with a forensic transaction. The context is enjoining unambitious service. How simply the thought unfolds itself. Let superiority show itself in service, let the lofty mood adjust itself to lowly duties, and an instance is our Lord's own thorough self-expenditure upon His people. The argument is, since the Master proved His mastery, the King His kingliness by self-sacrifice, do ye likewise, even as the Son of Man did. It is not an isolated occurrence or question to be regarded justly if by saying might comport with an expiatory theory otherwise established, and, so taken, it stands alone among the words of Jesus. Such an exposition is neither necessary nor natural.

We pass on to our Lord's general teachings. Could He frame a prayer for His people's use without some implication of His office to the victim of His Father's wrath, averting it from others? Elsewhere, in the Sermon on the Mount, there occurs no such allusion, veiled nor open, to such a doctrine. Turning to subsequent and later disclosures of Christ's teaching, we catch no glimpse of any further disclosures, as to the office of expiation.

The Parables were examined with the same result. In the Unmerciful Debtor we find the King simply moved with compassion, going royally beyond the debtor's prayer, and all "because thou desistest me." Then followed an examination of the latest teachings of our Lord. He spoke more than once of the inevitableness of His sufferings. The Lord's Anointed must go against the grain of the world, and endure its hardness. And He accepts the actual fate, and submits to it freely. It is not set forth as a solitary sacrifice, a unique and exclusive agony, but rather as a companionable and exemplary suffering. Paul would therefore afterward share the sufferings of Christ; to John and James the assurance was directly given that they should have part in them. If there be an apparent variance between the words of Jesus and the teaching of the disciples we must interpret the disciples by Jesus, rather than Jesus by the disciples. We are Christ's disciples, and of no other master. His word concerning Himself should be to us a final word.

THE REV. WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON, D.D., of New York.

We have to do with that great doctrine of which the Gospel is a synonym, the Eucharist a paraphrase, the Cross the sign. How shall any man venture to formulate a doctrine when the Holy Church throughout all the world has never done so—namely, to set forth in precise theological terms the Christian doctrine of the atonement.

There have been minute and numberless attempts in this direction, but nowhere save in the few broken words, "Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven," "was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate," "suffered," "was buried,"—nowhere, save here, can the voice of the Church universal be justly said to have set forth any *credo* of atonement.

Our first resort must be to the words of Christ and His Apostles; the second to the writings of the great interpreters. And for a helpful use of these lights we must approach the atonement of the Son of God, both as a process, and as an act accomplished; the process a process still unfolding—and a key to this study lies in the word "reconciliation," as presenting a more intelligible conception of atonement, or at-one-ment, or the setting at one those who before were set asunder, according to the etymological structure of the word. Yet so accustomed are we become to the secondary use of the Tyndall word, that Tyndall's meaning becomes hopelessly obscured. But "reconciliation" involves action between persons, and it presupposes such persons to have been originally friends. Every genuine reconciliation is a personal matter. We may learn from children's differences—non-intercourse, then coming together again—an illustration of the word and its meaning. What play is to children, council or society is to their elders; and for two men who have mutually forfeited one another's favor, to be brought back into society and friendliness, is the resumption of council or reconciliation.

This is reconciliation looked at as a process; but there is in every such a certain culmination which we may term the reconciliatory act; and this act may contain much and many things. We distinguish a climax in the process, as definite as that movement of chemical union wherein two substances, hitherto distinct, merge into a product which is the "new thing" it was proposed to make; and this answers to the reconciliatory act.

No reconciliation is achieved without pain somewhere; nor can we assume that that pain or suffering will be confined to the party in fault. In every act of forgiveness there is necessarily cost. It is free; not inexpensive. Looking at natural analogies, there is observable a certain law of equivalence, whereby it holds good that just as the arrest of motion develops heat, so the sudden checking of indignation at the tribute of love engenders suffering. Those who recognize no sacrificial character in the sufferings of Christ, cite in evidence against the costliness of forgiveness—the Parable of the Prodigal Son. But we must enter into the true value of those pregnant words, "and had compassion on him!" "He ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." There we have the reconciliatory act; but how little can we know of its accompaniments. Possibly had it been given us to look into that face as he thus turned and went, we should have discerned there a likeness of that great reconciler, whose visage was marred, more than any man. To forgive is something loftier than to condone. The one is without effort, the other requires it; and in all effort there is an element of pain. It is a law of ethics as sharply defined as any law of physics, that the deeper the injury the costlier the pardon.

Looking at the largeness of the Christian doctrine of the atonement, we shall see how large it is in this analysis of reconciliation. It also means an at-one-ment of persons. God is personal, so is man; and between these personal relations may and do exist.

A banishment of personality from religious conception is a loss of such words as these: "Love towards us," "compassion," "sympathy," "forgiveness," and this draws the stranger towards the doctrine of the atonement, because of its intensely personal character. It takes us back to the witness of a primal amity between God and man, antedating the alienation. So reconciliation is the renewal, and not the beginning, of concord. To start with the child is in the father's house. Behind original sin lies original righteousness. There came to pass, how, when, or where, we cannot certainly know, an alienation, a break between the spirit that is in us, and God who is a spirit. So that there came

to be needed not only at-one-ment between God and man, but between man and man.

It must begin from above; a motion of heaven to help earth. There was need that the hand of God should be present to heal so great a hurt, and in the person of the Lord God it came. But not without suffering could the end be brought to pass. The helper, who consented to be born into this lower life to set us right, must needs become closely acquainted with grief. He must love his own to the very death. Surely the evangelists could never have concentrated our attention on the cross so largely had not the death died there been a "precious death." Here is seen the need of clearly distinguishing between atonement as a process of reconciliation, the atonement, and that special crisis which we may term the reconciliatory act,—the sacrifice. The agony and passion are the death struggle out of which our head and leader emerges into peace. "It is finished;" when those words were spoken the sacrifice was complete, and ever since the world has been living into that reconciliation then made complete. Of this process we know not when it began, or when came the end. The half remains untold; we see the altar and the victim; we are witnesses of the death, but what is going on beyond this darkened sky we know not. "There they crucified Him," that we can understand. It is an event in time, but of the mysterious title, "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," who shall say what that means? It comes out into the unvisited regions of eternity.

Two influences for half a century have been operating in Anglican theology to depress the doctrine,—High Church and Broad Church, in so many points mutually antagonistic have been at one in this in agreeing to place the dogma of the incarnation above the atonement. The schools of Pusey and Maurice both hold the incarnation, as covering and comprehending the atonement as the greater, the lesser.

The incarnation has this larger reach, if we understand the atonement as the evangelists did fifty years ago, as being only the sacrifice on the cross,—the reconciliatory act. But if it comprehends the reconciliation of all that is discordant in the universe of God, it will follow that we shall come to affirm that the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us, in order that in the future of time God might reconcile all things to Himself.

Three difficulties lie in the way of modern thought touching the atonement,—ethical, sentimental, and historical; and the writer concluded with a searching analysis and solution of each, setting forth, also, in rebuttal, the strong points that uphold and fortify the doctrine in its relations to the personal and Church life.

THE VEN. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster.

I suppose that the subject of the discussion has purposely been left a little vague, but I will venture with the most absolute simplicity, with no reserve, with no superfluous, to tell you my exact thought respecting it. Our belief in the atonement is based on revelation confirmed by the inward witness of God's Spirit in our hearts. If we desire fit words wherein to express that belief, we look first and naturally to Holy Scripture, where in many different places we read that Christ died for our sins, that He suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust; that He was sacrificed for us.

On the other hand, by the doctrine of the atonement is often meant some systematic theory of the atonement, some theological philosophy of the atonement, some scholastic theodid of the atonement; and when we enter on the consideration of these we are no longer on the solid shore of Christian unity, but are lunched on the stormy and open sea of controversy and indifference. I say at once, and without fear of contradiction, that no theory of the atonement, no scholastic explanation of the atonement, has ever been accepted by the universal Church, or can put forth the slightest claim to catholicity. The fact is sufficiently admitted by all competent theologians, and in every history of doctrine ever written, that writings of the Augustine school, or any other subjects are entirely unsystematic, and only

quote the current Scripture phrases. The main exception is St. Irenæus. In him first appears the disastrous theory that the ransom Christ paid was paid to Satan. This unhappy theory can, strange to say, put forth a stronger claim to universality than any other, for it lasted, unquestioned, for nearly a thousand years. It was not only adopted by Origen, but he was the earliest to suggest the still more base and self-denying fallacy that Satan was tricked into acceptance of this ransom by our Lord's incarnation, which though it seems to be a little short of blasphemous, is repeated even by such writers as St. Ambrose, and down even to the sentences of Peter Lombard which was the one chief theological manual of the Middle Ages. The genius of one man, of the great St. Anselm, destroyed this deeply-rooted theory at a single blow, showing that it involved nothing short of pure Manichæism. He substituted for it the forensic theory of rigid equivalent satisfaction. This theory, too, had its day, and has fallen into a neglect so complete that it is seldom ever alluded to. Then came the reformation theories of substitution, of imputation, of vicarious punishment. Then came the juristic theories of the great Grotius. Now none of these theories have ever been stamped with approval by the Church of God. They have at the utmost been left as permissible opinions in the regions of unfathomable mysteries. They all abound in terms which are but inferential, not scriptural. Even the phrase "God for Christ's sake forgive" is a mistranslation of our authorized version for "God infinitely pleased and divine expression of St. Paul, "God in Christ forgive."

No numberless is in flagrant discord with the Scripture revelations which tell us that the atonement was the immediate outcome of the Father's love. In popular apprehension, at any rate, all such theories are dangerously tainted with the heresies of sheer Lutheranism, of a most unscriptural contrast between the Son and the Father, and the Father's wrath; implying an antagonism, so to speak, between the attributes of justice and mercy in the character of God. And the cause of all these errors is obvious. They spring from the fact that it has not pleased God to give us the plan of salvation, either in detail or in dialectica; from the bad tendency to torture isolated expression into the ever widening spiral error of unlimited consequences; from the attempt to construct metaphors into formal systems; from trying to construct the whole when God has only given us knowledge of a part; from the bad rule of ecclesiastical opinion worship.

This is what the Church clearly teaches us alike by what she does say, and what she carefully abstains from. It has been the ultimate conclusion arrived at by the greatest theologians, both dead and living, of men so entirely different, as Canon Mozley and Professor Maurice, and it is also the direct teaching of the great divine who of all others the English Church has delighted to honor. "Scripture," says Bishop Butler, "has left the matter of the Satisfaction of Christ mysterious, left something in it unrevealed," so that all conjecture about it, must be, if not evidently absurd, at least uncertain.

We turn to the creeds of Christendom, there to find the doctrine of man's redemption stated simply as a fact. I say at once, and without fear of contradiction, that no theory of the atonement has ever been accepted by the universal Church, or can put forth the slightest claim to catholicity. While we bannish out our sole trust in Christ, and look on His atonement as the sole source of our hope, we are not obliged to accept any of the theories of men respecting it. Nothing but failure can come or has ever come of the attempt to fathom the arm of God by the figure of men, the attempt to fly up into the secrets of the Deity on the wings of the understanding. The infinitely blessed results of the Christian redemption are the atonement, the forgiveness. They are the joy and the thanksgiving of our life.

The delivery was in a firm, musical voice, with little or no gesture, very earnest, something of the English pulpit cadences, and with rare simplicity and modesty of presence; indeed, quite disappointing the popular ideal of a great Church dignitary. The

audience joined in the warmest applause, most meant in greeting and welcome for the august visitor.

SPEAKERS.

THE REV. A. C. A. HALL, of Boston, Mass., confined himself with much earnestness and directness to the specially theological aspects of the great doctrine, stating with elegant precision the distinctions and definitions as laid down by the great Catholic and Anglican divines. He dwelt upon the latent Trithemism which had drifted into the Reformation development of the dogma, laying reverent stress upon the supreme Unity of God as set forth both in the process and act of the atonement, and placing the dogma of the incarnation and atonement in such juxtaposition as to demonstrate a reciprocal explanation. As a salutary reaction against the fierce Calvinism of the early Puritan day he dwelt upon the Unitarian development, and especially Channingism, presenting as it did afresh the truth of the Divine Unity against the impieties of Trithemism. He also touched with muchunction on the practical relations between this dogma and the growth and shaping of Christian life.

THE REV. R. H. McKIM, D.D., of New York, readily favored a common rallying ground for all earnest orthodox in and outside the Church, as in the conclusions of the various writers and speakers. All had united in casting out the mechanical, "give and take" theories, mainly of Calvinistic origin, having root in the fierceness and implacability of the Divine Father, and found themselves gathered at the foot of the cross in joint adoration of One who so loved the world that He gave His only Son for its redemption. This was the reading of the Gospels, and the interpretation of its tremendous catastrophe, which should bring strength and fruitness to the ministry of the sacred Word.

It is freely intimated that this is the evening, or occasion of the Congress, not only in the ability and thoroughness of the papers and addresses, but in the admirable spirit prevailing during the handling of a most sensitive topic.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

The sessions tend to an inconvenient length. The audiences are crowded, hungry listeners, and thus invigorating to reader and speaker. These latter are full of the matter, and in some instances unfamiliar with that supreme literary art, compression, and that quiescence of distillation demanded on such an occasion of protracted strain of mind and heart.

This morning's session opened at 10:30, and held on until almost 1:30, the audience having thinned but slightly.

The appointed subject was "Grounds of Church Unity," yet clearly as it is put, it failed to concentrate sharply the general line of the treatment. Besides, the topic is well worn, and little fresh or remarkable was developed, as might have been anticipated. After the usual brief devotions, Bishop Cox, of Western New York, read the opening paper. He is yet, clearly, the Rupert of such an occasion; bringing all the buoyancy and impetuous dash of his earlier years to the onslaught. The bishop is by literary heredity a man of war, and his voice, rhetoric, and message were redolent of chivalric clamor, and suggestive of tilt and tournament. No man reads a paper on such occasion with more scholarly grace; and he was at his best, for it was, for him, a field day against Decretalism and the Ultramontane type of Romanism.

TOPIC: "The Grounds of Church Unity." PAPERS.

THE RIGHT REV. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Western New York.

The subject of Christian Unity has relation

to the past, the distant, and the future; the past, in that it gathers into one fold all the elect saints of God, who have finished their course, from the Risen Lord down through the ages of martyrs and confessors, making but one with the whole family of God of Christ; distant, in that all places and lands together were being brought into the common heritage of the children of God; and the future, when all the promises of God shall be abundantly verified in the gathering into one fellowship all such as shall be saved. This all shall come to be by a loyal love of Christ and His children; not by trick or compromise, but by the power of a loving fidelity to truth. The unification of Christians can be brought about in no other way. We are not to concern ourselves with methods or results, for these are all in God's hands—they belong to God, and the end is His.

There is a world-wide movement among the dry bones of denominationalism. Men everywhere are weary of cross-purposes, waste and estrangement. There are certain well defined and practical grounds on which we rest our efforts in promoting this unification. First we are to stand steadfast in the apostles' doctrine. There can be no surrender here, for it is a divinely fashioned foundation, other than which no man can lay. It is our mission in God's providence to learn how to give, and teach how to receive and use the primitive organic unity who, having in the computations of history, lost this golden chain of identity, have at least kept the faith. It is ours to preserve for the American Church this historic continuity, and to labor to rescue it from the perils of forfeiting it. Why should this divine gift be forfeited to the denominations, and why, we may well ask, should they themselves have themselves lost it? We are to love magnificently our common faith, but charity to them no less than fidelity to our Divine Master forbids us to break with the past. The Nicene Age is the great rallying ground accepted by the Greek Church, while the Latins themselves cannot repudiate it, notwithstanding that fatal lapse into Decretalism in the fifth century, when the foundations of the Papal usurpations were there laid in error and fraud.

The great eccumenical symbols are the hope of a possible unification. Trent and its decrees are not oecumenical, nor of the least obligation to the true Catholic. They are only provincial and schismatical, as it concerns the great body of Christ. Here alone, on Nicene ground, can the East and West, the Gallican, Anglican, and American Church, find substantial and fatal error of the great and learned Dr. Pusey and his school, as set forth in the so-called Eirenicon, lay in assuming the Catholicity of Trent, whence followed the necessity of bending and warping the Thirtieth Articles which are the standards of the Anglican Church, to meet and accommodate themselves to the Tridentine Decrees. And this attempt at the impossible explains the drift and purpose of the Tracts for the Times.

The xxxix. articles, indeed, are only a local catechism of the reformed English Church, and as such the clergy are to subscribe to them. But it is ever to be borne in mind that the American Church was organized and commissioned by the Mother Church without these articles—demanding only of us the acceptance of the Nicene creed—and with the same spirit, not requiring the Athanasian creed—itsself not oecumenical, although a full expression of the Catholic faith—because it is of Western origin, and has never received the assent of undivided Christendom. Trent authenticated it, and this with its own decrees afterwards made logically necessary the three new Articles of Faith set forth by the XIX.

This is a fatal breach in the Catholic unity, for no council of the Catholic Church has authorized or accepted them. We have only to look to the great Dr. Dollinger to show us the emptiness of Trent and the later articles, showing also that Constantinople is within reach of unity, while Rome is hopelessly cut off from the past by her own hand.

In seeking a practical unity for American Christianity, we are met and tormented by a foreign intermeddler, the Grand Lama of the Vatican and his unscrupulous emissaries. There is a present ascendancy of Jesuitism,

which manipulates the machinery of Romanism, and even the infallible Pope himself. But the great mass of the laity are Gallican in feeling and Church conception. May be it is the great duty reserved for ourselves to instruct such in the ways of true Catholicism. No ultramontanist can be a true American patriot. There is, therefore, for us an irconcilable antagonism with Jesuitism. But the old Clementine element in Rome, as it is still against the Jesuits, is, thus far, with us, and this school of Romanists alone, has a future in this land. The paper concluded with an avowal of the writer's belief in the ultimate unification of American Christianity on a Catholic basis.

THE REV. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON of Pittsfield, Mass. (in the absence of the Assistant Bishop of Virginia).

The human mind will never outgrow its own inherent tendency to reduce confusion to order. It has done this in theology, politics, and in social science. It seeks to do so still in Church life.

The fact that this subject has always attracted the attention of logical as well as saintly minds is worthy of our attention. Unity is different from union. Union may help to make unity if the union elements are sympathetic. Yet the unity of a piece of mosaic work is different from the unity of the growth of a tree. Christian unity must appear in the light of a growth or sequence from opposite stand-points toward a common goal. Unity must be a concentric growth, not a one-sided absorption.

The unity which is suggested by the concurrent religious thought of to-day in this country is not the unity of dogma, as was the movement of Pusey and Newman, nor the unity of sentiment, as was the drift of the Evangelical Alliance; but is the unity of the practical religious American mind, seeking for definite available results.

This practical unity is found in the atmosphere and thought of the present, and is suggested by these four facts: The running out of the sect idea in the development of modern Christianity, the economic waste of the machinery of religion in our rival organizations and Church life, the social parity of our present Church life—different members of the same family going to different churches, and the clergy meeting at weddings, funerals, and charity organizations—and the crying need in our land for a central standard of Christian ethics.

Such a practical unity would, in time, create a national standard, and would, in so far, lead to a national Church. Though it is not given to men of any period to see the results of that period, we can at present notice three tendencies which are perceptibly modifying the theological and ecclesiastical life of to-day: the penetrating influence of the hypothesis of evolution, the changed conception of the doctrine of the inspiration, with the consequent loss of the Protestant standard of infallibility, and the centralization of power in the religious and political forces of the age.

Three centres of authority, and only three, appear to-day: the infallibility dogma of the Romish Church, the visible definiteness of scientific materialism, and the limited, because finite, hypothesis of rational Christianity.

After a lengthened citation from the story of John Inglesant, bearing on the argument, Mr. Newton continued: This basis of rational Christianity, while it rejects both the dogma of Roman infallibility and the denial of scientific agnosticism, accepts a positive, definite fact in the midst of indefinite Christian mysteries. On this basis both the Anglican Church and her American daughter stand, and, standing there, have already fulfilled the prophecy of Maurice, and have become, both by inheritance and by training, the leaders in the renaissance of practical Christianity. To arrive at this practical unity, which rests neither upon ecclesiastical dogmas nor sentimental affiliations, but upon the economy of moral force, philanthropy, and an adaptation to the wants of the age, will require a long period of preparation and a virtual change of base in our method of seeking unity. Our American life shows us among the masses at present the centralization of power in two opposite directions

—the creed of Rome and the creed of socialism.

To meet this changing condition of modern life, the Churches of the Protestant Reformation must either disintegrate utterly and run out into nothingness, or they must come together and seek a higher plane for a new lease of power.

To this it is objected that this is not a "Church" position, and that Catholic dogma is the only antidote to modern doubt. To this I answer, the doubt of to-day goes deeper than the dogmas of the Fathers ever went, and must be met by a combination of the living forces of Christianity as we have found, and not merely by any one phase of opinion.

The grounds for Christian unity at present are found in the following facts: That the Holy Ghost brings forth divine results, regardless of man-made limitations; that the Holy Ghost and the Zeit-Geist—a very strong combination—are alike leading the thoughts of Christian people in this subject; that the bleating of the sheep in opposite folds to get nearer together is the great discovery of the Christian life and thought of to-day; that the policy of absorption and of imposition having failed, the policy of growth from the basis of practical co-operation remains to be tried; that in all our efforts we must remember that the future is only the sequence of the past, and is always a development from it, never the mere reproduction of it.

THE VEN. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster.

It is with extreme diffidence that I venture to accept the request that I should offer you a few words upon this great topic. The topic is so wide and the importance of it so imminent that it will be impossible in the few moments at my disposal to enter into any extended argument, and what I shall try to urge must necessarily be partial in scope and apposite in compression. I shall need all your sympathy to bear with so inadequate a treatment of so great a theme. The first ground of Christian unity, of unity in heart and soul amid diversities of opinion, is the uniformity of practice, in the most wide-spread of truth. We must draw a deep distinction between unity and uniformity. Unity is essential and obligatory; uniformity is impossible, and even, I will venture to say, undesirable. Infinite truth has manifold aspects for finite understanding. The Church, to use the ancient phrase, is *communio variabilis*, clothed in raiment of diverse colors, and the truth she teaches does not shine in a single light only. We discern the separate hues of the divine rainbow; we cannot see the sevenfold perfection of its undivided light. Truth in theology, no less than in science, has been revealed to us, as we are told in the epistle of the Hebrews, fragmentarily and multifariously in many parts and in many manners, nor is it possible for us, with our human limitations, to see it steadily and see it whole. If it did not exist in the Church of Jerusalem, why should we expect it to exist in the Church of Europe? In the first country there were the schools of Jerusalem, of Antioch, and of Alexandria; is it likely that there will be no wide differences of views and ritual amid the immense complexities of modern Christendom? If this fact had been duly apprehended Churches and their rulers might have been saved from their disastrous attempts to secure what is impossible. If diversity without unity be discord, on the other hand unity without diversity is death. In every living Church, in every living nation there must be freedom and there must be progress.

Another ground of Christian unity is the command of Christ—Christ's new commandment—the commandment so often repeated on the lips of Christians, so often belied in their actions—Love one another.

What has been the sphere in which discussion has chiefly worked? Has it not been in the matter of organization, ceremonial, and minor and non-essential opinion? But the discoveries of every year are demonstrating to us more decisively that in these matters the widest latitude was left to the Apostolic Church as to ceremonial. St. Paul's own suffi-

cient rubric was "Let all things be done decently and in good order." As to organization our Lord said "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." But these may not be one fold, which, perhaps, they never will be, or were meant to be, but that there may be one flock, one shepherd. As regards the mind and opinions which separate Christians, we can conjecture how the great apostle of the Gentiles would have dealt with them, when we read how he dealt with so serious an error as the denial of the Resurrection. He dealt with it not by anathema, but by a solemn question and by a glorious argument. "Sects and parties have been fond of hurling at each other the name of 'heretic,' but in the New Testament the word 'heretic' means, not the aberration of opinion but the recklessness of faction. The worst of all heresies in the heart of Christians and the heresy which Christ holds as the most execrable, however commonly and however bitterly it betrays itself in the controversies of Christians, is the heresy of hatred, it is that odium, which, to the eternal shame of our apostasy, from the tender forbearance of our Lord, has acquired the destructive name 'odium theologicum.' If a man be animated by that spirit, if he be guilty of that heresy, his Christianity is so far from being his, his orthodoxy a cloak for error. 'If a man love not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?'

A third ground of Christian unity is that of faith, which in its highest sense had to St. Paul no other meaning than oneness with Christ. Theologians may write folios of interminable dogmatics, they may enshrine in our temples their own idols of the forum and of the library. Nevertheless, the terms of Christianity are few and simple. The terms of our fellowship of love should be Catholic as the Church of God. The railing restrictions which would fain fence in with anathemas the portal of the Church are unevangelical, unapostolic, unchristian.

To those who tried at Corinth to foster party names and draw party distinctions, St. Paul addressed the following question: "Has Christ been parcelled into fragments!" Will you dare to inscribe His name on the ignoble pennons of a party, and claim them as the *Semper Eadem* of the Church of God? Wise was the answer of the old Christian bishop who, when he was asked to what party he belonged, said: "*Christianus mihi nomen est; Catholicus cognomen.*" Partisans are ever ready to say with the sons of Thunder: "We forbade him, because he followeth not after us;" but Christ's answer was: "Forbid him not."

The last ground of Christian unity on which I will touch is that it is essential to the prosperity of the Church of Christ. While we are disputing and wrangling, often about the uncertain, often about the infinitely little, the enemy is at our gates. What injures the cause of Christ is not in the least the existence of differences, whether in practice or in opinion, or respecting that which is imperfectly revealed, but the mismanagement of those differences, not the inevitable divergencies in minor matters of opinion, but what Melancthon was glad to die that he might say, the rage of theologians respecting them.

Our perils are from within. What neither atheism will achieve, nor agnosticism, nor direct assault, may be fatally accomplished by our internal dissensions and want of mutual charity. The best and truest Christians in all ages learned, alike in theory and in practice, the lesson of these truths. If theological inflexibility be a duty in maintaining and preserving the treasure of eternal Christian truth which has been handed down to us from our fathers; still such inflexibility degenerates into opinionative obstinacy. Where it is extended to the commandments, doctrines and inferences of men; and we are not worthy of the high name in which we are called, unless we live in the spirit of the injunction which Christ gave and which, if the ancient tradition be trustworthy, he clothed in these very words: "Never be happy save when you behold the face of your brother with love."

READERS.

THE REV. THOMAS RICHET, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary.

The question is double in its scope. It is historical, and again, it is theoretic or dogmatic, as laid down in the Word of God. We cannot permit ourselves to give way to sentiment or feeling in seeking its full meaning. Spiritual things are spiritual things, and are not to be quizzed as among physical things. In the great Hebrew Scriptures we encounter two fundamental truths, the unity of God, and its counter truth, the unity of God's Church. One is as clearly revealed as the other. The unity between God and His Church in the New Testament Scriptures is set forth to be as the union of man and wife. "Sin ye not against God and His Church." What is it to break the unity of Christ's Church—to scorch Her whom Christ has made His Bride! We recognize in the sin of schism the commission of spiritual fornication against God, a sin visited with such terrible penalties as we read in the Hebrew Scriptures. We recognize in God's dealings with man, a great economic law by which He overrules man's sins for good. So God bore with patience the unholiness divisions of Israel, forasmuch as the retribution for these very sins the Jews became in their dispersions missionary throughout the oriental world. So God exiled them, and used them for His purposes in that exile.

So we see in the Christian world two truths, the unity of God, and its counter truth, the unity of the Church, which is Christ's own by purchase. The divine aim is the unity of the Church, that all men may be led to accept the unity of Christ's truth, and the brotherhood of man in that all men are one in Christ because Christ is One.

It was Guizot, the Protestant, who saw, with a scholar's critical insight, all the defects of the Church, and yet said, that it was the saved civilization, that of the fifth century but saved civilization, that gave England her political constitution, to Germany her confederate civilization, and to which all that we call civilization is mainly owing.

It is a sorrowful thought that on account of all these earlier violences and schisms the Church never again can be one in this world, and the separations cannot be repaired save at such great cost and expiation as men will not endure. Byzantinism is the answer to early imperialism in the Church, and the Reformation to the imperialism of Hildebrand.

Again, spiritual things must be spiritually described, Christian doctrines are the logical exponents of facts. At Pentecost there is a unification of all possible diversities. And yet the unity of the Church until the Holy Ghost descends upon and remains with them. Then, after the supernatural gift they become a living body, the Church of Christ. And that is Pentecostal unity, the Head in Heaven, the body hereforth one in this world, seeking to accomplish a spiritual unity, and in the Church shall be the rallying place for believers until the end.

THE REV. DAVID SESSURS, of Memphis, Tenn.

In any effort to restore the broken historical unity of the Church of God, we should remember that that imperialism which has sought to dominate the gifts of a possible diversities, from its very nature cannot but be of short duration. The true work and issue of the true unity is to uphold the inspirations of God. It is the rationalization of human hope to look for this divine aid which God promises. In God perfection is simply absolute unity whose truth is the only condition that can preserve the spiritual and divine attributes of God. And so within the body of the Church the same spirit works to organize and incorporate the spirit of unity. What is the object, the end and purpose of all man's agitating and struggling toward God? How can these things for which man yearns be secured? It is not man that lives in his renewed nature, but it is Christ that lives within him.

THE REV. JULIUS H. WARD of Boston, Mass., dwelt very earnestly upon the problem of Christian unity as relating to work in country towns and villages, and the means that may be taken to bring all the population under the

sanction and teaching of the Christian religion. In England parochial divisions covered the whole territory. In New England, at the outset, the town was the parish with its one minister. But subsequent enlargement broke up the old order, by the intrusion of sects and preachers of different connections. This broke up the old corporate life into repellent fragments without supplying any equivalent advantages.

These sects cannot work together. Each pursues a half hostile independence, and each minister has to place himself on guard to protect himself and flock from pilferings of predatory shepherds. The various energy are in practical antagonism, and masked hostility and distrust. The consequence is, two thirds of the population have come to stand altogether outside all the churches.

The Puritan separated the spiritual from the sacred life. The Church of England made no such mistake.

It is our manifest duty to do our part in rectifying this evil, and disentangle these contradictions of relations. This is our practical duty. This can be done by indirection. Here we are dealing with very practical questions. How can we stand and live and work together? How can we blow down the walls of our modern Jerichos and get the better of sect divisions? All up and down the country you will encounter towns and villages containing 500, or 800, or 1200 people, who are parcelled out among four or five different churches. Sometimes the ratio between churches and population is yet more formidable.

Social unification must precede spiritual. We are to get together and work together for the people, helping build up a sound family life, driving out divorce and all social and moral offences against the general welfare, taking hold of the public schools, purifying and rectifying amusements and the general culture, and thus the Churches may break the ground for reciprocal reinforcement. Social and ethical contact reach spiritual purposes. Denominationalism must fall before it. What is the relation of the Episcopal Church to this public duty? We must encounter and overcome individualism. Our Church organizes social life, and this is our mission. Bishop Lay thought and felt deeply on this point. During his recent illness he said, "I want to live until it can be shown that the Protestant Episcopal Church can organize society." The Roman Church is to be honored which has taken such resolute hold of organization in American life, showing its efficiency in this direction. We do not look for an absorption of all other churches with our own, but her mission is educational and a teacher of organization. The speaker concluded by a very graceful allusion to the presence of Bishop Williams and President Porter side by side on the platform as a harbinger of better social conditions among the people.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

TOPIC: "The Ethics of the Tariff Question."

The topic for this evening was "The Ethics of the Tariff Question." A driving rain-storm reduced the attendance to comfortable proportions, while it did not dampen popular interest. The people seem possessed by a marvellous capacity for listening, and listening closely. It is generally felt that the topic does not lie squarely in line with the legitimate work of the Congress. Possibly the real purpose of the Committee on Topics would have been better met by a consideration, say, of Christian socialism, or the ethics of trade and commerce. As it is, not a little political heat was elicited during the discussion, and it was demonstrated with significant distinctness that if there be an *odium theologium*, a sharper and fiercer thing is the *odium politicum*.

The comparative merits of free trade and a tariff as economic expedients after all usurped the evening, with here and there a chance dash of ethics, which sounded not a

little out of place in the general harangue. The Bishop of Maine presided, and after the usual devotions introduced the first reader.

PAPERS.

GEN. HENRY E. TREMAINE, of New York.

It was Montesquieu who said: "Virtue in a republic is a most simple thing; it is a law of the republic." This proposition states the fundamental ethics for an American tariff. The promptings of affection which would provide for the child's necessities, nurture, development, progress, industrial attainments, mental and moral strength, endowment, and life-long happiness, exhibit at the same time the philosophy which patriotic virtue ascribes for sound national legislation. This is, therefore, the standard of ethics by which tariff laws are to be made and judged.

Born with the nation's life, commended by its fathers, applied by successive generations of its statesmen, never uniformly antagonized in the entire career of any publicist who has left his imprint in the laws of his time, the ethics of the American system were formulated in the preamble of the first tariff. An examination of the tariff passed under this constitution by the Confederation Congress applies an un-American, unnational theory to articles of possible importation, and easily illustrates by various schedules. In any era of peace, general intelligence, virtuous industry, and honest elections the Confederation tariff is not likely to be enacted. By 1828 the investment of domestic capital in manufactures required an enlarged encouragement, and the protective tariff of 1828 was passed. The Whigs struggled vainly for the American system, except that at every successive crisis they compromised. Thus was the protective principle of 1799 and 1832 compromised away, resulting in defeat of publicists and the free trade tariff of 1846. Under this tariff industrial retrogression and the country's finances were thrown into confusion.

Under Lincoln's administration the new tariff of 1861 was of course strongly protective, and so the tariff of 1863, which last tariff, however, in its adjustments and philosophical classifications, is the best tariff ever enacted by Congress. After the war the woolen interests required and obtained special consideration by the wool tariff of 1867. The present tariff of 1883, while liberal in the free list as to articles not in competition with American products, is equally protective. Free trade subordinates national self-interest to the schemes and policies of foreign nations. It abandons the defence of our own interests in opposition to foreign legislation. When, in fair discussion for public education, or in settlement of principles to guide legislation, the issue of free trade as against a tariff exclusively for revenue is made, it is due to ethics that the issue should be pronounced and squarely accepted. It is rudimentary. Nor should it be disguised under the name of "revenue reform." Free trade does not mean that commerce should not be burdened more heavily than agriculture and manufactures, but it means opposition to American ships and American shipping. Nor does protection mean a bounty for favored manufactures. I place the ethics of the American system above ministerial differences or judicial inquiry, above sections and above parties, above the special interests of this art or that employment, above questions of selection and administration, above the demands of any class, occupation, or locality. I place it on the primary polity, next only to the struggle. Why should we lag behind and forsake our own industries and the elevation of our workmen, leaving both to shift for themselves while, under adverse inspiration, we spin out a theoretical "reform."

THE REV. F. A. HENRY, of Ridgefield, Conn., read the second paper, proving to be scholarly development of the philosophy, as well as the ethics of free trade. As a compact, thoroughly-reasoned monograph, in a finely-tempered idiom, and a masterly application of the religious conclusions to the vexed question of current political philosophy, it was conceded that Mr. Henry's paper was quite unique. This is the conclusion:

To sum up the practical results of the protective policy, we find foreign commerce so crippled, that our export trade, except in raw products, has been almost extinguished. The country is forced to depend on its harvests for support, while agriculture shows signs of inability to bear much longer the double burden, and wheat-producing competitors are rising in every quarter of the world. The mass of the people are kept poor by an enormous indirect taxation, which they pay, but which no one receives. A fraction of it goes in revenue to the government, another fraction in subsidies to manufacturers, but the bulk of it is dead loss. For the protected manufacturers are doing business at a loss; many have been ruined, and more are reduced to desperate straits. In their embarrassed condition appears another ethical aspect of this question, and that is the working of the moral law of retribution: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

We have seen that restricted trade means a restricted market, which soon becomes a glutted market, and that enforces restriction on production. That is—to restrict trade is to restrict production, and the policy of selfish greed is self-defeating and suicidal. And it is unsuccessful because it is wrong. There is a Power which makes for righteousness in all human affairs, and that Power is not marked of men.

Righteousness is no abstract ideal to which men are to conform; it is the organic law of action to which men must conform. Such conformity is the health of the social body, and there is no violation of the law but entails disease and suffering. Hence, it is not possible for any way of conduct to be ethically bad, and yet good under some other aspect. Only that which is morally right is economically wise; what is wrong will be disastrous. Utilitarians have perceived this coincidence of the right and the expedient; we have only to reverse the terms of their formula: it is not its conducing to happiness that makes an action right, but it is being right that makes it conducing to happiness.

Let us understand that moral truth is no mere theme for learned dissertation, but the light of our actual life. Business relations may seem to counsel selfishness, but until we leave their guiding law. A study will go hard with us. Bring your action into line with eternal law, and you make eternal forces workers for your health and wealth. Give, and it shall be given unto you; "now, in this time," shall be your reward, as well as in the world to come.

It is a truth for nations as well as for men, that neither moral laws nor economic forces know anything of political boundaries. What is right and expedient for the conduct of men within a nation is right and expedient for international intercourse. As a national policy, protection appeals to national selfishness. It is born of the ignorant fancy that the interest of other nations is antagonistic to ours, so that we can gain by their loss. Hence patriotism bids us boycott them by keeping out their goods. Let us make America independent of the rest of the world—world as well as self. A study will go hard with us. Bring your action into line with eternal law, and you make eternal forces workers for your health and wealth. Give, and it shall be given unto you; "now, in this time," shall be your reward, as well as in the world to come.

upon social welfare, so protective tariffs are a fruitful burden of international hostility. Centuries ago Thucydides described restriction on commercial intercourse as an unproclaimed war, and Prof. Fiske declares: "Our robber tariffs are a survival of the barbarous modes of thinking which belonged to the ages of primeval warfare, before industrial civilization began to teach the pacific implications of free exchange." All history shows that free commerce, uniting men in the fellowship of mutual service, has been one of the potent agencies in human progress. But, as Kant says, "There is a constant tendency to social conceit, pathologically extorted from the mere necessities of situation, which grows ever into a moral union founded on men's reasonable choice." This great century has seen a wonderful drawing together of the nations, and as the bonds strengthen which unite mankind they are seen to be bonds of mutual dependence, and it becomes even more plainly impossible to promote a national interest by their severance. We all are members of one body, and none can suffer or rejoice alone. We cannot work to our own advantage except as we work together, for we can only share a common good. And so the organic law of the social order reveals itself as love, and that we live by it is the end of the divine education of the race. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself is more than a command—it is a prophecy—and to this goal the universe has been speeding since the first step out of savagery tied a knot on selfish instinct. It is no pulpit orator, but the ablest of our evolutionists, who declares that "it is the destiny of man to throw off the brute inheritances and rise into the loving life which is union with the divine." Nothing can defeat the purpose of the Maker. We may scheme and strive to snatch a private good, but through all our ways and doings the Everlasting Arms stretch themselves forth into the world, slowly and surely moulding the sons of men into the image of the Eternal Son of God.

CHAS. HEBER CLARK, Esq., of Philadelphia, followed with a third paper, crowded with economic data and deductions in the elucidation of the tariff policy, forcibly put, shrewdly arranged, and bristling with keen hits of an expert controversialist. But, as the paper touched very remotely, if at all, the ethical bearings of the topic, its reproduction here would be somewhat irrelevant. It was the fortune of the clever and adroit journalist to stir the potent densities of political doctrines so effectually that for an hour the platform of the Church Congress seemed more like a session of some trade exchange, and a lively exchange of repartee followed, quick and brilliant, but quite irrelevant to the question.

SPEAKER.

THE RIGHT REV. THOMAS UNDERWOOD DUDLEY, D.D., Bishop of Kentucky,

in a humorous and fervent vein, took up, as the only appointed speaker, the putative immoralities engendered in the practical operations of a tariff, making several telling points.

Among the volunteer speakers were Professor Sumner, of Yale; Mr. Charles H. Fowler, of New Haven; and finally, Mr. A. Foster Higgins, of New York, who, as a student of economics, had been drawn to the congress to listen to this exceptional discussion, and frankly confessed his inability to discover any purely ethical bearings in a topic which he regarded as exclusively economic. He made, however, some exceedingly instructive comments on the shipping interests of our country as affected by legislation.

Some asperities of a personal nature arose between other parties, which, however,

were subsequently cleared away by apologetic remarks.

It is very doubtful, at least, whether the topic and its discussion strengthened the influence of the congress.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Topic: "Aestheticism in Worship."

PAPERS.

THE REV. W. A. SNIVELY, S.T.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The element of fitness or propriety, or the natural proportion, adjustment and harmony of parts, which we vaguely call beauty, has a place in worship, and that it is intrinsic in the devotional expression of the religious idea seems to have the sanction of inspired truth. The Hill of Zion was a fair place; it was beautiful for situation and the joy of the whole earth, and it was so because it was perfectly adapted to the purpose for which it was selected, and because it impressed an uncultured and semi-civilized people with sentiments of mystery and awe and solemnity far better than any abstract treatise or ethical code could have done. And the manifold and elaborate preparation for the worship of the true Church, in the beauty of holiness, in the only temple on earth of which He Himself was the architect, and of the details of whose ritual He was the author, supply us with all the dates needful to gain at least a glimpse of the divine idea which underlies our theme.

The place, firstly, must be selected upon the principal of beauty for situation. If this was the glory of the Hill of Zion, it was equally a kind of intuitive perception, the distinguishing characteristic of the high places upon which offerings were made to the other gods in the idolatrous worship of the Gentiles. By the same intuitive precept the Grecian Temple was the apex and culmination of the hill upon which it was built, and the relics of pre-historic tribes in our own west and south indicate the next law of selection.

The same problem is the architecture of the building itself, and its solution may vary from the simplicity of the rude and rectangular meeting-house up to the most ornate and comfortable edifice, whose lines and curves and angles in artistic proportions, and whose finished result is itself a sacrament of beauty. It may be the plain and familiar structure whose weather-boarded sides and square green shutters were the fitting home of the old "three-decker" arrangement of holy table, prayer-desk and pulpit; or it may be the Gothic church, with nave and transept and choir and chancel, whose every arch is a line of beauty, and whose "long-drawn aisle" and "dim, religious light," with the effigy of saint or martyr in its niches and the glory of the legendary or traditional sainthood in its windows, or its walls may make the very atmosphere of the place an inspiration to faith, and be to the devout worshipper a vestibule of heaven. These, however, are but the outward and distant approaches of the soul in its aspirations to the shrine where these aspirations are satisfied.

We come to the more frequent and commonplace surroundings, accessories and incidents of worship, whose observance is contemplated in this day's topic. The appropriate and impressive rendering of the liturgy of the Church—whether in its bald and naked simplicity, as mutilated by the iconoclasm of continental reformers and Anglican mal-contented—or a ritualistic attention to details which may imitate, if it does not seriously follow the meretricious adornments, the gaudy decorations and the artificial unreality of a mediæval tradition and a foreign obedience; and at what point between these two the best combination of beauty and truth is to be found, this is the

practical distinction to which the discussion of this theme must naturally tend.

One thing at least is certain, that the worship of this Church is not spectacular in its first intention. It does not seek so much to convey impressions through the senses, as to manifest the truth to the intelligent conscience and the earnest heart. Magnificence of ceremonial is only occasional in its system, and then it grows out of surrounding circumstances and necessities, and is impressive to the beholder because the elements of grandeur and solemnity are inherent in the function. But this is exceptional. The question before us is what place has the element of beauty or of taste, of condition or of mystery, impressiveness of architectural or ritual surroundings, or symbolism of attitude and gesture in this well-worn and variously rendered liturgy of ours. Evidently the specific answer must vary with the special season of the Christian year. What would be fitting and appropriate amid the penitential, heart-searchings of Ash-Wednesday and Advent season, would be quite out of place on Easter Day.

We meet just here the varying shades of opinion and taste, of conviction and conscience (the name which men sometimes give to their prejudices), the variety of standard both in the priesthood and the laity which naturally belongs to a comprehensive branch of the Church Catholic. What does a rubric mean, and how shall it be observed? If the ministrant be an unimaginative person, bound down by a literal construction to a precise mechanical obedience, which knows no liberty within the limits of law, it means one thing; if he is alive to the influences of inspirations of beauty and taste it means quite another.

In this heterogeneous, earnest, and only half educated life of ours, where can the element of beauty find a place, and how shall it be saved from the vulgarity and grossness of excess?

After mentioning examples of chancel and interior fitness, as of vessels, lace, furnishings, etc., the paper concludes:

A true aesthetic spirit will ever seek to offer to God its highest and best gifts. If with its expression in the unknown and unrecognized qualities which escape the vulgar gaze, but which are not unnoticed by Him who clothes the lilies of the field with his gorgeous hue. In texture and quality and adornment it will seek to offer what is best and purest to the highest use of which man can conceive. The element of beauty should never be the final aim and end, but only an accidental factor in divine worship.

It must never be enshrined as a goddess where it should only serve as a hand-maiden. Grace of gesture, propriety of style, rhetorical accuracy of expression, and rubrical precision of act must all be subordinate to that deep sincerity of heart which discriminates between a prescribed order and a mechanical formalism—which finds in the Christian liturgy not the crutches of a limping devotion, but the wings upon which the soul may soar into communion with the Infinite and which delights in the symbolism of the beautiful only because at the same time it is the symbolism of the good and the true.

THE REV. PERCY BROWNE, of Boston, Mass.

Worship is in the last analysis, entirely subjective, an internal experience. It is the expression of faith, and this may be by judgment, but its true direction is intensity of communion with God. There should therefore, be no distinctions of dogmatism and aesthetics to chill or distract.

A true art seeks the universal and leaves the particular behind and out of sight. Suggestions of aestheticism are thin and

fimsy in such high relations—amounting to a superficial impertinence—reducing high spiritual exercises to the level of mere dilatory and aesthetic considerations. Touching universal conceptions and experience, it degrades them. Great art lies in contrast with universals, while the first concerns itself with particulars. We have little need or use for the limited conceptions of medievalism. One cannot worship with the highest devoutness amid art-surroundings. Simplicity and absence of art-expression are not derogatory to highest acts and moods of worship.

The Ephesian shrine makers seem to have become chiefly artificers in brass. Aesthetic or undevout beauty now current, is a type of materialized Christian life, and our worship is too often jeopardized by the ecclesiastical materialism.

Ritual in relation to Church principles has little generic force. Ten men may adopt any or all of our ritual without adopting our beliefs—even while ignoring them. Men might adopt our rituals in positive unrighteousness, even. Almost an endless variety of opinions are abroad among ourselves as to the definition and limitations of Church doctrines. There are differing and contending parties in all directions. Hence sharpest discords must follow all attempts to identify worship with the altar and its ritual. The announcements of traffic that disfigure the landscape distract our attention from its beauties; in the same way ritual significances of worship, all ingenious hieroglyphs, and multiplied altar bric-a-brac are virtual stumbling blocks to the spiritual worshipper. Holy Communion is a symbol, and the breaking of bread and the pouring of wine absorb and overrun all symbols—and can entertain, or indeed accept, no supplemental symbolism. And so it comes to be that altar worship is enfeebled by all this decoration and illustration of extremists who are all the while attempting to set forth a Real Presence in their ministrations. The Church theory of the Eucharist is a subjective and symbol theory. It is a grave responsibility for the Episcopal Church to sanction or introduce such a mode of worship. It estranges brethren. It causes harsh and intolerable charges of undevoutness against those who prefer, and are educated under a simpler worship. The best and true ritual has not yet been developed, and it will not come until the Bible, the Church and the truth of God together have moulded the hearts and minds of Christian people into a sympathetic readiness for it.

MR. JOSEPH PACKARD, JR. of Baltimore, Md.

The limits which should be placed upon aestheticism in worship are all implied in the statement that it is not an essential—that there may be worship of the highest and best kind in which art and taste have no part. Neither from revelation, nor from reasoning, nor from observation of artistic people, do we find that art has any necessary relation with religion. It is a matter of the bark, merely, and the outer bark at that, and while the bark has its uses in keeping the life currents of the tree warm, yet it is a wrapping and nothing more. And this is as much as can be said for the uses of art and taste in worship. Indeed there are many beautiful things in frequent use in our worship which cannot be deemed to have any religious significance whatever. Take for example a procession of surpliced choristers. An orderly procession of well dressed youth is a sight which must be pleasing to almost any eye, but it is hard to see where there is any more aid to religion in witnessing it than in seeing a representation of a similar spectacle on a Greek vase. To be sure there is no harm in it; nor is there in flowers or any other such adjuncts

unless they use time, or thought, or money that might be better spent.

So, for the communion between man and his God, which is the great end of religion, there is nothing essential except the means of grace which God has provided, and He has been pleased to order that these shall be of the simplest character. Worship is one of those means of grace. Any adjunct to worship which, on the whole, tends to increase the number of reverent, attentive and instructed worshippers, is to be sought by Christian people. But it should be ascertained, or, at any rate, well believed, before making any such addition, that the result will be as hoped for. The aim should be in matters of this kind to suit the average taste of the community. Regard should always be had moreover to the case of the man who is in the minority. One of the Yale professors, who has written on social questions, has invented a phrase which aptly describes the man who, in the conflict between labor and capital, finds his own rights utterly ignored. He is a quiet, well-behaved citizen, doing his daily work, but not interfering with either of the conflicting parties, and so he becomes the prey of both. Professor Sumner calls him "the forgotten man." Now, in no scheme or type of worship should there be a forgotten man.

I once heard a bishop say that, speaking generally, when the people of a neighborhood were unwilling to build a church for themselves, he thought it was a strong indication that a church was not needed in that neighborhood. I think it was a wise saying, and it applies as well to the decorating as to the building of churches. The church ought to be as good as the average of the houses of its attendants, but it need not be better. If they live in tents, the church may be a tabernacle; if they live in log houses, the church may well be a log house, and for the worshippers themselves to build it of logs, is far better for their spiritual health than for them to beg the money to build the most correct Gothic edifice that architecture's brain ever conceived. The true plan is to collect the worshippers, the living stones, first, and then, when they have been trained to Christian faith and zeal, the house for God will come in due time and in fitting style. A healthy organism that needs a shell will itself secrete it. But too often, to change the figure, the cart is put before the horse, and the church is built with the hope, but without the assurance that there will be people to fill it. Who that has travelled through the country but has seen churches in places where they were not needed, or buildings more costly and worship more ornate than the place required. I once saw a church, built in a missionary district in the mountains by a young clergyman, mainly through contributions from city churches, and from persons to whom he had appealed through newspapers and otherwise. The church was in excellent taste, with some good stained glass, and had all the chancel furniture that would be needed in a large city church, including stalls for four clergymen, though the nearest one was fifty miles away, by a bad road. The service was so far choral as could be rendered by a choir of two young ladies. The congregation was small and depressed; half-dazed, it seemed, by the splendor. Would it not have been better for those people to have struggled up to a seemly church building and a solemn service, by degrees. Windows adorned with colored tissue paper are not good as art, but when the paper has been bought by self denial, and put in place by zealous hands, there will be heartier worship in that church, than if the best specimens of the stainer's art had been obtained through mendacity.

One word in conclusion. For some Christians, things of taste are as though

they were not. By those who are most open and susceptible to aesthetic influences, constant care needs to be exercised lest thereby the soul be diverted from personal religion. The lack of faithful service cannot be made up for by refinement of taste; nay there is danger lest that very refinement may so lull the conscience that the lack will not be felt. The fairest flowers upon the lawn will be hurtful weeds if planted amid the growing grain.

SPEAKERS.

THE REV. G. R. VAN DE WATER, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The legitimate use of aestheticism in worship is becoming more and more appreciated by Christians of every name. There are now Methodist and Presbyterian churches arrayed in beauty, which would have condemned them a generation ago in the eyes of their own adherents. Music, sweetest of the arts, most heavenly in its origin, has been more and more utilized in public worship, as Puritanical repugnance to it has given way to a proper appreciation of its use. Architecture, too, has been appreciated more, until no longer the country meeting-house is undistinguishable from the horse-shed hard by; and even the Quakers give evidence they are not beyond being influenced by a thing that is good.

Choral services and surpliced choirs are taking the place of the quartette and the chorus to such an extent, that soon the choir gallery will be as antiquated a thing as a stage coach, and the "O, let us (four) sing unto the Lord," a faded thing of the past. What some of our evangelical brethren mistake for error of doctrine, is only an appreciation of the use of aesthetics in worship, and with the use, the removal of all unreasonableness and prejudice.

Old St. George's, Stuyvesant Square, is to-day as evangelical as when the elder Tyng thundered from its Bema, against those High Churchmen who said in their exclusiveness, "The Temple of the Lord, the Temple of the Lord are we;" yet there we have choral services, weekly and evening communions, surpliced choir, and all other accessories of beauty to make worship what it should be. St. Ann's, Brooklyn, has suffered no change in its distinctively evangelical tone. Its new rector is as likely to be "low" as the old and honored one now in the rest of Paradise; yet the old chancel, with the table in the courtyard, has given way to a new one, and the surpliced choir of men and boys has taken the place of the former chorus.

St. John's, next oldest, has rallied into line, and our general assistant secretary, its rector, is ready to justify the change.

Not alone aesthetics in the architecture of the church, nor music of the service, but in ornaments of the sanctuary, and in the official robes of the clergy. A man's churchmanship does not depend any longer upon anything but his utterances. You cannot determine it from the shape of his surplice, color of his stole, cloths on the altar, or book marks in the Bible. The demands of the people are such, that whatever kind of Churchman a rector may be, even if he keeps his eyes wide open to prevent it, these things will all be arranged for him by the godly in his parish, and before he knows it, he will be surrounded by the evidences of taste, and leading a worship marked by its beauty.

We are beginning to think for ourselves, and are not longer willing to be influenced by opinions of those who, in the past, have been affected by the prejudices of their day. We are becoming, too, more independently American, which is a good thing. In this we are restive under edicts of English courts, composed chiefly of laymen, often of unbelievers, seldom of theologians. Even

altar lights used in the early Church to edification, we feel we may have and use, though, forsooth, a court of Englishmen imagine they eclipse the light of the world. Aestheticism in worship is a sign of the times.

At the consecration of the Cathedral of the Incarnation of the Diocese of Long Island, acknowledged generally to have been the best rendered service ever witnessed in this country, there marched behind the processional cross and banners three hundred clergymen, bishops, priests and deacons of every known school of thought in the Church. They took part in a choral service, turning to the east in all ascriptions of praise, and in the recitation of the Creed. No man's opinions were settled or condemned by his attendance.

I thought as I witnessed that service, that it only emphasized a truth most plain and striking in the present condition of our American Church. It is this—that any aesthetics useful in public worship, which does not teach erroneous doctrines, is to be accepted for its worth, and encouraged for all it is worth.

THE REV. C. W. WARD, of Englewood, N. J.
(Read by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington.)

One of the chief difficulties in the way of a thorough discussion of such a topic upon such an occasion is, perhaps, that of securing just as fair a respect for the rights of aesthetics as for the rights of worship. For this is a Church congress, it is not an art congress. And it may, therefore, to-day be both natural and proper for us to have a larger care for ecclesiastical than for the artistic (or aesthetic) factor in the topic. And yet the balance is essential, and this because the two great underlying factors, aestheticism and religion itself, are so absolutely and inherently related that you cannot discuss the terms of the one without equally observing the terms of the other. Above all things else, our art (or artifice), our music, decoration, ceremonial, or whatever agencies we employ in worship, must be beautiful. That is, our art must be artistic, and our aesthetics must be aesthetic.

I think the aesthetic movement, which, within the past few years, has so happily and most fortunately been gathering force, both in the Church and in society, hardly stands, just now, in need of accolades. For surely there is no longer any honest fear of Puritan rigidity. We have no iconoclasts to speak of. And surely, as to the Church, the restorers in England have been busy enough with undoing the barbarisms of Cromwell. The sons of the Pilgrims, right here in New England, are raising churches upon the ruins of their meeting-houses, with crosses, quatre-folds, and mullions, before which their fathers would have trembled with holy rage, and with stamed-glass saints which, scarce a century ago, would have called down fire from heaven. Neither are we longer threatened anywhere with slovenly services, or slouchy ritual, or obtrusively barren sanctuaries. Those peculiar altars (quadruped fetishes), those sacred pedestals played such a lively part in ritual controversies not long ago, are things of the past. Those three-story pulpits, in which the service mounted up by easy stages to the emphatic point of Gospel oratory, have been well-nigh banished. Octagon fonts of chiselled stone have superseded household implements of toilet, chaste *sestilia* of polished wood have risen in the stead of prelatial easy-chairs, while the more fastidious now enjoy all the colors of all the "seasons" where they used of old to find only the faded melancholy of a sort of a perpetual ecclesiastical autumn, and embroidered *ante-pendia* where tasselled hangings and gully cushions used to speak the rotund language of a ponderous and drowsy respectability. In the room of

tuning-pipes there are thundering organs and brilliant double orchestras and quartette marvels and surpliced choristers. Yes, and the wall that twenty years ago rejoiced in being bare, or—if the rector were a little "high"—in being paper-covered, to-day blazes with poly-chromatic wonders: the nave has shot out transepts, the roof has taken a Gothic pitch, the ceiling broken out with stars, the portals become all eloquent with illuminated legends. True, and so mighty has become the impulse, that we have our sanctuaries blazing with tapers and priests bedecked in copes and chasubles, and acolytes with censers and incense burners—and all seen through an atmosphere often so very dimly (?) religious with the clouds of incense that the whole has seemed to some of us like a quaint illusion, a pageant of the Middle Age, a dream, a vision, a very creation of the fancy itself! Yes, who will dare to say that we are to-day in danger of Puritan rigidity? Who can find an image-breaker of the real old muscular kind, search for him never so diligently? Why, even a noted Presbyterian divine was bold enough to say, not long ago, before the General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance: "Our present Presbyterian baldness of public service is hurting us—hurting us in many ways which need not be specified." I repeat, then, who that is not an alarmist or an extremist can seriously fear any longer the religion of ugliness, unless, perhaps, by way of that kind of ugliness which always comes from excess of any kind?

And this is precisely one of the dangers, I submit, which it behooves all the true lovers of aesthetics to consider:—the danger of an art riot, of an aesthetic craze—a fashion, a mere penchant, a *boom*, which shall naturally lead us to place quantity above quality, ostentation before reality, and shall tempt us to forget the good taste and moderation which are essential elements of beauty everywhere and always. For we must remember there is a correlative penalty in the use of beauty. Every triumph of art mellowing human nature has been achieved at the terrible risk of rotting it. We must remember that beauty is a solemn thing to play with, and, like the religious sense to which it ministers, is most sensitive to caricature, so there is but one step between the aesthetic and the hideous—and that step is the overstep.

It is not the province of the best art to instruct. I agree with a great authority who has said: "Aesthetic teaching is the highest of all teaching, because it deals with life in its highest complexity. But if it ceases to be purely aesthetic, if it lapses anywhere from the picture to the diagram, it becomes the most offensive of all teaching. And think you that the masters did their sublime work in the past, simply to illustrate dogma?"

Were the studios in the ages of romance and religion simply the tool shops for a Vatican or a Propaganda? For example, did they paint the Crucifixion simply to enforce a certain doctrine of Sacrifice? I say no! Rather the virtue of sacrifice. For that was universal, and art, like religion, deals always with the universal, while theology is constructing and manipulating the particular.

No! The priest may have so used the works of the artist. But when the sensitive and imaginative master came in the first place, to paint them, "sacrifice" found for him a possible meaning far outside the chapel doors. For he found in life itself the great fact of suffering. And he found the great fact of suffering to be altogether crucial. Calvary was, to him, as wide as the world. The man of sorrows was, to him, the man everywhere, and art, art like, did what it was born to do—when, like George Macdonald's baby, it came out of the "Everywhere" into the "Here," and simply referred to the humanity of that age, its own

image from the face of the universally-suffered.

Several volunteers followed the speakers, all of them scoring telling points relevant to the discussion. Prof. John W. Weir of Yale pointed out with felicitous clearness, and vigor, the essential or necessary character of art as a constitutional outgrowth of the beautiful, marking the presence of some spiritual germinal quality at the root of every art form, as in the poem, statue, picture and cathedral.

The Rev. Arthur C. A. Hall brought the discussion to a close in an eloquent vindication of the beautiful, especially in its evangelical relations with the august solemnities of the altar. This session will be remembered as one of the most restful and refreshing during the congress, especially quickened with clear and earnest thinking.

THURSDAY EVENING.

TOPIC: "Free Churches."

PAPERS.

JOHN ALEXANDER BEALE, Esq., of New York.

The question to be considered under the title free churches is, as I apprehend, whether it is desirable that the pews or sittings in churches should be free and open to all persons, subject of course to the condition of decent, orderly behavior—without the exaction of any rental or entrance fee. There can be no doubt that such was the original universal custom throughout Christendom. Indeed until the fourteenth century at the earliest, there were no fixed or permanent seats in churches, except occasionally stone benches round the north, south, and west walls, which were almost as often outside of the church as inside, and were manifestly intended for resting-places for the people before service began. There is one church in England where such benches were also placed around each pillar. The first seats introduced for use in churches during divine service were in the chancel, and for the clergy and choristers, and at first these were only in the colleges and religious seminaries where long and frequent services were held. From the feudal character of society in those days it soon happened that kings and a few of the greater personages were accommodated with seats in the choir. The Diocesan Synod of Exeter, in the year 1287, enacted a canon denouncing those who claimed exclusive rights to particular seats, which seats the learned author of "The History and Law of the Church Seats" (Mr. Henley) says were probably in the choir. The rule was that standing or kneeling space was to all. Mats were sometimes provided by the church authorities for kneeling and sitting upon, and not infrequently kneeling-cushions or stools were carried by worshippers, and placed where opportunity offered. This is still the custom, nearly universal, in the Roman and Greek communions, except in the United States and England. The earliest appropriations of particular places in a church by individuals probably occurred in England, where it sometimes happened that the founder of a church, or one who added a chapel or aisle to an old church, retained a part of it for the use of himself and his family, which descended to his heirs, and in which he and they buried their dead. Such cases were very different, however, from the sale or letting of pews, and the retention or occupancy of such parts of the church as was in no sense the act of ecclesiastical or parochial authorities. St. Margaret's, Westminster, has the memorable distinction of being the only church in which pews were reuted prior to the middle of the sixteenth century. The next instance was St. Matthew's, Friday street, London, half a century later, but even in those cases it is not likely that all of the church was so apportioned. It is

probable that pews first came into general use in England about 1600, very shortly after the accession of James I. The Rev. J. Mason Neale in his "History of Pews," says that Puritan objection to the directions for behavior in church, issued by Queen Elizabeth in 1559, and embodied in a canon in 1630, had much to do with the erection of these great pews or private drawing-rooms. The directions and canon in question commanded reverence for the Holy Name, standing at the *Gloria*. In 1493 an action at law for trespass for breaking and carrying away the plaintiff's seat in church was brought. The practice of charging for the special privilege of an appropriated seat has been reprobated by the ecclesiastical courts wherever it has been set up.

Then followed a carefully digested survey of the practical situation and operation of the movement. Statistics were presented, showing that in forty-one dioceses seventy per cent of the churches were free; that of all our churches, sixty-five per cent are free, while in New York City considerably more than one half were free. The fiscal successes of these churches was declared to be generally quite as satisfactory as that of pew-revenue churches. The social enrichment of parish life was also dwelt upon, and the writer's long experience in official relations with free churches drawn upon in support of the views he advocated.

R. FULTON CUTTING, Esq., of New York.

The free church theory has been so long and thoroughly discussed, its ideality so widely recognized, its practicability so vigorously disputed, that I shall not attempt a general argument, but merely consider several features of its relation to society at large. I am afraid the ethics of the free church will never wholly win the battle for a system in which some of us see the most brilliant promise. I am told it is visionary and impracticable. I am ready to confess the maintenance of a free church is more difficult and precarious than is the fixed income derived from renting pews, but I can declare emphatically the methods employed to supply the fund for current expenses are not an exhaustive drain upon the charities of the congregation, and I venture to assert that free churches actually contribute more largely in proportion to their means to charitable and missionary objects without the parish than the churches where pews are rented. Gentlemen of the clergy, we must look to you for the greatest helps in training for final victory for a polity as important to the Church's influence as it is consistent. When you are called to the rectorship of any charge, demand the institution of the free system as the condition of your acceptance, and bring with you to the new flock the blessing of emancipation from former exclusiveness. My brethren of the laity are not indifferent to a movement that attempts to make our Church a true representative of the American people. Doubtless, were our churches all made free they would soon be filled as they never have been. The Church was gradually pushing its way and becoming recognized among the people. It was appearing in the arena of every question. With gloves off it had gone into the fight and was delving down deep where the soil was unpromising. Pere Hyacinthe, while in this country inspected a well equipped parish in New York. "What is your annual subsidy?" he asked of the rector. He had not learned that the Church received no civil aid, and when told of it, was for the moment silent, when he remarked, feelingly: "What a great country yours is. Here it is God and the people, God and the people." Far better might he have said: "God and the rich!"

The writer dwelt upon the social portents darkening the present and menacing the

near future, insisting upon the immediate responsibility resting upon the Church and Christians in making the ministrations of religion accessible and attractive to the masses of laboring and middle-class people, demanding that all humiliating distinctions in the Lord's house be done away with, and that the best should be provided for the poorest, rather than for the rich and privileged, who already have the comfort of enormous and elegant houses, whereas the poor spend nearly their whole lives in discomfort and unhomelike homes.

Chapels for the poor had so generally failed to "draw" because they deserved failure in their mistaken policy of discriminating between the rich and the poor. We don't want churches for the rich and churches for the poor. This is not St. James's doctrine. The wonderful success of St. George's, Stuyvesant Square, and of St. Ann's, both great and gorgeous sanctuaries, now given over absolutely without discrimination to the people, was dwelt upon. He had no misgivings as to the success of free churches, although not insensible to the difficulties in the way of their administration.

SPEAKERS.

CARSTEN BROWNE, Esq., of Boston, Mass.

My knowledge is based on eighteen years' experience in one parish and fifteen in another. I have wintered and summered this agitation through thirty-three years. I have seen what is disagreeable in it, and also that which is wise. I suppose it is somewhat unbecoming in a lawyer to undertake to discuss whether or not it is wise to buy and sell or rent and hire a pew. I am not disposed to favor a general or random free church agitation in the established pew church, whose system works well. It is not easy to measure the harm to come from the introduction of new systems. But in my opinion the harm is far outweighed by the good. If one is right and one wrong, surely we are bound to cling to the one and reject the other. The question which I put to myself and to you is—which of the two systems is the best adapted to get the most possible good of that work which the Church was put on earth to do? I take it the Church is to do a missionary work—the work to be done is mainly the public administration of religion. To us the progress of religion is the progress of sound morality, the very life and growth of social order. As devout Churchmen, as honest citizens, we must not work against this. Thus, I don't see why the question is not one of the greatest gravity and responsibility.

I know there are men in parishes whose eloquence and personal magnetism are sufficient in themselves to draw people in spite of the rent system. But these cases are comparatively few. What in general do we see? The poor practically excluded. This may be denied. Some of you may say that seats are assigned for the poor. Yes, seats are assigned for them where they are ticketed and billeted as such. Poverty and pride proverbially go hand in hand. Poor people are anxious to go to church, but not when they feel it like a brand, this being billeted. Make a church for the poor and a church for the rich, some may suggest. This brings us to the result that the free church for the poor will be a second class church, a very good church for the poor, like Mr. Bumble's soup in Nicholas Nickleby; it was very good soup indeed, good soup for the poor. The common idea of a free church is one in which the people's offerings are received as offerings for pew rent to pay the parish expenses, a man's gift for his seat. I profess and believe these are profound errors. Here is the truth. Every free church is, and law has made it so, a public charity as much as a free hospital is. Its office is to maintain the worship of God free to all

comers. Every man who puts in ten dollars, or five cents, is as much a donor to a public charity as truly any of the great names who have been canonized by the gratitude of mankind. Let clergymen work that into the minds of their parishioners and there will be less of hard scratching in the churches. Suppose the great burden of such a system falls on a few individuals? Why not? Don't a few of you support the hospitals, and why not the churches, too?

THE REV. JOHN COTTON BROOKS of Springfield, Massachusetts.

What is the Church of God to do in this world as it was placed here by God to do? he began. My brother who has preceded me has touched upon one side of the question. It is to preach the Gospel to the poor. But this is not all that the Church is to do. Therefore I do not recognize that this opening of the pew doors is all the work for the poor that our Lord required of the Church. It has to do with those people outside the churches, and finally it has to do with the whole world. It is the universal power by which the Gospel of Christ is to reach out to the very ends of the world. It is a cultivator of those within its limits, and a propagator of the Gospel to those without. I am warmly hoping that the poor may be more generally brought into the Church, but I stand here to deny that pew churches are exclusive to the poor. Is it for those who are renting pews that our work is to be carried on in the largest way? Are we not laboring for the poor outside? Now my dear friends it seems to me that there must be something besides exclusiveness that is keeping the poor outside the churches. It is not fair to take any such standard as that of twenty years ago when there were fewer of the foreign population than at present. There is another view of this matter. A few years ago you could go into the homes of the poor and see the proper garments being made. But the sewing machine has led to demoralization among the poor much more than among the rich. It has made the poor try to secure garments for members of the family as fine as those of its neighbor. Why stand and try to tear open the pew doors? Go up into the pulpit and insist, in a manner that shall institute the reform. See that you make clean the inside the platter and the outside shall be made clean also. At the same time I will turn and ask what would be the effect of bringing in a free church system? It does not seem that it would reform the rich. They would be just as exclusive to the poor. What effect will it have upon the poor? Why, all the best development of charitable benevolence will answer that it will begin to pauperize the poor. You will cultivate and develop that selfishness which our free church friends are trying to tear out of the churches. The other thought in to be considered, I look deeper than to whether the poor can sit in this seat this Sunday and another seat another Sunday. The Church is beginning to build up a system of self-support among the poor. And now, lastly, what effect will it have upon the poor outside? The middle classes are fully able to pay for what they receive. They pay more regularly for their seats, and attend more regularly. If every Sunday the offertory is used for a free church, where is the great work—the outside work—to be performed.

FRIDAY MORNING.

TOPIC: "Deaconess and Sisterhoods."

THE REV. T. M. PETERS, D.D., of New York.

The best information on the earlier stages of this movement, he said, is to be found in articles which appeared in the Monthly Packet, signed R. F. L., in the years 1874-75. He discussed the relations between those associated workers and rectors; also, with

bishops, in their parochial and diocesan relations, concluding that sisterhoods should work untrammelled, while deaconesses should be in full co-operation and in subordination to pastoral authority.

For thirty-five years there have been women laboring in the work of the Church—in fact, members of sisterhoods. There is some indispensable work of the Church for which at the present time the only sure dependence seems to be upon sisterhoods. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the disadvantages attending sisterhoods, their existence to us is a rich gain over the past. Much of the work of the Church can and will be done in no other way than through their aid. There is little need to urge the necessity among our deaconesses or independent laborers of an organization which will make them a strength and encouragement. There was placed in my hands recently a set of rules drawn up after consultation among a company of active workers in the Diocese of New York. They do credit to their devotion, their humility, and their singleness of purpose to serve the Master in the spirit of her whom the Lord said, "She hath done what she could." Let the Church smooth the way for the feet which bear the willing hearts, and give them her most ready help. Theirs is the offering, theirs will be the great reward.

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM CROWSELL,
DOANE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Albany.

First of all, as to the women themselves, comes the great difficulty of combining in their due proportion what I may call the practical and the sentimental sides of their life and work. I use the words in their best sense, not practical in the sense of hard and dry, not in the sense of gushing and emotional, the pretty and effective phases, but in the sense of love and enthusiasm. The true woman in every estate of her life is neither the Martha that serves and never sits, nor the Mary that sits and never serves; but the combination of serving that is never so encumbered that it cannot stop and sit at Jesus' feet in worship and adoration; and of service that never sits so still in absorbed meditation that it cannot rise when the Master calls, and gird itself as He did once to wash the disciples' feet. Human nature, and woman nature especially, is just so constituted that it is apt to have one or the other of these two features in excess. To some women the thought and tendency are to what I think is most unwisely called the religious life; as though religion was not the common duty of all, and of each in the highest possible degree; as though religion did not mean the whole nature, the worshiping as well as the working. You cannot have sentimental sisterhoods and practical sisterhoods. You cannot refuse one because she is too practical, or the other because she is too sentimental. What are you to do? I believe the true idea and value of a rule of life for a sisterhood is to correct and make proportionate the two elements. Perhaps the most mooted and conspicuous question now about sisterhoods or about deaconesses, is the question of vows. First, "shall there be any?" next, "what shall they be?" thirdly, "shall they be irrevocable?" It seems to me quite out of the question that any society shall preserve its continuity and character without some pledges, call them by what name you will, of allegiance and fidelity on the part of those who join it. Of course there stands conspicuous in the Christian story the three great sets of vows, all of divine institution—the baptismal, the ordination, and the marriage vows. They may be claimed as recognizing the principle of rightfulness and of the helpfulness of vows to steady purpose. But no other promises can ever rise to the height of dignity or the depth of indelibility of these vows. At the same time there are indica-

tions of God's approval of other vows, the Nazarites and the Rechabites for instance; and there are instances of special vows like that of Jephtha devoting his daughter to perpetual virginity. After all, the question is of the expression or the non-expression of an intention which all the while exists, expressed or understood, for I am quite sure no woman ever undertook to be a deaconess or a sister without intending and expecting that she would continue such all the days of her life, and it is desirable, both for the thoroughness of training and for development of character, and for absorption in the work, that this purpose should exist. It is, therefore, of the first consequence that no one should give herself to the work until she is old enough to know her own mind, unless she has shown the elements of character which imply suitableness and steadfastness; or without a probation long enough to test those two points beyond human pervenience. For this to be done I believe there must be what in popular language are called vows in the setting apart of every sister or deaconess.

The reader commended the diocesan use of the sisterhoods and thought that comity would arrange for the transfer of workers from one place to another far better than canons. He thought the property of the deaconesses and sisterhoods should be in the control of a body of trustees. In closing, he said: "I have the most intense sympathy with the movement, and the greatest admiration for the spiritual character, the unswerving devotion, the earnest love, of the women who are called of God to this closer service of their Lord."

SPEAKERS.

THE REV. C. B. PERRY, of Baltimore, Md.

Sisterhoods are but beginning their work, and nothing is easier than to destroy a young plant by over-pruning. My first appeal, then, is to avoid crushing this young life by over-legislation. I would suggest that the Church will show great wisdom if it over-prunes this young organization. There are many things in which it is best for the Church not to take the initiatory responsibility. The sisterhoods are just in this condition, and are voluntary workers who have asked for no such recognition. It is only forty years since such an organization was unknown in the Anglican Church. Let them grow. Let them have full scope to do their work. Law is to correct sinners. It is utterly impossible to correct evils before they come. When they do come, we surely trust the wisdom and judgment of this Church to correct them. There will be no greater influence in going among the homes of the poor and lifting them up than these noble, self-sacrificing women who go forth in Christ's uniform. I don't think, my dear friends, that it will need any argument in their support.

THE REV. A. ST. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, of Lowell, Mass.

I do not believe that all women who have been engaged in Church work are those who have lost their husbands. Some of us seem to be very much afraid that women may have something to do or to say. So far as I am concerned, I am not afraid of the women or their work. I am very much afraid that we'll not say enough that is good. There is certainly the need of these orders for consecrated, life-long work. It seems to me that there are numerous instances in a parish minister's life when a devout woman is an essential forerunner, acting in the spirit of John the Baptist, and preparing the way. I believe that woman's work is indispensable in the parish. We need those whose lives are given in this direction. I regard that as a very dangerous doctrine, broached by the previous speaker, that we are to allow these orders to grow

into great powers themselves. I would not have these deaconesses and sisters ordained by the laying on of hands. They ought to be set apart by the bishops of the Church with some suitable ceremony. I would not have any irrevocable vows. I am not afraid of popery. I don't think it is the spirit of the bishops or of the age. I think the bishops can be trusted with power over the length of the vows. These sisters are not born as are poets, they grow.

The Chairman (the Bishop of Connecticut) introduced

LORD BRABAZON, of London, England, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Young Men's Friendly Society and a member of the Committee of the Girls' Friendly Society, who said:

"Ever since two months ago, when I first landed on your shores, I have been made to feel that I am not a foreigner, that I am surrounded by those of my own race and religion. To-day I have witnessed one more proof of that kindness which has characterized all whom I have met here." Lord Brabazon then briefly discussed the work of the two societies with which he is connected.

THE REV. ARTHUR BROOKS, of New York.

It is not a fact that in every instance sisterhoods have proved useful, but we wish that there shall be some order which shall attach itself to the heart of the individual. It seems to me that if there are any points to be decided, I feel that it is this power of individualism, before referred to, which will settle them. I am advocating an individualism which has all its dangers taken away and all its powers left. We have but one law of work in the Church. We want another which shall make the work of women an organized one, as that of the clergy is.

THE REV. A. C. A. HALL, of Boston, Mass.,

protested against allowing individual bishops to control the orders in their own dioceses. He believed in Church legislation concerning religious communities. He objected to a prohibition of vows.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

TOPIC: "Place and Methods of Bible Study in the Christian Life."

PAPERS.

THE REV. GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLASS, of New York.

Bible study has a place far beyond the bounds of the Christian life proper. What does the Christian lose who does not study the Bible? For that it is possible to live and die believing in Christ and belonging to the Church without real study of the Bible, few would care to dispute. What, then, is there lacking to the Christian life in such cases? Why should we urge such persons to make great sacrifices in order that they may study the Bible? This, I presume, is the subject assigned for our discussion.

When we consider the machinery of Christianity in the world, it is evident that the very fact of its organization, necessary though it be, leads to the danger that the members of the Church should neglect the Bible. Whatever theory one may hold as to the original relations of the Church to the Bible, it will be generally admitted that the Church as now existing anticipates the Bible in the ordinary Christian life. The Christian faith is in the atmosphere that the Christian child breathes. In organizing the Church our Lord was careful that Christianity should be vital in the Christian's mind from the beginning. Therefore the Church has, in one sense, taken the faith only of the Bible beforehand, and made it current

among Christians. Therefore we have a Creed, a Liturgy, a catechism, and rule of life.

It is well known how familiar with the Bible the primitive and medieval fathers were; how the early fathers passed the manuscript from hand to hand in the face of persecution; how earnestly they set about translating the scriptures into the different tongues of the races that they evangelized, urging the laity to study the word for themselves.

Careful study of the heresies of the twelfth century among the Roman Church peoples show that although they appealed to Scripture in support of their theories these errors were in fact imported by them into the scriptures from outside sources, while what measure of truth the heretics had was due to their acquaintance, however improper, with the scriptures.

The central problems of to-day are the personality of God, the existence of man after death, the necessity of religion to morality, the possibility of a supernatural revelation in a sphere where law is natural and lastly the origin and destiny of the human race on earth, and the mutual relations of its several classes, rich and poor, governors and governed.

The battle of the last hundred years between faith and skepticism has shown that the Christian is safe and strong when he takes his stand on the facts of history, as the verified expression of the wants of the human soul and the true source of this satisfaction. And whosoever this method has been pursued, then the Bible has disclosed itself as the advancing revelation of the great central fact of the personal God working in human history for the salvation of the world through Jesus Christ. The Old Testament is the story of Christ's coming and of the world's preparation for Him. The New Testament is the record of the life and exposition of His wisdom, informing, purifying, stimulating and regulating the minds of men.

THE REV. C. H. BABCOCK, of Columbus, Ohio.

The Bible is the Christian's collection of divinely inspired writings for religious purposes. That it is not a continuous composition is apparent upon a first examination of its contents. When I reflect upon another statement—namely, that the Bible is divinely inspired—my assurance of unanimous support is somewhat diminished, if indeed it does not forsake me altogether.

The Bible as a book cannot in strictness be called God's revelation, or, save in a secondary way, be said to be inspired by Him. The Bible is only the record, the writing down by human hands of those revelations of Himself which God from time to time has vouchsafed to the human race.

The true Bible student will always proceed with lowliness of mind. However much of critical or exegetical knowledge of the Scriptures he may attain, he will be kept profoundly humble by the larger knowledge of how ignorant he is. In the spirit of Lord Bacon's student's prayer he will humbly pray that human knowledge may not prejudice divine truth; that from a pure understanding, cleared of all fancies and vanity, he may attain unto faith; and lastly, that being freed from the poison of knowledge, we may neither be too profoundly nor immoderately wise, but worship truth in charity.

SPEAKERS.

THE REV. E. S. THOMAS, of St. Paul, Minn.

I have arrived at the conclusion that the study of the Bible is very much neglected. There is a great multiplication in these days of devotional books, which have taken the place of the study of the Bible. Then there

is a growing indifference to the study of the Bible owing to the skeptical works that are crowding it out of its appropriate place. It seems to me that there could not have been a subject of more importance presented to this congress for discussion than the study of the Bible. The Bible is not a collection of Hebrew legends, if it was so it would be read only to find the residuum of truth, and that residuum would be very small. I fear there are a great many honest Christians who think that the miracles of the Bible may be miracleized so that they are no longer miracles. Now if we see the possibility of a miracle let us open the Bible without prejudice. In studying the Bible invoke the light of history, invoke the light of science. Let us be courageous in the study of the Bible, for it will bear all the light.

THE REV. B. W. MATRIN of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No man must go to the Bible to study it until he is thoroughly prejudiced. The Christian religion was not first written down in a book. First know what you want and then go to the Bible. The first thing is to have the order of the Bible in its relation to the Church. There has been talk about putting the Bible in opposition to the Church. There is no opposition. The position is not that we go to the Bible to find religion in it, but because we have already found religion. We have sometimes read the pages of some great commentator and find that the principles of the Bible are breathed into his very writings. There is room for the life of consecration. The deeper student you are of the Bible the less you will ask about inspiration. The question of inspiration comes before us continually. When the Word of God was written it was written in the language of children and suited to the people of those times. Everything that men wrote in those days was not revealed. There is a wide difference between revelation and inspiration.

You have got to study the Bible intellectually and then study it spiritually. I read the Bible over and over again and every time I study it I find something new in it.

RUSSEL STURGIS, Esq., of Boston, Mass.

I can never say what this book has been to me. I am not to speak upon this subject theologically, but I suppose you want to hear what a layman thinks of it. Thank God, I have no doubt about the truth of the Bible. Twenty years ago I pinned my faith to that book. The more you go to it to learn to live spiritual lives, the more you will learn how to love it as the Word of God. Nothing would ever send me anywhere else for comfort but to the Word of God. The time I do have for reading is very largely given to the reading of that book. The Bible is the assaying office to which we may bring our thoughts and have our acts tried as by fire.

THE REV. W. HAY AITKEN of Bedford, England.

The study of the Holy Scriptures is our principal duty of all. The five points of the greatest importance, in connection with an intelligent study of the Bible, are: First, sustained habits of prayer; second, regular observance of the communion; third, necessity and earnest study; fourth, expediency of engaging in active religious work; fifth, care in the selection of one's associates and friends; sixth, we want to study the Bible critically and conscientiously.

THE REV. G. Z. GRAY, D.D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.

How are we to learn the right feelings, the right thought, and the right action in Christian life?

The New Testament is the only rule of your Christian life. It is the presentation of the picture of what you are to realize in your Christian life.

It is the place where Christians learn how true Christians ought to live. Study it honestly; get the true meaning. Get out of it what God put there, and that will help you all through. Don't explain its teachings away. Honestly find out what is there, and the true lessons of Scripture will help you. When we are the humblest we see the widest horizon. Our mission is to live out the Christian life, and be humble and devout before God. Those will realize it the best to whom it is a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path.

Immediately before the reading of the first paper, the general secretary,

THE REV. DR. G. D. WILDES, addressed the large audience in attendance. He referred to the sad circumstances attending the assembling of the Congress, owing to the bereavement of one of their number (Dr. Harwood), and said that out of all this great sorrow came bright voices, which told us to go on with our Congress. We have had, on the part of the local committee, a completeness in management unparalleled in the history of the Congress, and for our members, and from the bottom of my heart I return to them my sincere thanks. Not one thing have I thought of which they have not thought of, and anticipated before the want was felt. Archdeacon Farrar said he felt the greatest pleasure in coming to this old university town, and in his reception. You have seen the hospitality ministered by the venerable president of Yale. Had he been a bishop of souls he could not have been more hospitable. We shall go from New Haven with grateful recollections. Once again let me thank the people of New Haven and the beloved bishop of this diocese for his kindness in presiding.

The Bishop of Connecticut, in response to Dr. Wildes, said: My own share in the matter has been the smallest. It is a very easy thing to sit here and do just what you are told to, and I have followed so closely the instructions of the gentleman who preceded me, that if I have failed to do anything, the responsibility will be on his shoulders. I also wish to extend thanks to the president and officers of Yale, and to those who have extended their courtesies, many of whom were not of our faith. I look for good results from this Congress, and if so, it will be due in a great measure to the executive committee. We shall always hold pleasant recollections of the Tenth Congress in New Haven.

After Dean Gray's remarks, closing prayers were said, and the president dismissed the Tenth Church Congress with the benediction.

To a casual or superficial observer, the keeping of men of rare talent in places of greater or less obscurity may excite wonder; to one who thinks deep it ceases to do so. Why should Keble, say, have been kept at Hursley? There is, however, a divinity that shapes our ends. All over the Church, here and in other lands, men are not advanced, yet the work is. Therein lies the kernel of the question. Not men, the work. No light that is such can be hid beneath a bushel. It will shine and penetrate. From the vicarage and from the chancel and pulpit went the influence of that humble priest just as effectively as goes that of Liddon from St. Paul's.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co., the American publishers of Archdeacon Farrar's works, gave a delightful breakfast to the distinguished author at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Monday of this week.

The distinguished visitor received the guests who had been invited to meet him in a parlor of the hotel, and at ten o'clock he was escorted to the breakfast room by Mr. Dutton. Grace was said by the Archdeacon. Mr. Charles A. Clapp, the partner of Mr. Dutton, presided with Canon Farrar at his right.

There were present, Whitelaw Reid, Rowell Smith, Cyrus W. Field, Rev. Dr. Mallory, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, R. W. Gilder, Hiram Hitchcock, David M. Stone, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, E. L. Godkin, J. D. Champlin, Jr., Major J. M. Bundy, Rev. Dr. Chas. A. Stoddard, and Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, mostly all editors of daily and weekly journals or magazines. There were no speeches, but after breakfast the guests gathered in groups for general conversation. It was a most enjoyable occasion.

PARAGRAPHIC.

THE income of the Church of England Missionary Society last year, ordinary and special, was \$1,137,703.

In eighty-five years the population of Great Britain and Ireland has grown from 15,902,000 to 36,325,000.

A FRENCHMAN, dying, has left \$5,000 to be given for benefit of the wounded in the next war with Germany.

THE hospital Saturday and Sunday funds in London this year were \$250,000, and this is to be divided among 101 hospitals and 53 dispensaries.

In front of the house at Santa Cruz, where Bishop Patteson was killed, his sisters have caused to be erected a memorial cross of galvanized iron.

THE cathedral of Moscow, intended to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon I., has just been completed after the labor of fifty years, and at a cost of \$10,000,000.

It is reported that fifty congressional districts are without representatives at West Point, those who are nominated to the position failing to pass the examinations.

DURING the first six months of the present year \$36,534,000 have been invested in Southern manufacturing and mining enterprises. The dark night is ending and brightly breaks the dawn.

THE cholera bacillus can not survive a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit, and in this fact is proven the utility of boiling the water used for drinking and domestic purposes: we destroy thus whatever germs may be in it.

It is said that thirty-two thousand humming birds were sent to London in one consignment, to be used for millinery purposes. If New York did not follow the same cruel fashion, it might be worth while to send Mr. Bergh to London to see if there is any law to protect the beautiful birds from destruction.

THE first stone of a monument to be erected to the memory of John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga, was recently laid by the son of the South Sea Islander who slew him. The father was a heathen and savage, but, thanks to the Word of God, the son is a Christian.

THERE is no star of magnitude near the south pole, the nearest being fifteen degrees away, but within thirty degrees of the pole there are five stars of the first and eleven of the second magnitude. The famed Southern Cross, as much famed as the Dipper, has one star of the first and three of the second class.

A&T.

The Compline Service at St. Chrysostom's Chapel, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth street, on the third Sunday of the month, merited announcement in the daily journals; and justifies the most deliberate criticism in its relation to the growth of true religious art.

It is a delicate matter to call in question either the fidelity or practical wisdom of such a man as the minister in charge; but he cannot take it unkindly if we suggest that the neighboring Casino, with all its wantonly meretricious allurements, does not hide its ignis-fatuus light under a bushel, but advertises its "Sunday evenings" with lavish hand. Why should Mr. Still be outgeneralized or outwitted in such an involuntary competition? All the world knows and hears about the Casino, while nobody beyond the congregation hears or knows about the little chapel on the neighboring corner, with its incomparably better entertainment for the intelligent lover of music.

The truth is, thousands of religious people are literally wheeled away into untimely and secular recreations on Sunday evenings, in the absence of the legitimate refreshments of the Lord's house. We impeach the religion that is so easily betrayed, and we censure the churchly apathy that is too blind or indolent to meet the crisis energetically and wisely. In this regard St. Chrysostom's has fought a good fight and earned a good degree—only she let her light shine out, so that the silly and simple and wayfaring and restless souls might catch a glimpse of it, and that means practically an explicit card in the Saturday or Sunday papers, mentioning its musical selections.

All Churchmen know, or should know, that every Sunday service in this chapel is exceptionally rich in its musical expression; that Compline every Sunday is glowing with devoutness, and that on every third Sunday a work of highest excellence and importance is presented for the Offertory. On this occasion Mr. Still devotes the offerings to a chancel improvement fund, which has already provided the exquisite east window among other works.

The service opened with Hymn 337 for a professional; Psalm xxiii, was chanted in plain song, with a very reverent delivery, with Hymn 189 before the sermon. The Offertory chiefly demands attention. It was Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's Anthem Cantata, "All They That Trust in Thee, Lord." It is distributed in four beautifully contrasted movements, having for the text verses from the Psalm cxvii, and had not before been sung by this choir.

The first number is a chorus in 3-2 time, moving with an elastic rhythm, and grandly harmonized. The basses and tenors open in strongly marked unison passages, while the parts enter in an antiphonal spirit, advancing in fluent, melodic figures until the ripe strength of the movement matures in majestic choral form. Under the organ accompaniment of Mr. Messier, who often assists on these occasions, the resolute tonic spirit of the chorus was brought out with exhilarating distinctness.

No. 2 is a brief dramatic episode, "Round Jerusalem stand the Mountains," as a tenor recitative, with a beautifully colored choral response, making ready for the 3d number, "Lord, do Thou well to those that are good," in which a lively tenor solo carries out the thought, upheld by a choral accompaniment of subtle and most pathetic import. The accompaniment is a delicate, fluttering, harp-like figure, full of ancient Hebraic suggestion. Here the composer displays his striking individuality in the wealth and boldness of his harmonic shadings. The last number is the most highly wrought, the voice parts moving in a polyphonic spirit, threaded on a strongly-

drawn tenor solo. The peril and crisis of evil-doers come out in vivid colors; but the turbulence and storm-drift give way to the blessed refrain, "But peace shall be upon Israel," in the development of which Dr. Hiller pours out the vials of his most seraphic inspirations.

The whole cantata—and it hardly lasts twenty minutes—was delivered with exemplary intelligence, and what is better than all, in a very devotional spirit.

Indeed it fell like a wonderful sermon on the people with visible eloquence. The worshipper here, and at other times, finds criticism giving way to devout influences, for there is recognized an exalted art so merged in a fervent religiousness that it savors of irreverence, if not profanity, to tear them asunder. The devout student of musical liturgies will do well not to forget St. Chrysostom's choir, and especially the Service of Compline on the third Sunday of the month.

HOUGHTON HALL, Norfolk, England, is to be offered for sale by Lord Cholmondeley (pronounced Chmley) with its heir looms, pictures and bric-a-brac. The Saturday Review says better opportunities are offered now in England for picking up art treasures than ever before, and they are diligently improved.

It seems to be a singular fact that while many pictures by women are on the walls at our exhibitions, yet no place is ever given to a woman on the juries of award. To non-professionals it does not appear equal and right. If they can excel with the brush, why are they incapacitated as judges!

SCIENCE.

MR. HAMILTON, California, on the top of which is the Lick Observatory, is about 4,300 feet high. The observatory will possess a complete outfit of the best astronomical instruments with a thirty six inch equatorial telescope. The high elevation gives the observatory great exemption from clouds and fog, and there is found to be greater steadiness in the atmosphere.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. H. Bicknell's address is Jacksonville, Florida.

The Rev. William Brittain has become rector of North Park, Kent County, Md. Address Massey, Kent County, Md.

The Rev. Samuel Edson will take charge of Christ church, Newton, N. J., on November 1. Address according.

The Rev. Robert Scott's address is "The Bristol," Fifth Avenue and Eleventh street, New York.

The Rev. L. Sears has resigned the charge of Grace church, Manchester, N. H., from Nov. 1. He entered on the professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Vermont, Burlington, on October 1.

The Rev. M. F. Sorenson has taken charge of All Saints' church, Denver, Col. Address 85 Central street, Denver.

The Rev. Lucius Waterman has become assistant-minister in St. Louis' church, Mattawan, N. Y. Address Fishkill on Hudson.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Death, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, Thirty Cents a Line, nonpareil (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, on Saturday, Oct. 29, at the residence of the bride's grandfather, Jas. H. Bostwick, Esq., by the Rev. Chas. R. Treat, JANEY M., eldest daughter of Edw. C. Hall, of Auburn, N. Y., to CHAS. W. TOWNSEND, of Portland, Or. No cards.

In Brooklyn, on Wednesday, October 21, at the residence of the bride's grandfather, by the Rev. Chas. R. Treat, ANDY M., third daughter of Edw. C. Hall, of Auburn, N. Y., to EDWARD D. BEAR, of Aberdeen, Dakota. No cards.

Georgia papers please copy.

In Memorial Church of St. John, Ashland, Pa., on Thursday, October 8, 1888, by the Rev. R. H. Edson, Miss ELIZABETH MONROE CURTIS, of Ashland, to Mr. HENRIK WRIGHT SEACON, of Shickadee.

DIED.

Entered into rest in New York City, on Sunday, October 11, ELVASON, beloved wife of Henry Butterfield, and only daughter of Commodore Charles Green, U. S. N., of Hartford, Conn.

On Tuesday morning, October 30, 1885, in Troy, N. Y., FRANCIS PALMISTO, aged 77 years, widow of Charles Broughton, and daughter of the late Henry Metcalf, of Stillwater, N. Y.

At her residence in Waterloo, N. Y., Thursday, October 29, ERICUS BRUNSWER, (COOKE, widow of Calvin), aged 84 years, widow of the late John A. Coe, and possessing a character of rare loveliness, charitable in thought, word, and deed, who lived beloved by all who knew her, and her death is most sincerely mourned.

Entered into rest, on Monday, October 12, 1885, at 103 Herkimer street, Brooklyn, N. Y., GERSTAVUS HARTZ, born in Kaganad.

In Woods Hill, Mass., October 16, 1885, the Rev. CHARLES WILLIAMS NICHOLSON, rector of the Church of the Messiah.

In Hanover, Germany, Saturday, September 13, 1885, ELIZABETH ABBOT, beloved daughter of Henry and Margaret Tatlock, aged 7 years, 6 months, and 21 days.

In Hanover, Germany, Tuesday, September 15, 1885, ELIZABETH, beloved son of Henry and Margaret Tatlock, aged 5 years, 9 months, and 12 days. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

Entered into rest in Norfolk, Va., October 18, 1885, ELIZABETH WICKHAM TASEWELL, daughter of the late Lidtton Water Isaacwell.

"Blessed are the pure in heart."

Thursday, October 15, at W. H. Livingston, Dal., entered into rest, MARY KOWEN, infant son of Edwin A. and Clara J. Van Trump.

Entered into rest at Baltimore, on St. Luke's Eve, October 17, HANNAH, widow of the Right Rev. W. B. Wittingham, late Bishop of Maryland, aged 50 years and 7 days.

"Her children rise up and call her Blessed."

THE REV. ASH L. COLE, D. D.

The Faculty of Nashotah would reverently and lovingly place on record their sense of the grievous loss which has befallen themselves, their House and its students, the cause of education for the ministry, and the whole American Church, in the death of the Rev. ASH L. COLE, D. D., for thirty years pastor of the house and revered President of Nashotah House.

Accepting the office at a time when the outlook was discouraging, he has for more than a generation, in the most unflinching, self-sacrificing, and self-denying manner, pursued the even tenor of his way, ever steady in his faith, abounding in hope, continuing to pray for those who have known him. He will be appreciated the heavy burden he has so long and so abjectly borne, in presiding over an institution whose origin has been a venture of faith, and whose only support has been the aims of the future.

A life devoted to his sacred work has been closed by a peaceful and holy death in the Lord, surrounded by loving colleagues and students, and cheered by the knowledge that the Master's blessing was never being more richly poured out upon the object of his labor and love and prayer.

W. H. KEMPER, Bishop of Wisconsin, and Acting President of Nashotah House, LEWIS A. KEMPER, Secretary of Faculty. October 16, 1885.

THE REV. A. D. COLE, D. D.

Resolutions of the visiting clergy, adapted at a meeting, held in Dr. Aikin's recitation room, at the residence of the Bishop of Missouri, directly after the burial.

The visiting clergy desire hereby to express their deep sorrow for the loss which has fallen upon Nashotah and the whole American Church in the death of this distinguished divine. His home life, his studies, his work as a colonial worker, his pleasant greeting has often met us at the train, his almost every diocese the influence of his ministrations has been felt. His life has been for good; and the solid worth of his character has given added value to the institution, and secured for it the respect and confidence of the whole Church. For thirty-five years of unceasing prayer and toil, Dr. Cole has given his life to this work, and in the state which he has reached he has truly said to be written upon his heart. Besides the training of over 200 young men for the Sacred Ministry, he has found time to do his work in neighboring villages, and do much for the sick and needy. The poor have shed tears over his body, and we as we look at his remains in the casket he loved so well, and the rich have been moved to special trains to show their reverence for him. As we look at his remains in the casket he appears the dignified, venerable, Christian Priest. Not unlike the sketches of some of the great selection of the early Christian saints, he has sought the good fight; he has finished his course; he has kept the faith."

MORRIS FRANKLIN.

At a meeting of the Vestry of St. George's church, Washington, specially convened, October 23, 1885, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted: "We have pleased Almighty God to remove from his earthly sphere of usefulness, our beloved and honored colleague, MORRIS FRANKLIN, who for

many years was a most valued vestryman, and for the last fifteen years a warden of this parish. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Franklin, after an exceptionally long life of activity and usefulness, we recognize the loss, not only of a most important member of the Vestry, but also of a friend, that of a venerable and dearly loved friend, a wise and experienced counsellor, a generous co-operator in every department of Christian work, an honored and influential citizen, and a man whose stainless record of public service and of private virtue will be a noble monument and example in this community.

Resolved, That this Board extend to the family of our deceased colleague the warmest and most cordial sympathy. We assure with them their sorrow and their sense of loss; and while we commend them in every department of their life, we sympathize with their sorrow, and we also rejoice with them in the assurance that an All-wise Father has gathered into His garner all who departed friends—of old years and of honors—like a sheaf of corn fully ripe.

Resolved, That this Board as a body attend the funeral of our late colleague, wearing the usual black cravat upon the left arm, and additional mark of respect to his memory.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the vestry; also, that a copy of the same be sent to the family of our deceased colleague, and that copies be furnished by the Vestry to the friends of the late colleague, and the New York Churchman, for publication.

W. H. KEMPER, Cleric, pro tempore. J. CARPENTER SMITH, Rector.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM CLEVELAND RICE.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen of Calvary church, Summit, N. J., held at the rectory, on October 27, 1885, the Rev. J. F. Butterworth in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Forasmuch, as it has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to take out of the world of our dear friend and brother, WILLIAM CLEVELAND RICE, deceased, that the following be adopted as a memorial:

That in the death of our brother, who for many years was a most valued member of the Diocesan Board of Missions, and a delegate to the General Convention, and who has at large has sustained a grievous loss which is most deeply felt in his own immediate parish and diocese, and for many other benevolent institutions and for the poor, the sick, and the suffering, as well as his own earnest personal labor for Christ and the Church we would hereby express our sympathy.

That we extend to the family of our brother, our sincere sympathy with them in their sorrow, praying that God will help, comfort, and console them in their grief and grant them resignation to the Divine Will.

That a copy of this memorial be sent to the family, and that it be published in THE CHURCHMAN.

By order of the vestry, A. F. DOHRMAN, Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Entered into the joys of Paradise, on Tuesday, September 22, ANNE, wife of the late Thomas Messenger, Esq., of Brooklyn, New York.

Entered into the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Again the heart of the Saviour has been made glad as another saintly spirit passed through the dark valley into the glorious light of the presence of God, On Tuesday afternoon, September 22, as the sun was slowly sinking in the western sky, Mr. THOMAS MESSENGER passed swiftly and peacefully from earth to Heaven. It is but a few short years since St. Ann's was called to minister to his bereaved and staunch friend, Mr. Messenger, and now her tears are falling as she pays a last tribute of loving respect to his wife; the parish has lost a firm friend, and its members mourn for one whose holy, consistent life was an example and encouragement to all who were in communion with him in the faith. To the many calls from far and near, for help, Mr. Messenger ever gave a ready response, and the poor and needy were his constant care, but he was never deaf to their appeals. While, however, St. Ann's mourns, and those near her by special ties of kinship or affection are bowed in grief, let us with stiller hearts listen to the voice of Christ, and forgetting our own sorrow, remember her unspcakable joy. What says the Master, beloved are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors; "I go to prepare a place for you, that when I shall come again, I may be able to come and receive you into my Father's house." "Come ye, blessed of my father, inherit the place prepared for you." And then St. Paul's triumphant assurance, "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." Oh what rapturous joys, what glorious realizations of all that the soul has battled for on earth. All this time, in the more than earthly home, where he abides, from our midst we mourn to-day. Knowing this we are not as those that mourn with hope, for, thanking God for this blessed example, we are sure to have as he followed Christ, praying that our last end may be even as his.

S. B. S.

APPEALS.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It uses a large amount for the work of the present year.

"Give and it shall be given unto you." Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK, 1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashotah. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

1st. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio.

2d. Because the institution is second to none in the land.

3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.

4th. Because it is the best located for study.

5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing students for ordination.

Address: Rev. A. D. COLK, D. D., Nashotah, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

I HAVE for sale, in all of the Building Fund of Holy Trinity church, Gainesville, Florida, some of the choice land of Alachua Co. Twenty acre lots, numbered, \$100; ten acre lots, numbered, \$150; ten acre lots, cleared and improved, from \$300 to \$600. The titles are all perfect. The lands high and dry, and free from any insect or animal pests, and in the State, and is the great vegetable and small fruit county, raises more oranges than any county, save one, and more vegetables than all others. High and healthy midland section. Gainesville is the county seat and railroad centre. For information, maps, &c., address, F. B. DICKHAM, Gainesville, Fla.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITLESSEY, Corresponding Secretary, 47 Spruce St., Hartford, Conn.

The Secretary gratefully acknowledges from Tithes Trinity church, Hartford, \$100.

DAVE HARBOR, PENNA., MISSION.

This mission will be most grateful to any church or congregation who will send or forward furniture for sufficient of the same to furnish its chapel.

THEO. F. PATTERSON, Lay Reader, Safe Harbor, Lancaster Co., Pa., Oct. 24, 1885.

On November 11 and 12 a Fair for the benefit of Christ's Hospital and the Children's "Daisy Ward" will be held at the residence of Miss DeLong, which should be sent to SISTER ADELA, Jersey City Heights.

A MISSIONARY in the southwest can give services at three new stations of promise if he can purchase a horse. Any desiring to contribute, remit or write, Missionary, care of CHURCHMAN'S office.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York give notice that the Mission will begin (D. V.) November 27, at 4 o'clock, at St. Mark's church, and previous to and during the Mission, will be at the store of R. F. Dutton & Co., 39 West Twenty-third street, at 4 o'clock, on Thursday evenings.

The literature of the Mission will be found at the residence of Miss DeLong, Jersey City Heights.

HENRY MOTTET, Corresponding Secretary.

The Fifty-fourth Annual Meeting of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, for the session of 1885-86, the executive committee, will be held, D. V., in the Sunday-school room adjoining Calvary church (Cor. 31st and 4th streets), on Thursday evening, October 29, at 4 o'clock.

By order of the executive committee, C. T. QUODDREY, Superintendent.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The annual matriculation of the new students will take place on Monday next, November 2, at 11 A. M., in the seminary chapel. The address will be made by the Bishop of Albany.

The corner-stone of the new edifice will be laid by the Assistant Bishop of New York on the same day at one o'clock. E. A. HOFFMAN, Deas.

CLERGYMEN'S RETIRING FUND SOCIETY.

The annual meeting will be held in St. Matthew's church, Sussex Street, Jersey City, on Thursday, November 13, 1885, at three o'clock, P. M.

WM. WELLES HOLLEY, Secretary, Hackensack, N. J., October 28, 1885.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The twenty-third annual meeting of The Evangelical Education Society will be held in Philadelphia on Tuesday, November 24, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Church of the Epiphany, Important business.

ROBERT C. MATLACK, Secretary.

WANTS.

WANTED—A young man to do the mission work in Acton parish, Saratoga, \$500. Address RECTOR, care of James Post & Co., Astor Place, New York.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

CONVENTION AT THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF SEPTEMBER, 1879.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

In a learned article on "The National Church and the Diocese," published a few months ago,* are the following words in regard to the General Convention which assembled on Michaelmas, 1789:

"It was composed of deputies professing to represent ten State Churches—not Dioceses. Of these only five had any form of organization, and even that was wholly voluntary, without law or precedent to authorize it. . . . Dr. Parker represented Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and Dr. Jarvis, Connecticut, at the request of certain clergyman resident in these States."

"Without entering into the question whether in 1789 Connecticut had not been formally organized as a diocese, in full accord with Church law and precedent I wish to call attention to the authority which was given to the delegates who represented her in the General Convention in the autumn of that year, and also to the recognition of that authority on the part of the General Convention itself."

The original records of the conventions of the Clergy of Connecticut, prior to 1790, are not known to be in existence. But in a "Life of Bishop Jarvis," written by his son, the Rev. Dr. S. F. Jarvis, and published in the third volume of the Evergreen, is an account of the election of the delegates to the General Convention, evidently taken from the original records made at the time. It is in the following words (p. 174):

"At a Special Convention of the presbytery of Connecticut, held at Stratfield (now Bridgeport), Sep. 15, 1789, the Bishop being absent, the Rev. Dr. Leaning was chosen President, and the Rev. Mr. Jarvis Secretary. Their object was to deliberate upon the invitation from the general Convention at Philadelphia to the Bishop and Clergy of the Church in Connecticut, to attend the Convention which they had adjourned for that end to the 29th of September. The letters and papers sent relating to a general Union having been read, it was voted, on motion of Mr. Bowden, that the Convention would send Clerical delegates. The next day (Wednesday, 16th), Messrs. Hubbard and Jarvis were chosen, and empowered to confer with the General Convention on the subject of making alterations in the Book of Common Prayer," but "the ratification of such alterations" was "expressly reserved to rest with the Bishop and Clergy of this Church."

2. So much for the formality of the appointment of the delegates. It remains to see how they were received by the convention in Philadelphia. The record will be found on p. 71 of Bioren's reprint of the early journals, under date of Wednesday, September 30, 1789, as follows:

"The Right Rev. Dr. Samuel Seabury, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Connecticut, attended, to confer with the Convention, agreeably to the invitation given him, in consequence of a resolve passed at their late session; and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Parker, deputy from the churches in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the Rev. Mr. Bela Hubbard and the Rev. Mr. Abraham Jarvis, deputies from the Church in Connecticut, produced testimonials of their appointment to confer with the Convention, in consequence of a similar invitation. These testimonials were read and deemed satisfactory."

On Friday, October 2, a committee of the convention reported in regard to "the deputies from the churches of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut" (p. 73 of Bioren's reprint):

"That they have had a full, free, and friendly conference with the deputies of the said churches, who, on behalf of the Church in their several states, and by virtue of sufficient authority from them, have signified that they do not object to the constitution," etc.

The report having been accepted, Bishop Seabury, Dr. Parker, and the Rev. Messrs.

Jarvis and Hubbard signed a paper expressing their agreement to the Constitution of the Church, as that day modified, and "took their seats as members of the convention."

It may be added, with reference to the reservation of the powers which were given to the delegates from Connecticut, that the clergy of that diocese, assembled at Newtown on the first day of October, 1790, after consideration of "the alterations in the Book of Common Prayer made by the General Convention at Philadelphia," voted to "confirm the doings of" their "Proctors in the General Convention at Philadelphia on the 2d day of October, 1789."

SAMUEL HART.

GOD A BEGGAR.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

These words sound profane. They are profane. And yet the profanity lies not in the words, but in the exercise of that custom which has become now so general throughout the Christian land of raising money for accomplishing religious purposes through the medium of "begging." Begging addresses, begging sermons, begging from house to house for stray coins—such is the order of the day. And these mendicants who debase themselves, and debase their noble religion, and dishonor their God, however unintentionally, by engaging in these acts are treated as beggars by those to whom they make their appeals. No uncommon thing is it for them to be turned away from the doorstep as though they were veritable paupers; around banks and places of business they are almost regarded as pests. Even the clergyman preaching from the pulpit, when he begins to speak of charity and waxes warm in his appeal with the view to increasing the offertory at the close of the service, is looked upon in a cynical, almost sneering way, by many in his audience. And this plan of raising money by begging is not successful. God's blessing has not rested on the system, too, is distasteful to those who have to engage in it, and it has to be supplemented by fair, and sane, and social, and every other imaginable means, before money sufficient can be raised to build the church or schoolhouse, or to purchase the organ, or to accomplish whatever may be the work on hand. No, the plan is not successful because it is not scriptural; it is not successful because it is not honoring to God.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruit of all thine increase." Here is the remedy. And the practical way of bringing the desirable change into effect, is by simply refusing, on religious grounds, to have anything more to do with begging. Let a few of the clergy band together and bind themselves to have nothing more to do with begging for God's work. Let them have faith and believe that the Lord of the harvest who calls for laborers to reap his fields, will both pay them wages and build them houses both to preach and to live in. It is the want of faith on the part of the clergy that causes want of faith among the laity. Let the clergy be content with food and raiment for themselves and their families, and cease adding land to land, and field to field. Let them work in faith as God's laborers, and very soon, I believe, the effect will be seen among the people. Men of affluence and wealth taught, led, drawn by God's Holy Spirit, will begin to do as they did in the apostolic days, to give up their houses and lands for Christ's sake, and the income of the Church will be increased thirty fold, sixty fold, yes, a hundred fold. E. F. WILSON.

CHRISTIANITY USES ALL THE FACULTIES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Has not your correspondent (R. W. Lowrie) mistaken the point of the article in THE CHURCHMAN on "Reagan's Romance." As I recollect, the objection was that a romance is addressed to the imagination solely, and, Roman by calling religion a romance left it to one faculty of the mind. The point evidently was, that true religion must reach all faculties of body, soul and spirit, and fill the whole individual man, to full satisfaction; supplying all

his needs, answering or quelling all his questionings, outscouring, yet uplifting, his aspirations, and both comforting him and nourishing him day by day.

The imagination, as your correspondent skillfully shows, is an essential part of us, and therefore may be sanctified. The true religion makes good use of it. But Christianity uses all the human faculties. They who do not appreciate this, its comprehensiveness, have no adequate conception of it. It is real now and full of blessing. The walk with God even in this mortal life, is as real as its promises for the future are true. It comes to the whole person in this life; it saves him. He enters eternal life while on earth. His undestroyed, unnummated, entire person reaches out for this life, with the assurance of faithful hope that the life to come will be the same eternal life, filling him full and expanding forever.

B. FRANKLIN.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Such burning words as those lately from one of our bishops are to the point, and need no poor words of mine to strengthen them. But the thought has been aroused in my mind, could not people who while away their time on these seducing prints, turn upon us and say, "You have your Sunday paper, what you like; and you must allow me to have a Sunday paper I like!" I refer to our Sunday school papers. And here let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean that these papers for the young are printed on Sunday, as many of the Sunday papers are; no. I mean this, that they are dated for such and such a Sunday. Allow me to make a suggestion. No doubt many of your readers can make a much better one. E.g., instead of dating a paper for the "19th Sunday after Trinity," say the "19th week after Trinity." Perhaps some one can offer a better plan. Who will!

W. S. HAYWARD.

Minister, Oct. 8, 1885.

NEW BOOKS.

THE BLOOD COVENANT. A Primitive Rite and its Bearings on Scripture. By H. Clay Trumbull, D.D., Author of "Kadesh Barnea." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, pp. 300. Price 8t.

We hardly know which has struck us most strongly—the varied and curious learning so copiously displayed in this book, or the keen and convincing reasoning by which it is applied. It is not easy to get away from Dr. Trumbull's conclusions, or to overlook the fact that he never begs the question or forces unduly the manifold citations he uses in support of his theory. With one point he makes us are thoroughly in accord—viz., that ancient and wide spread customs are to be referred to a common origin in a primal revelation, and are not to be taken in their later and debased form and sense as the original idea. This book is made up of three lectures delivered before the Summer School of Hebrew in the Divinity School at Philadelphia. They grow out of the rite of "Blood Brotherhood," which the readers of Stanley's books on Africa will readily remember. This rite consists in the mingling or interchange of blood (with other ceremonies) between the two contracting parties, and its effect is to constitute a firm and absolute league of amity between the "Blood-brothers." This is not confined to the African tribes of the Congo basin, but, to our surprise, we found as we read Dr. Trumbull's pages, was of the most remote antiquity and of the widest extent. It is developed into not a few variations, among others the symbolism of the wedding-rite. We refer the reader to the book itself or these, as we do not wish, by attempting to epitomize the doctor's well-chosen words to measure statements, to weaken their force.

As we read we were, as is natural when one takes up a work written under the pressure of

* American Church Review, April, 1883.

a decided theory, on the lookout for some inconsequent deduction, some forcing of the facts, or some passages where ingenuity was directed to smooth away hostile premises. We have failed to find these. We do not remember among the books of this class a single one in which the fancy has been so sternly subjected to the requirements of logic.

In the bearing of this topic on Scripture, especially as elucidating the general idea of sacrificial covenant, and also as illuminating a host of minor passages, otherwise obscure, we acknowledge the great value of this work. It seems to us to throw a true and important light upon the sacrament of the Holy Communion, and to rescue it alike from Roman perversion and Zwinglian degradation. Throughout we have been impressed by its reserve of power, its care not to press unduly any analogy. It seems to us a model of what biblical study should be, at once removed from the indiscriminate catching at every straw of resemblance which floats on the surface, under the plea of pious opinion, and from the skeptical rationalism which would reduce everything to its lowest terms of bald and meagre interpretation. We have said that we look with suspicion upon the books of a dominant idea. But where a dominant idea is not an *a priori* assumption, but a legitimate induction, as we think this to be, a dominant idea is only another name for a cardinal truth. Such books may have their uses in giving a fresh aspect to familiar facts, as they have the gift to please the ephemeral fancy. But a work like Dr. Trumbull's has a deeper and more enduring merit. It is a contribution to human knowledge, a help to human thought, and that is the highest of human studies.

THE WITNESS OF THE CHURCH TO CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Jas. Mulchahy, S. T. D. [New York: James Pott & Co., 1885.] pp. 214.

The author of this thoughtful volume of sermons is one of the assistant ministers of Trinity church in this city, and has for many years been in charge of St. Paul's historical chapel. He has already published occasional sermons and essays, which have done excellent service in the form of tracts; but this is his first attempt at a more sustained work. In appearance it is a volume of twenty-one sermons, each having its own subject, and all adapted to the seasons of the Church, yet such is its continuity of thought and its unity of subject that it may be regarded as one work, an attempt to bring out a recognition of the Church's attestation of Christian fact to the believing mind and heart as the true remedy for much of modern scepticism. It is cast in the form of sermons in the hope that it might become the more useful, whether for private study or for the lay reader in many congregations. Just now there would seem to be a wave of scepticism going over the land, not confined to scholars and thinkers, but reaching down to the masses of men. They ask, is there any truth? and, what is truth? and are met by the abstractions of philosophers, not to say cranks, and by essays upon theories of evolution and other quiddities of "science, falsely so called," which they can not comprehend, and the result is that they are more muddled than before. They will not wrestle with dogma nor with the ratiocination by which, to many minds, it can be best sustained, but they can appreciate facts and testimony. Dr. Mulchahy, taking advantage of this characteristic, has shown in this volume how the great fundamental verities of Christianity have, in every age, had the testimony and authority of the Church in their favor. They are reclaimed and asserted truths, they are in the world, and their existence has to be accounted for, and this is done by showing their historic basis, and that there has been, in every age, not only a succession

of the apostles, but a succession of the truth. Christian truth alone is the salvation of the world, and in these sermons it is shown how that truth, "coming into the world as a Divine Revelation, did in its reception gladden the hearts and guide the lives of men, and how it is ever calculated to work those cheering and saving effects." One by one he takes the great subjects, brought before us in the teaching of the Church, from Advent to Trinity; and this is suggestive of a subsequent volume, and we have a body of sound and Churchly doctrine, "wholesome and Godly, and necessary for these times." The sermons were not written for the purpose of making a book, but for use in the ordinary course of pastoral care; they have stood the test, and what was intended for a congregation is now addressed to the Church itself. The same evils, the struggle with doubt and scepticism, are everywhere found, and need the same remedy—the parish is a miniature world, and this volume is timely, and should find a wide degree of favor. These sermons are plain and simple in style, without any ambitious rhetoric or straining after effect, and if they are pleasant reading, it is because they have been carefully thought out and studied by the author, because he had something to say and knew how to say it; he gives us "boaten oil."

HEAVEN REVEALED. Being a Popular Presentation of Swedenborg's Disclosures about Heaven. With the concurrent testimony of a few competent and reliable witnesses. By B. F. Barrett, author of "The New View of Hell," etc., etc. [Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.] pp. 92. 12mo. Price 81.

We can dispense of Mr. Barrett's argument in a few words. It is briefly this: Man wants to know everything about the future state. Therefore, he is capable of knowing all about it. Therefore, he ought to know about it. Therefore, if anybody (as, for example, Swedenborg) professes to have had a revelation on the subject, it is probably true, provided it is consistent and reasonable. Mr. Barrett asks: "Why shouldn't we know these things?" The simple answer is: "Why should we?" He asks: "Why may not Swedenborg's revelation be true? Of course it may, and so may be any other speculations. Mr. Barrett claims that Scripture is a witness for Swedenborg, but he is evidently not a lawyer, or he would understand better what "being a witness" means. Mr. Barrett understands it to be something to be set aside wherever it does not agree with one's own views. For instance, the Scripture distinctly says that men do not become angels in the state of bliss, that angels and men are different beings, etc., etc. Swedenborg says that men by natural evolution became angels—at least Mr. Barrett says that this is Swedenborg's doctrine. We feel bound to make this qualification, because whatever Swedenborg may have taught or held, it is perfectly apparent that Mr. Barrett is not capable of drawing a correct inference, and we doubt very much if he can recognize a correct inference when he sees one. He seems to think he has reached a conclusive argument when he asks: "Why is not this so?" We cannot advise any reader to waste time over this book, unless as a mere study of what beliefs are held by the disciples of Swedenborg. As far as we can make out the author's mental attitude, the strongest reason that he has for his faith, is the utter absence of any foundation for it to rest upon.

DEE SOORH; or, Cuba Past and Present. By Martin M. Ballou, author of "Due West." [Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.] pp. 318. Price \$1.00.

Mr. Ballou makes it evident in the course of his pages that he has travelled extensively and often. In these pages he tells all that he knows about Cuba, and tells it in a pleasing, straightforward way. The most charming book on Cuba, we ever met with was W. H.

Hurlburt's "Gar-Eden," a little volume now probably out of print. We fancy Mr. Ballou has read it, from a brief allusion here and there, but he has wisely refrained from trying to imitate it. Instead, he has given a readable volume, with some history which his readers might be supposed to know already, and some statistics which they will probably find instructive. Like as in a lady's letter, Mr. Ballou has put his chief thought in a postscript. At the very close of the book the purpose of writing it peeps out. It is to advance the notion that the United States must take possession of the "ever faithful island." How that is to be done with a navy which even Spain could "whip with one hand," or how Spain is to be persuaded into a sale, we are not told. The great objection once felt to Cuban annexation lay in the belief that thus the area of slavery would be extended and a probable door for the yet unsuppressed slave trade opened. Mr. Ballou is careful to say that in 1888 slavery will expire by limitation of law. At the same time he gives one to understand that many things take place on paper in Cuba which have little foundation in fact. There seems to be two things inevitable to every visitor of Cuba, one is to detest the regime, and the other is to covet the island. If this volume is written in the interest of Cuban annexation, we cannot say we approve it. There is territory enough under the stars and stripes which yet is waiting to be governed properly, without adding more which has for centuries been misgoverned.

NOVEMBER OF A DIPLOMAT. Private Letters from America during the Administrations of Presidents Van Buren and Tyler. By the Chevalier De Bacourt, Minister from France. With a Memoir of the author by the Comtesse De Mirabeau. Translated from the French. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.] pp. 297.

A Frenchman in high spirits is an amusing creature, a Frenchman in the opposite mood is sometimes more amusing still. M. De Bacourt is no exception to this rule. It is evident from these pages that he was in a state of ill-humor from the time he set sail from England to this country till the hour of his leaving it. He is in a state of intense, bristling nationality. He is a bigoted Romanist, which for a French diplomat representing Louis Philippe does not lessen the oddity. He hates republicanism. He finds almost everything in this country detestable—manners, cookery, morals, intellect, the houses of Washington, and the climate of Boston. He worships Talleyrand, and believes that the ex-Bishop of Autun died in the odor of sanctity.

An Englishman's blunders respecting this country are sufficiently quaint, but a Frenchman's are the quintessence of happy ignorance. He spells names as only a Frenchman can, and confounds persons and places in a most charming manner. In spite of all this, one cannot help being greatly entertained by this book. It is much to see this country, even through unfavorable foreign spectacles, as it was in 1840. He found Brooklyn largely laid out, but with few houses built, piggis roaming in the streets of New York, Washington with two-storied, shabby dwellings, Philadelphia comprised between Broad street and the Delaware River. He admires the Hudson and Niagara Falls, and predicts the dissolution of the Union, as already begun in the Dorr rebellion of the State of Rhode Island. He saw the unfinished monument on Bunker Hill and Harvard University, at Cambridge, Mass. If not flattering, this book is certainly funny.

WHY WE BELIEVE THE BIBLE. An hour's reading for busy people. By J. P. T. Ingraham, A. T. C. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.] pp. 155. Price 60 cents.

Dr. Ingraham has here attempted to give in the catechetical form a very condensed summary of the reasons for receiving Holy Scripture. It is impossible, in a work of this scope,

to do more than to state, dogmatically, conclusions and facts. This has been fairly done in the volume. How far it will succeed in convincing those whose faith is shaken by infidel argument we cannot say. At least it prepares the ground for honest inquiry, and will enable any one whose general belief has been disturbed to see where the difficulty lies, and to consult larger and fuller sources of knowledge. General disbelief can hardly be reached by any methods we think, since it most commonly proceeds from ignorance and mental weakness. Unbelief because of scientific objections requires a mode of treatment peculiar to the special case. But as a foundation for inquiry, this little book seems to us well adapted. After all, the best defence of the Bible is the Bible itself. To one who can reason correctly there is no such answer to doubt as the real harmony of all its parts.

THE HAUNTED ADJUTANT, and Other Stories. By Edmund Quincy. Edited by his son, Edmund Quincy. (Boston: Ticknor & Co.) pp. 396. Price \$1.50.

Edmund Quincy was the son of Josiah Quincy, who in 1845 resigned the Presidency of Harvard College. These stories and papers (for they are, most of them, too slight to be called stories) belong almost entirely to the ante-revolutionary period of Massachusetts history. Mr. Quincy belongs by birth to the post-revolutionary period, but his thoughts, his sympathies, and his tastes evidently go back to the days before Lexington and Bunker Hill. "The Haunted Adjutant" is a regular story, and a very cleverly told one, we may add, and the scene of it is Boston during the siege. The other sketches are like it—all on the Tory side. Mr. Quincy says in one of them that if he had lived then his principles would have required him to be a Whig; but it is manifest that he is exceedingly thankful for being born at a date when he may indulge himself in dreaming of himself as a Tory, without any one being the worse for it. Any one who remembers Mr. Quincy's amusing letters to the *Anti-Slavery Standard* (signed "D. Y.," the final letters of his name) will perfectly appreciate his mental constitution, and understand why he should write thus. He has always been believed to be the hero of the nursery rhyme :

"A metaphysician of Boston,
This two horned dilemma was tossed on—
As to whether 'twere best
To win wealth at the West,
Or be poor, but peculiar, in Boston."

The pages of such an author are pretty sure to be very enjoyable reading, and certainly these are by no means wanting in flavor and sparkle.

ON THE GOSPELS. By J. G. Bennett. (Boston: J. A. Whipple.) pp. 498.

The writer of these four studies of the four Gospels has manifestly grasped at right ideas concerning them. That St. Matthew's is the Messianic, that St. Mark's is the Gospel of action, Christ as King and Head in His Church, that St. Luke shows Jesus as the Son of Man, and St. John reveals the Word made Flesh, the Son of God—these are cardinal truths. There is a good deal of superfluous matter in these pages, and quite too much of the exclamatory and interjectional style, but so far as we can discover, they are doctrinally unobjectionable, earnest in tone, and with much that is suggestive and thoughtful. It is a great point gained when the individual character of the four evangelists is clearly and correctly pointed out. It serves to explain a great many passages, and is, in fact, the key to not a few of the perplexities raised by modern criticism. Especially where this is devoutly done, as here, so that the reader can feel sure of not being beguiled by the "destructive criticism," it is very valuable.

THE AMERICA'S CUP: How it was Won by the Yacht "America" in 1851, and has been since Defended. By Captain Richard F. Coffin. Author of "Old Sailor's Yarns," "Archibald the Cat," "How Old Wiggins Wore Ship," etc., etc. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. 155.

Captain Coffin has two requisites of a successful author. He thoroughly understands his subject, and he has a deep interest in it. He has made a very entertaining little volume, and Mr. Frederic S. Cozens has adorned it with a number of excellent illustrations. The book appeared just before the great trials between the "Puritan" and "Genista." A second edition might contain an account of those magnificent races. Every American who knows anything or cares anything about yachting now knows that the cup is still this side the Atlantic, and it is to be hoped, may remain for years to come. With another century's beginning, according to present appearances, steam will have superseded sails to that extent which will render yachting a thing of the past. Till then this book will be pleasant reading.

HEROES OF ANCIENT GREECE. A story of the days of Socrates, the Athenian. By Ellen Palmer, author of "The Fishermen of Galilee," "Christmas at the Beacon," "Nona," "The Standard Bearer," etc. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) pp. 286. Price \$1.25.

There is a knowledge of classic customs and Grecian history in this little book which makes it decidedly interesting. Its leading idea, that of the friendship and intercourse between Hebrews and Greeks is very beautiful, but, we fear, too fanciful. The intense nationality of the Jews, and their inborn and inbred conviction of the superiority of the blood of Abraham would hardly have permitted at any period of their history such an interchange of thought and sympathy as is here portrayed. Nevertheless, if it is pure fancy, it is very touching and admirably wrought out. We think that it is a work which every Sunday-school library would do well to possess, for it is one of those which lead directly to the study of history, the study most needed of any secular study in this day.

ELIJAH THE REFORMER: A Ballad Epic and other Sacred and Religious Poems. By George Lansing Taylor, D. D. Second edition. (New York: Funk & Wagnall.) pp. 579. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Taylor has a faculty of verse making, but we cannot say that he has done well to turn one of the most impressive stories of the Old Testament into indifferent rhymes. His is a handsomely printed and well bound volume, but we have looked in vain in it for any traces of poetry. It would indeed take a very lofty genius to make a version at all approaching the majesty of the English Scriptures. But when this is attempted in a ballad metre with commonplace rhymes and an entire lack of poetical expression, we decidedly feel that it were best left undone. We notice that this has reached a second edition, which shows that there are a great many people who will read this because it is scriptural. But no one who can discern and love genuine poetry would look at it twice.

PASTIME PAPERS. By the Author of "Salad for the Sullied and the Social," etc. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) pp. 238. Price \$1.

The titles of these papers will give the reader a fair idea of the book. These are "Notes on Names," "Letters and Letter-Writing," "The Old Masters," "Tonching Tailors," "Genius in Jail," "The Marvels of Memory," "Concerning Cobblers," "Coffee and Tea," "Printers of the Olden Time."

These are pleasant essays, not too long for a single sitting, and not lacking in liveliness. They make a little volume, easy to be carried on a journey, lightly to be taken up and not less lightly to be laid down. There is a good deal of curious information in them; they are like the talk of a well-read and thoughtful

man, and they do not lay too heavy a stress upon the attention of the reader. Altogether it may be said that "Pastime Papers" is a nice little volume, and worthy after it has been once read of a place on the book shelf.

A BAND OF THREE. By L. T. Meade, Author of "Water Gypsies," "Scamp and I," etc. Illustrated. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) pp. 277. Price \$1.25.

If this story was as probable as it is pretty it would be a model one. The band of three is of three little girls who support themselves by street music, and cherish a steadfast purpose to go on a search for their lost father. They are made to talk confirmed cockney, so far as the misuse of aspirates, but in other respects a doubtful London dialect. But the main idea is very pretty, and prettily carried out, and we can say that, under the circumstances, the story and its incidents are possible.

HESTER TRACY: A Schoolroom Story. By A. Weber, Author of "At Sixes and Sevens," "Miss Harling," "The Old House in the Square," etc. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.) pp. 307. Price, \$1.25.

We are always glad to meet with a good story for young people and we do not hesitate to say that "Hester Tracy" is exceptionally good. It is really a very striking sketch of a young girl's character in the process of forming, and the people by whom she is surrounded are all well drawn and individual. There is not a little which is highly suggestive in it, and the whole atmosphere of the book is thoroughly healthy.

AFTER ALL: A Novel. By Lillian Spencer (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.) pp. 150. Price, \$0.50.

There is nothing to be said in favor of this little story. Its scene is laid in England, but we doubt if the authoress has much knowledge of English life and it is hopelessly unnatural in its plot. We cannot say that it has any particular moral, and altogether our conclusion is that we have taken the pains to read it; the best service we can do is to advise others to let it alone.

LITERATURE.

The American Sunday-school Magazine will be issued November 1. It will have a large corps of contributors among the bishops, clergy, and laity, and should meet with a warm welcome.

The October Lutheran Church Review has a thoughtful paper on "Ebebe, the Deaconess," in which the work of the deaconess in this country is considered by the Rev. Dr. A. Spaeth. It also gives a portion of the journal of the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg in London in 1772.

The October Art Age, by way of supplement, gives in red chalk a figure study by N. Sarony, with a sketch of the artist. It represents a young girl blowing bubbles. There are a number of other illustrations, and the letter-press in every department of art is full of interest.

The Bay State Monthly has in its October number a paper on the "Authoritative Literature of the Civil War," by Geo. L. Austin, and one on the "March of the Sixth Regiment." It gives a copy of the last portrait taken of Daniel Webster, and a steel portrait, with a sketch, of W. W. Cropp.

A NEW Sunday-school instruction book, entitled "Sufficiently Instructed," will be issued in a few days. Price 20 cents. It will contain 55 lessons on the whole Bible, 105 on the Church Catechism, 55 on the Collects, 55 on the Epistles, 55 on the Gospels, 40 on the Prayer Book Services, 42 on the Feasts and Festivals, 55 Topics for Conversation, with other instructions for teachers and scholars. The author is the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair of Baltimore.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

- 1. ALL SAINTS.
- 1. Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
- 6. Friday—Fast.
- 8. Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
- 13. Friday—Fast.
- 15. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
- 20. Friday—Fast.
- 22. Sunday before Advent.
- 27. Friday—Fast.
- 29. ADVENT SUNDAY.
- 30. ST. ANDREW.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

I do not strive to pierce the veil
Which hides that world from this,
I would not push ajar the gates
Which open into bliss.

What God hath hidden from our sight
Is not for us to see,
Nor would I try with curious gaze
To learn the mystery.

Ear hath not heard, nor hath the eye
Those future joys yet seen;
Then why attempt in vain to look
Behind the shadowy screen!

Enough for me that with the Lord
My loved forever dwell,
Each in the place Christ hath prepared,
Who "doeth all things well."

Enough to know that in that world
No sorrows ever come,
That every tear is wiped away
In that Eternal Home.

That death nor sickness enter there
Amid that sinless throng,
But joy eternal ever swells
The grand triumphant song.

So I can wait the "little while"
That hides them from my sight;
Dear Saviour, grant us grace to reach
That land of radiant light!

RESIGNATION, SUBMISSION TO THE INEVITABLE.

BY THE REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

VI.

My dear, your last letter is full of suggestiveness. But is not your friends' idea of resignation a trifle "off-color"? Resignation is a duty—a Christian duty; but to what is it that we should resign ourselves? Not, surely, to dejection or despair, nor yet to an imaginary something; not to the wrong thing, nor yet to the right thing even, before the time come. There is, thus, a right and a wrong way of being resigned even, high and holy a grace as resignation is.

In the first place it is submission, but it is more. That implies unwillingness, a being "sent under" the yoke, as conquered and perhaps scowling soldierly used to be under the three spears of the victorious Roman. It is voluntary, not enforced. "Lo, I come to do Thy will." God has a way of expressing His will to us. Of course His thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways. He has a way of His own, nor is His will a great, glittering guillotine, to which, like so many convicts, we are dragged, in a spirit of mere restless submission.

Nature is His mind, and events and

phenomena are His speech. He has, thus, not left us without a witness nor without the means of learning His mind. His language is no foreign tongue, impossible or even difficult of apprehension. Our fleshly hearts may not always learn it, but is it then not because we are idle at school and study not diligently? To our own consciousness, as to a convenient lexicon or library, may we each turn as we face what we may think a difficult phrase or passage, and catch the construction and discover the meaning.

* * * Now, of His will as to our being resigned—does He mean us to be anything that we can avert? Before the calamity, then, has befallen us, it were pusillanimity to give way for a moment. It were a fortress striking the flag before the enemy were upon the walls. In other words, we are bound—you and I, as events threaten or states of life seem to approach—to be resigned before the proper time, or to anything except the absolutely inevitable. God's will is the unavoidable! If anything evil seem likely to happen to us, and we can remedy it, and are bound to try before giving up, else we were cowardly and treacherous. This is what energy and perseverance were given us for. If a man lose his fortune, should he never seek to retrieve it? If my house burn, must I never live in another, or try to get me another? Resigned, thus, to the particular loss, submissive to the forgone conclusions of the past is one thing—that is, enduring the inevitable; but to be resigned in the sense of inertness and supineness is another. We are, thus, not bound to be resigned to anything that we can avert or can better.

A good definition of God's mind towards us—a good answer to the questions: What is His will? Is this His will? Is that? Is the other question Was, or is it really unavoidable? If it *was* not, then were we ourselves culpable; we did not use our best endeavors, we were negligent or something; if it *is* yet, then it is not His will that it happen to us, and to be up and doing, and not down and doing not, is our undoubted part and our bounden duty. Nothing is God's will to man save the inevitable! To the inevitable, let us be resigned. Resignation is, then, manly and womanly. It is bowing the neck to the yoke. In the presence of what may yet be averted, resignation is cowardice. It is treachery. It is a betrayal of trust and a storehouse rusting of fire arms that were meant to be kept bright by use in the field. There are times when we may not, indeed, say "No" to God, but No, and with emphasis, to what some may say is of and from Him, and what may, indeed, really seem so, for a moment, to our eyes. A false "resignation" in such a case is unmanly and unwomanly; we have not reached the inevitable, but, on the contrary, stand in the presence of the *evitable* only, if you will let me obey your friend Horace and coin a word. Said Fénelon (I think): "There he lies, and with him lies buried all my hopes of earthly happiness; but if the turning of hand would restore him to life, not for all the world's would I be the turner of that hand, in opposition to the Almighty will."

Don't "trouble trouble till trouble troubles you," I saw in an album the other day. Very good, thought I. Never cross a bridge till you come to it! If ill is coming to you,

you may spare yourself going out to meet it. "Take no thought for the morrow," means, be not over anxious; take some, that is prudence; but don't fret and worry, it spoils the temper, and does not improve one's religion. Your * * * reminds me of the lady who bought a door-plate at auction, with the name Thompson on, because, said she, her daughter might marry a man of that name, and with a "p" in it, too.

Those oils at our friend —'s are poor; they are poor, done by one who failed as a copyist, and thus fitted herself as a judge of other people's copying; done for love, not for pay; done in the flush of a lovely life; done by fingers now in the dust, as yours and mine must be; but there are those who, if it were God's will that those van fingers were here again, would rather own their work, poor as it might be, than to be possessors of the best thing ever done by Turner, or criticised by Ruskin. But no; resignation; it is the Lord, be it unto us according to His will. Nothing, in an unregenerate human view, appears more capricious than the occurrence of Death. Leaves seem to have their very time to fall, but this to have, indeed, "all seasons for its own." Yet, wayward as it may seem, even the keys of Hades are in His hands; nor shall they turn in the wards of life until He gives the word. It is from "sudden death," in only the sense of an unprepared one, that we may pray. From this we may, and do, pray to be delivered. Yes, in a sense, may we not deliver ourselves? "Work out your own salvation," altho' it is "God who worketh in us." The answer to the prayer for deliverance from a sudden death, does He, thus, put, in a sense, in our own hands.

Thus I try to answer your query—Just when to be resigned. Your other:

"Why should such a being as I am, praise and pray to such a One as He is?" Why does the bird soar and sing? It loves to. You have never prayed or given praise and thanks aright, if you have ever rendered them in a mercenary or slavish spirit. Love to do them, and you will then do these things aright; and not (entirely so) until. Many want everything demonstrated to them; some, on the contrary, reason with the heart: Thomas hesitated, so did they all—all save those women; let us be women, nmanly as it may be called; the Master bade us be children, even; tho' once, I mind, a woman of Canaan (St. Mat. xv.) reasoned with the Lord, even, and beat Him in the argument, at that. (Of course, He led, and let her.)

If she could reason with the Lord in His face, may we not before we give up; we, who have not a clear face-to-face expression of the heavenly will? Only, in reverence; only, in humility. And if it be that faculties given us to avert ill, can not, then those given us to accept it, come into play. The women argued Jesus into consent; it may be that we, too, may prevail; if not, then silence and holy resignation.

THE more we examine the operations of nature, the more unbounded is our admiration for the all-wise Being who controls them. The adaptation of a means to an end, everywhere so evident throughout the universe, renders it impossible that any naturalist, worthy of the name, could be an atheist.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PARIS, FRANCE.

We lay before our readers to-day a view of the interior of the new church in Paris, as it was photographed three weeks ago. Although unfinished, the work is sufficiently advanced, as our sketch will show, to indicate its general character of excellence, and to tell us that the ultimate result is to be something markedly grand and imposing. The church is situated on an avenue one hundred feet wide—the Avenue de l'Alma—near the Avenue des Champs Elysees, a central part of the city. Its dimensions are 148x70 feet. The height of the nave is 58 feet, of the chancel 54 feet. The corner-

stone was laid on March 24th, 1881.

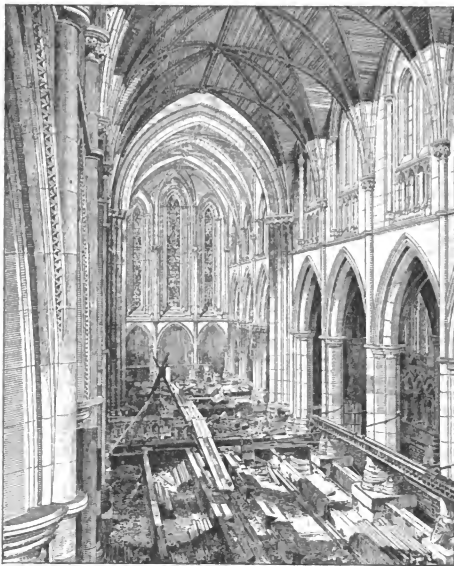
The architect was George Edmund Street, Esq., R.A., of London, the architect of the new Law Courts. Shortly after the laying of the corner-stone, in the autumn of 1881, Mr. Street died, and the work has since been carried on upon his plans by his son, A.E. Street, Esq., and A. Blomfield, Esq. Not long before his death, in looking over the plans, Mr. Street said to Mr. Blomfield: "The American church in Paris is to be my best church." Such a testimony from one who was admittedly the master of Gothic architecture in his day, is very gratifying. The church, even in its present unfinished condition, is justifying his predilection. One feature of the building which is specially admirable is its solidity or reality. There is nothing in its material, either within or without, which is not what it seems to be, which is not real. No plaster and no paint is employed throughout the entire construction.

The walls are of stone, the pillars of marble resembling Purbeck, from Ancy le France, near Dijon. The ceilings of the chancel, the organ chamber, the aisles, are of stone vaulting. The nave is vaulted in oak. The floor, which is ready, but awaits the completion of the heating apparatus to be laid, is of English marble. The windows, many of which are in place, illustrate the *Te Deum*. This is of special significance, as the title of the church is the Church of the Holy Trinity. The large west window represents the first three verses: "We praise Thee, O God," "We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord. All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father Everlasting." "To Thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein." The window next

in order illustrates the verse: "To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry," and so on, one versicle to each window throughout the building. The large triple window in the chancel, which appears in our sketch represents the verse: "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ." In the central lancet is seated a crowned figure of our Lord, in each of the side lancets twelve figures, representing together the four-and-twenty elders of the fourth chapter of the Book of the Revelation. The glass is the work of Messrs. Bell & Beckham of Great Russell street, London. Connected with the church by a cloister is a church house, already completed and in use, containing a chapel, in which the services of the

are to have a church which will afford abundant accommodation, in a city where art has such ascendancy we are to have so splendid a monument of ecclesiastical architecture, and in a city where the American name has become almost a synonym for lavish expenditure and luxury, we are giving to God of our best. The work is one which should win for its completion, as it has in the past, a large and liberal support. In the congregations of our foreign churches there gather from time to time worshippers from all our dioceses, from all our larger parishes, and from many of our smaller ones. To those who are in an atmosphere of indifference and of worldliness and of strong temptation—tempta-

tion far stronger to those who are removed from home ties and other influence of home surroundings, these churches hold forth the Word of Life; they sustain habits of Sunday observance and of church attendance, they continue and enforce the teachings of our home churches, just when such teachings would be most likely to be forgotten. In this view, certainly a just one, the foreign churches are no far-away and unimportant factor of our Church life, but needed aids to our home churches in the care of their wandering members, and this work which is being done upon the Continent of Europe deserves the sympathy and support of all. Our travelling Church members would not return to their home churches what they have been when they have left us but for the provision of these services that have ministered to them by the way.



INTERIOR OF THE NEW CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PARIS, FRANCE.

Church are now held, a choir room, a room for Bible classes, mothers' meetings, etc., a large vestry-room, and a mortuary chapel.

The work of this church among the poor is so large (the number of garments alone distributed during the past three winters has been four thousand each winter) that a building such as this had become a necessity. This church house was the gift of one generous member of the congregation.

With such admirable appliances for work, the Church should bless a yet larger number.

It is gratifying to us, alike, as Americans and as Churchmen that, in a city where our country people gather in such numbers, we

Names are things. Magna Charta recognizes this, and never said the Church of Rome, nor yet the Roman Church, but the Church of England. And this means more, much more, than the Church in England. The English Church is the Church for the English: the Church of England, England's Church. For ourselves, the simpler the title the better. We are a Church—a national, autocratic body. Hence he that uses the term "the Church" uses the better English. He neither affirms nor denies anything of other Christians. The "the" is definite, not definitive. And then, if we unite to make it truly and in fact what we claim for it, all shall be well, and our works shall silence our adversaries.

BASINS AT MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.

No part of our country, not to say of the world, is so full of marvels as that through which the Yellowstone river flows—and it is there that nature would seem to have stored up her most elaborate and wonderful works. The traveller is struck with surprise and amazement every foot of the way, and whatever description may have previously done for him, he is ready, like the Queen of Sheba at the court of Solomon, to say, this half was not told me. It is like a fairy land, but where the fairies are children of Titan, so gigantic are its marvels. Nothing but themselves can be their parallel, and no part of the world of nature is better adapted to lead the contemplative mind from nature up to nature's God, and to fill the heart with awe at the vast display of creative power. He only Who made the world could fill it with scenes of such marvellous beauty, which no pen can adequately describe, and no artist's pencil reproduce. The Yellowstone country has not been long opened, but it is attracting attention more and more, and the stream of summer tourists, native and foreign, is widening and deepening year by year. Government surveys and reports, with their maps and panoramas, are

becoming accessible; travellers are publishing accounts of what they have seen, we have guide books and excursions, and a visit to Yellowstone Park is taking the place of one to the Jungfrau or to the homes of ancient art. Among the government documents is the twelfth annual report of Dr. Hayden and his coadjutors of the geological and geographical survey of the territories. It is full of interest, and not the least fascinating part of it is Dr. Peale's account of the hot-springs and geysers of the present day. He tabulates more than two thousand springs, and seventy-one geysers. We have a striking illustration of the basins at Mammoth Hot Springs of Gardiner's River. It will be noted that these springs, unlike many in other parts of the world, show a development of chimneys or cones at their orifices, cones which are accounted for either on the theory of the greater antiquity

of these vents, or else by reason of the greater dryness of the air as compared with that of Iceland and New Zealand. They would seem to be arranged in some regular order and upon terrace above terrace, and the divided flow of the river in its descent over the precipitous rocks makes a beautiful and picturesque view, which art may imitate but can never equal. God spoke the word and it stood fast. The number of geysers and hot springs is great in the Park, and some of them are very large and have become celebrated like the Giant Castle, Grand, Old Faithful, Giantess, Bee-hive, and others. These are on the upper geyser basin of Fire-Hole River, and so great is the flow of heated water as to affect the temperature of the streams. Some idea may be obtained of the

Nature has a wonderful laboratory, and in it are hidden most important secrets invaluable to man. Happily she is not unwilling to reveal her treasures to intelligent and diligent search, and she is lavish of her rewards upon that reverent science which makes its quest for truth only. Busy minds and hands are at work in the Yellowstone country. Enough is already known to give a zest to industry and zeal, and a trip to the geysers instead of a voyage across the sea will soon become a necessary part of American life.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.

III.

Hindrances to Domestic Missions.
But while thankful for the helps, we cannot, in making up the record, be un-

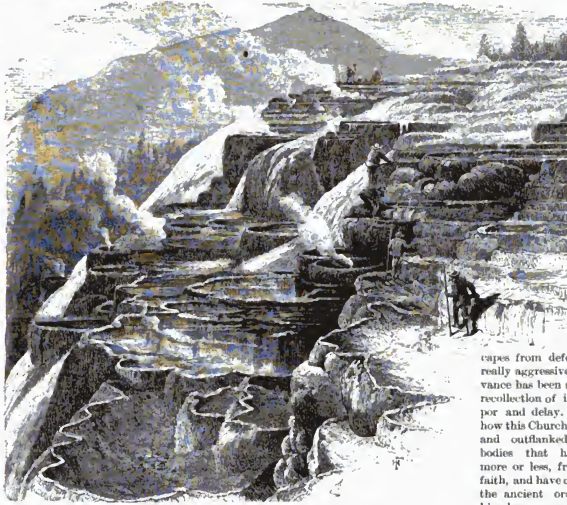
mindful of the hindrances to our missions. The elements of strength and weakness have been strangely intermingled. When out in the sunshine these missions have never ceased to feel the chill of pursuing, hovering shadows. If triumphs they have had, these have been sobered by narrow es-

capades from defeat; and when really aggressive, the joy of advance has been saddened by the recollection of intervals of torpor and delay. When we see how this Church is outnumbered and outflanked by Christian bodies that have wandered, more or less, from the ancient faith, and have cast aside utterly the ancient order of Christ's kingdom, our pain and humiliation force us to recall some of the causes lying far enough

back in the past to be forgotten, but for facts that stare us in the face.

(1.) It is a fact that this Church originally entered upon, and, for a long time, pursued its missionary work as one born out of due time. In view of its antecedents, it could not have been otherwise. For nearly a century and a half the Church in America was left without the episcopate, and when given, it was with reluctance, and almost under constraint. Meanwhile there were hundreds of parishes, but no diocese; multitudes of the baptised, but no confirmation; clergy demanded on all sides, but no ordination, save by crossing three thousand miles of ocean.* Meanwhile, too, every other English speaking Christian organization, embarrassed by no such fundamental defects

*It is possible that a few persons were confirmed and a few clergymen ordained by the non-juring bishops—Dr. Walton and Mr. Talbot, after 1722; but there is no sufficient evidence of it.



MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

great number of these springs from the fact that in this area of less than four square miles there are four hundred and forty known springs, and twenty-six of them are geysers, some of which during eruption throw up columns of water from one hundred and fifty feet to two hundred and fifty feet high. The therapeutic value of these springs is yet to be determined, and to that end chemical investigation and analysis of the waters are now in process. Dr. Peale divides the springs generally into three classes—calcareous, siliceous, and aluminous; but further research may change the classification. For the present the springs are visited as matters of curiosity and as manifesting a curious variety of nature's work, but the time will in all likelihood soon come when the Yellowstone country will be the resort of thousands of invalids seeking health in the springs and geysers.

of polity and discipline, coming out to the New World on fire with a zeal kindled by both political and ecclesiastical differences at home, found a welcome lodgement, and laid deep and wide the basis of their power, so that, when the Church at last appeared in the field with the Apostolic equipment so long withheld, she seemed a laggard amid the conflict with the powers of darkness—an eleventh hour laborer in the Master's vineyard. She was taunted and maligned for her seeming indolence; and for a generation after she swung into line as a newly formed National Church, she staggered along under the disgrace of a forfeited prestige, as well as under the burden of a popular prejudice, largely created by her relationship with the Church of England, which had matrimonised while practically disowning her. And it is now scarcely more than thirty years since this relationship began to be treated as a reality, and to be dealt with as worthy of respectful recognition before the face of Christendom. But further. Even after she was set upon her feet and knew that she must stand alone, the old feeling of dependence on the Mother Church bred in Colonial days lingered just enough to make her slow in learning and timid in exercising, save in absolutely necessary things, her prerogative, as a National Church. It is only in this way that, as we look back on the first third of this century, we can account for the lack of earnest and intelligent effort in her public councils, and by individual bishops, to organize her gifts and resources for aggressive action. She seemed to be busy in picking up lost threads rather than in weaving new sinews of power, in mending old fences rather than in ploughing and seeding down new territory. Needful, perhaps unavoidable, as this policy was, it was damaging to the growth of the missionary spirit.

(2.) Again, the growth of our missionary life, as representing the aggressive expansion of the Church, was hindered by the fact that for at least one generation, if not longer, the Church was allowed to appear as too much the Church of the rich and the cultured, and too little as that of the laboring and often unlettered many. The former gravitated toward it as by instinctive preference. They came without being sought. And yet, the characteristics that attracted them ought not of right, and when properly directed, to have told upon them any more than upon the masses. Always and everywhere the Church is to do what she can to sanctify wealth, social position, intelligence; but when true to the spirit of the Master, she must do still more for the multitude to whom fortune is more sparing of its favors. However Catholic in other senses, she is pre-eminently so in her hold upon all phases and all grades of life. It is only in moments of blindness and folly that she can be tempted into preferences and discriminations which the world, not God, associates with respectability and power. It required years of plain speaking and hard work to check this drift and arouse the Church to the full breadth of her commission. She was slow to learn the lesson of flexibility and adaptation in her methods of work among the people. Assailed for peculiarities growing out of principles that she saw no way to modify without seeming to surrender them, she thought herself obliged to stand on the defensive, and to avoid all that

could popularize only at the apparent risk of gainsaying her consistency or breaking in upon her traditional treasures. There was no reason, considered in themselves, why she should have closed her eyes against elements of popular strength that wrought so mightily in building up a Denomination that, in an evil hour, was alienated and repelled from the Mother Church. Plain chapels, plain preaching, free seats, services adapted to time and place and people, itinerants and evangelists, all, amid the exigencies of her work in a new world, fell within the limits of her lawful choice. That she declined them and other things like them, so far from proving her wisdom, proves rather how poorly she comprehended her mission and how the gifts committed to her keeping were hid from her eyes. It is the habit in this country (and many will think it hers) to question it to hold voluntarism in religion to be an unmixed good. The support of religion that comes directly, exclusively from the people, and as they choose to give it, is held to be not only the best, but the only support compatible with the freedom and dignity of Christian institutions, as well as with the zeal and energy of individual Christians. Nothing need be said of its advantages. We know well what they are and rate them at the highest. I notice the other side here because, in the past, it has helped to check, and is likely to do so in the near future, the growth and expansion of the Church as a missionary body. Two tendencies have been advancing side by side. On the one hand, with the increasing density of our population, especially in the cities, the poorer classes, and among them vast numbers that, so far as religion is concerned, are in a state of semi-heathenism, have drifted off into sections by themselves—dwelling apart from the rich. If the Gospel is to reach them, it must be carried to them. If they are to attend public worship, they must be invited—even persuaded to do so, churches must be opened to them, and a welcome as from loving hearts be offered them. No facts in missionary work are better settled or better known than these. And yet, on the other hand, parishes, under the voluntary system, have been growing more and more selfish. They are dependent for support on their current revenues. These revenues, drawn from pew rents, depend on the wealth of the parishioners. As a matter of course, those who cannot, or who are too indifferent toward religion to care to pay for sittings, are gradually sifted out and left to shift for themselves. The well-to-do are welcome; the other sort unnoticed, or in effect repelled. A critic lately uttered, and with only too much truth in it, has affirmed that our parish churches are fast becoming little more than select ecclesiastical clubs, membership in which can be secured only by people of known respectability and of considerable means. Some wealthy parishes, to ease their consciences, have built free chapels, but these are a weak breakwater against the swelling tide. The class whose label they bear refuse to see in them a home. Where all are politically equal, no one class can be thus dealt with; and no parish can be true to the sympathies and aims of the Catholic Church that, for the sake of a competent revenue, is forced to weed out from its constituency those who can do nothing toward it. This state of things has wrought

evil enough in the past, and it threatens still more in the future. It seems likely to grow with the growth of our millions of dollars and our millions of souls. It puts a sore burden on our missions; for if they succeed, it is felt by the multitude that they will only add to the number of organized religious communities who will be infected with the same spirit, and so repeat the same wrong. This wrong will never be reached, certainly never removed, save by a radical change in our methods. The Free Church movement has made considerable progress, but it has not gone far enough to alter the dominant tone of our parish system; and it never will go far enough to do this, until it relies less upon individual voluntarism, and more upon permanent endowments.

(3.) Another obstacle to our missionary development was the long delay in recognizing the episcopate as the true pioneer in missions. It was not strange perhaps, that the average Church mind which so feebly, and for many years, comprehended the powers and capabilities latent in the Diocesan episcopate should fail to attach much value to a Missionary episcopate. There seemed to be no good reason why the inferior ministries would not do quite as well. The heavy, rough-and-tumble work belonged to them, and the bishops, it was thought, had no vocation until forests had been felled and stumps grubbed out, and the fields were ready for smooth ploughing. It was accounted a great venture of faith by the strong men of the Church, and an act of rashness, if not folly, by the weak ones, when the beloved Kemper was sent out in 1835, to a region out of which some nine populous States have since grown. There was only less hesitancy in sending Bishop Scott to Oregon, and Bishop Kipp to California in 1833. In fact the Church was not alive to the missionary duty and power of the episcopate until 1859, when Bishops Talbot and Lay were set apart to their work. Of late years much has been done, and well done, to atone for the mistake; but we shall never know what the Church lost by it. The regrets of to-day will not bring back the forfeited chances of the past. What in our blindness we did not see, or in our timidity or torpor we refused to do, slipped from our grasp, perhaps forever.

(4.) The Church has been, and still continues to be, hindered in this part of her work by the lack of clergy properly trained and with a ready will for it. There have been plenty and to spare for established parishes, and in a certain way, perhaps, it may be said that there have been plenty for the other field. Yes, plenty in respect of number, but not in respect of proper equipment and real aptitude. The scholarly men have too often been without energy, and the energetic men too often without scholarship. That remarkable world that forms the theatre of our missionary labors, is the last place in all the world where zeal without knowledge, or knowledge without zeal, can hope to succeed. I would not fault the general morale of the clergy; but this much truth demands—if anything be said on the subject—that our missions have found it hard to draw into their service, and especially in the rough places and along the lonely frontier, men who, in their work for Christ, would patiently, heroically, accept the denials, hardships and dangers that entered into the common lot of men seeking only

their worldly fortunes. It may be the fault of the times, it may be the fault of our Schools of the prophets, it may be the fault of human nature, but true it is that, if the men of mental force, stout wills, ready hearts, holy lives—men, who in other ages have gone to the front as heralds and cross-bearers—be among us, they, for some reason, and with rare exceptions, have heard unmoved the cry for help sounding across plain and river and mountain. There has been no sadder, more pathetic sight than that of the beckoning hands just visible above the far-off Western horizon—the signals of the Church's want and sorrow waving over the mile-posts and halting places on the track of the migratory millions, and with next to none to answer them. How can our light rise and shine over those cradles of empire until all this be changed, and so changed that the best and the strongest will go forth, it may be, to the baptism of fires kindled by this world; and so not only to the work of saints, but to the ordeal of martyrs.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Silence is golden sometimes. Especially it is golden when you are conscious of irritated nerves, and your temper is in the condition which invites the last feather and rejoices to be broken under its weight. The most amiably-disposed people have their days of darkness, their moods when nothing looks bright, their seasons of inconsistency, when they astonish their friends by their success in the art of being disagreeable.

If you and I are sadly aware that we are not in an angelic temper, that we are fretted by petty things, and ready to quarrel with our nearest and dearest, in danger of saying sharp or bitter things prompted by to-day's misery which to-morrow we shall repent of in sack-cloth and ashes, there is one safeguard within our easy reach.

Feel as we may, we can repress speech. Our lips are our own. We may lock their gateway, if we choose, to whatever is unkind, or censorious, or unworthy of our better selves. Nobody compels us to find fault audibly. Nobody urges us to scold or complain. If we avail ourselves of the escape-valves of hasty speech we shall certainly suffer pangs of regret by and by, besides inflicting present pain on children and servants, who cannot answer back when we chide; on brothers and husbands, who are too patient or too proud to be resentful; or, perhaps, on some dear aged heart, which has had its full of sorrow, and does not need our adding a drop to the brimming cup.

Silence is golden when we are tempted to unkind gossip. Somebody's name is mentioned, and at once recalls to the mind an incident, a forgotten story, something which ought to be buried in oblivion's deepest depths. Do not yield for an instant to that suggestion of the evil one, which bids you revive what ought to be kept buried in the grave where it has found retreat. The impulse to speech on such occasions is unworthy a Christian.

Silence is not golden when an absent one suffers defamation, when it is the badge of cowardice, or when one's Christiana belief should be asserted. To sit with closed lips when all that is most precious to heart and life is assailed by the tongue of the scorner is far from noble—it is following the Lord

afar off, and is next door to denying Him altogether.

SOME THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

BY THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD, D. D.

There are speculative difficulties regarding prayer which would require volumes for their adequate treatment. It is best, therefore, not to state them at length in a brief paper which is intended for practical help to those who believe in prayer. It may, however, be said, in passing, that the objections to prayer are of a kind which, if granted, only lead to still greater difficulties. Indeed there are few questions in natural or revealed religion which, if pushed to their ultimate conclusions, do not encounter some contradiction arising from an opposite line of reasoning. Thus the freedom of the will seems opposed to the sovereignty of God; the existence of evil appears to contradict His omnipotence and goodness; and the promises connected with prayer, in like manner, apparently run counter to the conception of Him who knows all our wants without our telling them, and of that fixed order of the universe which cannot be affected by our supplications. But these seeming contradictions probably arise from our ignorance of the meeting-point, where they are harmonized in a higher unity. Standing on one side of the circumference we imagine that the radius we perceive going in a certain direction must be opposed by that which comes from the other side. But our mistake arises from failure to see the great centre where they are all combined, and that through that combination of apparent opposites the vast circle of the universe is rendered harmonious and strong. With our present partial knowledge, what are we that we dare assert that either truth must be false because we cannot unite them in our petty reasoning? We know that we have freedom of choice, and we know that the Lord bringeth the counsel of His will to pass. We know that He understands all our wants before there is a word upon our tongue, and governs the universe by law and not by caprice; and we also know that "He is the hearer and answerer of prayer." Let us, then, leave alone the questions which we cannot, with our present light, fully answer, and take the attitude of children toward our Heavenly Father, believing at once in His knowledge, love, and power, and that He makes many of His highest blessings dependent on our asking them from Him.

To the believer in Christ the best answer to all such doubts is the example and teaching of the Master. There is not much told us in the Gospels of what we might term the private life of Christ and of those habits which were strictly personal. But His habit of prayer is an exception. We have repeated allusions to this, and to the many seasons He spent alone with the Father. It was "while He was praying" that the Holy Ghost descended at His baptism, and His last word on the cross was a prayer. In the midst of the busiest hours of ministerial activity He used continually to retire to some quiet mountain or to the solitude of the desert for the refreshment of prayer. "He went into a solitary place and there prayed;" "He departed into a mountain to pray;" "As He was alone praying," are the notices which ever and anon occur in the narrative. We read of how He used thus to spend

sometimes the whole night on the quiet summit of Olivet. And what temple could compare with that still oratory! It was once our privilege to pass a night there alone beneath the stars, and we can never forget the impression we then received. The paschal moon floated through the passing clouds, as it had done on that other paschal week when Christ suffered, and when He had sought such a solitude as this to be alone with God. As light after light went out in the Holy City which lay beneath us, and all the sounds of busy life became still, we could, without effort, imagine the time when He had knelt there, and gazed down on all those scenes which were so soon to be identified with His passion—Gethsemane, the house of Pilate, and Calvary—and where He "offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears." The intervening centuries seemed for the moment obliterated, and in the changeless quiet of earth and sky we almost beheld Him there, our great High Priest, kneeling in that Holy of Holies beneath the open heaven. We could also realize the beauty of the connection, when beholding the grandeur of the dawn as it flushed from the east and poured its splendor on the grey walls of Jerusalem, we read how, after the night of prayer on Olivet, Christ entered the Temple, and as the glory of the morning flashed on the marble pavements and gilded rafters, He said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." The communion with God on the Mount, and this Light of God in the crowded Temple, were at one. It was the harmony of the peace of prayer with the purity and power of active life.

There never was a time when the influence of solitude and of private prayer was more needed than in this busy age, when "every hour must sweat its sixty minutes to the death," and when the noises of earth are so sure to absorb us, except we study to be ever and anon alone with God. In one sense, "to labor is to pray," for all work done unto God is worship. But such work is possible only when the motives are kept pure and fresh through the realization of the divine Presence. If the stream of activity is to be preserved deep and constant it must be fed from the still lake of meditative devotion far removed from the din of worldly traffic, and holding in its surface the reflection of the wide heaven, whose glory it calms itself to contemplate.

THE RURAL CLERGY.

Said the late Rev. Doctor Smith Fyne, in his memoir of Wentworth Childs, "while I yield to no man in grateful recognition of the merits of those, who, in the more ostensible positions of the ministry, are winning name and fame, and bringing souls to Christ, yet I know enough of these very men to be well assured what their judgment is on such a question—by whom is the work of the Church really done? This work is effectively done by that measureless majority of quiet, faithful men, who, over the field of the whole Church, are sowing the seeds of which, in this world, they rarely reap the harvest." It is a tribute merited well, and one which we are glad here to iterate. Rural and suburban Church work is among the most difficult of performance—a fact which intensifies its importance and its value.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE BLESSING OF THE LORD.

BY H. E. GEORGE.

"I've got a little job for you to-morrow, Mac," said Mr. Roberts, the stationer, to a half-grown lad who stood leaning against the outer wall of his shop.

It was Saturday night, and Mac Miller was "loafing" a little in aimless fashion about the centre of the village. He had worked

hard in the mill all the week, and very much enjoyed Saturday, when the mill closed early enough for a little rest before dark.

He turned around to see what Mr. Roberts meant.

"I want you to take the Sunday papers out Elm street way," continued Mr. Roberts. "I haven't done much in the line of Sunday papers, but now the special trains from New York bring them so early that folks will have 'em, and I've said to two or three that they'd be sent this week."

"What time?" asked Mac, with a doubtful look.

"About ten. Besharp about it, and you'll make a good thing."

"Queer business for Sunday, ain't it?"

"Well, I don't know about that. I

ain't so particular about that as some are. It's good reading, and men can't be around doing nothing all day, if it is Sunday. But there's plenty to take the job if you don't want it."

"Oh, I'll try it," answered Mac, "and much obliged to you for the chance."

Mac was the son of a widow, and a good dutiful son too, for he worked hard, and he was a smart, stirring lad. His mother was proud of him, and leaned on him a great deal, for he knew the world pretty well for so young a boy, and kept himself away from bad companions and low amusements of his own accord. He had a great deal of self-respect, and he meant, he said, to be a man of some account one of these days.

He was ambitious, and this chance of earning a little money in so easy a way it was not in reason to give up for a whim. He wasn't so "awfully particular," he told himself, about attending church that he should give that as an excuse to Mr. Roberts for not selling the Sunday papers, and if his conscience was not quite easy, he did not let it worry him much.

He did not quite like to offer his papers at the rectory. Still he did so, for he told himself that he was not ashamed of his undertaking, he wouldn't do anything he

guess I will; I've nothing to read—but hallo, there are the papers!"

"Oh, Mac Miller, is that you!" said Miss Annie in such a surprised tone that Mac blushed in spite of himself. "I'm sorry!"

"Mr. Charley isn't," said Mac, with a mixture of defiance and deprecation in his tone.

"That's so, Mac; you're a blessing to humanity. No, Annie, I guess I won't go. I've got something to read now."

Mac felt several inches smaller as he went out of the gate, and the remembrance of

Miss Annie's rather reproachful and disappointed look took all the comfort out of the sale of his papers. More than that, he found that young Mr. Reed was not the only one who preferred a comfortable lounge with the morning's paper to church that morning.

He had sold out his stock and was returning, much too late to think of church for himself, when he passed the house of a friendly-looking old man who was sunning himself on its veranda, very near the sidewalk, and as Mac passed by this old gentleman addressed him in a friendly tone.

"Good-morning Mac. Well, my boy, will it pay?"

Mac started, he was surprised that Mr. Field should



"HALLO! THERE ARE THE PAPERS!"

was ashamed of. So he walked boldly up to the door. He hoped the rector would buy one, and so give his sanction.

"Sunday papers!" he heard the rector say to the girl who had opened the door. "Tell the boy not to bring them here again. I do not approve of Sunday papers."

So Mac went on, thinking to himself, "I don't see the harm in them, anyhow, and how can he be know without reading them?"

The next house was Squire Reed's. Miss Annie, the squire's daughter, was talking to her brother as Mac came up. He heard her say: "Come, Charley, do get ready and go with me to church this morning, and young Mr. Reed gave a yawn, and said: "Well, I

be thinking of the very thing that troubled him.

"Yes it's good pay," he said slowly, "I can't afford to let the chance go. We need the money, and I can do it as well as not."

"Don't be too quick about it. Such accounts ain't so easy to reckon up. Come in a moment, I'm too feeble to hear the parson preach the sermon this morning, but maybe I could preach one myself, I want to tell you a story."

Mac came in very readily, for Mr. Field was such a dear old man that no one ever took what he said amiss.

"There were once two farmers," said Mr. Field, "one a Christian, God-fearing man,

and the other a skeptic. The skeptic called to his neighbor one day early in October, and bid him notice a fine piece of corn. 'There,' said he, 'is not my crop better than yours, and yet I have worked it only on Sundays, you have worked week days and rested Sundays all summer. What do you say to that?'

"Only this," replied his neighbor, 'God doesn't settle up His accounts the first of October!'

Mac laughed uneasily.

"I like you, boy!" cried the old man, "I like to see you so steady and so ambitious, and I hope you'll succeed; but I tell you one thing, you can't afford to get on in the world by doing anything wrong, you can't give up your Sunday to earning money without suffering for it. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' and don't do anything you can't ask God's blessing on, and then be as smart and industrious as you can, and you'll get on."

"I want to get on, I want to be rich!" cried the boy.

"Well, that's natural, and it's all right enough, but don't you ever say 'I will be rich,' and then take any means that comes along to accomplish it!—'The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow thereto!' That's the best of it. I tell you boy there's men in this town who would be thankful to be poor again in this world's goods if they could get rid of the sorrow, the remorse, the tough old stony hearts, and the miserable sin-twisted bodies which they have got, with the doubtful means they have taken to earn the money that they have, maybe, sold their souls for!"

"I guess I'll quit the Sunday paper business, and go to church," said Mac, "I want you to know that I didn't half like it anyway, Mr. Field."

"I'm right glad to hear you say so," replied the old man, "Folks say that men won't go to church anyhow these days, and that these papers give them good reading. I can't say, all I know is you can't afford to give up divine worship to pamper lazy folks, and you won't miss the money that hasn't got an honest blessing with it."

ENGLAND.

THE PORTSMOUTH CHURCH CONGRESS.—The Church Congress assembled at Portsmouth on Tuesday, October 6. Opening sermons were preached at St. Thomas's church by the Bishop of Carlisle, at All Saints', Landport, by the Bishop of Ripon, and at St. Jude's, Southsea, by the Bishop of Derry. The opening address was made by the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne). The first topic discussed was "The Revised Version of the Old Testament." The Bishop of Bath and Wells (Lord Arthur Hervey) read the opening paper, in which he took position in favor of the revision, as did also Canon Driver, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, Dr. Kirkpatrick, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, Dr. Wright of Dublin, and Archdeacon Palmer. "Special Church Work amongst Men" was discussed by the Rev. George Everard, Mr. William Inglis, president of the Church of England Working Men's Society, and the Hon. James Granville Aclerdy. They all advocated the employment of all means whereby the Church can be brought closer to, and in sympathy with, the masses of the people.

The Prayer Book was discussed by the Dean of Worcester (Lord Alwyne Compton), Canon

Venables, and others, all of whom agreed that some revision was necessary, but did not quite agree as to what the amendments should be. This is a state of affairs not confined to England.

"The Work of Women in the Church" was one of the most interesting questions discussed. Canon Thynne, Mrs. Townsend of Shipson-on-Stour, and the Rev. R. C. Billings being the chief speakers.

"Evangelizing Agencies Supplementary to the Parish System" was discussed by the Dean of Manchester and others, the Rev. W. Carlisle explaining the origin and operations of the Church Army.

"Religion and Art," on the second day, brought out the most earnest discussion, Mr. J. D. Sedding and Mr. F. T. Paigraue contending for the introduction of sculpture and painting into churches as religious instructors, Mr. J. C. Horsley taking an earnest stand for morality in art and against undressed models, and quite a storm of discussion arose at the assertion of Mr. Breesford-Hope that the crucifix is now being introduced into English churches without protest, and under a faculty from the Archibishop of Talet.

"The Cathedral in its Relations to the Diocese and the Church" and "The Church's Responsibility with regard to Emigration" were the main topics discussed on Wednesday afternoon.

On Thursday "The Teaching Work of the Church" was the chief topic for the morning, Canon Wescott and Prebendary Stevens being the leaders. The great question of the Congress was "Church Defence," which was brought forward in the form of a resolution commendatory of the Church Defence Society. The discussion was outspoken, and though some difference of opinion on some points was evident, the strongest expression on all hands was for Church defence.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.—The Rt. Rev. James Fraser, D.D., second Bishop of Manchester, died in Manchester on Thursday, October 22, aged sixty-seven years.

His death was the result of over-work. A month before his death his physicians ordered complete rest for him; but the order came too late, and he rapidly sank from the effects of his labors.

Bishop Fraser graduated at Oxford in 1839, was ordained deacon in 1846 by Bishop Wilberforce, and priest in 1847 by the same prelate. He was consecrated Bishop of Manchester in 1870 in succession to Dr. James Prince Lee.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF ELY.—The Right Rev. James Russell Woodford, D.D., Bishop of Ely, died in London, on Saturday, October 24, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. Bishop Woodford was born at Henley-on-Thames, England, April 30, 1820, and was graduated with honors from Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1842. He was ordained deacon in 1843, and priest 1845. He held the incumbency of the new district church of St. Mark's, Euston, from 1847 to 1853, when he was presented by Bishop Monk to the vicarage of Kempford, Gloucestershire. This living he held until 1863, when he was chosen by trustees of the Parish Church and Vicarage of Leeds, as successor to Dr. Atlay, on the elevation of the latter to the See of Hereford. He was also for many years examining chaplain to the late Bishop Wilberforce, who in 1867 bestowed on him an honorary canonry in Christ church, Oxford. He was nominated to the Bishopric of Ely when Dr. Harold Browne was translated to Winchester, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, Dec. 14, 1873. Bishop Woodford was author of several volumes of sermons and lectures.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PORTSMOUTH—Cottage Hospital.—The Cottage Hospital in this city was opened on Thursday, October 15. The Rev. H. E. Hensy read a service of benediction, compiled for the occasion from the Church Collects. This was followed by addresses from the Unitarian and Methodist ministers, and one of the leading physicians of the city, in hearty approval of the work, and in congratulation to those who have been chiefly interested in starting it, and to the public in its possession of an institution so much needed. After the addresses about one hundred and fifty guests were entertained.

The directors are happy in having secured an exceptionally gifted matron. The hospital will easily accommodate a dozen beds. It is hoped that Portsmouth people abroad will remember in their benefactions this institution, which needs funds to carry it on.

MASSACHUSETTS.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1. All Saints' Day, A.M., St. Michael's, Marblehead; P.M., Union, Sagus.
4. Wednesday, St. Paul's, Boston (for Christian Women).
5. Thursday, All Saints', Dorchester.
8. Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, A.M., Ascension, Fall River; P.M., St. Mark's, Fall River; evening, St. John's, Fall River.
10. Tuesday, St. Ann's, Lowell (Twentieth Diocesan Missionary Meeting).
11. Wednesday, House of Prayer, Lowell (Consecration); P.M., St. Ann's, Lowell (Missionary Meeting).
12. Thursday, Trinity College, Hartford.
15. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, A.M., Redeemer, Lexington; P.M., Trinity, Concord.
18. Wednesday, St. Peter's, Beverly.
19. Thursday, St. John's, Gloucester.
22. Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, Woburn; P.M., Epiphany, Winchester.
24. Tuesday, St. Luke's, Linden.
29. First Sunday in Advent, A.M., Mission, Water-town; evening, Emmanuel, W. Medford.
30. St. Andrew, Christ church, Quincy.

CONNECTICUT.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1. Sunday, A.M., Trinity, Norwalk; P.M., Grace, Yantic; evening, St. Andrew's, Greenville.
2. Sunday, Holy Trinity, Stratford.
7. Saturday, Christ church, Bethany.
8. Sunday, A.M., St. Michael's, Naugatuck; evening, St. James, Hiramington.
14. Saturday, A.M., St. John's, North Guilford; P.M., Zion, North Branford.
15. Sunday, A.M., Trinity, Branford; P.M., Christ church, Guilford.
22. Sunday, A.M., St. John's, Warehouse Point; P.M., Calvary, Suffield; evening, St. Paul's, Windsor Locks.
28. Saturday, St. John's, Rockville.
29. Sunday, A.M., Grace, Broad Brook; P.M., St. Mary's, Hazardville; evening, St. Andrew's, Thompsontville.

NEW YORK.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1. Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, A.M., Christ church, Pelham; P.M., Redeemer, Pelhamville, evening, St. Peter's, Westchester.
4. Wednesday, St. Thomas's, Mamaroneck.
5. Thursday, Messiah, Rhinebeck.
6. Friday, St. John's, Barrytown.
8. Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, A.M., Lithgow; P.M., Millbrook, evening, St. Thomas's, Amelia.
11. Wednesday, St. Mary's, Beechwood.
12. Thursday, Grace, Port Jervis.
15. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, Zion, Greenvaleburgh.
18. Wednesday, Convocation, St. Paul's, Newburgh.
19. Thursday, Trinity, Fishkill.

LONG ISLAND.

FARMINGDALE—St. Andrew's Cottage.—Some two years ago the Order of the Holy Cross conceived the idea of taking a lot of boys out in the country, with a view to their spiritual and physical benefit. An old farmhouse and barn were hired near this place, and, in the space of four weeks, sixty-seven boys were

given the benefit of fresh air and good country living. The experiment was so successful that early last spring some wealthy young men of New York bought for them at this place forty acres of land and a large wooden building which, or not to put too fine a point on the matter, is, or was, simply a barn. This is the structure the boys now occupy, but it answers the purpose. It is about a mile from the railroad station, is fifty feet long, thirty-five feet high and thirty-three feet wide. On each end of the building there are sliding doors, while the interior is divided by cloth partitions into eight or ten apartments. In one corner a chapel, a visitors' room and a wash room are separated off, while there is a kitchen connected with the main building. There is a patch of woods in the rear, which stands away by itself, remote from neighbors. The success of bringing boys out to this place has been so great, that those in charge of the enterprise now have a definite plan of carrying it on in the future. They propose to bring out here such boys as they find during their missionary labors in the great metropolis, and teach them farming. Then they want to establish a trade-school, to be open during the greater portion of the year, where boys can learn the rudiments of agriculture, the care of cattle, the use of tools, household work, and prepare themselves to "go West" and grow up with the country. It appears that there are many poor persons with whom these worthy young missionaries come in contact in their city work who have sons, but who are unable to properly fit them for any industry. To such boys it is proposed, eventually, to teach the first principles of several trades, carpentering, blacksmithing, cobbling, horse-shoeing, etc., and at the same time let them become acquainted with the general run of life on a farm. There is no nonsense about this enterprise, no coddling spirit, no losing sight of the responsibility which should rest on a boy to go out in the world and battle for his own living. The youth, though separated from fathers, mothers, sisters and younger brothers, are taught to think of their relatives and of the duty they would owe to them in their old age, when once they were able to reap the reward of the instruction they had received. Eventually, it is hoped in the course of five or six years, a colony will be established in the West through the influence of the order having this work in charge, and to which boys can be sent. Father Huntington, who is at the head of this movement, holds out no promise of Utopian happiness. He says the boys will have to work hard, endure great privations and meet with many disappointments; but, he adds: "We will be there to share their hardships ourselves, and to give them all the aid and encouragement that we can." Surely there can be no harsher or kinder words than those. It is believed when once this movement of bringing boys out of the great tenement-house quarter is started, it will grow to great proportions to the immense advantage of the section of New York City in which the young missionaries are now working.

On the 15th of July the cottage was blessed by the Rev. George H. Houghton. Dr. Houghton acted at the request of Bishop Littlejohn, who was unable to be present, but who wrote a letter expressing his approbation of the work that was being done, and who requested the Rev. Dr. Houghton to give the blessing to it.

The boys that are taken out to the farm are from six to sixteen years of age. Most of them come from the Mission of the Holy Cross, though this year some have been sent from one of the missions on the west side of New York. Of course the boys that come out to

this practical training-school are not always the best in disposition. Many of them are ill-bred, ignorant, even vicious. But it is proper to remark that they soon change when brought under the beneficent influences that are here thrown around them. The value of order and systematic living is nowhere more thoroughly and happily illustrated than at St. Andrew's Cottage. Each boy is obliged to do some kind of work, and each night the programme is laid out for the next day. Besides the farm work, which is done mostly by the larger boys, there are knives and dishes to be cleaned, beds to be made, floors to be scrubbed, and the animals to be fed. The boys are allowed to stay a week or two at the farm, when they are brought back to the city and their places filled by a new batch. While they work, as has been described, they are allowed time for recreation, playing all sorts of hearty, out-door games, screaming to their heart's content, while, on rainy days, they find more quiet amusements in the house.

This enterprise is one which would seem to commend itself to all. It is founded in the most practical spirit of helpfulness, and is carried on by those earnest young men in a manner that not only points to the success of the enterprise, but to its enlargement as well. On Sundays, it should be mentioned, the boys attend services at St. Helena's chapel, the chapel of the community of St. John the Baptist, whose summer-house for women and girls is about a mile from St. Andrew's Cottage. There have been about a hundred boys at the farm this summer.

The above account is mainly taken from an appreciative article in the Brooklyn Union.

NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH—Woman's Auxiliary.—The annual meeting of the New Jersey Branch of Woman's Auxiliary was held in St. John's church, Elizabeth, on Wednesday, October 21. There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist by the bishop, assisted by the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, after which the business meeting was held, officers were elected for the coming year, and reports read. These showed an increased activity, so that much had been accomplished during the past year. New pledges were made for the coming year. Addresses were made by the bishop and the Rev. Dr. W. S. Langford, General Secretary of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, Miss J. C. Emery, Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, spoke of the needs of hospital work in Japan, and Mrs. Brewer, wife of the Missionary Bishop of Montana, gave a very interesting talk about the bishop's diocese, telling much that was new to her hearers of the life and Church work in the territory. She asked for an offering for the hospital, which was gladly made, as she appealed to each one's sympathies. After the business meeting there was a lunch provided by one of the ladies, which was followed by a social meeting. The next meeting of the Branch will be in Trenton in the spring.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

SEPTEMBER.

1. All Saints' Day, A. M., St. John's, Passaic; P. M., St. Mary's, Haledon.
2. Monday, Epiphany chapel, Allendale.
3. Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, A. M., St. John's, West Hoboken; evening, Ascension, Jersey City.
15. Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, A. M., Grace, Orange; evening, St. Paul's, East Orange.
22. Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, St. Paul's, Englewood; P. M., Holy Communion, Newark.
29. First Sunday in Advent, St. Stephen's, Millburn; P. M., All Saints, Orange.

PATERSON—To Take Holy Orders.—The Hon. William Prall, a young lawyer of Paterson who had already attained distinction at the bar, and who was a member of the New Jersey Legislature of 1884, has been received by the bishop of the diocese as a candidate for Holy Orders. He expects to retire from the bar in the spring, and will pursue his theological studies at Geneva, N. Y. Mr. Prall lost his wife last year, and a few weeks ago his only child.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1. A. M., St. James's, Drifton; evening, St. James's, Eckley.
22. All Saints' Parishes; Christ church, Leacock; St. Grace, Nickel Mines.

ALTOONA—St. Luke's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. A. S. Woodie, rector) on Sunday, October 11. He confirmed twenty-seven persons, celebrated the Holy Communion, made two addresses, including one to the Sunday-school, and preached to his third congregation in the evening. Although Bishop Howe has passed the allotted three score years and ten, his manhood yet triumphs over the exactions of his office, and persuades men by its peculiar power.

The Church in Altoona is not the least in importance among the many vital interests of the diocese, and deserves to be furnished with a standard apparatus to subserve its important functions. It is proposed to build a new rectory and use the old for a parish building, which is much needed for the growing schools and other purposes. About \$15,000 is needed to accomplish these ends, which the rector hopes to obtain from the many faithful friends of the Church in Altoona.

SCRANTON—Convocation.—The Scranton Convocation held its autumnal meeting in St. Luke's Church, Scranton, on Tuesday evening, October 13. There were present the dean of the Convocation, the Rev. H. L. Jones, the Rev. Messrs. E. P. Brown, E. S. Cross, W. E. Monon, E. A. Enos, G. D. Stroud, W. H. Platt, W. Kennedy, E. A. Wanizer, J. Scott, L. R. Dickinson, W. F. Watkins, Jr., J. P. B. Pendleton, and the rector, the Rev. H. C. Szwentzel. Mr. J. M. Koehler, missionary to deaf mutes, was also in attendance. After evening prayer by the Rev. Messrs. Enos, Scott, and Cross, the dean read an essay on the work of the Sunday-school teacher, and addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. Watkins and Dickinson.

On Wednesday morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which the sermon was preached by the Rev. W. F. Watkins, Jr., on Psalm cxix, 96. The discourse was able, and marked by clearness and breadth of thought. At the business meeting in the afternoon reports of missionary work were presented. An admirable exegesis of St. John x, 29, 30, was read by the Rev. John Scott. The Rev. H. L. Jones was re-elected dean, the Rev. E. A. Enos was chosen secretary, and the Rev. H. C. Szwentzel, treasurer. In the evening spirited addresses on missionary topics were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. E. S. Cross, W. H. Platt, and W. B. Monon.

Cordial hospitality, hearty music, and kindly spirit characterized the session.

St. Luke's parish is to be congratulated on the ability, fidelity and zeal of its new rector.

CHAMBERSBURG—Convocation.—The Convocation of Harrisburg met in Trinity church, Chambersburg, on Tuesday, October 13. Sermons were preached by the Rev. Dr. W. J. Chauncey Langdon, and the Rev. Messrs. F. M. Clay-Moran, and L. F. Baker. Missionary

addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. R. J. Keeling, and the Rev. Messrs. A. S. Wordis, and James Stoddard.

CHAMBERSBURG—Sunday-School Association.—The Sunday-school Association met in Trinity church, Chambersburg, Thursday, October 13. Teachers and officers of Sunday-schools from various parts of the Harrisburg Convocation were present. The addresses and discussions were carefully listened to, and all abandoned in direct instruction.

PITTSBURGH.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1. All Saints' Day, A.M., Pittsburgh; P.M., Irwin.
6. Friday, St. John's, Sharon.
8. Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity, St. Stephen's, Sewickley.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the *Hallowed Name, Columbia Heights*.—This is a new and beautiful stone gothic church, and a gem. Mention will be made at another time of several of its excellencies and beauties; at present the altar and reredos are sufficient for notice. The work is that of the Rev. Johannes A. Oertel, whose merits are greater than his fame. Carving with patient tools, and painting with faithful brush, he has again achieved a success in a line which taste and nature have seemingly assigned to him, making him an enthusiastic devotee of the revival of art in connection with religion.

The chancel is semi-octagon. Three sides are occupied by the reredos, which measures fourteen feet in height, by eighteen feet in width. Immediately over the reredos are three lancet windows, filled with stained glass, and these are included in the effect of the composition. The reredos consists of two tiers, each in three sections, but so joined as to produce the impression of a unit. It is surrounded, moreover, by four angelic figures in adoring attitudes, carved in the round, and two feet in height. The altar occupies, of course, the central position. It is itself strictly symbolical. Emblematic heads of the four evangelists support a projection on either side of the front, between which appears the sacred monogram, and to right and left the Alpha and Omega. Over these runs a very bold moulding all round, carved in fruit, with grapes and wheat in naturalistic forms, and over this the incised words, "I am the Bread of Life." On the left side the corresponding moulding is bolly, as emblematic of the Incarnation, and over it is shown the seven-rayed star. To the right a morning-glory vine and flowers symbolize the Resurrection, with the cross of victory above. The mensa proper contains a flat incised Latin cross, and the retablo the thrice holy.

The reredos itself symbolizes the "Church of the living God," in which the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" is the central figure. Bold arches, richly decorated, surmount the carved Lamb of sacrifice on ornamented gilt ground. On either side, under a canopy on the buttresses, is an Old Testament symbol of the Christ crucified "for the sins of the whole world." To the left the Paschal-Lamb on a cruciform spit, as was customary in roasting it among the Jews, and is with the Samaritans to this day. On the right the image of the serpent crushed by Moses in the wilderness as the cure of the living serpent's bite.

The Church of Christ is founded on "The Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the head cornerstone." Therefore, in the reredos the four greater prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, are placed in the lower panels, two on each side of the Lamb,

as representatives of the Old Testament foundation stones. In the second tier, and forming an almost continuous tablet, are the twelve apostles seated "on twelve thrones," as judges of the tribes of Israel, that is, rulers under Christ of the collective Church in His eternal kingdom, symbolizing the faithful of the New Testament dispensation. Thus the Old and New Testaments, with the surmounting angels constitute, with the "Lamb of God" as the centre, the church.

"Angels and living apostles, and dead
But one communion mark."

The prophets and apostles are paintings in oil; the Lamb, carving in high relief; the angels, carving in full relief, as are the Old Testament symbols, and heads of Scriptural animals between the prophets. The wood employed is mainly light ash, in its natural tint, and to this framework the paintings are strictly harmonized.

The prophets are single, standing figures, nearly four feet high, and the seated apostles are almost as tall in their chairs.

VIRGINIA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

8. Old church, Chase City.
9. St. James's, Boston.
10. St. Luke's, Mackleburg.
11. Grace, Mackleburg.
12. St. Paul's (colored), Mackleburg.
13. St. Andrew's, Mackleburg.
15. A.M., St. Andrew, Lawrenceville; P.M., St. Paul's (colored), Lawrenceville.
16. Christ church, Greensville.
17. Grace, Greensville.
18. Nazong, Dismal.
19. St. James's (colored), Brunswick.
20. Trinity, Brunswick.
21. St. John's, Lunenburg.
22. Trinity chapel (colored), Lunenburg.
23. St. Luke's, Nottoway.
24. Christ church, Nottoway.
25. Holy Innocents, Nottoway.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WESTON—Episcopal Visitation.—The bishop of the diocese visited the missionary field, of which Weston is the centre, on Saturday, October 3, and the following days. He arrived on Saturday, and in the afternoon rode with the missionary, the Rev. J. W. Keeble, five miles into the country to a farmhouse, where he confirmed one sick woman, who had been baptized in Fauquier county, Va., over eighty years ago, and at the time of her confirmation was near her ninetieth birthday. On Sunday the bishop preached in the morning in St. Paul's church, Weston, and in the evening he preached and confirmed eight persons. On Monday the bishop and the missionary went by private conveyance twenty-three miles to Brownsville, an important lumber point on the Kanawha River. Here in the evening the bishop preached and confirmed one person. On Tuesday morning they went twenty miles to Sutton, and held service in the Methodist chapel in the evening. The service was a very interesting one. After the service they returned to their hotel, and rested by a good fire until 2 A.M.

It was very dark and inclement, but the bishop and Mr. Keeble had forty-three miles of mountain road before them, and they had appointed to be in Weston to meet the convocation at 2 P.M. So they started over a rough and dangerous road, Mr. Keeble holding the lantern, while the bishop drove. It was the intention to breakfast at Brownsville, but in the darkness they missed the road, and kept on to Jacksonville, reaching there at 9 A.M. After a two hours' rest they drove on to Weston, reaching there in time to dine at the rectory at 2 P.M. It was a fatiguing journey, but both bishop and missionary were fully refreshed when they met their brethren of the

NOTE.—The above are the assistant-bishop's appointments only.

convocation who were awaiting them. This brief description will give some idea of the labor incident to planting and nourishing the Church in this part of wild, mountainous West Virginia.

NORTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

3. Tuesday, Shelby.
4. Wednesday, Lincolnton.
5. Thursday, A.M., St. Paul's, Lincoln County; P.M., Our Saviour, Lincoln County.
6. Friday, High Shoals.
8. Sunday, Pittsboro'.
9. Monday, Deep River.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

1. Sunday, Newberry.
15. Sunday, A.M., Trenton; P.M., Edgefield C. H.
17. Tuesday, Ridge Spring.
18. Wednesday, Graniteville.
19. Thursday, Langley.
20. Friday, Kadin.
23. Sunday, Barnwell C.H.
29. Sunday, Black Oak.

MISSISSIPPI.

THE BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS.—In the issue of THE CHURCHMAN of October 17, is published the October appointments of the venerable Bishop Green. We regret to say that he has been obliged to cancel all of them, on account of his health, which makes it improbable that he will attempt any visitations before the spring.

INDIANA.

TERRE HAUTE—St. Luke's Church, *Nail Works*.—This beautiful church was opened by the bishop of the diocese on Saturday, October 17. As the bishop's carriage approached he received a marching salute from St. Luke's Cadets, followed by three hearty cheers. Only a few weeks ago these boys were a terror to the neighborhood, but under the care of the Church matters are changed among them. At the appointed time the bishop, preceded by the cross bearer, chorists, and rector of the parish, and followed by St. Stephen's Brotherhood, St. Luke's Cadets, and St. Luke's Sunday-school, all with banners, proceeded to the church, over the front door of which was the word "Welcome." The bishop, as he approached the church, received the key from the contractor, and invoking God's blessing, opened the door in the Name of the Blessed Trinity, and proceeded to the seat in the sanctuary. The service of dedication followed. The bishop preached an eloquent sermon, in the course of which he called attention to the fact that but twelve days elapsed between the turning of the first sod by Mrs. Major Donaldson, and the laying of the corner-stone, and only sixteen days from the laying of the corner-stone to the dedication.

The steel spade used in turning the sod hangs on one side of the church, while the trowel is suspended on the other. The church is a beautiful structure, finished in native woods, with windows of sapphire and ruby glass. A roof screen with arches separates the sanctuary from the nave. The arches are draped with rich curtains suspended from rods of cherry. A memorial brass cross and vases adorn the altar, while above it are suspended heavy brass altar lamps. There is a good organ and a beautiful white font. The seats are comfortable bent wood chairs. A well-lighted reading-room adjoins the church building.

Services are held every Sunday afternoon at 2 P.M., and Sunday school an hour later. All the seats are free.

TERRE HAUTE—Steamer Service.—A service illustrating the adaptability of the Book of Common Prayer was held by the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield on one of the Wabash Packet Steamers on the evening of Monday, October 12. The deck-hands and stokers were gathered into the boiler-room, and there, by the ruddy light of the furnace-fires, the story of the crucifixion of One more homeless than they was read from the Holy Week gospels to a motley crowd of eager listeners. Then, after singing "Jesus, Saviour of my soul," all kneeled down just as they were, while several of the beautiful collects suited to all sorts and conditions of men were offered up. No grand cathedral ever sheltered a more devout and grateful congregation than that boiler-room.

MICHIGAN.

BRIGHTON—Missionary Work.—The missionary field in Livingston County consists of three parishes, St. Paul's, Brighton, St. John's, Howell, and St. Stephen's, Hamburg. There are about one hundred communicants and seventy-five families enrolled on the books. At Brighton, the central point, there is a neat and comfortable rectory, and a good horse and carriage for the use of the minister in charge. The distance from Brighton to Hamburg is seven miles, and ten miles to Howell. For the past year one regular service has been held in each place every Sunday. There are Sunday-schools at Howell and Brighton, and a growing desire for one at Hamburg. The Rev. R. W. Rhames has just resigned the charge of these stations, and all the Church people will warmly welcome his successor and work with him in this interesting field.

SPRINGFIELD.

PARIS—Grace Church.—The annual sermon before the Paris Light Institution was delivered in this church by the Rev. Dr. Walter Delafield. The edifice was brilliant with color, and a double quartette from the company rendered the music with great spirit.

WISCONSIN.

NASHOTAH—Death of the Rev. Dr. Cole.—The Church at large will join with the Diocese of Wisconsin in regret at the loss of the Rev. Dr. Axel D. Cole, President of Nashotah House, who died on Friday, October 16. Dr. Cole held his place for thirty-five years, and his name has been so connected with Nashotah that the mention of one always recalls the other. The death of Dr. Cole leaves the venerable Dr. William Adams as the only survivor of the original body of devoted workers who started the work in the wilderness of Wisconsin Territory, which so wonderfully and successfully developed into the Nashotah Divinity School.

MINNESOTA.

LETTER OF THE BISHOP.—The bishop has sent out the following letter to the diocese, concerning the election of an assistant bishop.

"To the Clergy and Congregations of the Diocese of Minnesota:

"At the last Diocesan Council I called their attention to the urgent need of more episcopal work than, in my infirm health, I could give. The council expressed the opinion that an assistant-bishop ought not to be elected until provision is made for his support. They adopted two resolutions: the first, authorizing the bishop to call a council; the second, appointing a committee to secure this endowment. I have no authority to call a council, and it would be unjust to the assistant-bishop, if elected, until this provision is made.

"After consulting with laymen and clergy, I believe that, with the income of the property of the Minnesota Church Foundation, and our present ratio of assessments, fifteen thousand dollars will be ample.

"I leave the matter in your hands, believing that your decision will be for the honor of God and the welfare of His Church. With my love and blessing,

"I am your friend and brother,

"H. B. WHIPPLE,
"Bishop of Minnesota."

FARIBAULT—St. Mary's Hall.—The Bishop Whipple schools, at Faribault, are well known far beyond the borders of Minnesota. Seabury Divinity School, Shattuck Military School and St. Mary's Hall are lights which are not hid under a bushel. The light shines strongest in Minnesota, but it shines also from sea to sea. Churchmen of the diocese may well feel proud that visitors from the East and West look upon this "trinity of schools" as simply wonderful. Their foundations were wisely laid, and by the providence of God their leaders and teachers have been eminently fitted for the work.

Though these institutions are not yet a quarter of a century old, yet the sons of Seabury have labored from Wales to the Sandwich Islands; the sons of Shattuck are honoring business and professional circles in nearly every State of the Union, while the daughters of St. Mary's are brightening and ennobling many a home in the broad valley of the Mississippi, and carrying their influence into not a few homes of the Atlantic sea-board and the Pacific slope.

Many of the young women who attended the old Hall, near the Cathedral, would start with wonder and admiration to behold the "wondrous fair" stone building, known as St. Mary's. It has not risen, like the phoenix, from the ruins of the old, but from its prosperity. The new building stands on the brow of a hill, overlooking the "Straight River" (so called from its zig-zag wanderings). The external beauty of the edifice is excelled only by the comfort and convenience of the arrangement within. The parlors, the recitation rooms, the refectory, the kitchen, are all perfectly adapted to the needs, the happiness, the welfare of the pupils. There are two matrons in the school, one of whom spends her time looking after the health of the young ladies.

Besides the rector, the chaplain and principal, there are eleven professors and teachers to care for one hundred and thirty-four young ladies whose names appear on last year's register. The success of the school is owing first to the direct blessing of God upon a work which has been carried on according to His will. The dryness of the atmosphere makes it possible to enjoy the charming walks and drives in the city and vicinity. It is well known that, though parents send their sons across a continent or an ocean to educate them, they hesitate to send their daughters such great distances. But the confidence in St. Mary's Hall is such that she is not only an honored prophesess in her own country, but the register for 1884 shows that she drew twenty-eight per cent. of her pupils from other parts of the country. The Diocese of Minnesota is sprinkled with her graduates, and the majority of them are co-workers together with God. May He continue to bless St. Mary's and make her the fruitful mother of many more such children! All her influence tends to develop and strengthen true womanhood, the mind, the heart, the soul. In all departments of English, in Latin, German, French, in music, drawing and painting, she is thorough and unsurpassed. Virtue and energy have brought to her godliness and success!—*The Church Record.*

MISSOURI.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS. NOVEMBER.

1. Sunday, De Soto.
2. Monday, Jackson.
3. Wednesday, Ironton.
4. Thursday, St. Clairdeau.
8. Sunday, Cuba.
9. Monday, Salem.
10. Tuesday, St. James.
11. Wednesday, Rolla.
12. Thursday, Lebanon.
13. Monday, Springfield.
16. Monday, West Plains.
17. Wednesday, Potosi City.
18. Thursday, Carthage.
30. Friday, Joplin.
31. Sunday, Leama.
1. Monday, Nevada.
2. Tuesday, Clinton.
3. Wednesday, Harrisonville.
20. Thursday, Butler.
27. Friday, Pleasant Hill.
29. Sunday, Lexington.
30. Monday, Osceola.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

Leadbury's Perfume, Essie.
Leadbury's Perfume, Rosebud Nial Rose.
Leadbury's Perfume, Lilip Violet.
Leadbury's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.
Leadbury's Keshish Cologne.

Special Notices.

EMULSION OF PURE LIVER OIL WITH QUININE AND FERBIN
Prepared by CASWELL, HARNEY & Co., New York. It is most advantageous in cases of consumption, phthisis, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Try it.

MADAME PORTER'S COUGH BALM
Is always reliable. Relieves Coughs, Colds and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Try it.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. Try them.

WANTS.

Advertisements under WANTS from persons not subscribers need be accompanied by the endorsement of a subscriber.

A CHURCH CLEVERMAN in South Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive into his family two or three boys, giving to them the advantages of the best schools in Brooklyn, combined with careful oversight and the comforts of a refined home. Location beautiful, free from malaria. Terms \$20. Parents will find this an excellent opportunity. Address: CLEVERMAN, CHURCHMAN office, New York.

A CHURCH CLEVERMAN will supply Sunday services to churches in, or within one hundred miles of New York. Compensation, fifteen dollars per Sunday, with any extra over one dollar of traveling expenses from and to the city. Address (at least three days before the Sunday when service is needed), "OCCASIONAL SUPPLY," CHURCHMAN office.

A LADY, Churchwoman, desires a position as Organist, in a church, or as a vocal year's experience. Address L. M. H., CHURCHMAN office.

A LADY wishes for a situation as matron in a school, superior, inserting housekeeper or the charge of children of a wealthy family. Address the Rev. G. S. CONVERSE, Boston Highlands, Mass.

A N. EDUCATED and accomplished young lady desires a position to travel in Europe as companion to a young maiden, or as elderly lady, for stated period of time. Highest references on given. Address M. C. C., No. 116 W. Elizabeth street, New York.

A YOUNG ENGLISH WOMAN desires an engagement as a governess for children, or as a companion. She refers to Mrs. Morgan, Dr. D., and the Rev. Edmund Wood, of Montreal, Canada, at THE CHURCHMAN office.

PROBLY RESPECTABLE, cultivated young lady, wishes a position as visiting or resident governess, companion, or independent teacher, in city or University. Terms, language, music, and painting. Address for one week, "ORPHAN," CHURCHMAN office.

THE MUSIC COMMITTEE of any Church wishing to purchase an Organ will find to their advantage to communicate with S. W. BALL, Organist and Choir Master, Grace Chapel, 132 East 11th street, New York.

WANTED—A position as rector or assistant minister, by a young man, who will find to his advantage to change a church. Best references. Address S. N. C., CHURCHMAN office.

WANTED—A position of trust or usefulness in Church family, school or institution. Church privileges most as object than large salary—vicinity of New York or Long Island preferred. Address Mrs. A. Sullivan, 200 Nassau st., Hartford, Conn., CHURCHMAN office.

WANTED—by a Churchwoman, a position as a family governess and companion. Thoroughly experienced in teaching and culture of young ladies and children. Full references given. Terms, language, music, and painting. Address Mrs. B. C., care of "ORPHAN," CHURCHMAN office.

WANTED—By a clergyman's wife, a young lady of refinement as companion and assistant in household duties and sewing. Address with references, CLEVERMAN'S WANTS, CHURCHMAN office.

WANTED—In a clergyman's family, a lady of experience to assist in the care of the household and teach music to two little girls. Address L. F., CHURCHMAN office.

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

Great interest attaches to the Semi-centennial Commemoration of the Board of Missions, which is to take place in Philadelphia, on the 18th and 19th of the present month.

It is a commemoration of the reorganization of the "Domestic and Foreign Mission Society" in 1835, on the basis of the membership of the Church. That reorganization was the recognition of the fact that the Church herself is a missionary society—nothing more, and nothing less.

It involves, too, a further fact, that the first mission was the mission of the Holy Ghost, and that that first mission was to the Church, and not by or from the Church. That mission is incessant and perpetual. The Church herself is a missionary society only in co-operating with and working under the Great Missionary, the Holy Spirit, the third person of the Godhead. In this one fact lie the principle and the motive of her activity. She will be active in her work, or slothful in it, just in proportion as she recognizes and relies upon the presence and the work of that Holy Spirit.

It is reported from Washington that the President of Mexico is negotiating with Germany for a loan to help his government out of its financial difficulties; and the opinion is fully expressed in well-informed circles that Prince Bismarck will grant the assistance required provided certain concessions favorable to German colonization be made. The occasion for such overtures so distant a power is said to be due to the anticipated failure of the proposed reciprocity treaty with the United States from which President Diaz expected to derive financial succor, and the miscarriage of his recent attempt to arrange for a loan in England. Of course the whole matter belongs as yet to the region of conjecture; but even so, it cannot fail to command the interest of our statesmen. It is altogether likely that the Mexican government would be glad to secure pecuniary assistance from Germany or elsewhere on almost any terms; and it is equally credible that Prince Bismarck would see his opportunity in such a negotiation to secure what he has long been suspected of desiring, namely, a foothold on the American continent. The example of the thrift of English statecraft in extending pecuniary aid to bankrupt governments, and then occupying their territory, can hardly have been lost on the astute Chancellor of the German Empire.

It is true that something similar was once attempted in Mexico by the late Emperor of the French, the disastrous results of which there are few left alive to mourn, save "poor Carlotta," who still waits for her unreturning lord; but Prince Bismarck is hardly the man to be deterred from any undertaking by the failure either of the French or their Emperor. Nor is he likely to be very careful to avoid possible complications with the United States. Indeed he is more than suspected of positive hostility already to the Great Republic. To one who cherishes

his reactionary and despotic ideas the very prosperity of such a government as ours is not a pleasing spectacle. If, therefore, his far-reaching diplomacy should see its advantage in making a lodgement for German imperialism on this continent, we may be sure that he would care very little for American sensibilities. At the proper time, however, he will, no doubt, be informed through Minister Pendleton or otherwise, that American sensibilities have long since formulated a principle known as the "Monroe doctrine," according to which our government is traditionally committed to the defence of all American nationalities against European interference and occupation. It is easy to see that insistence upon that venerable but salutary policy may, at any time, become necessary in the practical politics of the day.

THE finding of an infernal machine on a street car track in St. Louis a short time since, and the explosion of another machine similarly placed in the same city a few days later, seem to indicate that dynamism has made its bold advent in this country also. That the "Knights of Labor" are formally responsible for this fiendish device cannot, probably, be proved. It can hardly be denied, however, that they are morally responsible for it, since it was evidently an attempt to avenge the failure of the strike which they recently ordered in that city. Indeed, it is one of the evils of such organizations that they incite to any lawless acts and crimes which seem to further or serve their objects, even though they formally disown and condemn them. No matter how judicious and temperate the counsels of their leaders may be, yet since they are powerless to enforce them in the presence of the passions which they excite, they are responsible for every deed of violence and wrong committed by those who march under their flag and act in their name. Other evidences of a more direct character do not wanting that the wide-spread organization known as the Knights of Labor is not only a despotism of the worst description so far as its members are concerned, but that it is likely soon to become a portentous and intolerable tyranny as regards the commercial and industrial pursuits of the land. Notwithstanding the fair professions and protestations of its president and other leaders, it has contrived to introduce the spirit of European proletarianism into this free country, with all the savage methods upon which it relies. Indeed, it may be said that the very combination of workingmen into a class, with an enforced leadership which they must follow blindly, is a renunciation of the individualism which belongs to liberty, and a return to the rude and despotic economy that belongs to tribal savagery.

Boycotting is merely the modern name for a very old thing belonging to the social and industrial policy of all savage tribes. The use of it among the Irish and other Kelts is a proof that those peoples are not yet individualized into true liberty; and the introduction of it into this country is a relegation of those

who employ it to the old instincts of savage association such as array tribe against tribe in all barbarous countries. As an evidence of this it is only necessary to point to the active boycotting that the Knights of Labor do not hesitate to recommend in order to gain their ends. Other socialistic organizations are more outspoken and minatory; but they are composed mostly of a European proletariat that has recently been imported and is not yet naturalized. The most portentous thing about the Knights of Labor is that they are composed largely of American workmen, the adherence of whom to such a movement is not only a renunciation of their birthright as American citizens, but is a surrender of themselves to the control of a barbarous and reactionary despotism between which and the spirit of our free institutions there must always be an irrepressible conflict.

WHILE we are pondering the weighty and timely transactions of the American Church Congress, the published proceedings of the English Church Congress, which met at Portsmouth on October 6, have reached us. Of these special mention should first of all be made of the opening sermons preached by the Bishop of Carlisle and the Bishop of Derry respectively. The sermon of the first-named prelate was a temperate plea against the disestablishment and spoliation of the Church of England, characterized by a noble dignity of sustained argument, and ending in an eloquent and touching appeal to the "old voters and the newly-enfranchised millions," that must have been and must continue to be of much effectiveness. Hardly less affecting and effective was the sermon of the Bishop of Derry, though, as was natural for a prelate of a sister Church which has been disestablished already, he approached the subject of disestablishment with less directness, and spoke of impending issues with rather more reserve. Nothing could be more persuasive than the terms in which he commended the English Church to the affectionate veneration of his hearers:

"Look," he said, "upon the Church which you know—the glory of her cathedrals, the sweetness of her village churches, the chimes of her thousand bells, the venerable rank of her high officials, the charities which radiate from her parsonages, her blessing offered to every babe, her visits of sympathy and instruction ready for every sick man, her benediction waiting to be poured upon every bridal, her words of hope for every Christian burial, her open gates and inviting altars not too jealously guarded by lay or priestly keepers, the music of the Prayer Book which quivers round us day and night, which mingles with our common speech, and is somewhere in every page of the history of the last three centuries, which find expression for English hearts at the coronation of Queen Victoria, at the funeral of Wellington and of Nelson—all these associations, influences, benefits, memories render the National Church surpassingly attractive."

Certainly the preaching and wide publication of these two sermons constitute the most important apology for the continued establishment of religion in England

that has yet been made, at least since the present issues have arisen; and when considered as representing the spirit in which the establishment is defended, and the purpose of the National Church to vindicate its rights by a yet wider usefulness and larger beneficence, it may be said that the opening sermons of the Portsmouth Congress were in every way worthy of the occasion, and of the great end which they were intended to serve.

After a very admirable and interesting address of welcome by the president, the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese the Congress met, the discussion of the first topic, "The Revised Version of the Old Testament," was proceeded with. Next to the learning and ability of every kind which are conspicuous in the reported papers and speeches on this subject, one is struck by the absence of anything like adverse criticism. Two of the writers, indeed, were members of the revision committee, that is to say, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Canon Driver; and it was but natural that they should dwell rather on the merits than on the defects of the revision, though it is but right to say that they freely admitted that the work is far from perfect. The other writers and speakers were even less critical and more commendatory in their estimate of the merits of the Revised Version. No doubt more is to be said, and will be said, as time goes on, in the nature of objection to the Old Testament committee's work than was said at Portsmouth. It must take many years and more accurate knowledge of Hebrew textual criticism than is yet accessible, to determine whether the textual revision of the committee has been correct, to say nothing of the translation of the text into English. It cannot be denied, however, that this discussion of the Revised Version of the Old Testament by such scholars and Hebraists as Lord Arthur Hervey, Canon Driver, Canon Kirkpatrick, Dr. Wright and Archdeacon Palmer, and the high and discriminating praise which they bestow upon it, must help it to gain the confidence not only of the uncritical but also of the learned reader. Not only is the New Version of the Old Testament less obnoxious to objection than the Revised Version of the New Testament, but it has been more happy in the circumstances of its introduction to the English speaking world. As such introduction, the discussion at the Portsmouth Church Congress was both dignified and timely.

Of the other transactions of the Portsmouth Congress, there is not space to say as much as the interest belonging to them would otherwise justify. It is greatly to be wished that the admirable paper of the Rev. George Everard on "Special Church Work Amongst Men," might be republished in this country in tract form for wide distribution. The discussion of the Prayer Book with reference to the rearrangement of the services and to supplementary services, proceeded along the lines, mainly, which have been previously taken by our own committee on liturgical enrichment; and it is instructive and encouraging to note that, if one may judge from the papers and speeches at Portsmouth, there is a strong disposition among English Churchmen to follow our lead in the direction of greater variety of services as well as increased flexibility in

their use. It is quite likely that a study of the papers and speeches of the English Church Congress on this topic may revive the apparently languishing confidence of some of our own clergy in the wisdom and timeliness of the changes proposed in the "Book Annexed."

As the time of the English elections draws nigh, and the prospect of Liberal success grows brighter, there is a manifest disposition on the part of the Whigs and more moderate Liberals to stand by the Established Church, and defend her against the assaults of her enemies. Among the more notable utterances of the past week are the addresses and speeches of the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Goschen and others, all of which indicate a change in the tactics of the party which they represent, that must be gratifying to the friends of the Establishment. Both the Archbishops, Canterbury and York, have issued addresses urging the utmost care in the election of men who, they say, are likely to rule the empire for a long time to come. A very complete canvass of all the constituencies has just been made from London, which predicts, with a good deal of certainty, what the character of the next House of Commons will be. It is already evident that the Radicals will not cut so large a figure as was supposed, and that moderate counsels will be entitled to attention. It is almost equally certain, however, that the Liberals will not have a majority over the Conservatives and Parnellites combined, and it is difficult to see how a ministry is to be formed that will be strong enough to deal successfully with the exceedingly difficult questions that have already arisen. It is likely that Mr. Gladstone's skill will be tasked to the utmost in forming a government, and in formulating an opportunist policy that will serve to keep his party in power.

ALONG with the detailed report of the proceedings of the last days of the English Church Congress, comes the estimate which the Church press has formed of the character of the Congress as a whole. Aside from the opening sermons of the Bishops of Carlisle and Derry, the address of the Bishop of Winchester, and such features of special interest as we have elsewhere noted, it seems to be felt that the Congress was hardly up to the mark reached by previous meetings of the same body. The reasons assigned for this are, first, the engrossment of many, especially of the laity, with the political issues that are now pending; and second, the too great unanimity of the writers and speakers on most of the subjects. We venture to suggest that the last cause was due almost altogether to the programme. Almost every one of the subjects was such that Christian men could hardly fail to agree in the discussion of it. There was a notable absence of "burning questions," and, consequently, of fiery polemics. Indeed, the object of the committee seemed to be, for once, to provide edification and not excitement for the attending multitudes; and of edification of the best kind there was no lack. The time has passed in England when the Church Congress needs to cater to popular enthusiasm or bid for popular applause by purveying a sensational programme for the excitation of its audiences.

THE official notice promulgated by the President, that in future his time cannot be given to hearing personal applications for office, will receive the approval of the thoughtful and patriotic of all parties. The chief magistrate of the United States has something more important to do assuredly than to listen by the hour to the office-seeking tribune and his friends, however earnest and persuasive they may be. The deliberate and careful discharge of the duties of his high office is a matter which concerns the people of the whole land. The executive head of no constitutional government is clothed with more important powers. He is called to the exercise of the highest functions of statesmanship, and the country has the right to look to him for a wise and judicious administration of all the affairs that have been entrusted to him, both domestic and foreign. In order to do this, he is entitled to protection from the importunities of the office-seeker. There is no doubt that the making of the many appointments which, whether wisely or unwisely, has been committed to the President, is a matter of such public concern that it should be carefully considered; but it is equally certain that such appointments can, in the vast majority of cases, be best made quite independently of any personal application for them. Under the proper working of the principles of civil service reform very much of the evil of office-hunting is being abated; but enough remains to require to be kept within bounds.

What the proper rule for the distribution of patronage should be we do not undertake to say. Government by party is the method of administration that belongs to our system, and we have no disposition to fault it. With all its imperfections, it is probably better and safer than anything that has been proposed to take its place; and party government requires, no doubt, that officeholders, as a rule, should be in political sympathy with the executive. Yet it cannot be denied that the giving of his time and personal attention by the President to the hearing of the pettifogging applications that are made daily for all kinds of office, no matter how insignificant, and to personal interviews with the politicians, small and great, who support or oppose them, is a kind of business much too small for the chief magistrate of a great country. We commend this attitude of the President as one of the most hopeful indications of a genuine civil service reform.

A COMMISSION NEEDED ON THE NEGRO.

THE first annual exhibition of the Colored Fair Association of Mississippi was opened the other day at Jackson, the capital of that State. The opening ceremonies, consisting of a parade of military and fire companies, followed by an address by the colored president of the association, and an address by the governor of the State, are said to have been exceedingly interesting and impressive. The Board of Control, having charge of the fair, is composed of colored men, and all the articles on exhibition are the product of colored enterprise and industry; but the holding of the fair has been encouraged and fostered by all the citizens of every locality, and of every

class. Among the things exhibited are embroidery and needle-work of all descriptions; farm, dairy, and garden products; agricultural implements; and blooded and graded stock of several kinds.

Not only is the fact that such an enterprise has been projected and carried out by the colored people of the South, with the aid and encouragement of the whites, most significant and instructive, but, if it should be found that the exhibition itself is really and genuinely creditable, it will deserve to be considered a fact of immense importance. Many thoughtful men have reluctantly reached the conclusion that the colored race in the South is not improving. There have seemed, to many, to be evidences not a few that as a whole they are positively deteriorating, notwithstanding their emancipation, and the vast efforts that have been made for their improvement and training, while at the same time they have been increasing numerically at such an enhanced rate that, as things are now going on, they must soon largely outnumber the whites in the Southern States. Indeed, all considerations go to show that the future of this race is the question which most deeply concerns the entire country at this present time.

The difficulties of its solution have not been in the least diminished by the results of the late war, or by the reconstruction legislation that has since been enacted. It is now generally felt that the problem is one that cannot be dismissed, or resolved by act of Congress or by amendment of the Constitution; but that it will task a larger statesmanship than has yet undertaken to grapple with it.

It becomes, therefore, a matter of immense importance to determine what the capacity of this race of men is, and to what extent they may be coordinated with the white race, in matters industrial and economical, as well as in things moral and spiritual. No doubt, the negroes of Mississippi will make the best possible showing for themselves at their State fair. Let them have the amplest and most cordial consideration and estimate of all that they can show for themselves after two decades of freedom and citizenship. But let us have a real estimate, and not a merely sentimental one. The question at issue is too vastly important to be settled by mere gush or declamation. It is greatly to be desired that the Government should appoint a commission, composed of eminent men of both parties, and of all sections, to investigate the character and significance of this and like exhibitions of the industrial and economical capacity of the colored people of the South, and to give their conclusions to the country. For the time is rapidly coming when the destiny of this nation, as a whole, will largely depend on the view which shall be taken of this matter.

ENGLAND.

VIEWS OF THE PORTSMOUTH CHURCH CONGRESS.—The *Guardian* says of the recent English Church Congress:

"If we may judge merely by the number of those present, the Portsmouth Church Congress, which closed last Friday, will hardly take its place in the foremost rank. But the very fact of the approaching general election, which no doubt kept many laymen away, also gave a unique importance to this year's con-

gress. The opening sermons and the evening session on Church defence will naturally be appealed to as expressing the mind of the Church on disestablishment. But the programme itself is perhaps the best answer to the charge that the Church is only a very numerous sect. It was not only that all the so-called schools of Churchmen were represented, but the multiplicity of the subjects discussed bore witness in a remarkable way to the varied activity of the Church of the present day. If the fullness and depth of her teaching were shown in the meeting on the Spiritual Life, her versatility and breadth were proved by the rest of the programme."

John Bull says:

"It must be confessed that the Church Congress this year afforded, as usual, the largest opportunities for indulging in endless verbiage and pietistic twaddle on various subjects. But there were also not a few individual papers and speeches well worthy of close study."

The *Rock* says:

"The Portsmouth Church Congress of 1885 now belongs to the history of the past. Like all mundane events, its day was very brief, and the opportunities it offered of good or mischievous work can never be recalled. Happily, there is very little in its proceedings which ought to be regarded as anything but useful."

THE "PROTESTANT" CHURCH CONGRESS AT PORTSMOUTH.—At the time of the announcement of the selection of Portsmouth as the place for holding the Church Congress, the Mayor of Portsmouth convened a meeting of citizens to offer the congress the hospitality of the city. Under the lead of the Rev. H. Lindsay Young, in a thinly attended meeting, which many citizens of Portsmouth did not attend, thinking the passing of the resolution a matter of course, a body of ultra Protestants succeeded in defeating the motion of invitation. No one took notice of this, and the congress was held as already reported. On Thursday, October 8, a meeting calling itself a "Protestant Church Congress" was held in Portsmouth "to direct attention to the alarming inroads of Romanism in the English Church." There was a pretty full attendance. A letter was read from Lord Ebury; two or three violent speeches were made, in which Ritualists, High Churchmen, and Broad Churchmen were roundly abused; but the meeting, on the whole, was a dismal failure. One of the speakers was a Presbyterian minister.

IRELAND.

THE IRISH CHURCH'S TITLE.—After a series of attempts to force upon the bishops and clergy of the Church of Ireland the title of "The Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland," which they have steadily refused to accept, or even to acknowledge, the Irish Executive, to find a way out of the difficulty into which it had plunged unnecessarily, has called upon the law officers of the crown to reconsider the question of the title of the Church and give an opinion. The law officers have given their opinion, without going into any deep consideration of the matter, but basing it only on the Acts of Parliament, that the Act of Disestablishment, and subsequent legislation, having given or recognized the term "Church of Ireland," or its equivalent, "The Irish Church," to the disestablished Church, that is its legal title. The law officers, namely, the Attorney General, and the Solicitor-General, have also written to one of the Irish clergy, in response to a letter from him, that they are prepared, in their places in Parliament, to do all in their power to maintain the Church's right to her ancient and legal title.

The *Freeman's Journal* (Roman Catholic) affects pleasure at this decision, on the pre-

tended ground that what an act of Parliament gave a like act can take away, and says that Mr. Healy will attempt to carry a bill of the kind through the next Parliament. This, however, is more than doubtful.

SCOTLAND.

THE BISHOP OF EDINBURGH'S ILLNESS.—On September 25 the Bishop of Edinburgh (Dr. Costerill) addressed a letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, stating the fact of his having been advised by his surgeons of being afflicted with an incurable disease, "which must sooner or later terminate fatally, and which, meanwhile, must disqualify him from undertaking any of the active duties of his episcopal office." The bishop then continues: "This is God's will concerning me; and I am sure you will pray for me, that I may accept it cheerfully as such. Through His goodness, although I am physically incapacitated for active work, my mind is as yet unimpaired, and, so long as my life is spared, I trust to be able to aid with my counsels and to some extent superintend the work of the diocese, even as I have done hitherto. I need add no more at present, except that I leave myself and you in the hands of our loving God and Father, and feel assured that I shall have your sympathy and prayers and consideration in this great and unexpected trial. My trial and sorrow is, indeed, yours also, and yours is mine. In the meanwhile I have appointed the dean to act as my commissary in all matters concerning the administration of the diocese which do not require episcopal action; and I have no doubt that if the College of Bishops do not consider that my case is one in which the appointment of a conditor is desirable, some of my episcopal brethren will be willing to perform episcopal acts for me, as the Bishop of Brechin has so kindly done during the last few months. Believe me, dear brethren, yours affectionately, in those bonds that shall last for ever,

"HENRY, Bishop of Edinburgh."

Many private replies to this letter were sent the bishop, and on Friday, October 9, the Dean of Edinburgh assembled the clergy and as many of the laity as could attend, to a service of intercession at the cathedral, which was preceded by an early celebration of the Holy Communion. Immediately after the service there was a meeting held, and the following letter unanimously agreed upon and sent to the bishop.

"To the Rt. Rev. Henry, Bishop of Edinburgh.

"Dear Father in God—Many of us have, directly or indirectly, made some acknowledgment of the solemn and affecting letter which you have addressed to the clergy and laity of your diocese; but we feel that such private communications do not satisfy our sense of what is due to ourselves and to you. A document which has become a public one demands a public recognition.

"We need hardly say that the announcement which it contains has fallen upon all of us as the shadow of a great sorrow. Most thoroughly do we reciprocate all that you have said respecting the community of feeling and of interest, which must render your great and heavy trial a trial to us all, both pastors and their flocks; and you may rest assured that you will not count in vain upon their sympathy, their prayers, and their consideration. They will willingly see the diocese intrusted to such management as shall seem best to your lordship, and to your right reverend brethren of the Episcopal College.

"It would not be becoming on our part, and we know that it would be utterly distasteful to yourself, if we were to indulge in any language of eulogy; but we regard it as an act of bare justice to ourselves to express our conviction that we have found in you one on whom God

has bestowed many gifts, which have rendered you not only fit for the episcopal office, but eminently adapted for the supervision of such a diocese as that of Edinburgh. And although every spiritual ruler 'being taken from among men is compassed with infirmity,' we believe that you have earnestly desired to exercise those gifts for the glory of God, and for the highest welfare of your fellow-creatures. We consider that the work of the diocese has, by God's blessing, greatly prospered under your charge. We might point to many evidences of such progress, but it must here be sufficient to refer to the completion and organization of the cathedral church of the diocese. Most especially are we of the clergy conscious that we have never found your episcopal rule limited by the trammels of a dry officialism, but wise, just and fatherly. And in speaking thus, we feel that the truthfulness of our language will be recognized by others besides members of our own communion, who will also join with us in appreciating your contributions to the sacred cause of belief against unbelief.

"With the renewed assurance of our prayers that God may support you and yours under the burden of this heavy affliction, and may impart to all of us more of the grace of resignation to His holy will, we remain, dear father in God, yours dutifully and faithfully in Christ.—(Signed on behalf of the meeting),
"J. F. MONTGOMERY, D. D., Dean."

VERMONT.

WEST RANDOLPH—*St. John's Church*.—The Rev. John Chamberlain, of St. Ann's church, New York, held an interesting service for deaf-mutes in this church (the Rev. Homer White, rector) on the afternoon of Sunday, October 18.

BURLINGTON—*Choir Festival*.—The Vermont Church Choir Guild held its seventh annual festival in St. Paul's church, Burlington (the Rev. Homer White, rector), on Wednesday and Thursday, October 21 and 22. There were present from all parts of the diocese about one hundred singers, besides a double quartette of students from Dartmouth College, N. H., representing St. Thomas's church, Hanover, some singers from Claremont, N. H., and two choir boys from the Church of the Advent, Boston. The conductor was Mr. S. B. Whitney, of the Church of the Advent, and the organist, Mr. W. H. Thayer, of St. Paul's, Burlington.

There were present of the clergy, the bishop of the diocese, the Rev. Drs. C. D. Fay and J. I. Bliss, and the Rev. Messrs. A. E. Carpenter, F. S. Fisher, G. Graves, W. B. Guion, T. A. Hopkins, L. Sears, M. P. Stickney, R. M. Berkeley, and C. C. Grafton. The chants at the services were sung antiphonally to Gregorian tones, and many of the solo, duet, and quartette parts were very finely rendered.

The address on Thursday evening, by the Rev. C. C. Grafton, was brief and glowing on the importance of choral music in divine worship.

At the business session the executive committee was re-elected, the Rev. F. S. Fisher being chairman, and Mr. C. E. Parker, secretary. The Hanover choir was voted thanks, and together with the rector, the Rev. R. M. Berkeley, its members were made members of the Guild.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—*Church of the Advent*.—On Thursday, November 5, the Rev. G. McClellan Fiske, rector of St. Stephen's church, Providence, R. I., will conduct a "Quiet Day" for the laity at the Church of the Advent, corner of Brunner and Mount Vernon streets. The Holy Communion will be celebrated at 7 and 9:30

A. M., and addresses given at 10:45 A. M. and 12:15 and 3:30 P. M., Evening Prayer at 5 P. M. All Church people are invited to make use of the church during the day, and to attend any or all of the services.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM—*Mission Services*.—Church services have been held occasionally for some time in this place by the Rev. F. S. Harraden, in addition to his other duties as rector of the St. John's church, Framingham Centre, and St. Paul's church, Natick. Increasing interest has been manifested, and this fall a regular Sunday service has been begun. A good sized lot of land, favorably situated, has been generously offered by Mr. R. N. Everit, a churchman living in New Haven, Conn., which has been accepted, and it is intended to build a chapel in the spring.

South Framingham is a rapidly growing and thriving place, and promises to be of considerable importance as a railroad centre, and manufacturing town.

NATICK—*To Enter Holy Orders*.—The Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, pastor of the John Eliot Congregational Society, South Natick, has resigned his pastorate, signifying his intention to enter the ministry of the Church. He is the son of the well-known Dr. Bliss, Congregational missionary to Turkey. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss were confirmed by the bishop of the diocese on St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston.

RHODE ISLAND.

APPONAUG—*St. Barnabas's Church*.—The bishop of the diocese visited this church (the Rev. Percy Barnes, minister in charge) on Sunday, October 25, and administered the rite of confirmation to four adults. The church at Apponaug having a morning and evening service, allows a work to be carried on in the afternoon at Anthony, a village some seven miles distant where Church services are for the first time being held. An active mind gives strength to a work which bids fair to become a lasting one.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN—*Trinity Church*.—A memorial tablet lately placed in this church is worthy of notice, both for its object and for the novel and beautiful style of its design and workmanship. It is in memory of the Hon. Nathan Smith, formerly United States senator from this state, and for many years prominent in the councils of this diocese. It is placed in the church by his descendants, among whom are two of the New York clergy, connected with the parishes of St. James and St. Thomas. The backing of the tablet is of Tennessee marble. The letters of the inscription are mostly cast solid with the plate of heavy brass, from which they stand out with a clearness and sharpness which shows the extreme fineness of the casting. The name is on a plate of hammered copper, bolted to the brass, and finished with great delicacy yet solidity of workmanship. The initial letters throughout the inscription are also of copper, contrasting in a subdued but effective manner with the brass. The groundwork of the plate is so treated as soon to oxidize, and thus still more clearly throw out the lettering. The work is that of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, and is in its design, treatment, and solidity worthy of the new era in American art, which they have done so much to forward and to illustrate.

BETHEL—*St. Thomas's Church*.—This parish (the Rev. G. P. Torrance, rector) held its fiftieth anniversary on Wednesday, October 25, St. Simon and St. Jude's Day. In the morning the sermon was by the Rev. Byron

Hall. In the evening there was an historical address by the rector, followed by addresses from the Rev. S. O. Seymour (a former rector), and the Rev. Byron J. Hall.

ALBANY.

SCHENECTADY—*Christ Church*.—The bishop of the diocese visited this church (The Rev. E. L. Toy, rector,) and confirmed twenty-two persons, the largest number of candidates ever confirmed in this parish. The bishop preached from the teachings of the Church's service for the day.

HOOSICK FALLS—*Burning of St. Mark's Church*.—At about 8 P. M. on Tuesday, October 27, flames were seen issuing from the windows of St. Mark's church (the Rev. G. D. Silliman, rector). A general alarm was sounded, and in a very short time the fire department was pouring two streams of water on the burning building. The firemen worked hard for about two hours before the flames were controlled, and succeeded in saving the walls and tower of the church, with the clock and the chime of bells. The interior of the church, however, was wholly destroyed. The fire originated in the cellar from a defective flue. The loss will reach \$8,000, fully covered by insurance. All the church records were saved, but the organ is badly damaged. The work of rebuilding will be at once begun.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*St. George's Church*.—As soon as arrangements can be made about the land, it is proposed to build a parish house in connection with this church (the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector) which shall serve manifold uses. The parish own the school house and one or two dwellings to the west of the rectory, and on the site occupied by these buildings, and possibly other land adjoining, it is intended to place the new structure. The house will embrace a Sunday school room large enough to accommodate 1,300 children, a gymnasium, rooms, perhaps, for the industrial schools, for the parish clergy, etc. Nothing seems to interfere with the immediate carrying out of this plan except the location of the building in such way as not to interfere with adjoining dwellings in the matter of light, etc.

NEW YORK—*The Church of the Reformation*.—The corner-stone of this church on Stanton street near Norfolk, was laid on Monday, October 19, by the assistant-bishop of the diocese. At the hour appointed the clergy passed from the edifice in the former street in which services are held, to the site of the new structure, the choir singing Hymn 547. The service was begun by the assistant-bishop, parts of which were taken by the Rev. Thomas Hyland and the Rev. Dr. E. F. Miles, minister in charge. Addresses were made by the assistant-bishop and by the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's. A history of the corporation was read by Benjamin C. Wetmore, president of the board of trustees. This history was then placed in the corner-stone together with copies of the Bible, Prayer Book, THE CHURCHMAN, Parish Visitor, the Church Almanac, copies of the New York dailies, etc. The stone being duly laid, was struck with the mallet three times by the assistant-bishop as he repeated the words "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The sermon was then proceeded with, Hymn 275 being sung, as also Hymn 369 at the conclusion of the collects.

The new building, which was begun in August, will be ready for occupancy, it is expected, about January 1. It will be 94x86, the materials being brick with stone and terra cotta trimmings. In the basement will be a

kitchen, gymnasium, lavatories, etc. On the ground floor will be rooms for the Sunday-school, industrial school, etc., the space being large enough to accommodate a thousand children. The church proper will be on the floor above, the dimensions being 86x42. It is understood that on this story are also to be reception rooms. The cost of the building will be \$46,000, all of which has been subscribed. The architect is Mr. Charles C. Haight.

NEW YORK—The Christian Institute.—On Tuesday evening October 27, a company of the Knights of Temperance was formed in connection with this institution, the one number of young men of the required age having made application for a charter. There was present to take part in the matter of organization a delegation of the Knights of Temperance, of Ascension chapel, together with the minister in charge, the Rev. John F. Steen. There was present also Mr. Robert Graham, the grand-commander of the order for the diocese of New York.

Previous to the formation of the company Mr. Graham made a short address setting forth the principles of the organization, etc., when the delegation present went through the various exercises as prescribed by the ritual. A member of the new company was then initiated, taking the pledges, etc, by way of showing the method of receiving new members. All the members of the new company followed by taking the pledge in unison, when the grand-commander declared the company duly formed and granted a charter accordingly. The company connected with Ascension chapel is to be known as company No. 1, and that of the Christian Institute as Company No. 2.

NEW YORK—St. Luke's Hospital.—The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association met in one of the hospital apartments on Monday evening, October 19. There were present Mr. George M. Miller, president, the Rev. George S. Baker, corresponding secretary, and twelve or fourteen others. Mr. Baker read his annual report which showed that the number of baptisms the past year had been 23 and of confirmations 65. According to Mr. Frederick F. Cook's report, the outlook for the year to come was most encouraging. All lines of trade would be thoroughly canvassed, and circulars requesting contributions from merchants and manufacturers would be distributed accordingly. The Stock and Produce Exchanges were expected to make a much better showing than last year. Suburban churches and benevolent lodges within 50 miles of the city would be invited to add to the contributions.

NEW YORK—Archdeacon Farrar.—On Sunday, October 25, Archdeacon Farrar preached in Trinity church, from 1 St. John v., 21. The discourse was able, and especially in that part which referred to the idolatry of money was exceedingly practical and opportune. The congregation filled the spacious church to overflowing, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance.

On the following Monday he was entertained at a breakfast at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. At noon he was met by a large number of ministers of all denominations, at the house of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. The address of welcome was made by Dr. R. S. Stearns. The archdeacon in reply said, he esteemed the occasion one of the greatest honors of his life.

On Tuesday evening, he was entertained at a lunch at the house of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Among the guests were the Assistant-Bishop of New York, and the Bishops of Long Island and Albany.

On Wednesday evening he repeated his lecture on the "Poems of Robert Browning," before a very large audience at Chickering Hall.

On Friday evening he was tendered a reception at Chickering Hall by the American Temperance Society and the Church Temperance Society. Admission was by ticket, a most intelligent audience filling the house, notwithstanding the drenching rain. The assistant-bishop, who was expected to preside, was unable to be present. His place was taken by the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, who made the address of welcome. An address of greeting was also made by the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, president of the American Temperance Society, who said they welcomed him not so much as a scholar and a man high in position, but as a large-hearted philanthropist.

The archdeacon, on being introduced to the assembly, made an earnest plea in behalf of temperance, and especially set forth the reasons which ten years ago led him to become a total abstainer.

On Friday the archdeacon lectured before the students of the Union Theological Seminary on "Manhood."

NEWBURGH—Mission at St. George's Church.—A two weeks' mission was opened in this parish (the Rev. Dr. O. Applegate, rector,) on the evening of Saturday, October 17. The services were conducted by the Rev. W. Hay Aitken and the Rev. James Stephens, assisted by the local clergy. The Rev. Mr. Stephens made the first address, setting forth the object of the mission and urging all to take part, and especially urging them to permit their children to do so.

The Rev. W. Hay Aitken then addressed the congregation in an address of remarkable power.

On Sunday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 A. M., and another at 9 A. M. After Morning Prayer, the congregation at the bidding of the missionary, spent a few minutes in silent prayer, and then rising joined in the "Veni Creator Spiritus." Mr. Aitken then preached a powerful sermon from 2 Cor. xiii., 5.

At 2:45 P. M. there was a special meeting for children, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Stephens, and at 4 P. M. a meeting for men only, at which the chief missionary preached from Rom. vi., 21, 22. Evening Prayer was conducted by the rector, Mr. Aitken again preaching.

The Rev. Mr. Stephens preached in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning, and at St. George's chapel in the evening.

There was a special meeting for women in St. George's school room, which was addressed by Mrs. Couch, of England, who is here to assist the missionaries in their work.

The two weeks' work was regarded as having opened very auspiciously.

POUGHKEEPSIE—Church of the Holy Comforter.—This parish (the Rev. R. F. Crary, rector,) celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the church, on Sunday, October 25. The rector, who has been in charge for eighteen years, celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. Dr. D. G. Wright, and preached from 1 St. Peter iv., 10. A large number received, among them many former parishioners who had returned to Poughkeepsie to attend this service. A memorable event of the day was the offering made, by the founder of the parish, of the parcel of land extending from the church to the corner of Main street, which is a most valuable acquisition to the parish.

This beautiful church was built in 1860, by Mr. William A. Davis, as a memorial. Additions were made in 1870. It was consecrated by the Provisional Bishop of New York, October 25, 1860. There have been baptized here 1,278; confirmed, 663; marriages, 226; burials, 509; communicants, 794, (present number, 318). There have been 5,805 services

held, and 225 services in St. Barnabas's hospital, held by the rector.

ANNANDALE—St. Stephen's College.—The assistant-bishop and the trustees of St. Stephen's College invited a number of the clergy and laity of the diocese to visit Annandale on Tuesday, October 27, in order to become better acquainted with the college. The day was a beautiful October day, and on the arrival of the train at Barrytown, carriages were in waiting to convey the guests to the college. At 12.30 there was a good congregation gathered in the chapel. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. F. E. Shober, J. R. Lambert and G. C. Hephura. Addresses were made by the assistant-bishop, and the Rev. Drs. E. D. Cooper and J. Breckenridge Gibson.

The assistant-bishop remarked that he came to Annandale with ever-increasing interest in the work which was carried on under the direction of the ex-warden and his associates. He hoped that this holiday, which might be called Commencement Day with more propriety than that day in June when the graduates received their degrees, might be repeated in future years, that the friends of the college might gather together then to give an impulse to the work at the beginning of the college year. He urged upon the students the importance of starting aright, according to the rules which they laid down for themselves at the outset of their career, so they would be likely to continue to the close of it.

The Rev. Dr. Cooper, who was introduced as the representative of a neighboring and a daughter diocese, spoke a few earnest words in behalf of Christian education, urging the young men to lay the foundations of their intellectual and religious culture broad and deep, and to be thorough in everything that they undertook. He believed that such had been a characteristic of the college, as wherever he met the graduates of St. Stephen's, at the General Theological Seminary or elsewhere, he found them occupying the foremost positions.

The Rev. Dr. Gibson spoke very feelingly of his interest in the college; an interest, which was partly of a personal nature, as here a beloved son, who had now gone to his rest, had not only received his intellectual training, but had also had those religious impressions which had been given him in childhood, deepened and strengthened.

At the conclusion of the services the guests of the college, including many ladies, were entertained in the college dining hall. After-dinner speeches were made by the visitors, members of the faculty, alumni and undergraduates.

The college was never in a more healthy condition than it is to-day. Forty applications for admission have been received this year, a larger number than ever before. Of these thirty have been accepted. The others were refused simply for lack of the means to sustain them. It is to be hoped that those who have been blessed with abundant means will appreciate the advantage of an educated ministry, and show by their generous gifts that they esteem it a privilege to aid in the work of Christian education.

EAST CHESTER—St. Paul's Church.—On Saturday, October 24, this parish (the Rev. W. S. Coffey, rector) celebrated the eightieth anniversary of the consecration of the parish church. There were present the assistant-bishop, the rector, the Rev. Drs. E. D. Cooper and M. Van Rensselaer and the Rev. Messrs. F. Chase, C. E. Canedy, S. F. Holmes and J. H. Johnson. The assistant-bishop confirmed nine persons, and celebrated the Holy Communion.

The rector gave a brief sketch of the history

of the church, which was erected in 1765, but was not consecrated until October 24, 1805. During the portion of the forty years interim the church was used by the American and British forces during the Revolutionary War as a hospital, and in 1787 by Chief Justice Morris as a Supreme Court room. The church was consecrated by Bishop Benjamin Moore, and the Rev. Dr. Wilkins was the first rector. The bell used to-day was used over a hundred years ago to assemble our forefathers. The old Bible and Prayer Book, belonging to the church when first opened, and which during the Revolution were buried for safe-keeping, were used in this service. The altar used at the consecration, eighty years ago, was placed in the north aisle of the church.

The Rev. H. H. Johnson spoke of the history of St. Peter's, Westchester, as having been in some way connected with the old parish of East Chester. He congratulated the rector, and prophesied future greatness for this venerable parish.

The Rev. Dr. E. D. Cooper followed in a brief address. After the service the assistant-bishop, clergy, and congregation were entertained by the ladies of the parish in the Sunday-school room.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. Luke's Church.—On Friday, October 16, the rector of this parish (the Rev. G. R. Van De Water) held a meeting of the men of the parish. About forty were present. The plan and object of the contemplated mission was set forth, and freedom was given to those present to express their views. Eight laymen responded in a frank spirit of discussion, and all offered their individual assistance to the rector. On Tuesday, October 20, volunteers for actual work were invited to meet in the guild room at the Parish Hall. There were thirty five present, and the rector said that no one was asked to act unless inclined to do so from a heartfelt interest in the mission. Four committees were formed, (1) to see to the seating of the congregation, preserve order, distribute service books, etc.; (2) to circulate information, distribute pamphlets at factories, shops, lines of travel, and through the press; to make known the design of the services; (3) to lead the musical portion of the services; and to take positions in various parts of the church and chapel for that purpose; (4) on spiritual work, to make personal visitations, and aid in the more confidential work.

The different committees are acting with alacrity, and evincing a spirit of earnestness which promises sincere co-operation with the clergy. The "auxiliary," comprising the women-workers of the parish, is organizing committees to act in similar capacities among the women of the various classes for which the special services are designed. The children hold stated meetings and practise hymns; and their special services are of a suitable character.

BROOKLYN—St. Luke's Church.—Sunday, October 18, being St. Luke's Day, was observed in this parish (the Rev. G. R. Van De Water, rector.) by an informal opening of the chapel on Pacific street, the new chancel and choir room being used for the first time. The Holy Communion was celebrated, having been preceded by matins. The minister in charge, the Rev. T. B. Foster, celebrated and preached from Ephesians v. 32. The Rev. H. A. Adams assisted. The vested choir, carefully trained by Mr. W. H. Narracont, rendered the music admirably. The second service was at 4:30 P.M., the rector of the chapel preaching from Psalm xxvii. 1. The chapel was filled completely at both services, and the services were hearty and reverent. This work, begun as a mission in May, 1884,

has developed wonderfully, and bids fair soon to result in an independent parish. The congregation now numbers over three hundred with one hundred and seventy communicants.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ROME—Convocation.—The convocation of the Second Missionary District met in Zion church, Rome, on the evening of Tuesday, October 30. After evening prayer, the Rev. R. A. Olin made an address on "The Missionary Obligation Unending." The Rev. C. T. Olmsted followed with an address on "The Source of Missionary Interest in Personal Devotion;" and the Rev. J. E. Cathell concluded with a few words on "The encouragement to what has been accomplished." At 10:30 A.M., on Wednesday, at the celebration of the Holy Communion, the Rev. C. H. Gardner preached from St. Luke xxii, 19.

A business meeting was held at 2:30 P.M. The dean, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Egar read a report of the missionary work of the district, which is very full, and shows a good amount of work done. The Rev. C. H. Gardner was re-elected secretary and treasurer; the Rev. C. T. Olmsted was appointed essayist; and the Rev. Charles Seymour, preacher for the next meeting of convocation. Resolutions with regard to the death of the Rev. John Bayley were reported and adopted; and a message of condolence sent to the Rev. Dr. W. T. Gibson, in his illness.

The convocation closed with a full choral service on Wednesday evening. Service was conducted by the Rev. C. T. Olmsted, assisted by the Rev. R. A. Olin. The Rev. S. H. Cook read an essay on "The Bible and its Interpretations." A discussion followed, in which the rector (the Rev. Dr. J. H. Egar), and the Rev. Messrs. R. A. Olin and C. T. Olmsted took part.

ROME—Woman's Auxiliary.—The Woman's Auxiliary of the Second Missionary District held its sixth meeting, in the school house of Zion church, on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 21. The meeting was opened with prayer by the rector of the parish (the Rev. Dr. J. H. Egar), after which the bishop of the diocese made an address. Reports from different branches were read, showing that much good mission work had been done during the summer. The total contributions from the different parishes were, in boxes, \$1,594.95; in cash, \$422.02. Interesting letters from missionaries were read. A committee was appointed, of ladies from different branches, to superintend the packing of missionary boxes during the coming year.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

DELANCEY DIVINITY SCHOOL—Special Theological Education.—The DeLancey Divinity School, in Geneva, N. Y., has entered upon a new and enlarged course of usefulness, as a speciality school. Its plan has been hitherto made known by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Rankine, who, a year ago, with the approval of the Bishop, Standing Committee and Annual Council of the Diocese of Western New York, sent out a circular to most of the bishops of the Church, and to many of the clergy, in regard to the character and specific work of this Divinity School. Therein were stated "the advantages of location, surroundings, endowments and instruction already possessed, especially for candidates for Holy Orders, who on account of peculiar circumstances cannot attend other seminaries of the Church. It meets the wants of those coming from the business world; those coming from other ministries, and those who, having families dependent upon them, cannot be long separated from their homes." At the recent meeting of

the Diocesan Council, important measures were taken to increase still further the efficiency of the school. Among these "there will be in the present year two courses of instruction by the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of the diocese, in Advent and Lent in 'The Institutes of Ecclesiastical History.' There are also secured instructions from members of the Faculty of Hobart College distinguished in their departments, especially the president, the Rev. Eliphail N. Potter, D. D., LL. D., and the chaplain, the Rev. Wm. M. Hughes, M. A. The Rev. Wm. R. Edson, M. A., as heretofore will discharge the duties of professor of Hebrew and Greek and of Exegesis."

To this important announcement let me add my conviction that to meet the speciality of persons (1) under the short probation prescribed by canon, for those received from other ministries, and (2) of persons preparing for the permanent diaconate, there is no place in the Church where equal advantages can be afforded, as they are admitted, at the same time, to all the privileges of Hobart College, and can refresh themselves in Greek and Latin, or in any other department of a college course in which they may feel themselves less proficient than is desirable.

The Rev. Dr. Rankine will give further information to all who may address him (Geneva, N. Y.), and I think it proper to add that the course for 1885-6 will be opened on St. Andrew's Day, with appropriate solemnities.

A. CLEVELAND COXE,

Bishop of Western New York

Buffalo Oct. 28, SS. Simon and Jude, 1885.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

PATERSON—Church of the Holy Communion.—The vested choir in this parish (the Rev. I. S. Cartwright, rector,) has proved a success, and is much liked. The mission work and Sunday-school at People's Park are progressing favorably.

PATERSON—St. Mary's Church, Haledon.—The work here, under the charge of the Rev. J. C. Hall, manifests a steady improvement in the attendance at week-day and Sunday services, in the decoration of the church edifice, and in the general interest.

PATERSON—Services at Riverside.—Services have begun and are to be continued at Riverside, under the care of the Rev. Dr. J. I. Mombert.

PATERSON—St. Paul's Church.—Three persons from this parish (the Rev. E. B. Russell, pastor,) have been admitted as candidates for Holy Orders within three years.

ORANGE—All Saint's Church.—This parish (the Rev. William Richmond, rector,) which was organized in April last, has just erected and paid for a convenient frame building, to be used for the Sunday-school, sewing-school, and other parish purposes. It adjoins the rectory, on the same plot with the church, and contains an assembly room, besides a smaller room for the infant class. On Wednesday, October 21, after Evening Prayer in the church, a brief service was held in the new building, and the Parish Hall was formally opened by the rector.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—Episcopal Academy.—The annual session before the associate alumni of the Protestant Episcopal Academy in the city of Philadelphia, was delivered by the Rev. W. W. Newton in the Church of the Mediator, on Sunday evening, October 23.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Barnabas's Church.—The tenth anniversary of this parish was held on Sunday, October 23. The rector (the Rev.

Charles E. Betticher) preached the anniversary sermon in the morning, in which he referred to the beginning of the church with a Bible class of thirteen, and thirteen children in a room on Second street.

The anniversary exercises of the Sunday-school were held in the afternoon, when addresses were made by the rector and the Rev. Thomas A. Latimer. In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Alsop, rector of Grace church, preached before the assembled adult Bible classes, of which there are five.

A plot of ground across Diamond street from the church has been secured, and a commodious parish building will soon be erected. There are 349 communicants, and 800 in the Sunday-school.

PHILADELPHIA.—American Church Sunday-school Institute.—The public meetings were held on Tuesday, October 27, in St. Luke's church (the Rev. Dr. C. G. Currie, rector). At 9 o'clock the Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. W. H. Graff, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Edgar Cope and R. Bowdin Shepherd. Immediately afterward, the Institute was called to order, in the chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, the Rev. B. R. Swope, of Wheeling, West Virginia, acting as secretary, who stated the aim and scope of the Institute. The topics discussed at this session were "The difficulty of retaining the elder scholars in the Sunday-school," and "What shall we do, as churches, in regard to providing our young people places to spend their evenings."

In the afternoon, Mr. George C. Thomas presided, and read the constitution and by-laws. The Rev. R. R. Swope, Secretary and Treasurer, read the report of the Executive Committee, and made a financial statement. Mr. Thomas referred to the efficient labors of the Rev. Mr. Swope for the Institute. He said the great aim of the organization was to educate the Church up to a better understanding of such work. The Institute approved of the two days set apart by the Church of England Institute in behalf of Sunday-school work. The matters of uniform lessons, leaflets, and helps were discussed.

PHILADELPHIA.—American Church Sunday-school Institute.—The final session was held in the church in the evening, when the rector presided. Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. H. L. Duhring and the Rev. W. S. Heaton. Addresses were made on the topic, "What is the Sunday-school for?" by the Rev. B. R. Swope, Mr. George C. Thomas, the Rev. B. W. Maturin, and the Rev. George W. Douglas, of Trinity church, New York City. The sessions were well attended, and much interest was manifested by the earnest discussion participated in by a number of the clergy and laity. In the evening the large church was well filled with Sunday-school workers.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were: President, the Rt. Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, D.D., LL.D., of Pennsylvania; Secretary and Treasurer, the Rev. R. R. Swope, of Wheeling, West Virginia; Executive Committee, the Rt. Rev. George Worthington, D.D., of Nebraska, the Rev. J. C. Middleton, D.D., of Long Island, Mr. George C. Thomas, of Pennsylvania, the Rev. George W. Shinn, D.D., of Massachusetts, Mr. Walter Collins, of Ohio, and the Rev. Campbell Fair, of Maryland.

PHILADELPHIA.—Convocation of West Philadelphia.—This convocation met at Trinity church, West Philadelphia, on Tuesday, October 27. The Holy Communion was celebrated at 9 A. M.

At the business meeting in the afternoon, the Secretary and Treasurer, the Rev. Dr. John A. Childs, stated that he had deposited the funds of the convocation in the Philadel-

phia Safe Deposit and Trust Company. His action was approved. An application was made by St. George's church for missionary aid, and referred to the appropriate committee. A committee was appointed to visit the several missions within the limits of the convocation, and report to a special meeting to be held in St. Mary's church on November 24. St. James' church, Hestonville, was selected as the place of the next stated meeting. The reports of the missionaries were read, showing progress in the work. The following schedule of assessments was presented by the president, and after discussion adopted: St. Mary's, \$100; Church of the Saviour, \$100; St. Andrew's, \$100; Trinity, \$75; St. James', Kingessing, \$70; Church of the Transfiguration, \$50; Calvary Monumental, \$50; Church of the Holy Comforter, \$25.

A missionary meeting was held in the evening, when Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Gideon J. Burton and the Rev. R. F. Innes. The president, the Rev. C. W. Duane, made an address, in which he explained the object of the meeting. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. Joseph T. Wright and the Rev. John P. Peters, Ph.D.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Clerical Brotherhood.—That the weekly meetings of the Clerical Brotherhood are productive of much good is very apparent to all the members. The large attendance, averaging between fifty and sixty, shows the interest taken and the earnest discussion of the topics and their practical nature. For two weeks the missionary work of the diocese as carried on by the convocation system has been discussed, and the discussion has brought to light the fact, of which many were already assured, that the missionary work in this diocese had received a new impetus since the last convention, and that many who were indifferent have become earnest workers.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Sunday School Association.—On Monday evening, October 19, this association held a meeting of Sunday-school workers, in connection with the Sunday-school Institute of the Church of England in All Saints' church. Service was said by the Rev. T. William Davidson. The speakers were the Rev. Messrs. H. T. Widdemer, H. R. Phillips, R. N. Thomas, H. L. Duhring, W. H. Graff, and Mr. Lewis H. Redner.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Church Temperance Society.—A map has been prepared by the organizing secretary of this society indicating the number of dram shops in the sixth ward of this city. The population of this ward, in 1880, was 10,000, while the number of voters in 1884 was 2,036. According to the map, the number of drinking saloons is 276, or one to every seven and a half voters. On the other side, the number of churches in this ward is seven, or one to a little more than 290 voters, and the number of school-houses is five. Against the 276 drinking saloons there are thirty-three groceries and sixteen baker shops. In the twenty-third ward, having a population of 25,299, the number of drinking saloons is 159, or one to every 159 of the population, and one to every 32 families. The total number of arrests for nine months had been 511, of which seventy per cent. were for drunkenness.

In view of the evils resulting to individuals, to families and to the community from the unlimited sale of liquor, a circular signed by the bishop and various influential clergymen and laymen was sent out from Philadelphia on October 19, requesting the attendance of representatives of all religious bodies at a conference to be held in the lecture room of the Young Men's Christian Association on Monday, October 26. The object of the conference it was stated, was to consider the nature and ex-

tent of the evil in question, and also the remedies.

At this meeting, which met according to announcement, there were about 150 people in attendance. In the absence of the bishop the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar took the chair. Mr. R. Graham being introduced to the conference, stated that while the population of Philadelphia was 950,000, the number of liquor saloons was one to every 158 of the population. It was estimated, he said, that the average amount of business done by each saloon was \$4,500, the total expenditure in Philadelphia reaching the sum of \$27,000,000. This represented 44 per cent. per annum of all the real estate of the city. The total number of arrests for drunkenness and crimes connected therewith was 50 per cent. of the whole, and put upon the community a great burden and expense.

By way of remedy, it was suggested that there should be an improvement in the present law, and that the direct responsibility of granting licenses be thrown upon the excise commissioners and upon the police for a better enforcement of the law. It was moved and seconded that a committee of thirty, representing one for each ward, be appointed, and that they nominate sub-committees who should draft a scheme for the improvement of the liquor laws in Pennsylvania, and seek their better enforcement. It was also voted that on the completion of this work, a mass meeting in the city of Philadelphia be held in the Academy of Music.

BRANTZTOWN.—House of Prayer.—The churchyard of this parish, of which the Rev. George Bringhurst is the rector, was consecrated on St. Simon and Jude's Day by the Assistant-bishop of New York, acting for and by request of the bishop of the diocese. The service was taken part in by the Rev. Drs. Charles D. Cooper, J. Blake Falkner, Theodore S. Rumney, and Samuel E. Appleton. The bishop made an address, and pronounced the sentence of consecration. The singing was led by the surpliced choir of St. Peter's church, Germantown.

The bishop is, at this writing, rapidly recovering from his late severe illness, and hopes shortly to be attending to his duties.

WHITEMARSH.—Convocation.—The Convocation of Montgomery County met at St. Thomas's church, Whitemarsh, (the Rev. H. I. Meigs, rector,) on Thursday, October 15. There were present the Rev. Drs. Isaac Gibson, A. B. Atkins, and J. Andrews Harris, and the Rev. Messrs. R. T. E. Winskill, F. Palmer, T. A. Waterman, G. W. Hodge, H. L. Duhring, and B. W. Maturin. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Dr. Isaac Gibson and the Rev. R. T. E. Winskill. After the service a business meeting was held, after which the members, clerical and lay, were entertained at the parish school-house by the ladies of the parish.

At 3 P. M. Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Dr. Gibson and the Rev. Mr. Palmer, and missionary addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. J. Andrews Harris, and the Rev. Messrs. G. W. Hodge and H. L. Duhring. The convocation then adjourned, with the *Magnificat* and benediction.

St. Thomas's church is the oldest of the eleven parishes in Montgomery County. It was established in 1690, and admitted to convocation in 1786. The present church edifice, completed but a few years, is the fourth in succession from the first log building erected for church purposes. It stands on the summit of a large hill, with six acres of land, and a beautiful cemetery containing graves dating back to 1727. The entire design of the church, the quality and finish of the stone and woodwork are unsurpassed by most city or county churches. There is a tower, eighty

feet high, at the cathedral corner. The chancel is very spacious (forty feet deep), handsomely tiled, and thoroughly furnished. The triple east window is a beautiful one, representing the Crucifixion. Beneath the window, under a canopy, and on the retable, is a life-size painting, representing our Lord with the disciples at Emmaus.

PITTSBURGH.

SOUTHERN CONVOCATION—Meetings at Rochester and other places.—Rochester, Georgetown, Fairview, New Brighton and Beaver Falls constitute a group of missionary parishes along the Beaver River, within a space of seven miles, with a population of twenty thousand. The convocation held a series of interesting meetings, at which the congregations were large and the music excellent and enthusiastic.

On Tuesday, October 13, at Rochester, the bishop of the diocese preached, and addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. R. A. Benton and George Hodges. On Wednesday morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, and in the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. J. C. White and the Rev. Messrs. John London and H. G. Schorr made addresses. On Thursday a sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert Meech, and addresses made by the Rev. Messrs. A. P. Diller and P. H. Hickman.

At Georgetown, on Tuesday evening, the Rev. W. R. Mackay preached the sermon, and addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. William White and the Rev. Messrs. R. S. Smith and J. P. Norman. On Wednesday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion with a sermon.

At Fairview, on Tuesday, sermons and addresses were delivered by the Rev. A. P. Diller and the Rev. Samuel Maxwell, D. C. Peabody and S. P. Kelly. On Wednesday morning there was a celebration of the Holy Communion and a missionary address by the Rev. S. P. Kelly, general missionary of the diocese, with addresses at night by the bishop and others of the clergy.

At New Brighton, on Tuesday evening, the Rev. Boyd Vincent preached, and the Rev. Messrs. S. D. Day, A. De R. Meares and H. G. Schorr made addresses. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion on Wednesday morning, and in the evening addresses from the Rev. Messrs. F. H. Hickman, Frederick Thompson and W. R. Mackay. On Thursday the bishop advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Messrs. P. H. Hickman and James B. Williams, the Rev. H. G. Wood preaching the ordination sermon. In the evening the Rev. D. C. Peabody made an address on the "Ministry as a Distinctive Feature of the Anglican Church"; the Rev. J. A. Brown spoke of the Liturgy as another distinctive feature, and the Rev. S. Maxwell of the Sacraments as a third.

At Beaver Falls, on Tuesday, the addresses were by the Rev. Messrs. P. H. Hickman, W. W. Wilson, DeWitt C. Byllesby and W. H. Wilson, and the sermon by the Rev. E. A. Angell. On Wednesday there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, with sermon by the Rev. W. H. Wilson. In the evening the distinctive features of the Church were also discussed, the Rev. W. W. Wilson speaking on the Ministry, the Rev. Boyd Vincent on the Liturgy, and the Rev. A. P. Diller on the Sacraments. On Thursday evening the last meeting of the series was held, when the subject of Missions was discussed, the Rev. Dr. J. C. White speaking on Foreign Missions, the Rev. Marison Byllesby on Domestic Missions, and the Rev. S. P. Kelly on Diocesan Missions.

DELAWARE.

BRANDYWINE HUNDRED—Calvary Church Mission.—This church (the Rev. P. B. Lightner, rector) was re-opened on Thursday, October 15. Morning Prayer was said at 11 o'clock, when there were seventeen surpliced clergymen in the chancel and numerous friends from near and far in the congregation. The administration of Holy Baptism to an infant was recognized by all as a most significant and touching event. The rector made a statement of the work which had been done, and read quite a list of memorials, &c., which had been placed in the church. On behalf of the old rectors present, the Rev. Messrs. S. F. Hotchkiss and Z. K. Murphy made addresses. Other addresses were made, and the bishop concluded in a bappy congratulatory vein. The offerings were devoted to diocesan missions. A lunch was served under a canopy, after which ivy and other vines were planted around the church by the ladies.

The repairs and improvements upon this old church have followed upon three years of patient and silent preparation. They have been so nobly sustained by the people of Calvary themselves, and have enlisted the readiest interest of so wide a circle of friends, that they have been carried out in a most gratifying and admirable manner.

MARYLAND.

ALL FAITH PARISH, ST. MARY'S COUNTY—St. Mary's Chapel.—The bishop of the diocese visited St. Mary's, a colored chapel of this parish, on Friday, October 14, and confirmed twenty-three persons. Thirty-five was the original number of candidates, but twelve were prevented from being present. The chapel seats about two hundred, and every available space was occupied, many crowding outside at the door and windows. The chapel has no organ, yet the services were spirited and impressive. The bishop firmly held the attention of the congregation while he set forth forcibly and plainly what it is to be a Christian. There were present and officiating the Rev. Messrs. J. H. Chesley, G. B. Cooke, L. Sotheron, and J. G. Bryant.

This chapel was built mainly through the energy and zeal of the Rev. J. G. Bryant. It is making marked progress, and, it is hoped, within a few years, will have a large and flourishing congregation. At present there is a congregation of two hundred and fifty persons, with eighty-three communicants.

The Rev. Giles B. Cooke has recently taken charge of this parish, and is deeply interested in the chapel. He has a rare and valuable experience in colored work.

The Sunday school recently purchased a very beautiful and costly communion service for the chapel. A parochial school will soon be opened.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the Incarnation.—Designs for the sixth memorial window have been procured from Munich, for this church. The window will cost a little less than \$800, and will be in memory of the late Israel Dille and his widow, two aged communicants of the Church, the former the first senior warden of this parish. It represents the Presentation, Anna, the aged widow in the foreground, and Simeon in the background holding in his arms the infant Saviour. The fourth memorial window, known as the Gilmore window, is very handsome, and represents King David surrounded by his singers. "In Memoriam, Henry and Ellis," is on the scroll. By the side of the American window, placed some six years ago, the latter suffers none in comparison—a merited tribute to the genius of our own land. The records for this church, now being carved and painted by the Rev. Mr. Oertel, is progressing finely.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—St. John's Chapel.—On Saturday, October 3, a new bell was dedicated in this chapel of St. John's parish (the Rev. Dr. W. A. Leonard, rector), with an appropriate service. In the absence of the rector, on account of illness, the service of benediction was conducted by the Rev. F. B. Reazor, the assistant in charge, assisted by the Rev. J. W. Clark. There were also present the Rev. Drs. I. L. Townsend and J. A. Harold, and the Rev. Messrs. J. W. Phillips, G. Shackelford, and J. M. E. McKee. Immediately after the service the bell was hoisted to its place in the new brick belfry; and, after the mounting, it was rung for the first time by the priest in charge. The bell is from the Clinton H. Menely Bell Company's Foundry, in Troy, N. Y., and weighs 1,029 pounds. It bears the following inscription:

"St. John's Chapel, Washington, D. C., 1885.
"I sweetly tolling, men do call
"To take the meat, men do call."
The inscription is from the oldest bell in the chime of Chester Cathedral of 1604.

WOODVILLE—St. Paul's Church.—The chapel of this parish (the Rev. C. I. La Roche, rector) has been given a handsome chancel window in memory of the late rector, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Marbury.

ACCAKEEK—St. John's Parish.—This parish, lying partly in Charles and partly in Prince George's Counties, has been vacant since the death of the lamented Rev. John Towles. The Rev. Dr. W. L. Hyland has been elected to fill the vacancy.

VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA—Theological Seminary.—Some years ago a Churchman, both by name and otherwise, devised \$15,000 to the Virginia Society for the Education of Young Men for the Ministry. An apparent informality caused the will to be set aside by a lower court, but since then, on appeal, the decision of this court was reversed, and the society expects soon to be in possession of the amount.

GEORGIA.

CEDARTOWN—Episcopal Visitation.—On St. Luke's Day, October 15, the bishop of the diocese visited the missionary station at Cedartown, Polk County. At 9 A. M. the missionary (the Rev. H. K. Rees) baptized three adults, and at 11 A. M. he presented seven to the bishop for confirmation. The bishop did not preach, but made an address to the candidates and congregation. At 4 P. M. the bishop consecrated the church building, now fully completed, through the untiring energy of a handful of Church people, and preached the sermon.

MISSISSIPPI.

PASS CHRISTIAN—Diocesan Female Seminary.—On Tuesday, October 20, the Diocesan Female Seminary of Mississippi was opened at this place, the assistant-bishop delivering the opening address. This school is under the care of the Rev. H. C. Mayer, rector of Trinity church, Pass Christian. Mr. Mayer is ably assisted by Mrs. Kells of Natchez, who was, for several years, principal of a flourishing school at Sewanee Mountain, Tenn. The Rev. Mr. R. G. Hinsdale, some time president of Hobart College, is lecturer on Theology and Belles-lettres, and all other branches are taught by competent teachers and professors. In the commodious school building every attention has been paid to comfort and hygiene, and in the spacious grounds, the amusement and recreation of the scholars has evidently been considered. A more appropriate site for a school could hardly have been selected than

here on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico—too far south to suffer the rigors of a northern winter, and too far north for the languor of a tropical climate.

TENNESSEE.

FAYETTEVILLE—St. Mary Magdalen's Church.—A mission has lately been held in this parish (the Rev. W. G. C. Thompson in charge), which has done much good to the church and the community at large. The Rev. G. W. Dumbell had promised in June last to conduct the mission, but at the last moment he was taken so ill that it was impossible for him to undertake it. A letter was therefore sent to the Rev. C. H. De Garmo, of Toledo, Ohio, who immediately started for Fayetteville to take the work in hand. He arrived on Saturday, October 4, the day on which the opening of the mission was set, and at night, after a few words of welcome from the priest in charge, received the stole from his hands with a blessing on his work.

The church was filled to overflowing during the whole week, the daily early Eucharist being admirably attended. The services were as follows: Sundays—early celebration at 7 A. M.; Litany and address to children at 9 A. M.; second celebration (choral) and sermon at 11 A. M.; prayer and services for men only, at 3 P. M.; mission services and after meeting at 7 P. M. Week-days—early celebration at 6:45 A. M.; matins and plain talk at 10:30 A. M.; prayer meeting and Eten song at 3 P. M.; mission service and after meeting at night. There were services for women only on Thursday at 3 P. M.; for colored people only on Friday at 3 P. M., and for children only at 3 P. M. The missioner's box at the door, for questions concerning the Church and requests for prayer, was always well filled, the requests being read out daily at the 3 P. M. prayer meeting, and the questions answered at the mission service at night.

On Sunday night, October 11, the church was crowded to overflowing, standing room, up to the chancel steps, being wholly occupied. On Monday night, the closing of the mission, the church was again filled, and there was hardly a dry eye as the missioner gave his farewell address. A solemn *Te Deum*, as a Thanksgiving, was then sung, after which the missioner requested all who had received good from the mission to come forward to the chancel steps and receive a card as a memorial of the mission, with a blessing from the missioner. Fully one hundred and fifty men and women came forward, most with tearful eyes, to receive the memorial and blessing. The mission was then declared closed after the benediction, many remaining to see the missioner in private. This account can not be closed without referring to the efficiency and willingness of the organist, the Rev. Rowland Hale, whose services in that position were indispensable.

The good done by this mission in a town where prejudice against the Church is rife, cannot be estimated.

CEDAR HILL—Convocation.—The Convocation of Nashville met at Cedar Hill on Tuesday, October 30. There was a celebration of the Holy Eucharist by the dean, the Rev. W. C. Gray, assisted by the Rev. Herbert Graben, the Rev. T. F. Martin being the preacher. After the celebration the convocation met for business. Services were also held at Ross View, Montgomery County. The services at Cedar Hill, which were continued until Thursday night, were well attended, and a gratifying interest was exhibited. The people being unfamiliar with the services, the responses were somewhat weak, but all joined heartily in the hymns. It is rather a new departure

for this convocation to make its meeting a missionary one; but it is regarded as encouraging. While in session, the convocation received fraternal greetings from the Convocation of Knoxville, in session at Cleveland.

OHIO.

YOUNGSTOWN—Consecration of St. James's Church, Springdale.—The bishop of the diocese consecrated this church on Tuesday, October 30. There was a large number of clergy and laity present. The instruments of donation were presented to the bishop by the rector of the parish (the Rev. F. B. Avery). These included the original deed of the lot, the subscription to the building fund, all paid in, and a full list of the furniture. The sentence of consecration was read by an appointed presbyter. The Rev. R. W. Grange preached the sermon. St. James's began as a mission of St. John's parish about two years ago. It is the result of Sunday-school work started in Smoky Hollow, at the suggestion of Messrs. H. O. Bonnell and J. L. Botsford. Over seventy-five children and adults have been baptized and twenty-two confirmed. The church, with its furniture, cost over \$2,000, and is very handsome. The altar, bishop's chair, and clergy-stalls are of solid cherry, highly polished.

During the service, after the offertory, the bishop advanced to the chancel and addressed the children. He was very much affected as he spoke to them of their part in divine worship, and soon after, while endeavoring to speak of the self-sacrifice of not only St. John's, but also of some at St. James's, in their efforts to complete the beautiful house of worship, he was completely overcome, and could only say: "I cannot tell you all that is in my heart. My tears are tears of joy and sympathy. You must take these as the expression of what I would say to you."

YOUNGSTOWN—Convocation.—The annual meeting of the Northeast Convocation was held in St. John's church, Youngstown. The Rev. F. B. Avery was elected dean, the Rev. Dr. R. L. Ganter, secretary, and Mr. C. Parrows, treasurer. An essay on pastoral work was read by the Rev. W. G. Stoner, and the general missionary, the Rev. A. B. Nicholas, made an interesting address on Sunday-schools and mission work.

QUINCY.

QUINCY—Death of Mrs. E. J. Parker.—Mrs. Helen B. Parker, wife of Mr. E. J. Parker of Quincy, died in Quincy, on Wednesday, Oct. 14, aged forty-four years. Mrs. Parker was a prominent Churchwoman, and one of the founders of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Quincy, under the care of the rector of which (the Rev. Dr. W. B. Corbyn) she had passed many of her early years. In that parish she was identified with every movement, and always took a part in every benevolent act. Her loss will be felt deeply both by the church and a large circle of friends. The funeral took place on Saturday, Oct. 17, the services being held at the Church of the Good Shepherd, conducted by the Rev. Dr. W. B. Corbyn, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. William Bardene, E. A. Larrabee, and A. Q. Davin.

On Sunday, Oct. 18, the Rev. Dr. Corbyn delivered a memorial discourse in the Church of the Good Shepherd.

WISCONSIN.

NASHOTAH—Circular of the Bishops.—The Bishops of Wisconsin and Fond du Lac have issued the following circular:

To the Friends of Nashotah:

The death of the Rev. Dr. Cole, President

of Nashotah House, who for many years has presented its work and necessities to the Church, devolves upon the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees the duty of caring for the interests of the institution until a meeting of the corporation can be summoned. They have appointed, therefore, the senior professor, the Rev. William Adams, D. D., president and treasurer, pro tem, and the Rev. Prof. Riley, pastor, pro tem. They earnestly request the friends of Nashotah to continue the steady support granted so generously to this important school, and to send their offerings and communications to the Rev. Dr. Adams, Nashotah. Until the mind of the trustees can be ascertained, the work of the House will be maintained on the same basis and by the same modes as during the administration of its late honored head.

Until sufficient endowments are provided, the maintenance of the House must rest upon the piety and love of the faithful.

This year a larger number of students was admitted than for several years past.

The Executive Committee ask that the sorrow that has come to the House may not be deepened by any forgetfulness of its deeds by those who through good report and evil report have enabled it to send into the fields ready for the harvest, workmen of whom the Church has reason to be thankful and proud.

E. R. WELLES, Bishop of Wisconsin,
J. H. HOBART BROWN, Bishop of Fond du Lac.

MINNESOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS—Gethsemane Church.—The brotherhood of this parish (the Rev. A. R. Graves, rector), reports progressive work done at the Mount Calvary mission. Two hundred dollars has been subscribed; services are regularly held in Avery Hall. In the last two years 119 families have been added to the parish, and 49 lost; 82 persons have been baptized, and 55 confirmed; 137 communicants added; pledges, \$6,500.

COLORADO.

VILLA GROVE—St. James's Church.—The missionary bishop visited this parish (the Rev. W. Worthington in charge) on Sunday, October 11. The missionary has been here a little over two months. The church is free from debt, owing to the earnest and persevering work of the ladies of St. James's Guild. The building is of wood. The interior, though not fully completed, is comfortable and exceedingly neat. The church was prettily decorated with flowers on the occasion of the bishop's visitation. A good-sized congregation listened attentively to an eloquent discourse from Ephesians iv. 30.

BONANZA—Mission.—This is a mining town, situated eighteen miles from Villa Grove, over a mountainous road, and an acre of about two thousand feet. There is no church here, but services are held in a vacant store tent for the purpose. A few chairs brought in from the hotel are arranged in front; behind these and along the sides of the room are rude benches made by boards resting on boxes. About seventy people were present when services began, well filling the room. Curious glances were cast on the bishop as he put on his robes. The services being unknown to the majority of the people, the bishop, before beginning, made a few explanatory remarks. Though the appliances for service were so simple and insufficient, the scene was an interesting one. The congregation, mainly miners, listened eagerly to the sermon, and one of their number was confirmed. There was an early celebration the next morning. Services here are held once a month, and are

well attended; but it is doubtful whether the missionary will be able to get through the narrow mountain passes during the winter, owing to the heavy snow falls at this altitude.

SAGUACHE—Church of the Incarnation.—A ride of about thirty miles on the old "Ute Trail" brought the bishop and missionary to Saguache, the county seat. The ascent and descent over this road are so abrupt as to make the road a marvel. The scenery is wild and grand. Services were held in the old Presbyterian place of worship, long disused, and kindly loaned. The Church people are few but earnest, and it is hoped that the work here will soon show signs of increase.

OREGON.

ROSEBURG—St. George's Church.—An urgent appeal for financial assistance is made for the mission at Roseburg, which is so far from the missionary's home—80 miles—that he necessarily has to spend some days there to effect any good. To pay hotel bills out of his small stipend is out of the question, and Roseburg has always been backward to render hospitality to either bishop or clergy. The consequence is, the missionary has to occupy a room back of the church, which he may well call his den. It was formerly a horse shed, and is too miserable and beggarly for adequate description. Suffice it to say that it is still approached by means of an inclined plane, over which horses passed for years, and is still entered by two rough board doors. It is open to the weather above, below, and on all sides; and, with the stove-pipe running through the side, and the building literally black with age, presents a most unightly appearance. Here the missionary stays when at this end of his missionary field, which is not helpful to the interests of the Church. Inasmuch as winter is approaching, and it is not a safe place to occupy, an appeal for help is made, and it is hoped that, for the love of Christ and in His Name, some generous-hearted Christian people will send the means to render this building habitable. Speaking of this building, Bishop Morris, in his diocesan paper for June of this year, says: "Rev. Mr. Parker has charge of this place and at Oakland, in connection with his parish at Eugene City. We have here a beautiful lot, a small church, and a rough, unfinished building, formerly used as a horse shed, which Mr. Parker uses to sleep in when visiting this mission. A gift of seventy-five or one hundred dollars would make this building a comfortable house for the missionary; but in its present condition it is neither a fit nor a safe place for a man to stay in during the cold and wet seasons of the year. Mr. Parker is a very energetic and earnest worker, and has done much with his own hands in the way of repairing and improving the Church property. Any aid that he may receive will be wisely employed."

Offerings for this object may be sent to the bishop, or the Rev. O. Parker, Eugene City, Oregon.—*Columbia Churchman.*

PERSONALS.

The Rev. H. H. Cole's address is 441 South Broad street, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Rev. J. Buchanan Drysdale, n. c., assistant at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, may be addressed at the church, or at 8 East Forty-fifth street.

The Rev. James B. Goodrich's address is Claremont, N. H.

The Rev. Henry Meabeth has accepted the rectorship of Trinity church, Oxford, Pa., entering on his duties on November 1. Address Oxford Church, P. O., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Rev. W. B. Neales' address is 2107 1/2 Webster street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Rev. O. E. Ottenson has resigned St. Stephen's Mission, Longmont, and taken charge of St. John's church, Oury, Colorado. Address accordingly.

The Rev. Francis Pison, n. c., who is to conduct the "Advent Mission" in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, is expected to reach New York on the "Oregon," due here November 22.

The Rev. A. J. Tardy has resigned the rectorship of St. Mark's church, Dalton, Ga. He is open to service elsewhere, and may be addressed at 601 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La.

The Rev. Charles Temple has accepted the charge of the parish of Brighton, with the missions of Lawrenceville, West Bangor, and St. Regis Falls, N. Y. Address Broomtons, Franklin County, N. Y.

The Rev. C. L. Twigg has accepted the rectorship of St. Andrew's church (E. D.), N. Y., and entered on his duties November 1.

The Rev. W. B. Walker has resigned the charge of Christ church, Sag Harbor, N. Y., and may be addressed at 108 South Oxford street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, obsequies, elegiacs, and other literary matter, *The Churchman* takes, nonpareil (at Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

MARRIED.

In Philadelphia, October 27, by the Rev. S. E. Appleton, n. c. J. LEON BARROLL and MARY STOKES, eldest daughter of the late Francis A. Leona.

DIED.

On Tuesday, October 27, at his residence, No. 87 Remsen street, Brooklyn, MERTABLE M., widow of JOHN MERTABLE, died at the age of 84 years.

Funeral services were held on Thursday, October 29, at Grace church, Brooklyn Heights, of which she was a communicant.

We ask for a Christ Church Rectory, Hedding Ridge, Conn., October 30, ORRAN ELIZA, wife of the Rev. Martin B. Dunlap, aged 57 years 1 month, and 19 days. Inquest at Delaware City, Del.

"Make her" to be numbered with Thy saints in glory everlasting.

On All Saints' Day, at McClintockville, near Oil City, entered into rest, Mrs. ANNA GOSMAN, in the communion of the Catholic church.

Entered into the rest of Paradise, October 30, 1885, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Young, 200 Adams street, Brooklyn, MARGARET, widow of CHARLES PATRICK, formerly Newark, Conn., and of late an inmate in the Home for Aged Women, Troy, N. Y., in the 75th year of her age.

Her remains are to be laid to rest in the Lord.

At Fort Hamilton, N. Y. H., on Sunday, October 25, 1885, JOHN C. WHITE, son of the late Thomas White, in the 46th year of his age. Recently returned from Mexico.

THE REV. JOHN MURRAY FORBES, D. D.

As the member of the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Luke's church, New York City, held this 18th day of October, 1885, the following minute was ordered to be placed on the records of the parish:

MINUTE.

The vestry has learned with profound sorrow the death of the Rev. JOHN MURRAY FORBES, n. c., who died at Elizabeth, N. J., on October 11, 1885, at the advanced age of 73 years.

His eventful ministry covered a period of half a century. For fifteen years he was the faithful and revered Rector of St. Luke's parish, having been called to its rectorship August 5, 1841. On the 24th of October, 1859, his resignation of this charge was accepted by the vestry and soon after he was admitted to the Roman obedience. On his renunciation of the Church of Rome, where he served for ten years, His serene and reverent father, who was his former parish, St. Luke's, and retained the connection nominally till his death. His serene and reverent father, who was his former parish, St. Luke's, and retained the connection nominally till his death. His serene and reverent father, who was his former parish, St. Luke's, and retained the connection nominally till his death.

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Ordered that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased, with the assurance of sympathy of the Rector, Wardens, and Vestrymen, and that it also be inserted in the New York Churchman.

A. L. McDONALD, Clerk of Vestry.

ELLAN BLANCHARD FOUQUET.

At Pittsburgh, N. Y., September 21, 1885, ELLEN BLANCHARD FOUQUET, died at the age of 84 years.

The autumn days of 1885 have nearly passed away since this dear child of the Church entered on her rest; but "A Sabbath's rest" seems a fitting time to record the departure of one whose life (devoted to the Church she loved), was a life of unselfish assistance to others, surrounded by physical suffering, which was dependent on her love and care, she yet found time to garner from her saintly rest, peace, but "A Sabbath's rest" seems a fitting time to those she loved, while preparing herself for eternity.

To those serene, the Church, and the guild (where suffering ones find comfort), will all cherish her memory in words she loved so well, "I sleep, but my heart waketh."—*All Saints', 1885.*

WILLIAM CLEVELAND HICKS.

At a meeting held at Calvary church, Summit, N. J., October 25, 1885, the Bishop of the diocese presiding, the undersigned were appointed a committee to prepare for publication a minute commemorative of the late WILLIAM CLEVELAND HICKS, as follows:

A deputy to the General Convention, a member of the Board of Missions of the diocese, a deputy to its annual conventions, a warden for many years of the diocese, and a devoted and energetic member of a consecrated apostle.

The son of a persecuted and honored preacher of the diocese, he was a devoted and energetic member of a consecrated apostle. He was a Churchman by birth and education, and through life the claims of the Church upon his time and his talents were cheerfully and thankfully recognized.

We recall his stirring missionary addresses, his active and intelligent interest in the warfare of the diocese since its formation, his generous liberality, his ready sympathy and personal co-operation with his bishops in the work of the Church, and feel that death has removed one from our midst whose place will not soon be filled.

The presence of two bishops at his funeral and the large attendance of clergy and laity testified to the hold which he had upon the affections of those who knew him best in the diocese. He was a "Not without in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," his life and stamp, entire him to an honorable place on the roll of the Church's faithful men.

FERNAND C. PUTNAM,

JOHN F. BUTTERWORTH,

WILLIAM G. PARRINGTON,

CHARLES HAYES,

EDWIN A. STEVENS.

THE REV. DR. COLS.

Since it has pleased our Heavenly Father to grant rest unto our loved and faithful brother, who for many years the President and Rector of our Alma Mater, we pray Him to grant us grace ever to follow his saintly example, and to be ever ready to do his unwearied toil for Christ and His Church.

May divine consolation shade the sorrow of his affliction, and may he rest in peace, and may he be comforted with the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

THE ALUMNI OF NASHOTAH HOUSE.

APPEALS.

GENERAL CLERGY RELIEF FUND.

It was the hope of the Board of Trustees of this fund, that the wide-spread benevolence manifested in reports to the General Convention and in other ways, there would be no necessity for further special appeals. It is, however, the duty of members of the Executive Committee, grievous to say has not been realized. To meet our payments, due October 1, we need two thousand dollars more than is now in the treasury.

This fund, as has been repeatedly mentioned, is the only provision of the kind in the Church which is without any restriction of diocesan limits or condition of previous payment of dues and premiums. Hence, throughout our wide missionary field, in many of the weaker dioceses, it is the only organization to which the worn-out laborer, the widow, and the fatherless can look for relief. It is to those who, in obedience to the call of the Church, and moved by a loving, anxious spirit, goes forth to his necessities, that we need the aid of the Church. It is to those who, in obedience to the call of the Church, and moved by a loving, anxious spirit, goes forth to his necessities, that we need the aid of the Church. It is to those who, in obedience to the call of the Church, and moved by a loving, anxious spirit, goes forth to his necessities, that we need the aid of the Church.

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In conclusion, we beg leave to add that the management of this trust is gratuitous, and that every dollar given goes to spread the board, long live the Rev. and Hon. Wm. A. Smith, Treasurer, 28 Wall street, New York.

ALFRED LEE, President.

WILLIAM A. SMITH, Treasurer.

ELIHU CHAINCY, Secretary.

September, 1885.

An appeal is made for aid in erecting small chapels and preaching-stations in the Savannah Congregation, Diocese of Georgia. With four clergy who are stationed in the same, some colored, but our funds are exhausted when the stipends of the missionaries are paid, and buildings are so small that it is impossible to do more. We need to erect some fourteen chapels, costing in all six thousand dollars, half or more of which can be raised on the spot. For the three thousand, \$1,000, we need the least twenty five hundred dollars additional, we must look outside, and if the help is not forthcoming, we are obliged to appeal. All contributions will be received with much gratitude by

Rev. ANNON DODGE, Jr.,
114 N. 10th St., Savannah, Ga.

The work in which the Rev. Mr. DODGE and his associates are engaged in Southern and Southwest Georgia has not yet appeared, and the many friends of the Church will extend to him such aid as may be in their power.

J. W. BECKWITH.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.
The theological department of the University of the South, dependent upon the offerings of the Church, now makes its semi-annual appeal to those who would aid in the extension of the kingdom of God on earth and in the hearts of men. The post-graduate department of the university was never so prosperous, and is now self-supporting. But the theological department, with its students and students, has no support beyond that which Church people may be disposed to give. Contributions may be sent to

The Rev. TELFAIR HODGSON, D. D.,
Secretary, Tenn. Vice Chancellor.

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SAFE PARLOR, PENNA. MISSION.
This mission will be most grateful to any church now changing its pews and chancel furniture for sufficient of the same to furnish a chapel.

THEO. F. PATTERSON, Lay Reader,
Safe Parlor, Lancaster Co., Pa., Oct. 24, 1883.

THE EPISCOPAL EDUCATION SOCIETY
aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

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Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELSHA WHITTELEY, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

A MISSIONARY in the south-west owns five services at three new stations of promise if he can purchase a horse. Any desiring to contribute, remit or write, Missionary, care of CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.
The undersigned most gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following additional sums in remittance to THE CHURCHMAN in September: Mrs. W. N. E. \$10; Mrs. J. H. \$10; Mrs. J. S. \$10; N. J. S. Westmoreland, N. Y. \$1; Mrs. J. L. F. P. Klamath, Oregon, \$10; H. B. N. P. Ct. \$20; Cash for Evangelical Education Society, Philadelphia, \$50.

R. O. WOLF, Missionary,
Western Union, Racine County, Wis., Oct. 26, 1883.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the following amounts received for the Divinity School for Colored Students, Petersburg, Va. for the month of October, 1883: St. Mark's church, Richmond, Va., per J. L. W., \$125.00; Ware Parish, Gloucester County, N. C., per the Rev. W. B. Loyd, Philadelphia, Pa., \$25.00; St. E. N. H., Philadelphia, \$50.

R. O. KERTON, Treasurer.

I ACKNOWLEDGE receipt from "Tith." Trinity Church, Hartford, Conn., \$100.

BISHOP GARRETT.
Dallas, Texas, October 26, 1883.

On November 11 and 12 a Fair for the benefit of Christ's Hospital and the Children's "Daisy Ward" will be held in the Hospital. Donations should be sent to SISTER ADLEA, Jersey City Heights.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION.

A philosophical conference will be held in the city of Philadelphia, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 14 and 15, commemorative of the reorganization of the Domestic and Foreign Missions Society in 1833, on the basis of the membership of the Church, and of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D., the first missionary bishop.

Programme.—Wednesday, November 14, 9 A.M., Church Meeting, on Wednesdays; 7 P.M., Church Meeting, on Wednesdays.

Thursday, November 15, 11 A.M., Christ Church, The Holy Communion, with sermon by the Rt. Rev. W. H. Whipple, address on the history of the membership of the Church, and of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. W. H. Whipple, Bishop of the Diocese.

Friday, November 16, 7:30 P.M., Church of the Holy Trinity—Public meeting, with an address by the Rev. G. H. Phillips, "The Present and Future of Domestic and Foreign Missions"; and by Bishop Bedell upon "The Present of Foreign Missions."

Saturday, November 16, 10:30 A.M., Church of the Holy Trinity—Morning Prayer and an historical paper upon "The Mission Work of the Church, Domestic and Foreign, during the Fifty Years Just Expired," by Bishop Perry.

Sunday, November 17, 7:30 P.M., Church of the Holy Trinity—Public meeting, on the subject of the retreat, by Bishop Harris upon "The Future of Domestic Missions," an address by the Rev. Dr. Eccleston of Burlington upon "The Future of Foreign Missions," and an address by Mr. Russell Sturgis, Jr., of Boston, upon "What a Layman can do for Missions."

RETREAT FOR THE CLERGY

At Newark, N. J., to be held in the Chapel of St. Paul's Church, Newark, N. J., and 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, at the invitation of Trinity Church, Newark. To be conducted by the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Atkes, M.A., Secretary of the Board of the Church of England Parochial Mission Society.

Monday, November 16, Holy Communion, with sermon, 8 A.M.; breakfast, etc., 9:15 A.M.; Morning Prayer, followed by silent prayer, 10:30 A.M.; hymn, 11:30 A.M.; address, with prayer for foreign missions, 1:30 to 3:30 P.M.; addresses, with interval for self-examination and prayer, 5:30 to 4:30 P.M.; letter and social intercourse, 7:30 to 8:30 P.M.; mission service and sermon, Trinity Church, 8 P.M.

Tuesday, November 17, Holy Communion, with address, 8 A.M.; breakfast, etc., 9:15 A.M.; Morning Prayer, followed by silent prayer, 10:30 A.M.; hymn, 11:30 A.M.; interval for self-examination and prayer, 1:30 to 3:30 P.M.; addresses, with interval for self-examination and prayer, 5:30 to 4:30 P.M.; letter and social intercourse, 7:30 to 8:30 P.M.; mission service and sermon, Trinity Church, 8 P.M.

Wednesday, November 18, Holy Communion, with closing address of the retreat, 8 A.M. "Let the words of our mouth and the meditation of our hearts be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer."

All the clergy of the diocese and vicinity are invited to the Retreat at 11 A.M. Evening at 8 P.M.

SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES IN THE CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION, BROOKLYN, L. I.

November 1. "The Protestant Episcopal Church in Relation to the American Character." By the Rev. H. Washington, M.A., Rector of Grace Church, New York.

November 2. "The Church and Individualism." By the Rev. H. Brooks, Rector of St. Mark's Church of the Incarnation, New York.

November 3. "Christian Socialism." By the Rev. W. H. Weston, D.D., Rector of St. Mark's Church, New York.

November 4. "Obstacles and Helps to Christian Living in Cities." By the Rev. W. Webster Donald, Rector of the Church of the Ascension, New York.

November 5. "Civil Service Reform in Relation to Righteousness." By the Rev. A. Mackay-Smith of St. Thomas's Church, New York.

November 6. "The Moral Responsibility of the Press." By the Rev. Chas. R. Baker, Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn.

The Fifth Annual Festival of the Choir Guild of the Diocese of New Jersey will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 10, in Christ Church, Elizabeth. Celebration of the Festival at 11 A.M. Evening at 8 P.M. The Rev. Dr. Dix of Trinity Church, New York, will preach. The Guild is composed of all the affiliated choirs in the Diocese of New Jersey and to promote the improvement of Church music, and to unite the members of the various choirs by a bond of common interest. Desires to be invited to the festival. All members of the Guild are requested to bring surplus seats as to occupy seats in the choir.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York give notice that the Mission will begin on Tuesday, 15th, that the headquarters of the committee, previous to and during the Mission, will be at the residence of R. O. Weston, Co., 39 West twenty-third street, where all communications should be addressed, where information may be obtained, and the literature of the Mission will be found.

H. Y. SATTERLEE, Chairman.
HENRY MOTTE, Corresponding Secretary.

CLERGYMEN'S RETIRING FUND SOCIETY.

The annual meeting will be held in St. Matthew's church, Jersey City, N. J., on Thursday, November 12, 1883, at three o'clock, P.M.

WM. WELLES HOLLEY, Secretary.
Hackensack, N. J., October 26, 1883.

The devotional meetings of the "Ladies' Christian Union" will be resumed for the season, on Wednesday morning next, at eleven o'clock, in the City and County Church, No. 71, Broadway, Trinity-fourth street, corner of Sixth Avenue.

All ladies are cordially invited to attend these meetings, which will be continued at the same time and place during the season.

The Board of Managers of the Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for America in the City and Port of New York will hold their forty-second annual meeting at Christ Church, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth streets, on Wednesday, November 7, 1883, at 8 P.M. The sermon will be by the Rev. C. W. Ward, and the annual report will be presented.

CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION (Fifth Avenue above Forty-fifth Street).—A special service, preparatory for the great "Advent Mission," will be held in this church, next Sunday, November 8, at 8 P.M. Sermon by Rev. W. S. Reinhardt, rector of St. George's Church. All seats free.

WANTS.

Advertisements under Wants from persons not subscribers must be accompanied by the endorsement of a subscriber.

A CHURCH CLERGYMAN will apply Sunday services to parishes in, within one hundred miles of New York. Compensation, fifteen dollars per Sunday, with any excess over one dollar of traveling expenses paid by the city. Address at least three days before the Sunday when services are needed. —CANTONIA, BUFFLY, CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

A COMPETENT organist desires an engagement. Has had long experience as an organist choir. Address H. CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

A LADY, Churchwoman, desires a position as Organist, in or near the city, has several years' experience. Address: L. M. H. CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

A LADY of good family, experienced in the care of children, housekeeping and missionary work, desires a position as governess or companion. Address A. H. West, Trinity Church, N. Y.

A LADY wishes for a situation as matron in a school, superintending housekeeper or the charge of children in a widow's family. Address: H. CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

REV. G. S. CONVERSE, Boston, Massachusetts.

D. R. HENRY'S CONVENT COTTON, formerly organist at Trinity, N. Y., may be addressed until further notice, at No. 10 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y.

THE daughter of an English clergyman desires a place as governess in a family, or as a teacher in a school, or as a pianist to teach music. Unqualified references. A. R. R., CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

THE services of a clergyman are desired in a Southern city, the climate of the same as that of Atlanta, Ga. He is pure of heart and integrity, and something more, if he will be paid for his services on Sunday. This will afford an opportunity for one sending it to seek a Southern climate during the winter months. Address C. R. C., CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

WANTED—A young priest to do the mission work in a city parish. Salary, \$800. Address RECTOR, care of James Post Co., 40th Street, New York.

WANTED—A clergyman as rector or assistant minister, by a changeable, tender of a parish. Good road as for doing a charge. Best references. Address S. R. C., CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

WANTED—A position of trust or usefulness in Church family, school or institution. Church privileges more an object than large salary—city of New York or Long Island preferred. Address: H. CHURCHMAN'S OFFICE.

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We will send THE CHURCH CYCLOPAEDIA, with a subscription to THE CHURCHMAN, in advance, for six dollars, postpaid. To any subscriber who has already paid in advance we will send THE CHURCH CYCLOPAEDIA, postpaid, on receipt of two dollars and fifty cents.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

EFFORTS TO REACH LONDON MASSES.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

At the present time the following facts may be of interest to your readers: Previous to the Great Praelim Mission, held in 248 of the largest of the London churches, St. Paul's Cathedral on one occasion, and Westminster Abbey on the other, lay workers visited again and again every family in each parish, and urged them to "come to the mission." In view of the multitudes likely to be confined to their homes through poverty and family cares, devoted ladies arranged to take charge of babies and young children, to enable their mothers to attend the mission services. For the accommodation of working men, special services were held early in the morning, and for domestic servants in the afternoon. Services for children were held before dark in school-rooms and in hired halls, and in some churches ten different services were held daily.

As the mission was "of all sorts and conditions of men," in some localities the multitudes in the streets were notified of the different services by the street crier, who, by ringing his large hand-bell, soon gathered a multitude around him, to whom he gave notice concerning the mission in an adjacent church, or other region of the street. After passing after street, and after singing a hymn, which induced the inmates of houses on each side to open their doors and windows to listen, one of the singers gave notice of the services, and exhorted them to "come to the mission." In front of some churches, committees of ladies invited those passing to enter the church and hear the gospel. Through such efforts, in addition to announcements made through notices in newspapers, on mission posts, handbills, large placards, and pastoral letters, churches were crowded.

As all human efforts would be in vain without the Divine blessing, before the mission commenced numerous persons who volunteered to devote a specified number of minutes of a certain hour of each day or night praying for the mission, were furnished with a printed prayer, imploring God the Holy Ghost to aid the missionary, and God's blessing on the different classes specified on the perpetual prayer card or leaflet. That there might be no failure through sickness or other causes, a large number of Christians arranged to offer the "perpetual prayer" at the same selected time of one of the twenty-four hours of each day. So that, during every moment of the ten days, specific and earnest prayer ascended to Him who said, "Ask, and ye shall receive," that His blessing rest on the missionaries and mission.

J. W. BONHAM.

NICENE THEOLOGY—NICENE RITUAL.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The following extract from Bishop Cox's last charge suggests a question or two: "Our profession is to adhere to the pure *threskita* of the virgin age of the Church. Theirs (the alien and meretricious system which calls itself Catholic) is the attire of the Marozias and courtesans, and as he wears himself, who gave the Papacy its monstrous birth. When men's minds are turned upon the contrast, let them say, 'Here is the religion of the fathers and of the Nicene age, and there is the corruption of feudalism and of the ages that were dark.'"

The question here in, is not the good bishop commending the theology of the Nicene age with its ritual? He writes as if, because the Anglican Church goes to the Nicene age for her theology, she derived her ritual thence likewise, that is to say, her ritual as he advocates it, the plain surplice and funeral stoles for presbyters, and the "magpie" costume for bishops, such as he wears himself, but as like of which I will undertake to say was never found enrobing a bishop of the Nicene age. Some of the clergy of the diocese of Western New York might well ask their right

reverend father to give them some light as to what was the vesture or vestments of the clergy in the Nicene age, and is it such that the Church of England prescribes her use at the Reformation? A casula was worn in Church services by S. Remigius in the year 500 A. D. Such a vestment at that early age being in use in the Gallican Church, would the bishop have us then believe that it was of the age and place that gave the Papacy its monstrous birth? And such a vestment being prescribed in the first prayer book of Edward VI., and referred to in the canons of Elizabeth, would he consider that a corruption of the pure *threskita* of the Nicene age, or a relic of "the ages that were dark"? It occurs to me to say that Bishop Cox would have hardly spoken thus when he penned his lay of

"The abbey and the arches,
The old cathedral pines,"

all of which were reared in the ages, so-called dark.
Wm. ROSS BROWN.

AN UNMERITED DISTINCTION.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Some inaccurate journalist having set in motion a paragraph to the effect that Grace Church had been an extended work of evangelization among the Chinese of this city, I have been made the recipient of various communications upon the subject, some of them the reverse of edifying.

A physician in a neighboring state writes at great length of his professional experience in the treatment of leprosy, and takes it for granted that a lazaretto will be established in connection with the mission. A praiseworthy, signing himself "Lion of Judah and Shiloh," but resident in California, asks, on a postal card, "Why do you want to assimilate the Chinese!" while this morning's mail brings me a copy of The Santa Rosa Day Book, in which the greater part of a column is devoted to proving that had I given some study to Chinese character, and some thought to the fact that "years and years of missionary labor have been virtually thrown away upon those Chinese people in their own country," I should have known better than to attempt the impossible.

My only regret, Mr. Editor, with respect to these remarks, is that I have done nothing to deserve them. The Chinese Missions in New York have my hearty admiration, and the particular plan with which my name has become erroneously connected, appears to me to bear the marks of far-seeing wisdom. I wish I were engaged in this work, the very suggestion of which seems to disturb the mental balance of our friends on the Pacific coast, but, as a matter of fact, I am not; and a credit which I should count it honorable to deserve, I must in honesty disclaim.

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON.

New York, Oct. 29.

NEW BOOKS.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA AND THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD: A Comparison of the Legend, the Doctrine, the Ethics of the Buddha; with the Story, the Doctrine, and the Ethics of Christ. By S. H. Kellogg, D.D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., U.S.A.; eleven years Missionary to India; Corresponding Member of the American Oriental Society; Author of Grammar of the Hindi Language and Dialects, &c. (London: Macmillan & Co.) pp. 300, Price \$2.

Dr. Kellogg has done a noble work in this volume, which is not expanded beyond the inevitable requirements of its topic. We do not well see where he could have condensed it, though we should like, for the sake of larger circulation, to see the arguments in a form which would bring it to the reach of those who have been, or are likely to be, misled by Mr. Edwin Arnold's brilliant poetry, and the loose statements of ad captivum critics.

The scope of the book is briefly this. He first shows the great uncertainty of the legend concerning Gautama, and the real doubt as to the antiquity claimed for Buddhism as it is now known. He shows, in a very fair and guarded way, the strong presumption that much which

is claimed in it as the original of Christianity is in fact the gift of Christianity to Buddhism. Again he shows that the pretended points of similarity are either superficially like and essentially unlike, or are merely the like product of like circumstances, and that only poetical exaggeration has given them the form of resemblance. He shows also that much which is claimed for the Asiatic faith is because of the use of English words in translating East India words, as, for instance, "sin," "holiness," "righteousness," etc., where the sense of the original and the version is altogether unlike. He proves that nothing can be more misleading than this translation, and he does this by taking up the fundamental ideas of Buddhism, and showing the manifest atheism upon which all its philosophy is based. To seek holiness in the Christian sense is quite another thought than it is in the Asiatic. To preserve purity in the latter bears hardly any kinship with the same in the former.

We are sure that no candid reader can rise from the study of Dr. Kellogg's book without being satisfied that the claim set up for Buddhism is vastly in advance of any justifying state of facts. The argument drawn from the real unlikeness and fancied identity of religious phraseology is very convincing to any one who has ever studied language. Take the term "a religious life," as understood in the continental languages of Europe, and as it is usually employed in English, and one will get some notion of this kind of difference. We also specially commend to the reader's attention the way in which Dr. Kellogg disposes of the resemblances between the legend of Gautama and the story of the Gospels. These are the more important because the antiquity of the former is said to be shown by Scriptures, which go back to a date before the Christian era. All that can really be made out is, that certain figures which are supposed to represent a Buddhist legend are extant, and that that legend is supposed to prefigure the presentation of Christ in the Temple. For that order of mind which jumps at any conclusion, provided there is the smallest starting-point, this may be attractive. The famous comparison of Henry V. with Alexander, by Fluellen, is a case in point. "Macedon and Mowmouth both begin with M, and there is a river in both." But the careful sifting of Dr. Kellogg makes complete wreck of much of the fine theory of the critics. Whatever of coincidence there is is proved to be no more than the fact that like circumstances produce like actions. David cuts off the head of Goliath with a sword, and presents it to his Master, but no one ever supposed that this was the origin of the story of the martyrdom of St. John Baptist.

But perhaps the greatest care should be given to the chapter on Buddhist and Christian ethics. There is no need to deny that there are the same acts pointed out to be abstained from in the one as in the other. But examination shows that in the first place there is a radical distinction in the matter of motive, and in the next place in the real scope of prohibition. The two great ethical precepts—Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not commit adultery—appear identical. But the Christian command is founded on a Divinely given Law, and the Buddhist simply on the principle of reaching the painless state, of attaining Nirvana. Again the Christian law forbids man slaying, the Buddhist forbids all taking of life, which modern science shows is impossible since even a draught of pure water destroys animate existences. The Buddhist prohibition of adultery extends to all relation between the sexes, and is founded on the same principle as given above, viz.: that the family life is the source of pain. Moreover, so far as the like-

ness between Mosaic and Buddhist law is shown, that proves nothing, since the latter is clearly posterior to the former and may be very fairly presumed to have sprung from the teachings of the Jewish Dispersion, or from the primal revelations in the patriarchal Covenant. In one point only do we think that Dr. Kellogg might have gone further. In treating of the presentation in the Temple, a German advocate of the resemblance theory, contends that it does not fall naturally into the Gospel story, but is forced and therefore likely to be borrowed from the Buddhist legend. Dr. Kellogg overlooks, or passes by the fact that St. Luke's is the Gospel of the Incarnation and therefore records the two appearances of Jesus in the Temple—as Infant and as Lad of twelve, because the Temple was (as the Lord makes it Himself in His words to the Scribes) the Type of Himself. St. Luke mentions it with a purpose—and therefore the idea of borrowing becomes preposterous. But when there is so much that is admirable we are not disposed to find fault. In concluding this notice we can say that whatever the merits of Mr. Edwin Arnold's poem, as a poem, it is utterly disposed of as a true unfolding of an Asiatic religion. Its beauty is a borrowed beauty from the Christianity it professes to rival. The "Light" of Asia is, so far as it is light, reflected.

THE NEWTON LECTURES FOR 1885. The Hebrew Feasts in their relation to recent Critical Hypotheses concerning the Pentateuch. By William Henry Green, Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. (New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.) pp. 870. Price \$1.50.

The recent "Critical Hypotheses" are those of Reuss, Wellhausen, and Kneener, and they uphold the position that the books of the Pentateuch originated in times after the exile. These Professor Green first states, and then disposes of in a masterly manner. The German argument is that, first, the five books were not the work of Moses; next, that they were combined out of two sources, Jehovistic and Elohist; and lastly, that they were reconstructed by an editor, say Ezra, in the interest of a later developed priestly system. To show this, there are alleged in the Mosaic accounts of the Hebrew feasts—viz., Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles—discrepancies and contradictions; and, moreover, it is argued they are inconsistent with Hebrew history. With all this Professor Green deals in the most trenchant way. He shows the recklessness of the German criticism, its inherent viciousness of arguing in a circle, of assuming any proposition it finds convenient and ignoring any facts which do not square with its hypothesis. We are particularly pleased with the way in which he disposes of the argument from the "general consent of the new critics." That general consent amounts to this—a determination to be rid of the supernatural element—and therefore the critics are compelled to one line of argument. Just so the false witnesses at our Lord's trial showed a "general consent" in accusing Him of blasphemy against the Temple. "But neither so did their witness agree together." These criticisms are mutually destructive. They prove nothing save the critics' determination, *coute que coute*, to be rid of the Pentateuch as true Scripture, and this the lecturer employs with great skill against them. The point is taken by them that the feasts were merely the natural outcome of an agricultural people, and belonged to a harvest system, so to speak, which the Hebrews brought with them out of Egypt; which they learned of the Canaanites after they settled in Palestine; which they developed themselves (*more Germanico*) out of their own inner consciousness. The history of the Exodus, and whatever else is found in the Hebrew annals bearing on the subject, is inverted to account for the subsequent char-

acter of national and ritual observances which these feasts took on after the Exodus.

These admirable lectures do not rest content with superficial answers to this criticism. Just where it is supposed to be strongest, in philology, he meets and disposes of their argument. It is one thing to know facts about language, and quite another to reason fairly from these facts. It is in the power of weighing evidence that the German is apt to fail. He is the slave of his theory, and woe be to the facts if they get in his way.

We have read, we may say *studied*, these lectures with great satisfaction. There is something in the historical visions of a German critic which fascinates while it repels, and there is an air of omniscient and exhaustive learning about him which awes the ordinary reader. It is something to have the critic met on his own ground, and this we can fairly say of Professor Green, that he has not left a point unmaneuvered or answered inadequately. The whole German reasoning resolves itself into this: The Old Testament is not true because it cannot be true; it cannot be true because it is not true. Any hypothesis is good enough to account for existing documents, provided it be not the hypothesis that they are what they profess to be. It is with no little pleasure that we notice this volume.

If the "Newton lectures," of which this is the first one published, continue to be as good, they will be a most valuable addition to the theology of the country.

MOVEMENTS IN RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN BRITAIN DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. St. Giles Lectures. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Senior Principal in the University of St. Andrews. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. 336. Price \$1.50.

Deeply interesting as these lectures are, they have one defect which to us seems a radical fault. They regard religion from its subjective aspect. There is a certain confusion in dealing with "creeds" and "articles" inevitable to this point of view. A true "creed" is not the statement of a man's belief, but the statement of what, because revealed, should be believed. It deals with facts. Articles of religion deal with the way in which these facts are to be held. A creed can be enlarged in the way of making that explicit which was implicit before, but it cannot be varied. Articles, on the other hand, can be varied, even to the exclusion of certain topics and the admission of others. They express the attitude of the Church in any of its branches toward the Creed. While man's conception of the revelation of God in Christ, once for all made to the Church, is constantly changing, enlarging here, growing more intense there, reaching out into new questions of moral life and to new phases of duty, that revelation, in its unalterable facts, is not to be changed. It is the lack of this distinction which we find in Principal Tulloch's lectures. While we gladly give them credit for their fairness of tone and kindness of temper, we find that they do not do justice at all to certain movements here treated. For example, the Tractarian movement is here looked upon as having exhausted itself in its earliest stages. So far as it was concerned with externals there is truth in this view, though less than the principal of St. Andrews would have us believe. It produced efforts which still survive in care and earnestness of worship, though the immediate vigor of the Oxford reform has passed away or been diverted into other issues. But the great spring of the movement was in the recognition of the very point above stated, the essential character of the original revelation. Religion is either man's discovery or that which he receives. The basis of the Oxford Movement was in the rehabilitation of the latter truth. Evangelicalism had not indeed denied it, but by putting all tests in the inner

consciousness of the individual soul, had practically made private judgment all in all, the voice of the Church nothing. These lectures begin with Coleridge, the poet, as the leader of English thought. From him they take up the Early Oxford School, with Whately as one of its representative men, then the Oxford or Anglo-Catholic movement, and next the movement of religious thought in Scotland, as seen in Campbell and Edward Irving. The fifth lecture is on Carlyle, the sixth on John Stuart Mill, the seventh and eighth are on the "Broad" Church, represented respectively by Maurice and Kingsley, and by F. W. Robertson and Bishop Ewing.

The conclusion of the whole series is, on the whole, hopeful. It recognizes that the present battle-field is on the existence of religion itself—the question whether there be a God and whether man can have any knowledge of Him. But this brings fairly to the front that other question, whether revelation or discovery is to be the source of man's knowledge. It lies between the idea of the Church as a living and continuous witness and the idea of the Church as but the catcombs of the soul's aspirations and theories. In history this makes the difference between reformation and reconstruction. Those who accept reconstruction are fighting, however sincerely they may contend for the faith, on a false battle-ground. It is this fatally untenable position which unconsciously but strongly controls Dr. Tulloch's views in these pages. It is itself a mark of change in religious thought, quite as important as any he has noted.

EIGHT STUDIES OF THE LORD'S DAY. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pp. 292. Price \$1.20.

We have read this book with the more care because, apart from its admirable character, we have been seeking some clue to its authorship. It is strictly anonymous, though we have no doubt many could give the authorship, since it was originally prepared for private circulation. We are satisfied that it is the work of an orthodox believer. Not only in special passages, but in the general tone in which he speaks of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity this is evident. We are morally certain that the writer is in Orders, for the proofs of deep and thoughtful study of the Scriptures and acquaintance with the original tongues of Old and New are on every page. And lastly we think the author to be a Churchman. From what he says of the use of the Decalogue in worship he can hardly be otherwise. But we think, too, that he has striven to keep out of sight his Churchmanship in order to give a greater range to the perusal of his book. We judge this more from the general tone than from anything that one can directly point out. From beginning to end the argument is very clear and logical. It is directed to prove that the Christian Lord's Day is the true and only successor of the Sabbath, and we have never seen this better and more convincingly put. These "eight studies" are as follows: First, "The Phenomena of the Day." Second, "The Origination of the Day." Third, "The Week." Fourth, "The Primæval Sacred Day." Fifth, "The Mosaic Sabbath." Sixth, "The Sabbatic System of Israel." Seventh, "The Permanent and the Transient in the Sabbatic System." Eighth, "The Fourth Commandment." In the clear perception of the three dispensations—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian—in the sense of their unity, we find a line of thought not usual except among Churchmen. We think too that the author has had some special opportunities for, or at least has given special attention to Oriental life. The freedom from dogmatism is very marked, and also the absence of authorities. He has evidently sent forth his "studies" to stand on their own merits, and he uses to a great extent

hypothetical statements where he might use much more positive ones. We regard this book as the most conclusive answer to the whole Seventh-Day position that has yet appeared. It meets all the pettinesses of the "Outlook" sophistry by a broad generalization which leaves no room for them to occupy. It lifts the whole discussion up to a higher plane than theirs. Its Old Testament portions in regard to the Mosaic Sabbath are especially able, as he shows in the preparatory character of the Mosaic institutions. We can hardly believe that any other than a Churchman would so perfectly grasp the relation of the Jewish festival system to the present day, and we doubt whether any other would speak of the Lord's Supper as the Eucharist, or recognize so distinctly its connection with the sacrificial system in its double character of an offering and a partaking. We doubt too whether the distinction between the sacrifices of Abel and Cain would have been made in the terms which our author uses unless by a Churchman. We have always seen the subjective side put forth, and this is completely disposed of by our author's statement. If there was no command prescribing the manner of sacrifice, the reason for the non-acceptance of Cain's offering becomes the wildest conjecture. Yet we question whether the great majority of readers will share our suspicions of the authorship of these studies. We think that the writer has taken very great pains to leave no traces of his special character upon his book. He wants it to stand wholly on its own merits, and for its conspicuous fairness, its broad scholarship, and able reasoning it certainly deserves to do so.

THE PROMPT OF THE GREAT ROCKY MOUNTAINS. By Charles Robert Craddock. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company) pp. 88. Price \$1.25.

This is the most complete and most perfect of this author's works. We suppose that as long as the *nom de plume* is used, courtesy requires it to be respected; but we have a right to say that a genius like George Eliot has appeared in "Charles Egbert Craddock." In the first place there is no living writer with equal power of individualizing character. With a very limited range of external circumstances, each personage in this story stands out with marvellous distinctness. In a gamut of life which does not move out of the ignorance and isolation of the mountain range of Tennessee, each note is struck with perfect precision and distinctness. There is a threefold power displayed, any one element of which would stand for great talent, but when the three are combined the result is the rarest and finest gift. There is first the power of external description, a drawing which makes each figure stand life-like from the canvas. There is next an analysis of the inner life almost as striking for its subtle intuitions. One feels as if the author must have lived that life to comprehend it so exactly; lastly this is set in a background of natural description where the word painting is only saved from oppressive gorgeousness by the fine taste and wide range of the epithets employed. It is possible that these writings may not be popular. We doubt if an English public will comprehend them, and the absence of any touches of ordinary social life may keep the mass of readers from taking an interest in these stories. But to the lover of literary art, nothing more alluring and delightful has appeared on either side of the water.

THE EDUCATION OF MAN. By Friedrich Froebel. Translated by Josephine Jarist. (New York: A. Lovell & Co.) pp. 373.

We commend this book to the reader who desires valuable hints rather than a completed system. Froebel is the author of the "Kindergarten" method, which after all is only a rather highly developed, form copy, a revised edition, so to speak, of the old infant school of bye-gone days. We cannot say that this

volume sets out very distinctly what the writer's system is or what his views. Here is a strange commingling of religious theories and educational—but in every few paragraphs one comes upon a capital suggestion. But the inference of this treatise is that the teacher is rather born than made, and that this advice is of little use to those who are not in some degree competent to find it out for themselves. The points made are suggestive, good starting places, and of little use to those good souls who have to go in according to fixed rules. We do not recommend it to the reader who wants to "know all about managing a kindergarten;" but to those who already know a good deal about that matter. They will find here the theory they are, perhaps, in search of, at least much that will be profitable.

DRAWING IN CHARCOAL AND CRAYON: for the use of Students and Schools. By Frank Fowler. (New York: Cassell & Co., Limited) 1885. pp. 88, with eight plates.

This little volume will be very acceptable to art students. It is intended to prepare them to draw from life, and is divided into two parts. It is succinct and clear in its statement of principles and in its directions for practice, and leads the pupil on through the different stages of charcoal and crayon drawing, including landscape and portraits. It is accompanied with eight plates, containing easy studies, by which the scholar may advance step by step to casts and life.

"AS WE WENT MARCHING ON:" A Story of the War. By G. W. Hooper, M. D. (New York: Harper & Brothers.) pp. 310.

A great deal of this novel is the good-natured, lively "war-talk" of an eye witness and participant in the scenes described. There is a slender thread of personal story in it which turns upon a medical, or rather, surgical incident which, as the writer puts the graphic letters M. D. after his name, it becomes not the layman to doubt, but which in another would be set down as "remarkable." It is a slight affair, but will give a good idea of the actual course of war incidents and is perfectly free from all bitterness.

IMMORTALITY INHERENT IN NATURE. By WALTER SUMNER HARLOW, author of "The Voices" and other poems. (New York: Fowler & Wells Co.) Price 50 cts.

Mr. Barlow, whose portrait is prefixed to this volume, writes very smooth and tolerable verse. As for his argument that nature is immortal, it is not very clear, and certainly not at all cogent. We should say it was pantheistic so far as it is anything.

SALVATION STORIES. By Geo. C. Needham. (Boston: J. A. Whipple.) pp. 160. Price 50 cts.

The intention of this little book is better than its theology. It is all but anti-nomian in its insistence upon "assurance," and it confounds Redemption and Sanctification in the way which is too common in revival preaching.

LITERATURE.

"MIND Cure on a Material Basis," by Sarah E. Titcomb, is to be published by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. The author holds that mind cure is demonstrated by the theories of physiologists and phrenologists.

"THE Knight and the Lady," one of the Ingoldsby Legends, illustrated by Jessop, as was the "Jack-a-w of Reims and Lay of St. Aloys," will lead the Christmas books of E. and J. B. Young & Co. They have also ready "Juliana Horatia Ewig and Her Books," by Mrs. Gatty, with a portrait by George Reid, and cover designed by Caldecott.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce Mr. Edwin Pear's "Fall of Constantinople," a history of the siege and sack of the Byzantine capital by the Crusaders, Mr. Howard Pyle's "Pepper and Salt," or a seasoning for young folk, being a selection from his poetical con-

tributions to Young People and "White Heather" in library form, a new novel by William Black.

The October number of Macmillan's English Illustrated Magazine brings it into the threshold of a new volume. It is really a charming magazine, and easily holds the first rank among English magazines. There are eight articles, of which four are illustrated, and there is also a frontispiece, "Rye," drawn by J. R. Wells, and engraved by O. Lacour; "London Commons" promises to be a very interesting serial, of which we have here Part I. "Decayed Seaports," "The Incomplete Angler," and "Aunt Rachel" are other serials. The number is of special value.

The writings of St. John, Gospel, Epistles and Revelation, will be the subject of the lessons in the Uniform Scheme of the Diocesan Committees from Advent, 1885, to Trinity, 1886. These lessons, with Teachers' Helps, edited by the Rev. Dr. Shinn and published by Mr. Whitaker, have reached a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. The same publisher is bringing out a new edition of Dr. Shinn's Manual of Instruction on the Collects, Epistles and Gospels for the Christian year.

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We shall begin immediately the publication in these columns, in advance of its appearance in England, of a new and very important story by George MacDonald, who stands among the foremost writers of the present day.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

BY MARY D. SKEEL.

Faint were their hearts, and weary,
 For they had come from sad Jerusalem,
 When, lo! it came to pass, while they commu-
 nued,
 And pondered on the burial of their King,
 "Jesus himself drew near," although, as reads
 In the quaint version of our Saxon tongue,
 "Their eyes were holden," so they could not
 see.

Green are thy meadows, Palestine, to-day,
 Although we see no footprints in thy stone,
 Nor on the spot where once the Saviour stood
 Still blooms the Pilox, beloved by monks of
 old.

And called by them Communion of all Saints,
 Mute witness that day, and telling still,
 If in His name there meet but two or three,
 The promise holds—there also will He be.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH (AND
SCOTCH) TRAVEL.

Edinburgh and Neighborhood.

BY M. MEDLACOTT.

NORTHWARD from Durham lay our way
 through busy Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of
 which we had only a passing glimpse.
 Near the station a boy in the same railway
 carriage, a bright little fellow, evidently
 returning from school or training-ship
 perchance, pointed out to us the first loco-
 motive built by George Stephenson, stand-
 ing on a high pedestal or platform close to
 the track. Very small and insignificant it
 looked by contrast with those in present use
 —almost like a toy engine.

It was growing dusk by the time we
 reached Edinburgh, and we could see but
 imperfectly how the hills rose all around
 the city. Especially Arthur's Seat and
 Salisbury Crags loomed over the town on
 one side, but for a long distance our road
 had wound about and among the hills,
 widening out into valleys between. Only a
 short drive to the Cockburn Hotel, pleas-

antly situated at the corner of two streets,
 looking across the Princes Street Gardens to
 Princes Street beyond. Pleasant rooms, too,
 we had here, overlooking these beautiful
 gardens and Sir Walter Scott's monument.
 How dreamlike it all seemed! Could it
 really be the famous and historic, even
 classic, town of Edinburgh, of which we had
 heard and read so much? So much to see
 and do, where should one begin? With bed
 to-night, or at least after supper, which was
 not unacceptable!

The next morning was spent pleasantly in
 exploring the old town, out across the
 Waverly Bridge, through Princes Street to
 Calton Hill first, to have the view over the
 city. On the one side lay the New Town,
 with its finely laid out streets and modern
 buildings; on the other, the dingy and pic-
 turesque Old Town, stretching along the
 ridge of hills that extend from Salisbury
 Crags and Holyrood Palace at their foot, to
 the Castle, towering up on its rocky cliff.
 Beautifully situated this is, overlooking the
 town, guarding it on the one hand from any
 sudden foe, and itself seeming almost im-
 pregnable. A very interesting place to
 visit, with such a wealth of historic associa-
 tion, such an eventful record! The room
 where is kept the Scotch regalia and Queen
 Mary's apartments are specially interesting,
 though the latter are bare and desolate-
 looking. It chanced to be just the hour of
 noon, when, sitting for a moment in the
 deep oriel window of one of the rooms, the
 signal-gun was fired from the rampart.
 Instantly, with the boom of the cannon,
 rose into the air a soft white cloud, as it
 appeared, so delicate and feathery, resolving
 itself into a perfect ring of smoke, hanging
 for a full moment right over the town
 below. It was a pretty sight, even though
 a trifling one to record. But the castle
 itself is so grand and massive, so stately
 on its lofty seat, one can fancy it the strong-
 hold of kings and chieftains, the heart of
 the nation's military strength, but not the
 abode of queens and ladies, save as it might
 have been a prison or a refuge from enemies.
 Holyrood Palace, on the contrary,
 seems very different, though it, too, is a
 strongly-built, castle-like building, lying
 under the shadow of the lofty hills. Of
 course we were shown through the apart-
 ments open to visitors, the hall with its
 collection of portraits of Scotch kings, the
 rooms inhabited by Queen Mary, and the
 one where Rizzio was murdered. The old
 tapestry covering the walls in these rooms
 is very curious, and the old carved and
 inlaid furniture is quaint and interesting.
 But most beautiful are the ruins of the
 chapel of Holyrood, picturesque and grace-
 ful, with many graves of sovereigns of Scot-
 land and other distinguished persons.

Our walk to-day took in George Heriot's
 Hospital and Grey Friar's Churchyard, with
 its historic memorials of the old Scotch Cov-
 enanters, and St. Giles Cathedral or Church,
 forever associated in our minds with staunch
 Jenny Geddes, who showed her disapproval
 of Episcopal form of worship by throwing
 her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh; also
 associated with the signing of the Solemn
 League and Covenant, entered into by the
 Scotch people in 1643, by some from religious
 convictions, by others no doubt, from party
 and political motives. Here and there, on and
 on, through old streets, between the high,

dingy rows of houses, some of them black
 with age, sometimes twelve stories high,
 fairly overhanging the streets; and oftentimes
 from the very topmost windows
 would be hung out frames with clothes
 dangling down from them, to dry as best
 they might, an odd-looking sight, to be sure.
 Now stopping to look upon curious old
 courts, surrounded in their turn by high
 houses, many of them with staircases on
 the outside; we would not like to say (if we
 could) how many families inhabited one
 dwelling. Through the old High Street,
 with its many quaint old buildings, past
 John Knox's house, now used as a coffee
 house, past the old Tolbooth just beyond,
 with the quaint-looking clock, projecting as
 on a bracket from high up on the tower; on
 through the Canongate, a narrower contin-
 uation of High Street. Oh, the children
 here! no danger, methinks of the Scotch
 nation running out. Swarming everywhere,
 in and out of courts opening from the
 street, through the middle of the street,
 up and down stairways, dirty, ragged,
 barefooted. Toward evening the street was
 crowded with women with babies in their
 arms, or hanging to their skirts, men loung-
 ing along or leaning against doorways, a
 motley crowd. Evidently soap and water
 are very expensive in Edinburgh.

Just at sunset we climbed Salisbury Crags,
 where a rifle company were practising tar-
 get shooting on their ground part-way up
 the hill. How grandly it sounded, the shots
 echoing and re-echoing from peak to peak
 among the hills! now almost like thunder,
 now dying away in the distance. 'Twas too
 late to venture up Arthur's Seat, higher still,
 so we only saw it from a distance. The
 view even from Salisbury Crags was very
 fine, and this was a lovely hour to be there.

Sunday in Edinburgh was such a quiet
 day, no tram-cars or omnibuses allowed to
 run in the city, but plenty of cabs to be had
 for the hiring. All seemed to be in Sunday
 trim, and the streets were different in the
 air of quiet from other days, although there
 was plenty of passing to and fro. In the
 morning we attended service at the new
 and fine Cathedral of St. Mary's, where,
 quite unexpectedly, it was our privilege to
 hear our own Bishop of Connecticut. In
 the evening we went to the ancient St.
 Giles, where was held the service of the
 Established (or Presbyterian) Church of
 Scotland. This is a grand old building, but
 injured by being filled with high-backed
 pews, and a high square pulpit almost in
 the centre of the building. The music was
 very good here, a large and fine organ being
 used, which is not generally the custom in
 Scotland, and they sang the "prose Psalms"
 as they call them, being the Bible version.
 During the afternoon we took a lovely stroll
 through the Princes St. Gardens, so prettily
 laid out on each side of the cutting through
 which runs the railway. These gardens are
 lovely with beds of flowers and plants, the
 terraced bank being festooned with trailing
 ivy and white-leaved plants in a very effec-
 tive manner. As may be imagined, the old
 part of the town is much more interesting
 than the new, fine and even beautiful
 though this is, yet because it is modern it
 was less attractive to us. Altogether the
 few days in Edinburgh were very enjoyable.

So many places of interest lie within easy
 reach, too. Foremost among these rank
 Melrose and Abbotsford, and one could not

spend any time in the old city without making a pilgrimage thither. Such a lovely day as it was! As we did not see the old ruined abbey in the way the poet says is the right way to see it, "by the pale moon-light," we saw it under the next best conditions, a fair, summer-like day. Alighting at the station, we first visited Abbotsford, walking there, as the day was so fine, and thus enjoying the beauty of the country better than by the more rapid mode of driving over. Most interesting this visit was, with its many mementoes of the gifted man who ever will be associated with this lovely home. One realizes so much more of a person's life and work, after seeing the surroundings of that life, the place where the work was done! So it was here, and Walter Scott seems more than ever to us a living, breathing man, not merely a gifted magician of the pen.

So back to Melrose, the "fair abbaye," girdled round with "the tombstones grey," to spend a pleasant and memorable hour wandering around and through the ruined walls and arches, admiring the graceful tracery of the windows, the

"... slender shafts of shapely stone
By foliage tracery combined;
Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
Tied poplars straight the cedar wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell where the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

Beautiful, indeed, are the remains of sculpture and carving upon pillar, arch, and window, doorway, and column, while the graceful ivy, growing in its rich luxuriance, harmonizes so perfectly with the pathetic beauty of the whole. Nor is it least beautiful from the quiet enclosure to the south, so thickly studded with the grey old stones. Thus another is added to our daily increasing gallery of

"... beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall."

Then on by rail to St. Boswell's Station, where we take a "trap," something like a dog-cart, to drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, a pretty drive of about two miles. Here we cross the river Tweed by a little foot-bridge that sways with our step, the river itself so charming between its green banks. A walk of half a mile through a road lovely at this season brings us to the abbey grounds and to the picturesque ruins so worthy of a visit for their own beauty, doubly interesting to us as containing the mortal remains, in their last quiet resting place, of him whose home and study we have just left. What a peaceful spot to rest in: surely one can here sleep in utter forgetfulness of the toils and cares of life—sleep till the Resurrection trumpet shall sound! undisturbed even by the crowds of pilgrims and sight-seers who yearly wend their way hither to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead. It seems almost sad to have such spots made places of traffic, even by the sale of pictures of the place.

Another day took us to Hawthornden and Roslyn. In the garden of the first mentioned place, is pointed out the tree under which the poet Drummond and his friend, Ben Jonson, sat together, the latter having, it is said, walked from London to visit the poet. More interesting still were the old caves underneath the castle through which we were led. These are partly natural, and then enlarged, cut out of the

soft rock, and are said to have been used as hiding places and prisons in time of war. A well is still shown in one room or cave, dark and dismal enough, leading down no one knows how far into the bowels of the earth. Another room is said to have been inhabited by Robert Bruce. It has a window—that is a wide slit in the rocky wall—overlooking the precipitous cliff on the very edge of the river Esk, and niches and shelves are shown in this room, in which Bruce is said to have kept his books. We can easily fancy they must have been of vellum or parchment, to stand the dampness of the place—a cold, dark study it seems to us.

Next, crossing the Esk by a rustic bridge, such a picturesque, lovely walk leads us along its banks a mile and a half or two miles to Roslyn Castle, also an interesting and historic old building, with subterranean rooms and dungeons, in one of which Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have taken refuge at one time. In one of these lower rooms, used as a kitchen, the great fire-place in one corner was pointed out, with the wide chimney looking up, into the faint daylight. All stone or rock, above, below, on every side, with small barred windows, or slits in the wall, dreary enough, dwellings for beasts rather than for men. At a little distance is Roslyn Chapel, very beautiful in form and design, with great variety of styles to be observed in it. Some of the carving is exquisite, especially that of a well-known Prentice's Pillar, which is seemingly encircled with a garland of foliage, standing out like a natural garland or wreath, petrified, as it would about the column. But the tracery and carving of the windows and columns are also beautiful, on the outside of the building equally with the inside, combining strength and solidity with the delicate grace of nature. Lovely, too, is the view across the fields and stream to the woods beyond, and not the least pleasant remembrance of this day, is the quiet meditation and outlook on the slope of the hill, just outside and below the chapel. Everything combines in such a spot, to add beauty to the work of man, and show harmony with the works of God.

THE PICTURE OF ETERNAL LOVE.

BY GEORGE S. GORDON.

In Raphael's Transfiguration we find, with Eternal Majesty glorified, the power of Faith contrasted and illumined. The lower scene representing the failure to cast out the evil spirit from the boy, by lack of Faith; the upper presenting the source of all Faith, in the beatific person of the Redeemer.

In his Sistine Madonna, the shadow of sorrowful prophecy is all pervading; yet, there is a measure of trust in the searching out-gaze of the Virgin, and with the sweetly startled expression of the Child is mingled the confidence of divine hope.

In the Madonna *della seggia* is given the portrayal of Eternal Love. There is nothing of the majestic on this canvas. Its theme, directly simple, appeals at once to the strongest earthly sentiment of affection; for the group is a family group, its attributes maternal love, and the devotion of little children, one of them the Christ-Child.

That this picture is distinguished from its other Madonnas by the appellation of

the Madonna of the Chair is not Raphael's fault.

Only a small portion of the chair in which the Virgin is seated is visible, and that would hardly be observed, except for this label of the name. The name, however, a mere distinguishing tag, leaves no greater impression on the work. The observer is free to clothe his sense of what is beautiful and pure and holy in this work, in whatever high thought he may discover; and it has seemed to me, as I have said, to embody a type of ever enduring love, and I believe the great painter so designed it.

Is it without significance that the figures on the canvas appeal to us from within the boundaries of a circle, "the highest emblem of the cipher of the world," the symbol of eternity? In the minor details of the work, is it mere fancy, or do we find an exquisite, if subdued, suggestion of the same idea: the Virgin's head encircled with the graceful folds of its covering, her arms encircling the Divine Infant, the arm of the Infant Baptist forming its circle round the cross?

We find no accessories of scene or landscape here. The group is not designed to lend its presence to any one scene; any more than we would seek, in obtaining the photograph or painting of a family group to-day, any adjunct to its own presentment.

So, it is the will of the great artist that in this portrayal the mind shall not be diverted from three persons: the Virgin, the Christ-Child, and the infant Baptist; only, besides, one object—the cross.

If there were not any divine record of their lives, if we gazed upon them simply as a fair woman and two lovely infants, yet the evident kinship of the three would be at once attested. Thus, by a power independent of association, does the artist link together the inmates of his canvas with the strong bonds of family connection.

It is true, the divine and wondrous story which connects them is first to occur to the observer, who may not stop to apply the extrinsic test of related likeness. Once apply this test, and the gathered strength is as great as would be the gathered weakness, if, for example, one of Murillo's Virgins were substituted here.

Have you ever paused to consider, in all the hundreds of thousands of representations of the Madonna, ranging from the extreme type of a long-limbed, angular Kranach to the Queen of the Dresden Tribuna, how exacting are the conditions imposed upon the painter in the bare approach to this delineation? She, whose person the artist is about to transfer to canvas, is that holy being of whom the early martyred Bishop of Tyre exclaimed: "Thou hast clad the mighty one with that beautiful panoply of the body, by which it has become possible for Him to be seen. Thou alone hast been thought worthy to share with God the things of God; who hast alone borne in the flesh Him, of God the Father was the eternally and only Begotten." Thus, in the language of a modern divine, "She became the nearest of all created beings to the Divine Person: nearer than saints who glorify Him by their lives, nearer than martyrs who glorify Him by their deaths, nearer than angels who minister the dictates of His will." It was vouchsafed to but one artist once to accomplish the near perfect presentment of the character; to Raphael, in his Sistine Ma-

doma, that inspiration of supreme genius. I have never seen any representation of the Virgin so in the act of the exalted utterance of her *Magnificat*.

In her greeting with Elizabeth, the moment of their immediate greeting is invariably selected, and they are generally depicted in the act of embracing one another.

But think of the opportunity, when that interval has terminated, and, her face aglow with heaven's own radiance, she turns to the utterance of that fervid hymn of her soul!

Doubtless, the full exaltation of that experience never recurred in her life; but its memory and reflected power must often have surged upon her.

Before her, the fulfilment of the promises of that interview, the son of Elizabeth, and, clasped in her arms, her own Divine Child; and, her pulses throbbing with the new-found instincts of maternity, she turns aside her gaze, and silently renews the grateful theme:

"Yea, my spirit hath rejoiced, and doth rejoice, for He hath regarded the low estate of His handmaidens."

Turn we now to the figure of the youthful Baptist.

Mrs. Jameson, in her *Legends of the Madonna*, says: "The introduction of the Virgin and Child, lends it a charming significance. When he adores with folded hands, as acknowledging in Christ a superior power, it is evident we have the two children in their spiritual character, the Child-Priest and King, and the Child-Propheet."

Here he adores with folded hands, impassioned gaze, and parted lips, as though "Behold the Lamb of God" had, even then, been breathlessly syllabled.

Observe the contrast in the lips of the Christ-Child. They are closed: "I am the Word."

Note another contrast. The hands of the Baptist are folded, in their nervous power, around the cross. The hands of the infant Saviour are not visible. If they had been, the gesture must have been either of acceptance or rejection; and His baby-eyes had caught sight of that emblem of his final agony. If, afterwards, in Gethsemane, He prayed, "Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass," surely, in babyhood, he could but shrink from that ominous symbol, and clasp those baby-hands the closer to His mother's breast.

Of John the Baptist it is recorded that "he grew and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the desert." Of the Christ-Child it is said, "He increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." Here are lines of character as divergent as the poles. Look closely at this picture, and see if the great painter did not have these diverse elements of character in mind. The infant John is already waxing strong in spirit; he will soon go hence to the desert; he may even now be urging the accompanying thither of the Lamb of God.

The Infant Christ begins to increase in wisdom. Not to the desert will He go; but to human hearts He clings, and sanctifies by this nestling embrace the claims of universal motherhood. "This is my own sweet mother," He seems to say; "you must not seek to draw my baby-love from me. You proclaim, and will again proclaim, me as the Lamb of God; but she may not yet realize

that 'she cannot keep her Lamb from being slain.' No; I must remain, that I may increase in favor with God and man."

Have you ever seen a painting in which the Virgin is represented as embracing the youthful St John?

I never have; and I think she never did. In this picture, I am sure she has never once caught sight of the cross. If she had, we would surely find another element in the expression of her face than that of retrospective over her *Magnificat*.

This pensive figure has no precedence of the *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*.

Then, finally, is not this a true Trinity picture?

God the Father did not will that the cup should pass from His beloved; and the cross is in the hands of His Messiah's prophet.

God the Son, in all the gentleness of that childhood of which is the Kingdom of Heaven, we have in surest simplicity.

And the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, could not better be symbolized before His coming, than in the gentle presence of the dear Mother of our Lord.

Such is Raphael's picture of Eternal Love.

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.

III.—(Continued.)

Entrances to Domestic Missions.

(5.) The strength of the Church is far short of what it ought to be in view of its widely spread missions, because of the losses occasioned by the total lack of concert of action between us and the Church of England in caring for immigrants baptised into her fold. To say that a million of her members have come to this country, would be a moderate estimate. So far as the Church is concerned, they have been as water poured upon the ground. Never has there been a spiritual wastage at once so tremendous and so culpable. So far as it attests the ill discharged responsibility of the Mother Church, one would fain speak of it with the courteous moderation due to her dignity and to her eminent services as a propagator of the Gospel in many of the distant parts of the earth; and yet there has been in it all an absence of forethought and discretion that even charity itself must characterize as an awful blunder. For two generations she has allowed countless hosts of her children to leave the shores of England to seek their homes and fortunes in the New World with scarcely a word of counsel or direction as to their duty toward the Church planted here. Meanwhile, before the hand of brotherly sympathy and care could reach them, multitudes have wandered into alien folds, or have fallen away as sheep without a shepherd, first into habitual neglect of sacred ministrations, then into dislike or contempt of them, and then into faithless, godless living. It has been the common experience of our pastorate all over the land to be called in to minister in trouble and sickness and death, to the baptised and confirmed, who then for the first time, learned that it was the same Church, the same priesthood, the same Sacrament, the same worship, the same blessed consolation, that had been known at home by their fathers and by themselves. But for this terrible squandering of strength, and the neglect and blind-

ness that caused it, it is not too much to say that the American Church would be fifty per cent. more numerous than she is. The loss thus created has hardly been made good by all our aggressive work during the present generation. Neither Romanism nor Dissent in England has been guilty of such oversight. Their disciples, to an extent certainly not known among us, have come to our shores with a knowledge of the church doors they were to enter, and of the religious care that awaited them.

It is not yet too late to check this evil. Emigration from Great Britain to this country has of late, as our statistics show, set in with fresh vigor.* Surely all will agree that it is of quite as much moment to save from error and ungodliness a member of the Church of England as it is to lead into the fold a soul out of the darkness of heathenism.†

But in no regard has the Church's weakness in pushing on her missions been so deplorable, as in her proved inability to call out, in any decent measure, her own pecuniary resources for the work. The wealthiest of all Christian bodies in proportion to her numbers, she seems to have had less control of her wealth than any other. Time and again appeals have been made and measures devised to abate this evil, but thus far with little practical effect. Part of the evil is traceable, no doubt, to a lack of interest in

*100,000 reached us in 1881, and an average of 150,000 each year since.

†What has been said applies to the past rather than to the present. Of late, the Mother Church has taken up the subject with vigor, as the following facts will show. "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" has appointed an able and energetic Emigration Committee. This committee has devised and has in motion several very important practical measures. (1) All the principal emigration ports have been provided with chaplains and agents to care for the religious interests of the emigrants at their departure, or on the voyage.

(2) In many centres of emigration, clergy and other agents receive and forward, and often accompany, emigrants to their destination, and provide for their spiritual interests en route.

(3) The clergy of every parish and district in England can obtain, at a nominal cost, handbooks published by the society, giving accurate information as to almost every field of emigration, and as to the religious and educational advantages or disadvantages of the region to which the emigrant is going.

(4) Commendatory letters are provided, which the parochial clergy can fill up on behalf of their parishioners, ensuring, them a good reception by the bishop and clergy, or missionaries, of the land to which they go.

The earnest hope is expressed by the Committee that the Bishops in America and the Colonial Bishops of the Church of England, will cordially co-operate in these plans. In a letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, published in March last, all these arrangements are alluded to and warmly commended to all whom they concern. The writer, among other things, says: "It may not be fairly said that if the clergy in England and in America, on the one hand, or any person wishes to emigrate are alive to the means within their reach, and will make use of them, any parishioner may have the aid of clergy, or of other active agents, along the whole line of the journey. . . . I most earnestly commend this great matter to the prayers and to the energy of the Church."

On this side of the water we have been unhelpful and inactive. We have, at sundry times and places, at home and in England, organized the Most Churchy for her neglect and indifference in "this great matter," as the Archbishop calls it, and now that she has not only expressed her regret for the past, but shown in the most practical way her determination to avert the future, we are the last to regard. The last General Convention passed resolutions and appointed a committee to consider and report what can be done. As yet, little more than talk has resulted from this action. The Board of Missions has apparently been unable to persuade that it has any vocation to undertake this work on a scale commensurate with its importance. Even the ill-conditioned chaplaincy which it created some three years ago has been allowed to lapse, and no step to be taken and must be done at an early day to insure the co-operation which the Mother Church now so earnestly invites.

the cause among the mass of Churchmen, but quite as much is due to the want of system in raising money. The annual receipts show how feebly the laity, as a whole, recognize their missionary obligations, and they show, too, just as plainly the loose and irregular practice of the great majority of our parishes. At least one-fifth of them and perhaps more, not only give nothing to the cause, but habitually neglect to notice the cause itself as imposing upon them any duty whatever.

It is a fact which ought not to escape observation, that ten dioceses, in the Northwest and along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, into which, during the last forty years, the Church has poured nearly a million of dollars from its central treasury and quite as much more—perhaps twice as much—from parishes and individual Churchmen at the East, for the maintenance of missions and the building of churches and schools, gave to Domestic Missions all told in the last year, from September to September, the sum of \$2,775.27. The Diocese of Chicago gave the largest sum, \$627.50; and the Diocese of Fond du Lac the smallest, \$60.51; while from Iowa came only \$159.31; from Wisconsin \$239.62; from Missouri \$426.83, and from Minnesota \$343.76.

Speaking generally, there are scores of laymen in the eastern, middle, and western dioceses whose individual income exceeds the total sum given by the entire Church in aid of this object. Clearly this state of things must be changed, or we must surrender our hopes and pretensions as a missionary body claiming to cope with the religious wants of the already vast and still advancing life around us. Who will sound the trumpet-call that shall arouse the dormant zeal and open the shut purses of our laity? What turn of events will send to the front another Peter the Hermit to lead a crusade against the selfish, careless riches of the times? What mind or set of minds is to appear whose organizing genius will invent and execute a method of ingathering that will command the active and loyal co-operation of every congregation, every communicant within our borders? The march of events, and the exigencies of the hour, the multitudes starving for lack of the meat that perisheth not, the growth on all sides of unbelief and unrighteousness, the enormous temptations pressing upon this great people—all forbid a longer continuance of such disjointed, spasmodic, niggardly giving for the spread of the Gospel and Church of the Son of God.

IV.

The Four Stages of Advance.

Fault-worthy as the record is, with its many delays and mistakes, its times of blindness and stagnation; yet the half century behind us, regarded as the spring and seed time of the work, shows substantial progress. Much, too much, has been left undone, and yet, all things considered, we may well be thankful for having gained the point where we stand to-day. The stages in the advance have been distinctly marked. The rounds on a ladder with their respective interspaces could not stand out in bolder relief. From 1790 to 1820 was the period of mere sentiment, sentiment too vague and feeble to put any fire into consciences or into words. There was abroad only a

dreamy sense of a great duty lying ahead to be done some time, but not to be grappled with then. If the clergy, now and then, timidly discoursed on the theme, the laity wondered at rather than questioned what they meant.* After the lapse of thirty years, what had been no more than an occasional puff of zeal, took shape (in 1821) in the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, authorized by the General Convention, but practically regarded by the Church as scarcely more than a convenient instrumentality for doing a work which she admitted ought to be done, but for which she declined taking more than an indirect responsibility.†

The second stage was reached in 1835, when the Board of Missions, as the representative of the Church, and acting under a new Constitution, widened out the basis of missionary obligation, by declaring that obligation to be a necessary inference from the baptismal vow, and so touching the conscience of the individual Christian.‡

The third came in 1859, when the Church, acting in her corporate capacity and through her highest council, put on record by formal resolution, as well as by solemn act, her conviction as to the true relation of the episcopate to all duly organized missionary work.

The fourth was embodied in the enactment of the General Convention in 1877, by which the Church re-absorbed into herself the Board of Missions, and reproduced it as an integral function of her own organic life—henceforth to see with her eyes, to work with her hands, and to throbb with the pulsations of her own vital circulation.§

*Among the proceedings of the General Convention of 1796 was an "Act for supporting missionaries to preach the Gospel on the frontiers of the United States." The provisions of this Act related mainly to the ordering and gathering of collections. The Act slumbered in the record, no formal notice or active effort being so much as attempted until 1816, when, under the auspices of Bishop White, "The Episcopal Missionary Society of Philadelphia," was instituted "with a view to extending aid to the members of the Episcopal Communion beyond the limits of the State of Pennsylvania." At this time there was not one Episcopal clergyman in the State of Ohio, and the society turned its attention to that quarter.

†The Board of Directors of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society in their report in 1820, announced that their purpose had been thus far "to explore rather than to occupy" missionary ground. The total contributions for all objects at home and abroad during 1804, 1805, and 1806 amounted to \$5,296.57; and of this sum not more than one-fifth was for Domestic Missions. Most of the bishops written to on the subject thought it undesirable to have any agencies at work in their dioceses for collecting funds, because they would interfere with the support of local work. These facts will show how far the cause of missions up to 1820 was in an infant state, and how far it was a reality which stirred the heart of the Church.

‡In 1843-4, when it was thought that the Church had warmed up to the work, and when not a few fervid addresses were made in behalf of the cause, the amount expended in Domestic missions did not exceed \$7,000. And yet at this time there were fully seven hundred clergy actively at work in parishes. Clearly, there was little general interest in the subject at this time, and what there was expended itself mainly in making constitutions and by-laws for the society. Really effective, well-sustained work in the home field was the product of an after period.

§At a missionary meeting in Baltimore in 1877, the wise and saintly Severyn said: "I am the more persuaded that this is the right mode when an extraordinary enterprise should be carried out, because we know that the command of our blessed Lord was not given to individuals; it was not left to be executed by voluntary zeal; it was a never-dying commandment, accompanied by a never-dying promise, that we should go into all the world, with the certainty that He would be always with us, even unto the end of the world."

Each stage has marked an advance, not in measures merely, or in revenues, or in the magnitude of the work, but in the sense of duty and of sound ecclesiastical principles. This sense has been won at a great price, but it is worth vastly more than its cost; for by it, more than by anything else, are we to grasp the future. Foremost, among the more recent fruits of it, is that promising, indeed already remarkable, organization—the Woman's Auxiliary. What it has done is scarcely less than astonishing, and what it will do, in view of its rapidly increasing means and growing moral power, none can tell. It has taken root in the most active dioceses. It works in parishes, but with sympathies and aims co-extensive with the Church. The light it has kindled reaches thousands of Christian homes, and the zeal it inspires, beyond any other sort of zeal that we know, tells on souls in the by-ways of our Church life. One aspect of its work, though not the most important, appears in its contributions in money or its equivalent, during the fifteen years of its existence, amounting to one million, six hundred and nine thousand, five hundred and forty-six dollars. But farther, this Auxiliary is no mere aggregate of individual wills—a society self-constituted and self-governed, knowing no law but its own choice. So soon as it grew strong enough to feel that it deserved notice, it asked to be taken under authority, and to be adopted into the living organism of the whole body. I have introduced this woman's work for missions just here—(1st.), because it would never have a being but for that quickening of the missionary spirit produced by the enunciation of the principle that every baptized person is bound to do something for the spread of the Gospel; and (2d.) because its organization would not have been what it is but for the other complementary principle, that the Church herself, the corporate whole of the baptized, is the true and only divinely instituted missionary society. So it is that sound principles, the intelligent perception of which may be a slow and labored growth, beget not only new energies, but as well, new and harmoniously adjusted channels through which those energies can work to the edification and expansion of the whole body.

"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD."

BY E.

Dumb speech is often best:
A true heart is expressed
In every act of life,
In daily work or strife.

A noble example given
Will tell men more of heaven
Than all the words of power
In your most gifted hour.

To birds 'tis given to sing,
To flowers to bloom in spring,
But man must live and act,
Express not dreams, but fact.

Through prayer alone comes light;
Inspiration opened sight,
And loosened every tongue
That ever spoke or sung.

God's word in flower or tree
By Him revealed must be,
His thought you first must reach
Before you sing or teach.

SHOULD AMERICA HAVE A WESTMINSTER ABBEY?

BY FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., LL.D.,
Archdeacon of Westminster.

I have been invited to write a few words for The Brooklyn Magazine in answer to the question "Should America have a Westminster Abbey?" so auspiciously discussed in its last issue by a number of distinguished Americans. The question, of course, means "Should the people of America endeavor, without further delay, to rear some sacred building which may concentrate all the memorials of national history, and serve the same purpose for the United States as Westminster Abbey serves for all members of the English speaking race?"

The only answer which can be given by one who has the honor to be Canon of Westminster, will hardly be doubtful. I live under the very shadow of the Abbey. I am present on many days of the year at its morning and evening services. I hear the sounds of

"Silver Psalms and solemn
Litanies"

rolling their mighty music under its vaulted roofs. I have been privileged to speak from its pulpit to many thousands of worshippers gathered from many lands. I have seen representatives of all the rank, the wealth, the beauty, the chivalry, the wisdom, the goodness of England gathered in its ample nave or storied transepts on great occasions of national joy or sorrow. I have seen princes and laboring men standing side by side, and united in a common grief when its best and greatest sons have been buried under its pavement. I have conducted hundreds of foreigners, of Americans, of artisans, of public-school boys, of choirs, of Sunday scholars, around its hallowed precincts.

Its dim cloisters have been familiar to me at noon-day and at midnight, and I have knelt to worship in its ancient chapels, sometimes amid vast throngs of my fellow-Christians, sometimes when scarcely a human being but myself was kneeling there. I have drawn into my inmost heart its sweet and awe-inspiring influences. And therefore, I am in a position to testify to its priceless value as a national possession, and to express my belief that America would be showing a wisdom and a foresight worthy of her greatness, if, at a stage in her history not further removed from her origin than the present Abbey of Henry III. is removed from the Conquest, she endeavors to provide for future generations some place of worship and of solemn associations which may serve her both as a shrine and as a Valhalla—as an incentive to the efforts of

the living, and a memorial to the high services of the dead.

I am not, of course, about to write a paper on Westminster Abbey. That has been done by many. The admirable book of our late beloved Dean, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, compresses into brief space a mass of the most interesting information. My predecessor, Canon Kingsley, made the abbey the topic of the lecture which he most frequently delivered during his visit to this continent, and that lecture is published among his other works. But Americans need hardly go further than the delightful sketch-book of their own Washington Irving. Much more is known about the abbey and its wealth of associations since Washington Irving's day, but to him

the everyday services of the monks, and for great occasional processions and *Te Deum*. Nor was it originally meant for a burial-place for the dead. The bones of the sainted Confessor were there laid to rest, and during generation after generation kings and nobles, and great ecclesiastics, and victorious heroes, desired to be buried around his shrine. The great majority of the graves and cenotaphs which attract so many visitors are the accumulation of the last three centuries; and the worshippers, who often amount to many hundreds even on ordinary week days, have begun to frequent the choir and transepts and nave in comparatively recent times. America cannot, of course, create the impulses to which the abbey owes its present characteristics; but it is easily within her power to erect a shrine which generations hence may awaken in millions "who speak the tongue which Shakespeare spoke" the same absorbing interest which the Church of St. Peter's now awakens in every American and English heart.

Much of the spell exercised by the abbey depends on the beauty of its architecture. This can never be reproduced. A copy or an imitation produces but small effect, and does not spring from the same feelings which give grandeur to the original. The abbey is the visible expression of an intense absorbing faith. It reminds us of all that is solemn in life; it was meant to fill our minds with thoughts of Death, Judgment, and Eternity. It is symbolical in its minutest details. The predominance of the numbers three and seven had a mystic significance. They indicate the Triune God, and the "seven lamps burning before the throne, which are the seven spirits of God." To the mind of a thoughtful mediæval monk the whole building would appear to be a constant reminder of the Trinity in Unity, and of God in Christ. The triple height



F. W. FARRAR, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER.

is largely due the flowing of that stream of pilgrims from this side of the Atlantic who during every week of the summer months throng to visit our venerable shrine.

It would, of course, be impossible for America to reproduce anything which exactly resembled the ancient Abbey of St. Peter's. One of the sources of its infinite charm rests in the fact that it grew gradually, and almost fortuitously, into its present form and its present uses. It serves the double object of a mausoleum for the greatest of our dead, and of a cathedral where many thousands are constantly assembled to join in stately choral services and hear the preaching of God's word. It was not originally designed to fulfill either object. It was the church of a monastery, not intended for the delivery of sermons to great crowds of people, or for the ordinary quiet worship of multitudes, but rather for

—arches, triforium, clerestory; the triple length—nave, choir, sacarium; the triple breadth—nave and two aisles, choir and two ambulatories, lantern and two transepts—would speak to him of God, Three in One. The cruciform shape would continually remind him of the sacrifice of Christ. The nave represented the "ship" of the Church; the angels of the arches were the emblems of the Church Invisible; the hideous gargoyles stood for the excluded demons. The chapels clustering round the altar indicated the Apostles gathered round the Cross, and, generally, the Communion of Saints. So completely was the symbolism carried out, that the line of pillars at the altar, in the original Abbey of the Confessor, deflected a little to the right (as is the case also in some other cathedrals) to indicate the head of Jesus declining on the shoulder in the agony of death. To a sovereign like

Henry III., the builder of the chief part of the Abbey in its present condition, all this religious symbolism was as intensely real as it was to the monks themselves. When Henry was in France, he stopped so persistently to hear mass at every chapel which he passed, that he even wore out the patience of a saint like Louis the Ninth, who, to avoid the incessant delay, took him round by a route where there were fewer churches. It would be vain, it would even be impossible in an age like this, an age of religious divisions and of common skepticism, to imitate the architecture which expressed the devotional feelings of an age of uniform religion and universal faith. There, then, is an initial difficulty in the way of securing for America a Westminster Abbey. Could it be a sacred building? If so, to which of the sects or Churches would it belong? If the services of one Church were held in it, would not the representatives of all other religious bodies demand the same privilege? On the other hand, if the building were not consecrated to worship it would lose half of its sanctity.

Again, a Valhalla would lose the impressiveness which the abbey derives from the earnest lessons which great preachers in addressing the worshippers in our abbey constantly deduced from its various memorials. I will give but a single illustration. It was one of the beautiful thoughts which occurred to the loving heart of Dean Stanley to preach on Saturday afternoons a series of sermons on the beatitudes, and to point their lessons by illustrations derived from the lives of those who lay buried around the preacher as he spoke. His premature death cut short, alas! the completion of his design; but he preached four or five of these sermons, and one of them was the last which he ever preached. I happened to be "canon in residence" at the time, and I heard them. They were very short and exquisitely simple. Their very artlessness made them all the more precious as works of art, and they illustrated the character of the dean's peculiar genius which consisted in the heart of childhood taken up and matured in the powers of manhood. I remember how he pointed the lesson from the latitude of the pure in heart by the white soul of Sir Isaac Newton; and how in speaking of the beatitude of the meek he referred to the saintly Margaret of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., and the greatest lady of her day, who yet said that if the princes of Europe would lay aside their dissensions and would join in a new crusade to deliver the holy sepulchre, she would go with them were it only in the capacity of their laundress. Any one will understand how much more force such lessons derived when uttered almost over the mortal dust of those to whom they referred. Could such lessons be given by the mere cicero of a building exclusively secular?

It is clear then that America could scarcely have a Westminster Abbey which should add the lessons of Christian holiness to those of common mortality. How far this element of sacredness and solemnity could be attached to such a building intended only for the commemoration of the dead must remain uncertain. But, meanwhile, such a building might still further many high and valuable ends. For instance:

First.—The mere fact that such a building was in contemplation would fire the imagination of many artists. It should be entrusted only to American genius, and only to the very best and highest which can be found available. Hitherto it may perhaps be said that the progress of America in art has fallen short of her progress in all other things. She has yet to fulfil the prophecy of Sir William Jones:

"Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And arts that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every gale and muse
Shall bid the valleys laugh and heavenly beams
diffuse."

Architecture, sculpture, painting, mosaics, iron-work, are not born in a day. America has yet ample time in which to develop some heaven-born genius in these directions. But were it once known that she contemplated the erection of a building which was to attain as nearly as possible to the ideal of her beauty and magnificence, how intense a stimulus would be given to the toil and to the gifts of every native artist! Of course, the conception of such a structure should be of the grandest and stateliest description. There should be

"Nil parvo aut humilli modo."

The architecture should be of the most magnificent proportions; the floors of the most lustrous marbles; the mosaics enriched with precious stones, malachite, and lapis lazuli, and agate, and cornelian, and crystal, and every native gem, like those of the most splendid Russian cathedrals. No painting, no sculpture should be admitted into it which had not stood the test of time, or which did not satisfy the severest canons of contemporary taste. I believe that the commencement of such a building, the mere fact that such a building was in contemplation, would form an epoch in the history of American art. It is true that at the best there would be in your Valhalla, as in our abbey, many sepulchres which succeeding generations would condemn. But even these have their value. They visibly present to the student the history of art. They teach him what to imitate and what to avoid. They reflect with unflinching and unsuspecting accuracy the varying emotions and ideals of the periods by which they were produced. How significant in the history of religious feeling is the mere difference of manner in which the dead are represented on their tombs! In the tombs of the middle ages they are always lying on their backs, whether represented in life or in death, with their hands folded in prayer upon the breast, "two praying hands," says the Russian proverb, "and life is done." The *pleureurs* at their head are angels, and sometimes they are uplifting in their hands a draped figure which represents the soul of the departed. It is not till the sixteenth century that they raise to their knees. In the seventeenth they stand upright in full armor, and the battles of their lives are represented in bas-relief. In the eighteenth century they are sculptured amid the surroundings of earthly state or activity. They sit on the bench of justice in all their magnificence like Lord Mansfield, or gesture like Chatham in the passion of oratory. It is not till the nineteenth century that, like the statue of Wilberforce, they lool familiarly in their easy-chairs.

Second.—I should like in my remaining remarks to point out the certain incidental

advantages which would accrue to the American nation from the possession of such a building.

I. It would fire the honorable passion for glory, the desire for earthly immortality won by the bestowal of great and lifelong services. America already feels the spell exercised over her imagination by the "modest mansion on the banks of the Potomac," by the memorial at Gettysburg, by the statues around her Capitol at Washington, by the monument on Bonker Hill. How much was expressed by the exclamation of Lord Nelson: "To-morrow a peerage, or Westminster Abbey!"

II. It would give a fresh impulse to literature. A complete literature has sprung up round Westminster Abbey, and it would be difficult to estimate how many valuable books have first been suggested to their authors by lingering in its precincts. One instance may suffice. The most interesting of Lord Macaulay's essays was suggested to the great historian as he stood talking to Dean Milman under the bust of the great proconsul, Warren Hastings. It is to that cenotaph that we owe so brilliant a chapter in our Indian history.

III. It would stimulate courage in the faint-hearted, and hopefulness in the despondent. To me history and biography have ever been books of God, and some of the most touching lessons of history and biography are recalled to the mind as we gaze on the memorials and stand upon the graves of the illustrious dead. "I have been born," said Montezuma, "let that come which must come." "I am a man," said Frederick the Great, "and therefore born to misfortune. But I will oppose to misfortune the constancy of a man. I will breast the storm." "Human courage," said General Robert E. Lee, "should rise to the height of human calamity!" Many, strange and terrible were the calamities which afflicted the great men whose bodies are now buried in peace under those ancient roofs, but they wrestled with them and they conquered. The lesson is not lost upon the minds of the young. One day, more than a hundred years ago, a poor bookseller's boy came into the abbey, groaning under the weight of a load of books which he had to carry to the house of his master's customer. Tired out, the poor boy came in at the great north door, and sat down to rest. And as he sat down he burst into involuntary tears as the thought came into his mind, "I am nothing but a poor bookseller's boy, and I shall have nothing to do all my life long, but to trudge the streets of London under those heavy burdens!" And then, lifting up his eyes, he caught sight of the statues of the great and good everywhere around him; and he thought "these men became great, many of them from positions of poverty and obscurity, why should not I?" The boy dried his tears, he shouldered his burden; and the sacred fire of a noble purpose was kindled in his heart. He grew up to be the eminent and saintly Dr. William Marshman, the first who translated the Holy Scriptures into the dialect of Hindostan; one of the earliest of our great missionaries to that new empire, and the father-in-law of the stainless hero, Sir Henry Havelock, who saved India in the terrible mutiny, and died like Wolfe in the hour of victory. But for that rest in the abbey, the story of India might have had a

different ending, and a poor little human life might have been crused under its commencing difficulties. Longfellow sings, in words which, like so many of his words, have become proverbial :

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

Footprints, which perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again."

But the "lives of great men" become infinitely more real and vivid to our memories when they are, as it were, brought before us in tangible presentment :

"Ever their statues rise before us,
Our loftier brothers but one in blood,
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good."

IV. And the lessons derived from these memorials may be both indirect and direct. They may be *indirect*, yet very precious. What nation, for instance, can afford to let go of any influence which may help to save it from vulgar and common-place views of life; from false types of excellence; from the paltry competition which strives above all things after material success; from the dedication of current popular opinion; from the desire to swim with the stream and to spread the sails to the passing breeze? The memorials of the great and good may tend to inspire purer hopes and loftier aspirations. They will show, as is shown over and over again in the abbey, that the best, the greatest, the most revered by posterity have often been, in their own lifetime, utterly unsuccessful as the world counts success. They have been often intensely unpopular and miserably poor. They have been surpassed in all earthly comforts and possessions by hundreds of common-place swindlers and gorgous criminals. They have enjoyed to the utmost the bitter beatitude of malediction. They have cut against the grain of indurated prejudices. Kings have frowned on them, and priests anathematized. But they would not throw away to-morrow forever, in order to secure to-day. "Fools counted their lives madness and their end to be without honor. How are they counted among the children of God and their lot among the saints!"

V. And the lessons of instructive human lives may be brought home, in such places, *directly* as well as indirectly. The picturesque sensibility of the late Dean of Westminster was shown again and again in the mottoes, texts, and titles which he selected to inscribe on various tombs and statues. On the cenotaph of John Wesley is carved his last utterance, "The best of all is, God is with us." On the grave of Livingstone are carved the last words found written in his diary, "All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's best blessing rest on everyone, Englishman, American, or Turk, who shall help to heal this open sore of the world,"—the slave-trade. On the bust of Lord Lawrence is the inscription, "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much." I might quote many other instances. The wisdom of Athens trained her youth in virtue by moral sentiments and inscriptions upon her Herme. The future Westminster Abbey of America, like that of England, might thus silently teach a thousand rich and memorable lessons.

VI. Once more; such a building is not

without its blessed power in making for peace and unity, and brotherly love, amid the deplorable bitterness of political and religious warfare. In the abbey, Catholic bishop and Protestant dean lie side by side, and men who in their lifetime would have burnt each other. There is the memorial of Milton, and the tomb of Bishop Sprat who thought the name of Milton was a pollution to the abbey walls. There, side by side, "*Regno Consortes et urna*," in the stately tomb of the Tudors, lie the sister queens, Elizabeth, who burnt Catholics, and Mary, who burnt Protestants. There, side by side, are the memorials of statesmen whose lives were internecine warfare. The tear shed on the grave of Fox will trickle to the coffin of Pitt, and Disraeli stands side by side with Peel. The abbey is "the great temple of silence and reconciliation" wherein mingles the mortal dust of the fercest rivals, and where lie buried the animosities of thirty generations in that common grave to which glory and obscurity must alike descend. "Oh eloquent, just, and mighty death," exclaimed the brilliant and unfortunate Sir Walter Raleigh, "whom none could advise tithed hath persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all pride, cruelty and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, '*Hic Jacet*.'"

It would be impertinent in me to add that every American can add far better for himself—the names of the statesmen, the heroes, the philanthropists, the poets, the orators, the eloquent men and fathers who begat us, who would already claim a proud place in a building devoted to the reception and memorial of the mighty dead. All your history would gradually crystalize round such a nucleus. It would become the eternal memorial of all your fame. Ingenious youth would there find the cenotaphs of men like Raleigh and Penn, and Governor Bradford and Miles Standish; and the names of the Pilgrim Fathers; and busts and statues of the civil and military heroes of the War of Independence; of Jefferson and Otis, and Patrick Henry and George Washington; and the heroes and martyred President of your Civil War. Just as the Church of "St. Paul outside the walls" of Rome has medallions of the long line of popes downwards from Saint Peter, so your Valhalla would have pictures of the lengthening line of presidents from Washington. And there would be the sculptured features of your sweet singers, Bryant and Longfellow; and of your eminent thinkers, Thoreau and Emerson; and of your great historians, Washington Irving, and Prescott and Motley; and of such orators as Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; and of your men of genius like Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Poe; and of your great theologians, Jonathan Edwards and Channing; and of your earliest bishops like Seabury and White. And there, when they sink to the grave, full of years and full of honors, would be placed in due time the memorials of such writers as Bancroft and Parkman, and Lowell and Whittier and Holmes. But I must stop. Perhaps I have already said too much. But I have written only by special request and urgent invita-

tion, and I believe that I shall be pardoned for words dictated by that profound admiration for America which with me is not a feeling of yesterday, but has been expressed by me in many public places in England for more than twenty years.—*Brooklyn Magazine*.

CHARITY TOWARD OTHER CHRISTIAN BODIES.

We must of necessity become more and more humble. In the light of the Spirit of Truth we must learn to recognize not only our own weakness and feebleness as a portion of Christ's Church, for this is evident enough to all the world, but we must learn also to recognize our own sinfulness and unfaithfulness, our own worldliness and lukewarmness.

This humble estimate of ourselves, if it is genuine, must manifest itself especially in our dealings with those who are not in communion with us. We are surrounded by multitudes of our fellow-countrymen who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, who worship Him as God, who rely upon His atoning death, who hope for His return, and yet who seem to us not to be following Him fully in the ways of His Church. Let us never venture to lift up ourselves against such in a spirit of self-complacency. We may rejoice in possessing an apostolic ministry, and give thanks that the Divine Presence of Jesus in His Holy Sacrament has not been withdrawn from our altars. But what will these blessings avail us in the Day of Judgment, if, in spite of all, we ourselves shall then be weighed in the balances and be found wanting? In that great day it is to be feared that there will be many bishops, clergy, and Churchmen on the left hand who will receive only the sorer condemnation on account of their high privileges; while on the right hand, it is certain that multitudes will find mercy, who, though by devious paths, have at last attained unto Him in whom alone is eternal salvation, Jesus Christ the Lord. Let us see to it, then, that, realizing our own shortcomings, we shun all self-sufficient pride or arrogance in thought, word, or deed toward those of our brethren round about us who call upon the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and yet who follow not with us. What have we that we have not received? Shall we dare to boast? Can we show, at any rate in the recent history of our Church, any act of self-sacrificing faith greater than that manifested by the Free Church of Scotland at the time of the disruption? Can we boast that, according to our professedly high standard and requirements, candidates for Holy Orders among us are more carefully selected and better trained than are the theological students of the Established Church? Can we point in all our charges to congregations preparing for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament before the great festivals, with as much zeal and purpose as are frequently displayed among Presbyterians before the general communions? Can we boast of a laity giving, as a general rule, out of their substance more, or even as much, as is given by the lay members of the two great voluntary bodies of Scotland?

Reflections suggested by such questions as these must of necessity humble us, and, if we are being led by the Holy Spirit, we

shall not only be contrite toward God, but also modest and charitable in all we say and do with regard to our Presbyterian brethren, remembering always that humility and charity are not only consistent with, but should be the necessary outcome of strong conviction, when that conviction is based upon truth.—*Bishop of Argyll and the Isles.*

FAITH.

BY FLORENCE ROWENA HILL.

I cannot see the loving Face above me,
Nor His great wisdom can I understand,
In the deep darkness here below
All that I cling to, all I know,
Is that He walks with me and holds my hand.

The way is dim, I cannot see before me,
I know that danger lurks on every side,
Through darkness pass I know I must,
What better can I do than trust I
His love protects me, whatso'er betide.

And through all doubt I follow Him so gladly,
Knowing if sin and sorrow must be passed,
Bravely I'll try to do my part,
It may be with an aching heart,
But I shall see my Father's face at last.

THE ART OF CATECHISING.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HODGES.

II.

The definition of catechising as a species of echo-getting suggests some obvious truths which one will do well to follow who aspires to be an A. C. M.—an *Artium Catechisæ Magister*—a master of the arts of catechising.

The first of which is, that he who will get an echo must have somewhat to say. The catechist must prepare himself. Children are keen critics, and always know when the instructor is teaching against time. Catechetical instruction, like all other effective teaching, must be logical—logical, not only in that the different parts of each lesson hold together, but in that the successive lessons themselves follow naturally one after the other. It is not a good plan to teach about Adam and Eve on one Sunday, the Tenth Commandment on the next, and, on the following Sundays, the apostolical succession, the Lord's Prayer, and the second missionary journey of St. Paul. The catechist must have a plan. He must teach on Sunday, as others do on Monday and Tuesday, by lesson after lesson. Indeed, the entire scheme of Sunday instruction will grow in efficiency in proportion as it is approximated nearer and nearer to the model of the modern graded school.

I need not say here, before you, what a deep and imperative necessity there is that the catechist speak not only out of a full mind but out of a full heart, burdened with a great sense of responsibility, urged by a "woe is me if I" teach "not the Gospel," in the consciousness of God's presence, after much prayer. I need not say, in view of the sacred duties and the solemn trusts of a teacher, that he must be a Churchman and a communicant, a lover of the Church which he is to bring others to love, one who has himself gone along the way by which he is sent to lead others, who does not venture upon work which demands more than

human wisdom without a constant coming to that blessed Sacrament where help and blessing are to be abundantly found. Earnestness and reverence, loyalty to Christ and His Church, love for souls, a good life, do not enter into the "art" of catechising. They lie deeper than any "art." They are the very breath and life of catechising.

It is quite apparent, that if you wish to get a clear echo you must not talk too much yourself. You must give the echo a chance. Sometimes catechists answer all the questions themselves. Sometimes they use such long words that the echo misses them. You remember how it was said of Dr. Johnson that if he were to write a fable about little fishes he would make the little fishes talk like whales. We need to be reminded that little fishes cannot talk like whales, and cannot be expected to understand the whale dialect. Sometimes catechists say so much that they tire out the echo. A Berkeley divinity student was overheard endeavoring to take a class of little girls through the five books of Moses in thirty-five minutes. Teachers of experience say that one idea is as much as a Sunday-school can well get hold of in a lesson. Accordingly, it is a good plan to determine beforehand what one chief meaning you want your children to remember in the lesson, and to dwell on that at length. Too many children, if they should be asked after school what the teacher taught, would have to answer like the little girl who was always asked after service what the sermon was about, and who always replied that it was about "being good." Suppose the lesson is the plague of serpents in the wilderness. A dozen phases of the subject suggest themselves. You may talk of geography, plagues, snakes, prayer, types, history, minerals, Providence, temptation, or ritualism. Take only one of these; put the rest in the background. If you have read Baring-Gould's "Sermons to Children," you will choose Temptation as your topic; and by question and comment you will bring out a teaching like this: Here were God's people in the wilderness, smitten by a grievous plague. Before, the plague had fallen upon enemies, Egyptians; now, it was the Israelites themselves who were suffering. Their first thought seems to have been "Moses must pray." When he had prayed before—that God might take a mere discomfort, as frogs, away from a nation of heathen—an answer had come speedily; surely, if he pray again that from God's own chosen people may be taken away this fatal curse of snakes, he will be heard instantly, and the plague will cease. And so Moses prayed that God might drive these poisonous serpents away. God drove away not one. He left them there in (swarms) numbers. In the scant grass, under the stones, hidden in the sand, there they lay as before just as many and just as venomous. What God did do was to tell Moses to make a serpent of brass and set it on a pole, with the promise that whoever was bitten, if he looked there, would live. And the plague went on. The boy who was building castles in the sand felt a sudden sting; there was a little red mark, with a white circle around it; yesterday a boy who had that mark on his finger died in a few hours. But this boy runs away as fast as he can to the pole, and looks up at the image of brass, and by and by he goes back again to play, and is all well—just as well as St. Paul was

after the snake bit him at Malta. God didn't take away the serpents, but He gave a cure for their (pardon) sting. We are surrounded with temptations, just as the Israelites were with snakes. Sometimes we wish that God would drive them all away. He does not do that. Temptations are close about us daily. But He gives us a way of escape. He points us to the Cross. He tells us to pray. He gives strength to resist. Remember that when you are tempted to say a bad word this week. A snake has stung you. Hurry to our Lord. Ask Him to help you, and He will.

To get a clear echo, you must not stand too far away. The catechist must get near to the children. St. Chrysostom's pulpit was so close to his congregation that he could touch the foremost man with his hand. But it is another kind of nearness I was thinking of—nearness of mind and heart. The catechist must be able to put himself in the children's place. He must be interested in what interests them. He must know what kind of games the boys play, and what the girls talk about at recess. He must begin from these things, and lead the children up to that which interests him. Here he has for an example our Blessed Lord Himself. Nothing was too homely or common for the Divine Teacher to notice—a grain of corn, the weeds among the wheat, a candle, a basket, a red sky, a penny, the birds, the lilies, men looking for the best seats, men drawing down long faces feigning piety, the poor woman putting in a farthing, boys and girls playing in the streets—He saw all, spoke about them, took them for texts. We fail to interest children when we are so far away from them, above them, that we do not know what the children are interested in.

Some of you will remember one of Mr. Stockton's ingenious stories called "The Queen's Museum." The queen built a museum, and filled its shelves according to her own taste. She was immensely pleased with it—much more pleased than her subjects were. When these disloyal people were enticed into the museum they stood before the cabinets and simply yawned. Forthwith the queen made a decree that every one who was not interested in her museum should have no opportunity to exercise the bad taste of being interested in anything else, but must go to prison. The population, being an uncommonly honest one, and declining to feign an interest it did not feel, was soon under lock and key. Large temporary jails had to be erected to hold the people. At last a benevolent stranger, desirous of mending this sad state of things, volunteered to discover some curiosity which, being placed in the museum, might attract an uninterested populace, and secure a universal jail delivery. He laid the problem before a magician. "What," inquired the magician, "are the people interested in?" "Indeed, I do not know." "Find out, and come back." So the benevolent stranger found out. He inquired of everybody what interested him most, and having noted down all the answers, from white elephants to fishing-tackle, he returned to the magician. "Abracadabra!" said the magician, and the museum was new-stocked. There was no more need for jails. Peace, happiness, and harmony reigned once more. Then it was revealed that the queen, at the beginning, had filled the cabinets with speci-

mens of all known species of button-holes! Sometimes, when we are tempted to discouragement, and begin to think of juniper-trees, it may be well to remember the queen and her museum. No amount of scoldings, ominous silences, black looks, laid marks, desk-poundings, or bell-rings can compel children to be interested in theological ecclesiastical button-holes. The catechist must begin from the children's point of view. Let him talk to the school in his own words, without book, use plain words, draw his illustrations from familiar sources, tell a story whenever he can, telling it always as dramatically as possible, acting it out; let him never be afraid to make the children laugh; above all, including all, let him love children, and he is sure to master in due time the art of catechising.

WHY IS THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY WANING?

We are told that the waning influence of the ministry is due to the growing indifference of the people, and a want of proper respect for the priestly office.

This may be, doubtless is true, but yet this does not answer the question "Why?" The cause lies, mainly, with the ministry as a body, and the root of the matter is simply that the ministry—with only here and there a notable exception—no longer sets any worthy example of the Christ-like life.

They live, more or less luxuriously, as their means will permit. Many a poor Christian man or woman in the flock, who out of slender hard earned means help to pay the salary and build the rectory, leads a far more self-sacrificing life than his or her minister even dreams of, unless, perhaps, when he feels called upon to preach a stirring discourse to his people to increase their gifts towards the support of the Church. Why, some of our divinity students, as far as they can, live softly and fare sumptuously every day, and then get up in the pulpit and preach about their "high office," and call upon the congregation to deny themselves and take up the cross and follow in the footsteps of the lowly Jesus, all the time themselves setting no example of self-denial.

Verily, the scourge of small corals, with which He drove out in His holy indignation the profaners of the temple, would be needed again to eject those who now profane His Church by lives so directly in opposition to every precept which He laid down, and so glaringly opposed to the blessed pattern of His wonderful life.

Purify the priesthood, and the effect will soon be seen in the people.

There is nothing now in the Christianized world which so surely commands the deepest and most reverent respect amongst all classes of people, as the individual who is known to have laid aside self and all self-seeking, and whose life is truly consecrated to Christ-like work, regardless of personal ease or any other earthly consideration.

If any one should doubt this assertion, let that person seek its verification amongst those angels of mercy who go about doing good, and whose simple garb and sweet serene faces proclaim their mission. Learn of them how they go unharmed in the low

and dark streets of New York. And why? Because the poor, vicious men and women there recognize the *spirit* of their lives, and know that any want of respect to them would be an act of violence to the spark of goodness in themselves and the purest memories of their past lives.

Thanks be to God that we still have, in the ministry and out of it, a few righteous souls who are trying to do God's work upon this earth. But we do need another Reformation, not now so much of doctrine as of life and example. Spiritual wickedness does, indeed, sit in high places. Vanity, luxury, self-indulgence, and overbearing pride mark too many of those who have taken upon themselves the special ambassadorship of the "meek and lowly One."

No wonder that Infidelity laughs, and Indifference shrugs its shoulders at the average Christianity of to-day, when a bishop of the Church rises in his place and preaches of the pure and holy One to young and old candidates for confirmation, and then goes from the pulpit to dine and wine with some wealthy parishioner.

A good woman once remarked, in view of this lamentable condition of things, that she thought it would help to eradicate the evil if, as a test of a young man's fitness for Holy Orders, he could be required, upon the completion of his theological course, to give himself to any missionary work in the far away wilds for five years, the field of his work to be assigned to him by his bishop, thus removing him from the pampering life of our large cities, with ample opportunity to prove himself; and any young man not willing to give himself, in the first flush of his enthusiasm, to such arduous work should be deemed unfit, through lack of ardor, for the office of the priesthood. Sooner or later some such test will have to be applied to each candidate for Holy Orders, or else we shall see worse disrespect than ever in the people who will not tamely submit to have a spurious priesthood foisted upon them. This sentiment of scorn and indignation may yet be the salvation of the very priesthood which now seems but feebly to realize the need of purification in its midst, in order to strengthen its influence and power for good abroad.

Not all the batteries of Infidelity, combined with scientific research in deadly assault, can possibly do the harm to Christ's religion and the great truths of His Written Word that is daily and hourly inflicted upon it by those who profess to love and live for God, and then perjure themselves, and bring scorn upon His Church and Bible by living in open contradiction of their solemn vows and the precepts of that Blessed Book which they proclaim to be their guide and rule of life.

See to it, then, ye solemnly ordained ones, lest, when you have preached to others, you yourselves be cast away.

WHAT GEORGE MACDONALD SAYS ABOUT "FAITH."

"To think a thing is only to look at it in a glass—to know it, as God would have us know it, and as we must know it to live, is to see it as we see love in a friend's eyes—to have it as the love the friend sees in ours. To make things real to us is the end and

the battle-cause of life. We often think we believe what we are only presenting to our imaginations. The least thing can overthrow that kind of faith. The imagination is an endless help towards faith, but it is no more faith than a dream of food will make us strong for the next day's work. To know God as the beginning and the end, the root and cause, the giver and enabler, the love and joy and perfect good, the present one existence in all things and degrees and conditions, is life. And faith, in its simplest, truest, mightiest form, is to do His will in the one thing revealing itself at the moment as duty. The faith that works miracles is an inferior faith to this, and not what the old theologians call a saving faith."—*Donal Grant* (Chap. i.)

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL PRIEST.

BY A. H. N.

The Church in Mexico has just lost a most faithful presbyter, the eldest of the seven ordained in this city by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lee in 1875. The Rev. Ignacio Maruri, rector of the Church of San Francisco, in the City of Mexico, passed away on Wednesday, the 7th inst., and was followed to the grave to-day. He had long been in feeble health, but remained "faithful unto death." Last Sunday he celebrated the Holy Communion in San Francisco, though scarcely able to stand, and his last words to his people were to exhort them not to neglect the Lord's Supper. His funeral to-day was attended by the Protestant ministers of all denominations in the City of Mexico. The burial service from the Spanish Prayer Book was used for the first time in the Mexican Church.

Mr. Maruri was born May 8, 1817, in Guadaluajara, of Roman Catholic parents. At a very early age he entered the Mexican army as a cadet and continued a soldier until about twenty years ago. He was among the first to join the Mexican Church movement in 1849. From the time of his ordination in 1875, he has not failed to read daily Morning Prayers in his church, unless prevented by illness. He was the first in Mexico to propose the reorganization of this work as a mission of the American Church, and labored diligently to the very day of his death to accomplish that end. He leaves a widow wholly unprovided for, and there were ten orphan boys under his care.

Although the name of this venerable clergyman was scarcely known outside of the work to which he devoted the last ten years of his life, it seems fitting that his death should be brought to the notice of Churchmen in America, and perhaps be the means of directing their attention to the efforts being made to place the Church in Mexico in a position to enable it to accomplish the good it set out to do. Letters to the Church papers, stating the present condition of the Church here, were being prepared when the news of Mr. Maruri's death was received. The loss of such an earnest worker will be sorely felt, especially at this time. The last words of Mr. Maruri to the writer were sad ones, full of disappointment and discouragement. God grant that the bright days for which he watched so long, but died before seeing, may speedily come to those who take up his work where he laid it down.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ETHEL'S VISIT AT ROWDEN.

I.

"And I may stay two whole weeks, really and truly, mamma?" cried Ethel Ray, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"Yes, indeed, love!—that is," added her mother, wistfully. "I shall miss you every day dear ——" "Yes, indeed!" echoed Ethel's papa cheerily, "we have made up our minds to miss you; so you are not to show yourself here again in two weeks, remember! And now hurry and gather your traps, for it is full time we were starting."

"I'm quite ready, papa. Goodbye, mamma darling! Oh, you won't forget that your sleeping powders are in the little box with a glass top?"

"And here's the store book, in your drawer. Oh, and Dick's shoes will be done to-night; you'll send him for them, mamma?"

"Come along, child!" laughed her papa, you must leave us all to our fate now, or give up your visit to Rowden; the train is due in fifteen minutes."

"One more kiss then, mamma!" and Ethel snatched up her pretty satchel and tripped away. And when the important train left the station it had a bright-faced

young passenger aboard, "duly ticketed and checked," as her papa said, and snugly settled for a pleasant journey.

"Goodbye, Chick!" said her papa; "Don't worry your little head about home matters, but have a real good time, mind!"

His little daughter felt like obeying this command to the letter. She could not help smiling to herself for very pleasure as the train

sped away; it was such a delightful experience, setting off by herself in this way; and then the charming visit in prospect.

"Years ago," as she said, when but a mite of a child, Ethel had spent a few days at the home of her papa's cousin, Mrs. Mason, and her dim recollections of it were as of a fairy land. And now she was in-

"Here is my little cousin, all safe!" said Mrs. Mason, affectionately. "Now ponies, make haste and take us home! Do you remember how the old place looks, darling?"

"Oh, yes, Cousin Sybil, I remember the lake, and the boat-house, and the swing, and the soldier up on top of the barn that shows which way the wind is, and oh, ever so many things!"

They were all there, the lake, in all its tranquil beauty; the boat-house, with its tempting boats; the old soldier, still on guard; the terraced garden, and lovely grounds; and our dear little Cousin Harold, ready to do the honors and show Ethel all over the place. How charming it all was!

Before many hours had passed, Ethel's brow had quite lost its care-worn pucker, and she seemed a merry child again, as she rambled and frolicked with Harold.

"Oh, de'ar papa and mamma!" she wrote after her first two days at Rowden, "I am having such a grand time!"

"I go out rowing with Harold two or three times a day, and I can row quite nicely already, they say. And I am learning to ride horse-back, too. And the house is just full of pretty things; and Cousin Sybil and Col. Mason and all are so kind!"

"I thank you all the time in my heart for letting me come. And I hope mamma is feeling nicely, and does not want me very much. Your loving, ETHEL."

The second week of Ethel's visit had begun, and so far every day had brought her some new and unexpected pleasure, for her kind friends seemed determined that their little guest should enjoy her stay to the utmost. But the best of all, it seemed, was yet to come.



"IT WAS A VERY THOUGHTFUL FACE WHICH WAS FRAMED BY THE UPRAISED HOOP."

vised there for two whole weeks! "Cousin Sybil is just as kind as she can be!" thought the happy child.

"And there she is herself, waiting for me!" she exclaimed, when the train reached Rowden Station. And in her haste to get out she would have left her satchel on the seat if an old gentleman had not smilingly handed it to her.

Ethel was resting after a morning ride, and was amusing herself with a portfolio of fine engravings, when Harold came running to find her, his cheeks all aglow with excitement.

"Oh, Cousin Ethel," he cried, "where do you think we are going to-morrow?"

"You'll never guess! We're all going to Mount Wayne to spend the day. Oh, you can't think how lovely it is there! And the Eltons are to meet us, and we'll have a picnic dinner, you know; and we can see the cave, and oh, it will be so nice!"

"Papa said I'd better not think too much about it, for fear it might rain; but if it does, we can go the next day, you know. Now, aren't you glad?—as glad as I am?"

"Yes, indeed; I think it will be delightful!" cried Ethel, who had heard a good deal about Mount Wayne.

"There! Now I must go to old Mrs. Brown's with that basket of peaches. I almost forgot it! Don't you want to walk down there with me, Ethel? Oh no; you said you were tired, so I won't let you! But get all rested, so we can have a run with our hoops when I come back; that's a darling cousin!"

Ethel laughed, and promised the hoop race. Then, as Harold bounded away she went on with the portfolio, and was so much interested in the beautiful pictures that she did not notice when Colonel Mason entered the parlor with his wife. They did not see Ethel, and went on talking about a letter which Mrs. Mason held in her hand.

"It is quite too bad!" she said. "I don't think I ought to tell the child anything about it. She certainly needs this little change, if ever a child did—and deserves it, too!"

"Do you suppose Alicia is really any worse?" asked the Colonel.

"Probably not; but if she is a little more nervous than usual, I don't wonder they think so."

Ethel started, on hearing her mamma's name. What had happened? Her hands trembled as she laid the engravings aside; and, when Mrs. Mason saw her frightened face, she came hastily forward and kissed her.

"I did not know you were there, Ethel dear; you need be alarmed. Yes, I have just had a letter from Aunt Susan. She says your mamma seems very poorly; but I do not think it is anything serious, or your papa would have let us know."

"Poor mamma, I'm afraid she misses me!" said Ethel. "Do you know, Cousin Sybil, she always says I make her feel better, just stroking her head when it aches. Isn't it strange?"

"I have no doubt she misses you, dear; but she will soon have you at home again. And, in the meantime, you must run about, and play all you can, so as to go back bright and well. That is the best way to fit yourself to be a good nurse, you know."

Ethel smiled faintly, but she felt restless and uneasy. She went out to find her hoop, and was ready for her game with Harold, and then went downwards towards the gate to meet him.

It was a very thoughtful face which was framed by the upraised hoop, as the little girl sauntered slowly down the walk.

"Perhaps I ought to go right home, this afternoon!" was the feeling of her heart. But then came the thought of the picnic at

Mount Wayne, and of the four more happy days which she had so counted upon.

"Papa said I mustn't think about home until the two weeks are up! Papa would write if he wanted me to come home!"

And seeing Harold running up the road, Ethel trundled her hoop down to meet him. A lively race followed, with Snap and Midget, the dogs both chasing the flying hoops.

"Oh, Ethel!" Harold exclaimed, as they were summoned to dinner; "it is the best fun in the world having you here. I wish you needn't ever go home!"

But this remark brought back very sober thoughts to Ethel's mind. She watched Cousin Sybil's face, while at dinner, and fancied that she looked rather grave and troubled in spite of the pleasant chat which she kept up.

After dinner Ethel followed her to the sitting-room. "Cousin," she said; "don't you think I had better go home to-day? Do you think mamma needs me? I'm afraid she does."

Mrs. Mason hardly knew what to reply, but after a moment she took from her pocket a telegram and gave it to Ethel, who read these words:

"Do not send Ethel if it grieves her very much. F. E. RAY."

"Why, this is from papa: what does it mean, Cousin Sybil?"

"I think, dear, he must have known what Aunt Susan had written; but he does not want you to shorten your visit if it will make you feel very badly. I am sure it would grieve us all, my darling!"

Ethel's eyes had rested upon a beautiful motto which hung over the lounge on which her cousin sat:

"Even Christ pleased not Himself."

The words seemed to help her to decide.

"If you please, dear cousin," she said, trying to smile, "I think I would rather go home this afternoon."

Mrs. Mason kissed her very fondly.

"You are a dear child!" she said. "But now run away and make much of the two hours before we must start for the station! I will pack up your things and you can have one more nice row on the lake."

"There comes Harold: I don't know what he will say to you!" she added, shaking her head playfully.

Harold had a good deal to say; but for all this, and her own many regrets, Ethel felt glad every moment on the way home, that she had not pleased herself by staying longer.

ART.

M. ALEXIS AXITELLE, a pupil of Gerôme, took this year the Grand Prix de Rome.

The frieze of the Hartford memorial arch is gray terra cotta, made of New Jersey clay. The arch itself is built of brown stone.

THIRTY-TWO artists have been knighted in England since the foundation of the Royal Academy; Sir J. D. Linton, a painter in water colors, is the last to receive the honor.

THE "Ornithologist," a picture by Millais, in the academy, has been sold to Australia for \$25,000. That far-off country is coming to be one of the best markets for fine pictures.

A MONUMENTAL bust, in bronze, of Washington Irving has been finished by a sculptor in Brunn, Austria, for Dr. Werner, of this city, who will present it to Central Park.

DURING the discussion of "Aestheticism in Worship," at the Church Congress, on Wednesday morning, October 22, many suggestive and valuable ideas were advanced concerning the uses and relations of the beautiful in divine worship. Its mystical essence and its spiritual genesis were generally recognized. Yet not a little haziness, as might have been anticipated, was felt in the air during the elucidation of a subject that always fits from the grasp of a searching analysis.

The beautiful was recognized as a radiance from One Who hath appeared out of Zion in perfect beauty. But in the particulars of divine worship, the purely representative and symbolical ministry of the beautiful was, at best, very dimly recognized, if at all. The decorative office of the beautiful, even in the sanctuary, seemed to express the conclusion of most of the thinking, that is, the superficial graces and harmonies of color and form which refresh and stimulate the sensibilities and perceptions in finely considered artistic embellishments of houses and homes, are to reappear in costlier and better elaboration in the sanctuary of the Lord. Indeed, the Levitical prescriptions given under divine inspiration or command are referred to in favor of a religious aestheticism, while no one attempted to establish the spiritual significances and meanings which quickened every thought, and the minutest particular of construction, material, color, and texture, up to the jeweled, mystic splendor of the high priest's glowing breast-plate. It would have been quite in place to insist that God makes and does nothing without a substantive meaning. There is no such thing as a dumb, insignificant color, hue, tone, sound, form or perspective. There are neither cyphers nor zeros in the divine economy. A sanctuary adorned in a purely conventional spirit, under the direction of a refined and sensitive culture, is nothing holier and better than a drawing-room or state apartment, as to the offices of the beautiful.

In the sanctuary, a spiritual significance attaches to every particular of color, form, material and sound, or the beautiful has an earthy, meretricious flavor. The beauty of holiness is specific, necessary, constitutional. It is the definite and articulate expression of spiritual and heavenly truths, and experiences. It lies in the plane of that supernatural intelligence that makes the earth and all that is therein, as well as the firmament and the heaven's vocal and declarative of the glory of God. And unless the beautiful so set forth in the garniture of the sanctuary is found declarative of the divine glories, accordantly with the earthly and heavenly voices, we have nothing better than "sweet bells jangled out of tune," dispersed and unrelated elements untouched with life.

Here lies the inner distinction between aestheticism in its social or secular and its religious development. In its worship, its touchstone is disclosure—proclamation of the Divine Beauty after a mystic yet intelligible manner. We do not strain, vainly, after the evangel of the Dove, or the Lamb, or the Vine and its clusters, or the Sheaf of Wheat, or the ruddy blood-color, or the glistening whiteness of vestments for priest and altar, or the glow of silver and golden vessels, or the burning candles, lighted for Him who is verily and forever the Light of the World.

Anything outside and below this range of holy significances is mere *bric-a-brac*—an exploiting of the merest *diletantism*.

And there is neither room nor place nor use for prettiness, or sensuous or unspiritual grace, in that which sets forth the Eternal Holy of Holies in a living figure. Here is where we are endangered by the unconscious impiety and profanity of the mere decorator. Many a well-meaning clergyman and vestry

have been unknowingly put off with the counterfeit presentment of religious art in church and chancel embellishment.

Spiritual significance is the secret of mediæval Christian art. The fervor of prayer, the breath of praise, the joy of faith, the aspiration for heaven, are all within it, and constitute its life. When we pray and adore and love and aspire as did our elder brothers, the cathedral builders and artificers of sanctuaries and their adornments, we shall begin to read them and their works aright, and learn how to take up and carry forward their beautiful labors of love and faith.

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L'AVENIR A MONTELE. The only French Episcopal paper. Yearly subscription, \$1.50. First issue begins October 15th, 1884. Editor Rev. C. MILL, pastor of Saint Saviour, Philadelphia. Address 315 South 21st St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PARAGRAPHIC.

NEAR Chatham, N. C., an oak tree has grown from the grave of a man who was buried seventy-five years ago. The tree is now five feet in diameter.

THERE was collected for the Ladies' Home Missionary Society last year, in cash, stores, etc., \$807,802. It has labored at the Five Points for thirty-five years.

THE University of Heidelberg is to come into possession of the one hundred and twenty manuscripts and several thousand printed volumes which belonged to the noted bookseller, Mr. Trübner.

The Central Committee for protecting and perpetuating the separation of Church and State in the matter of freedom of worship are doing a good work. There needs to be a constitutional provision on the subject.

THE Norwood Institute is located at Washington, and it ranks many persons of prominence among its patrons. It is under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cabell, and has an excellent course of instruction.

IN the proprietary medicine business there was invested at the last census \$10,620,000, and the annual product is valued at \$14,682,000. Some twenty-five of the medicines manufactured has a large sale in England.

THE British colonies have the largest and richest forests in the world, but in Great Britain the timber land is rapidly decreasing. In Scotland, of 20,000,000 square acres only from 700,000 to 800,000 acres are wood land.

ST. MARK'S Workingmen's Club and Institute, Philadelphia, in its fifteenth annual report, shows receipts to the amount of \$2,061.01, and a library fund of \$491.36. It has 488 members, and is, with its various instrumentalities, in a vigorous condition.

IN the late Franco-Chinese war in Tonquin it was noticed that the bodies of the Chinese, when slain, did not decompose, but merely became discolored and like mummies, and were left, except the eyes, untouched by birds of prey. It is attributed to the effect of the opium habit upon the body.

THE register of the Hannah More Academy, the diocesan school of Maryland, shows that last year there were sixty-three pupils in attendance, and that it has graduated seventeen classes. It is at Reisterstown, Maryland, and the Rev. A. J. Rich is rector. The register fully sets forth its many advantages.

IN the year 1865 the number of insane persons in the hospitals of Massachusetts, October 1, was 1,456. In 1885, at the same date, the number was more than 3,700, or two and one-half times as many, while the increase in the population has been hardly 60 per cent. It is estimated that nine-tenths of the present patients are incurable.

CRITICS in art are not infallible. Mr. Millais painted a picture of a flood in Scotland, and floating on the stream was represented a jug, which the Scotch call a pig. Thereupon the critic, who had not seen the picture, said that the pig was so painted as to seem to be cutting his own throat, as is often said of pigs when swimming. Millais received the intelligent praise.

INDIVIDUALS in this country have given magnificent sums in the interest of education. Stephen Girard devoted \$8,000,000 to this object, John Hopkins, \$3,148,000, Judge Packer, \$3,000,000, Isaac Rich, \$1,700,000, John C. Green and his residuary legatees, \$1,500,000, and Commodore Vanderbilt and Ezra Cornell, each \$1,000,000. Those who have given in the hundred thousands would make a long list.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1885.

The prominent feature of Church life during the week has been the mission held in St. Luke's church, Brooklyn. The workers from abroad who have been engaged in conducting the services are missionaries belonging to the Parochial Mission Society of the Church of England, an organization which has existed in that Church for thirty years, and has lately showed very great activity. The success attending the work in the single parish of St. Luke's gives promise of very favorable results for the more extended mission to be held during Advent in New York in connection with many parishes of the city. The Church in this country has heretofore hardly at all employed efforts of this kind, for the reason that in other bodies they have seemed to be carried to an extreme, and tend to an excessive individualism, and to end often in irreligion and infidelity. If they are controlled by the Church, and the fruits are carefully garnered into the Church, these extra agencies, sanctioned by ancient usage, seem not only legitimate, but very desirable as a proper method of quickening the spiritual life of the Church's members, and bringing in those who are without. It is necessary at times to "stir the fires," however well and smoothly the machinery may be running.

The first report of Governor Swineford of Alaska has reached Washington, and gives a most interesting account of the condition and resources of that hyperborean territory. Of the rich and various natural products of the country there is not space here to speak further than to say that they are so abundant that a large population will no doubt be attracted thither in the near future. The climate, moreover, of the entire littoral region south of Bering's Strait is so far modified by a thermal current that it is more favorable to crops than are many inhabited portions of Canada, the thermometer at Sitka, for instance, rarely indicating much less than zero. The part of Governor Swineford's report, however, which most interests us is that which speaks of the native inhabitants of the territory.

The Aleuts or native Alaskans are said to be altogether different from the Indians of the United States and Canada. They belong to the same race as the inhabitants of Kamchatka, but are described as more intelligent than their congeners of Asia. They are exceedingly anxious, it is said, for the establishment of English schools, and their children show more than the average aptitude for study. The whole people may be said to be nominally Christian, having been converted by missionaries of the Greek Church. Like most of the Pacific races, however, the Aleuts are described as exceedingly intemperate and immoral, and are therefore in peculiar jeopardy from the unscrupulous and unprincipled people of the white race who are likely to resort thither, in increasing numbers. There is special need of missionary effort in that quarter, and at once, not only for the sake of the natives, but also for the sake of the white settlers of that distant portion of our

country. Certainly our own Church should realize its responsibility for the religious condition of Alaska. It is interesting to remember that one of the last communications which the late venerable Presiding Bishop ever made to the Church, was a letter on the subject of a mission to that territory, which was printed not long before his death, in the columns of this journal.

Among the notable essays toward unity which distinguish the Christian thought of the day, nothing of more significance and interest has appeared than the paper entitled "The United Churches of the United States," in the last number of "The Century," by Prof. Charles W. Shields. There is not space in these columns for a summary of Prof. Shields's argument. It must suffice to say that after discussing the various points of agreement in doctrine and worship between the different religious bodies in this land, he points out with much clearness that actual unity is likely to be realized first of all in the matter of worship, and that the Book of Common Prayer must be the basis upon which such unity shall be effected. [In response to this the learned divine, Dr. J. H. Egar, urges in our columns to-day that the words "according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America" be stricken from the title-page of the Prayer Book.]

As regards doctrinal agreement, it is hardly to be expected, perhaps, that a Presbyterian divine like Prof. Shields should readily discern the tendency among all confessions to abandon dogmatic standards in favor of the simpler and more profound creeds and symbols of which those standards were but the attempts of particular eras or schools to give philosophical expression; but it is much to observe the readiness with which the Professor makes little of doctrinal differences, and postpones their settlement until unity shall have been substantially reached on other grounds.

It is also very significant of his breadth of learning, as well as liberality, that he should see and point out, as he does, that of the three forms of ecclesiastical polity mentioned by him—the independent, the presbyterian and the episcopal, the last is the highest, and naturally the one in which unity is to be reached, inasmuch as it includes and comprehends all that is good in each of the others.

Finally, in arguing that liturgical agreement is even now being approached, and is likely soon to be reached on the basis of the Book of Common prayer, it is instructive to note that he is careful to mention the English Prayer Book rather than our own. The reason for this, apparently, is not that he faults our Prayer Book, or prefers the English service; but it is because it will be more logical and more easy for the various Protestant bodies in the land to return to the formularies of the English mother, whose children most of them are, than to nite on the ground occupied by the American Episcopal Church, which, though she be the one faithful daughter among all the English-speaking religious bodies of the

country, has hitherto been, however unjustly, regarded by the rest more as a rival than as the lawful representative of the mother. Though the professor does not say this in words, yet it is, perhaps, a fair inference from what he does say; and we do not quarrel with it.

It is more than likely that, if the many sects of English-speaking Protestants are ever to be united, it must be not by a formal movement toward the Protestant Episcopal Church, but toward the seat of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, the chair of Augustine of Canterbury.

It is greatly to be hoped that the recent elections will not too much discourage the "independent voter; for he is a most desirable factor in politics, albeit not so potent or masterful, perhaps, as he has sometimes fancied himself to be. That the late elections did not altogether go as he would have had them is probably not an unmitigated misfortune so far as he is concerned; for it must be remembered that elections are carried by ballots and not by moral essays, no matter how edifying, published in the columns of ever so respectable newspapers; and it is quite likely that the independent voter needed to be taught that success in politics must be won by entering into sympathy with the masses, and working with the masses, both in the primary meetings and at the polls.

Such leadership, moreover, would save our independent voter from that tendency toward transcendentalism in politics which continually besets the doctrinaire, and continually tempts him to forget that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Moreover, it is not to be forgotten that he is not merely for what the independent voter does or even says that he is to be valued; but it is because the fear of him and the dread of him are a wholesome terror to the machine politician, and often compel nominating conventions to place better tickets in the field than they otherwise would.

We would say, then, to the independent voter: Be not cast down. You are really more useful than, at this juncture, you appear to be. You are really the "saving element" now and here, as always and everywhere. Continue to be virtuous, and you will be as happy as it is in your nature to be; but if you would be immediately and directly successful, do not disdain to study "practical politics," and to bring your better mind and better ethics to bear upon the primary meeting as well as upon "the country at large."

The endowment of three fellowships by Professor Tyndall, one at Columbia College, one at Yale College, and one at the University of Pennsylvania, for the promotion and encouragement of original study and research in physical science, is a notable event in the history of education. For some time past it has been evident to thoughtful observers that the study of natural science was being pursued with an enthusiasm so generous and high-minded, not to say devout, that it gives promise of rising into a cult that would have a definite and by no means unfriendly relation to Christianity.

The enthusiasm of propagandism, such as is evidenced by these foundations established by Professor Tyndall, is one of the evidences of this, and as such we welcome it most cordially. When men begin to feel such love for the truth which they know, and for their fellow men who as yet know it not, that they must needs proclaim it at the cost of real devotion and genuine self-sacrifice, they are already kindred in spirit with the preachers of the true Gospel of Jesus Christ; and such evangelists are to be welcomed, not resisted.

Indeed, it has been pointed out more than once, that modern science is becoming more and more theological in temper and tone. It rests largely with Christian teachers whether it may not speedily become more religious as well as theological. Instead of the bootless antagonism that has raged so long between science and religion, it is time that the proposed relationship of the two should be recognized. Already thoughtful divines clearly see that science is but a department of theology. The time is coming, and that soon, when Christian theology will be recognized by all philosophical minds as a matter of profoundest interest and concern to science.

The temptation to indulge in "fine writing" was too great for the Boston reporter when he would give an account of Canon Farrar. This is how he begins: "Bostonians who may have fancied they detected a trace of the Gallic passion for superlatives in the traditions that have come down to us from the generation of a Bossuet or a Massillon on the scenes attending the palm days of pulpit oratory, could have found analogies to warrant their credulity, at the appearance of Archdeacon Farrar at Trinity."

After describing the crowd and the opening service, he continues: "During the chanting of a hymn a striking surplised figure was seen to move from the inner part of the sanctuary, pass to the Gospel side, and mount the steps leading to the pulpit. Every eye was turned, and it is not unfair to presume that there was a manifest tincture of personal curiosity, for this was the man whom they had thronged to see and hear."

The following goes straight to the point: "The impression, based on a survey of form, features, and bearing, as well as pulpit utterance, is that one is in the presence of a man distinctively and before all things an ecclesiastic." How disappointing it would be, after a survey of Canon Farrar, to gain the impression that he was not an ecclesiastic! But the reporter was all the more sure he was looking upon an ecclesiastical personage when he saw that the preacher wore "around his neck, and reaching far down on his face (sic) surplice, a black stole, while just behind the shoulders hung a crimson scarf somewhat suggestive of the pallium worn by archbishops in the Catholic Church as insignia of their office."

Having got the canon into the pulpit and described his dress, the reporter proceeds to describe the canon's mind: "It is, perhaps, not too great a stretch of imagination to say that his mind, as well as expression, are of the eagle kind, without the hardness or the rapacity, but with the lofty range of vision and the incisive directness of pursuit." At this point of the reporter's notes it must

have occurred to him that his readers would like to know how the canon's mind is like an eagle, and so he says: "In the treatment of the subject yesterday he opens with a comprehensive glance over the whole environment, and rapidly carries the mind, by narrowing circles, into its heart and meaning."

Well, of course, as Canon Farrar is a distinguished speaker and writer, how could he be reported without some fine writing?

The Secretary of the New England Divorce Reform League suggests that on the approaching Thanksgiving Day sermons should be preached "On the Family, the divine laws by which its purity is guarded, the dangers by which it is menaced, and the precious interests involved in the issue." We gladly give a place to this suggestion, with the expression of an earnest hope that it may be generally acted on throughout the entire country. With divorce statistics and the fearful lessons which they teach, there is not space here to deal. Our own Church is honorably distinguished by the high ground she has taken in this matter, and is not negligent, it is to be supposed, in giving to her people the right kind of teaching in regard to it. Nevertheless, the evil is one that cannot be counteracted by any one religious body, no matter how influential. It threatens not merely the religious but the civic interests of the whole people. No pains should be spared to secure and utilize an agreement among all patriotic and respectable people on a subject of such vital importance; and we trust that on the one day in the year when the civil authority bids the people to worship, and then commends them to family and domestic rejoicing, all the pulpits of the land may unite in teaching the sanctity and inviolability of the family tie, and the necessity of family purity to the nation's welfare and the nation's existence.

The arrest of the perpetrators of the dynamite outrages in St. Louis, and the reported espousal of their cause by a local society of the Knights of Labor, confirm what has been said in these columns concerning the responsibility of that organization for all such crimes committed by its members. It does not matter that the order, in its representative assemblies and through its officers, condemns offences against property and society. It is sufficient that it should excite passions which it cannot control, and propose objects to be obtained without power to prevent unlawful attempts to attain them on the part of its own adherents, to fix upon it the responsibility for all the wrong that shall ensue. It is to be remembered, moreover, that even this is not the measure of its responsibility. It is committed to methods that, in being extra-legal, are liable at any moment to become unlawful, and, in going outside of the law for redress of grievances, they to that extent discredit law and antagonize it. When to this are added its secrecy, by which it is exempted from the wholesome restraint of public opinion, the irresponsible and autocratic despotism of its leaders, and the despotic and barbarous subordination of the rights of the individual to the alleged interests of the class, it is evident that our free institutions, as well as the rights of property, and the order of society, are in grave jeopardy

from the growing power of the Knights of Labor.

There is an old saying that corporations have no souls. We hear of one corporation in Canada, however, which proposes to use the agencies provided for the soul's cure and culture for the betterment of its business interests. The statement was telegraphed from Montreal, the other day, that "the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, which has lost considerably by the stoppage of travel, will have a mass said in the Church of Notre-Dame de Lourdes, on Tuesday, for the cessation of the epidemic." The reason thus candidly assigned for this act of devotion and intercession strikes one, at first sight, as rather grotesque. When hundreds of people are dying under the stroke of the pestilence, and many hundreds more are agonizing in the ghastly wards of St. Roch's and other lazaret-houses, it sounds odd to hear of an intercession for the stay of the plague on the ground that somebody "has lost considerably by the stoppage of travel." Perhaps, however, the mention of this motive, instead of a higher one, is only another way of affirming that corporations are soulless. We suppose that the only interest that the aforesaid navigation company—quoad a navigation company—can have in the epidemic of small-pox is the pecuniary interest it has in the matter of more or less travel, and that it is simply honest in pleading that interest and no other, which rare honesty, again, might argue for its having a rare soul. Whether such an interest constitutes a fit ground for religious intercession, under the circumstances, is one question, and whether a thing so soulless that it cannot honestly put forward any higher plea is capable of properly making or securing a religious intercession at all is another question, the answers to which depend on certain philosophical and theological considerations, which our readers may make at their leisure.

In a letter written for publication, Mr. Spurgeon denies having said or done aught in defense of the establishment. He then goes on to point out that in his opinion the longer continuance of the establishment is not defensible, since the union of Church and State is unscriptural. Of course it goes without saying that the distinguished Baptist preacher is only logical in holding this position. It is the honorable distinction of the religious body to which he belongs, that alone of the independent sects it has been consistent in refusing to accept to the civil magistrate for the support of religion, and in declining to aspire to civil domination in matters ecclesiastical. It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of such a distinction among the religious bodies of England, and of the freedom and dignity which have for this reason seemed to belong to the Baptists. With disestablishment, however, this distinction of the Baptists will pass away. While it can hardly be said that if there had been no establishment there would have been no Baptists, it is at least certain that when the establishment shall cease, there will remain no sufficient reason for the Baptists to continue as a separate body. Whether there is at this time any such reason, is, of course, another question, concerning the answer to which we have no doubt whatever. We only say

that so long as Mr. Spurgeon continues to be a Baptist, he is logical in favoring disestablishment; and that with disestablishment, he will be equally logical in ceasing to be a Baptist.

It is not merely an illustration, perhaps, of the genius which the Irish have for organizing faction against faction, but it is a stroke of genuine statesmanship that an extensive political body should have been formed called "The Irish Defence Union," whose object is to counteract the "National League," and defend the existing union with England. The organized resistance which it opposes to boycotting in all its forms will of itself do much to invite the support of all the more intelligent and influential classes; and if the organization can be wisely and energetically worked, it is more than likely that it will effectually checkmate Mr. Parnell, whose misfortune is that his movement is supported by methods that are wholly indefensible, and that must sooner or later bring his cause into utter disrepute.

The Irish Defence Union held its first meeting in London last week, and certainly succeeded in parading a good deal of social and political influence. It is said that three dukes, four marquises, fourteen earls, a score of viscounts and barons, several M. P.'s and other prominent people were placed on the executive committee, to say nothing of the chairman, who was only an earl; and that large subscriptions of money were freely made without solicitation, for the suppression of boycotting, and the other objects of the body.

How far this formidable array of the aristocracy and gentry may strike terror to the hearts of Ireland's "fierce democracy," it is hard to say. One thing is certain, however, and that is that unless the National League shall somehow or other be able to suppress boycotting and other savagery among its adherents, it will not be difficult for the "Defence Union" or any other enlightened organization of earnest, law-abiding men to withstand its influence, and finally to put it down.

DISESTABLISHMENT AND DISENDOWMENT

There is at the present day one great element of uncertainty in the political horizon of England. The two million new voters, whose enfranchisement is now a fact, have yet to record their opinions and show where they stand. What their predisposition is, no one can say with certainty. Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals, all hope to win them. In the present condition of affairs, it can easily be seen what an impetus is given by this uncertain element to all issues which could not be brought before the existing electorate with any sure hope of success. And so it is that the Liberationists have decided to make another earnest effort in the coming campaign. They hope to win over the new voters, and thus bring about the end for which they are so desirous—the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England. Here is an important issue, and the question naturally presents itself, how should Christians in the United States, removed as they are from the scene, view this movement?

It is to be noticed that it is not merely a

question of disestablishment. There may have been a time when disestablishment alone was sought, but that time is past. Disendowment—the taking from the Church the property which at present she enjoys—is now an integral part of the whole scheme, and must be kept constantly in view in our consideration of it. In fact, disendowment is to be the main strength of the movement. It is this which will form the subject of many a tempting speech to the new electors. The hope that some of the wealth of the Church will in some way come to them, will, without doubt, allure many voters; and, further, no opponent of the Church wishes for disestablishment apart from disendowment, because it would create too powerful a body within the state free from the controlling power which the state at present possesses.

Disestablishment in this way, with the accompanying disendowment, would deal a heavy blow at the Church, weakening much her power for usefulness. One may say that the introduction of the voluntary system would heal the effects of this blow, and it might. But anyone who knows how people feel who have always been accustomed to receive their religious education without directly paying for it, will realize that it would take time to train them to the new system. This blow, moreover, would fall hardest just where it can least be borne, that is on the country parishes. The church, often of great architectural beauty, is the centre of life in most of the villages of England. The vicar is the connecting link between the squire and the cottage people. All houses are open to him and, through the connection of the Church with the state, he is in a measure a state officer, whose duty it is to bring religion home to all the people of the town. These villages are generally poor, but the vicar is not dependent upon the people for his stipend. It is the endowment that guarantees the continuous presence of a pastor.

Take away now this endowment and what follows? Certainly prostration of the religious life, at least for a time. In some villages it would be utterly impossible to support a vicar, and, if upheld at all, there would be need of outside help. An idea of what would happen in the poorer parishes may be gained from the fact that in East London at the present day Dissenters are not able to uphold churches, and it is the Established Church alone which is working to spread the Gospel there. The effect which disestablishment and disendowment would have upon the poorer parishes in the country and elsewhere, is with right being brought forward very distinctly. In the rich parishes there would probably be no especially marked change in the religious life, but men may well pause and consider before they decide to take a step which would place upon an insecure basis the opportunity which the poorer classes have of hearing the Gospel.

Most important, however, is the consideration of the proposal which lies at the root of the whole movement, and which needs to be made so clear that every one may realize what its success would mean. Disestablish and disendow the Church, it is said, and devote the money thus obtained to education. The burden of the school rates upon the poor would thus be lightened, and the spread of knowledge facilitated. This sounds

plausible and attractive; but, looked at more closely, its plain and simple meaning is, sacrifice religion upon the altar of education. Would that education might become in every class more extensive and more intensive, but this would be a price far too dear. It seems to me that the thought of the results of this step should cause every Christian man to look unfavorably upon the present movement. The accumulations of past generations, from gift either of the state or of private individuals, for the purpose of religious instruction and training are to be taken away and turned into other channels. This would be a very great enmity not only to Christianity, but also to the cause of religion itself. No one doubts that education can be left to make its own claims felt; but it is no right thing to cast away an inheritance devoted to the spread of religion, to give up one single advantage which past generations have left to the Church of Christ. It would be a startling thing to have the English people record their approval of such a blow at the cause of religion. This issue cannot be dimmed or blurred over. The success of the present movement would not mean merely that the people of England wish to have Church and State separate. Its real meaning would be that they give their consent to the turning to other purposes of the money at present devoted to the religious training of the nation. It is hard to see how any earnest Christian man can give his vote for such a cause.

I have looked at the question solely from the Christian's standpoint, for it is the only side upon which there can be any discussion. It is but natural that the unbeliever should oppose to the utmost of his power the "extitabilis superstitio." Mr. Labouchere, in giving a list of pledges to be exacted from Radical candidates in the coming campaign, places at the head, "the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church." Another prominent leader frankly declares, that the place of the Liberatorist is not in the chapel or in the Sunday-school, but in the Radical Club. It is not in the least surprising to find these men doing their utmost to thrust the Church from her present position and deprive her of her resources. But the strength of the movement is not here. Important allies are found in the dissenters. The one solitary aim of the English Church is to bring Christ before men. Whatever may have been her shortcomings in the past, at the present she throbs with life. The most heartfelt wish of her clergy and instructors is to be able the more effectively to spread the Gospel. The Church is striving with renewed vigor to reach a people that has been increasing with great rapidity. And yet dissenters, who have been and are doing such good work in the same great course, consent to join in a movement which will strike such a blow at their fellow Christians. Surely here is brother ranged against brother, and there is a terrible misunderstanding somewhere.

The English Church has many sins to repent of. There are many things which one would gladly see changed, none more gladly than her most loyal members. And yet in recognizing these one must not forget her excellencies. With her historical position, her organization and her comprehensiveness, Protestantism can ill afford to have her crippled as she would be by the success of

the present movement. With Romanism threatening on the one hand, and on the other Materialism which is endeavoring to numb every religious feeling which man possesses, it behooves Protestants to show in deed their brotherhood by uniting, and giving the greatest possible strength to their efforts against superstition, ignorance and sin. Would that the dissenters of England might unite upon the common ground which the English Church affords them; so that the Mother Church, appropriating the different elements of the truth which they each represent, might become the better able to perform the great work. But if this cannot be hoped for, all Christian men may at least be asked to consider, if they will be doing the cause of Christ any good by joining, or encouraging the present movement for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England.

PHILIP M. WASHBURN.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

Owing to the prevalence of small-pox in Montreal, the Church Congress, which was to have met there this month, has been postponed indefinitely. This is unfortunate, as the Congress was just beginning to attain permanency among us, without having as yet made itself an assured success. The small-pox panic is spreading over the Province of Ontario, and compulsory vaccination is being enforced in large towns and cities by school trustees and others in authority.

The Diocese of Qu'Appelle, under Bishop Anson, still continues the model progressive diocese of the Dominion.

During this year eight churches have been erected, all of which are nearly free of debt. The Church Farm, of which we have heard so much of late, was formally opened on the feast of SS. Simon and Jude. The bishop has formed a "Brotherhood of Labor" in connection with the farm, which has been "founded for those who desire to help the work of the Church by the devotion of their lives and the work of their hands." The rules are very simple, the object of the brotherhood being to afford a preliminary course of training to those whose age or attainments do not warrant their admission as candidates for Holy Orders. The brothers will be admitted at a special service. For the first year they will be probationers, after which if found faithful they will be admitted for three years, at the expiration again of which period a profession can be made for any number of years that may be desired. The following are the rules:

First.—To give themselves to any work which may be set by the superior, remembering that all work, however humble, is sanctified and made honorable by being done for Christ's sake. The most humble is often the most useful.

Second.—To yield implicit obedience to the superior in all things lawful.

Third.—To attend regularly such hours of devotion as may be appointed (probably three or four).

Fourth.—To use daily a special memorial prayer for the brotherhood.

Fifth.—To observe faithfully the fasts and festivals of the Church.

MOTTO.

Ora et Labora.

If any brother will not perform the work assigned to him, or if his conduct is in any way discredit to his profession he may be at once expelled from the community by the superior. At service in the chapel and at

meals the brothers will be habited in cassocks. Probably this is the first attempt of the kind in connection with the Church on this continent, and its progress will be watched with much interest. Bishop Anson seems to have the rare faculty of infusing his own zeal and enthusiasm into all those with whom he comes in contact. Toronto, it appears more than likely, will soon have a cathedral worthy of the city and diocese. At a recent meeting of the chapter a report was presented, showing that the walls of the choir and chancel had already reached a height of nine feet. The crypt or basement is to be roofed in and used for worship during the winter. A see house also in close proximity to the cathedral is being erected.

The Cathedral Church of St. John the Baptist, in St. John, Newfoundland, has been formally consecrated by the Bishops of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, assisted by a large number of clergy. There was an immense attendance of the general public and much interest was manifested. The service included a processional and recessional. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Bishop McLean, of Saskatchewan, has been visiting the older provinces on a collecting tour. He reports his diocese in a very prosperous condition, the work among the Indians being especially flourishing. His lordship has received a bequest of \$4,000 for work in his diocese, from the executors of the late James Kyffin Haldemant, York county, Ontario. The Dominion owes an unrepayable debt of gratitude to the Church Missionary Society of England for its labors among the Indians of the Northwest during the last forty years. In the Cumberland district, where there are at least 2,000 communicant members of the Church, there was perfect peace during the late rebellion. All these Indians have been Christianized through the efforts of the C. M. S.

The bishop, during his visitation, did not fail to improve the occasion by pointing out to the Indians the advantages arising from peace and orderliness, and their happy lot, as contrasted with the Indians of the West who went on the war path.

The Board of Management of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, met recently in Kingston, and voted various sums to the Diocese of Algoma, and those in the Northwest, and the English missionary societies. After the session of the board, a Woman's Auxiliary was formed.

The Rev. G. W. Hodgson, deceased, late of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, has bequeathed the reversion of \$32,000 to King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, whence he graduated. A bequest also of \$2,500 has been promised by an aged friend in England upon certain conditions, which the college council have unanimously accepted. The prospects of this venerable seat of learning appears to be brightening. A lectureship in memory of the late Mr. Hodgson is to be agitated, and has already received very influential support.

ENGLAND.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP-ELECT OF SALISBURY.—The Rev. John Wordsworth, Canon of Rochester and Oriol Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, the son of the late Bishop of Lincoln, and grand-nephew of the late Poet Laureate, was consecrated Bishop of Salisbury, in succession to the late Bishop Moberly, on Oct. 28, in Westminster Day, Wednesday, October 28, in Westminster Abbey.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON'S PRIMARY VISITATION.—The Archbishop of Canterbury began his

primary visitation of his diocese on Tuesday, October 20. He preceded the visitation with the celebration of the Holy Communion in the cathedral, after which he delivered his primary charge to the clergy in the chapter house. The subject of the charge was the "Seventfold Gift of the Spirit."

REOPENING OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.—On Wednesday, October 21, the magnificent cathedral of St. Alban's Abbey, which has been restored at a cost of \$350,000, of which \$250,000 was contributed by Sir Edmund Beckett, was reopened by the Bishop of St. Alban's (Dr. Cloughton), in the presence of the mayor and corporation, most of the leading county families, and a large number of clergy. The Archbishop of York preached the sermon.

THE TAIT MEMORIAL AT CANTERBURY.—The memorial of the late Archbishop Tait of Canterbury Cathedral, was unveiled by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Tuesday, October 20. The monument stands in the north transept, and consists of an altar cenotaph of elaborate design, resting on a projecting platform and bearing an effigy. The whole is of white marble and is a work of great artistic beauty. The ceremonial of unveiling was very simple. The Archbishop having unveiled the monument, brief addresses were made by the Bishop of Dover, the Dean of Canterbury, and Earl Sydney, all of whom referred to Archbishop Tait's great aim, to make the Church of England more and more the Church of the people.

SCOTLAND.

THE REPRESENTATIVE CHURCH COUNCIL.—The Representative Church Council of the Scotch Church held its tenth annual meeting in Inverness on October 14 and 15, the Bishop of Glasgow presiding in the absence of the primate. The only matter of general interest in the proceedings was the appointment of a deputation of bishops and clergy to attend the General Convention in Chicago, 1886.

JERUSALEM.

BOOKS FOR THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.—The Rev. Dr. C. R. Hale, of Baltimore, Md., and the Rev. A. Carr, Vicar of Wokingham, Eng., have addressed a letter to the Guardian, stating that a parcel containing forty-nine volumes, chiefly English Theological works, has been despatched to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, for the use of the training school for clergy of the Greek Church at the Convent of the Holy Cross, near Jerusalem. Among those who have contributed copies of their own works and other books are the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop-elect of Salisbury, Canon Lidon, and others.

GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Monday, November 2, being the day following the festival of All Saints, was, according to the custom of this institution, matriculation day; the number of students admitted being thirty-two. The new class is unusually large, while the examinations which, for the first time were written, gave especial satisfaction.

The matriculation services took place in the seminary chapel, the students attending in a holy, together with a large number of clergymen and laymen. Among the former were the Assistant bishop of New York and the Bishops of Albany, Northern New Jersey, and Florida. The Assistant-bishop of New York celebrated the Holy Communion. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Albany. Taking matriculation for the subject of his discourse, he spoke of the motherly relation, as the word implies, of the seminary to its

students. They were to be subject to its regulations, while the seminary was to act the part of a mother, taking them under her care and protection, and bringing her influence to bear in the formation and development of their characters. This, however, the mother could not do without the willing obedience of her children. The mother and child must cooperate if the right results were to be achieved, and such co-operation, he trusted, would be the case on the part of the seminary and its students. Speaking in regard to the Church, the bishop would not insist on minor matters, but felt that the students should have very clear and decided views in regard to the Church organization. At the conclusion of these services, the clergy, students, the faculty, alumni, and trustees, repaired to Sherred Hall, when they proceeded to the site of the new deanery, on the south-east corner of the seminary grounds. On reaching the approach to the corner-stone, the students formed into double lines, between which the bishops and others passed, Psalm xlviii. being read as a processional. The assistant-bishop, standing near the corner-stone, then said: "Christian brethren, it is the lesson of Holy Scripture that, 'except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.' Especially do we cast ourselves on this truth when we are about to lay the corner-stone of a building which is to be the house of the deans of the General Theological Seminary, and humbly supplicate upon this work, and all who are in any way to be connected with it, the Divine assistance, protection, and blessing." He then followed with the prayers and the laying of the corner-stone, in which was placed a box containing a Bible, Prayer Book, Hymnal, a history of the seminary, journals of the General Convention, of the convention of the New York diocese, a Church Almanac, copies of the New York dailies, etc. In a brief address, he spoke of the significance of the work in hand, and especially of its bearings on the domestic life of the clergy. Addresses were also made by the Bishops of Northern New Jersey, Florida, and the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall. The *Gloria in Excelsis* was then sung, when the bishop proceeded with the concluding prayers. The services being ended, the clergy, faculty, guests and students, were entertained at the house of the dean.

It is hoped to have the walls erected, and the deanery shant in by winter, the work being completed the following year. Whether the present dean will occupy the house is uncertain; but it will probably be occupied, in any case, by some of the professors.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—Archdeacon Farrar's Visit.—Archdeacon Farrar's visit to Boston was remarkable beyond his visit to any other eastern city in the interest manifested in his lectures and in his person, but it was noted especially from something not likely to find its way into the secular papers, and yet of interest to all Churchmen. It is a Boston notion, which the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks inaugurated when Dean Stanley made his memorable visit to America in 1878, to bring the clergy together for a breakfast or luncheon when the presence of an English ecclesiastic makes it worth the while. The clergy of the diocese tried this plan upon Dr. Brooks himself two or three years ago, when he returned from his extended tour to the Antipodes. These receptions had an excellent effect in bringing the clergy together as members of a great society, and, working with other unifying agencies, exerted a constant but latent influence which was manifested more and more in the common work of the diocese.

The reception given to Archdeacon Farrar

last week by the rector of Trinity church, to which the bishop and clergy of the diocese were invited, was the third of these social gatherings, and had in it elements of good fellowship and united feeling which any diocesan might court, and which the Bishop of Massachusetts has much reason to be thankful for. When he accepted the episcopate of Massachusetts, it is said that he did so in the hope that he could unite the clergy and laity of that once discordant diocese in the great work that lay before it in the central part of New England. The mildness and gentleness of his active administration have largely, though slowly, brought about that unity, and the gathering to welcome Archdeacon Farrar was memorable, from the fact that it revealed to both bishop and clergy more clearly than ever before that their old-time differences had disappeared, and that they are more strongly united in common purposes, common sympathies and common labors. Wherever Archdeacon Farrar has gone he has done something to diffuse into our ecclesiastical life the best spirit of the English Church, but in Boston he found that spirit already in possession, and did something to kindle it into flame.

BOSTON—St. James's Church, Charlestown.—A beautiful dose of white Turkish sabin has been presented to this church by a member of the congregation, and was used for the first time on All Saints' Day. At the request of the rector many members of the parish brought flowers to the church as memorials of departed friends, to be placed on the altar in the morning, and carried to the graves of the deceased after the service.

A pair of massive brass altar-vases has recently been presented to the church by a parishioner.

BOSTON—Trinity Church.—The annual meeting of the various charitable societies connected with this parish (the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, rector,) was held in the chapel on Saturday, October 31. The rector presided, and made an address. Reports from the different branches of the work of the parish were read. The Ladies' Missionary Society reported receipts to the amount of \$2,179.51, and the Industrial School to the amount of \$1,927. The Employment Society cut over two thousand garments, and distributed them to different homes and hospitals. Their receipts were \$1,325.26. Besides this, \$438 had been used in distributing necessary articles to the poor. After the reports were read the elections for officers and managers for the year were held.

BOSTON—All Saints' Church, Dorchester.—The tenth anniversary of the entrance of the Rev. George S. Bennett on the rectoryship of this parish was observed with appropriate services during October. On Thursday, October 15, the actual date, there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which a large number of communicants received. On Friday there was a reception of the children of the parish at the rectory. On Sunday, October 18, the rector preached his tenth anniversary sermon, in which he gave a review of the growth of the parish from its feeble beginning, eighteen years ago, and dwelt especially on its increase during the decade of his own ministry, during which there had been an advance from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty families, and from twenty-nine to one hundred and seventy-two communicants.

On Sunday afternoon a commemoration service was held by the Sunday-school, at which addresses were made by Mr. George T. Stoddard, the first superintendent, Messrs. H. M. Snell and Thomas Mair, his successor. On Monday evening a reception was held in the

Sunday-school room, at which a large number of past and present parishioners tendered their good wishes to the rector and his wife. During the evening the bishop of the diocese, in the name of the parishioners, presented to the rector a handsome silver private communion service in an oak case, to Mrs. Bennett a case of silver forks, and to both a liberal sum of money. The bishop congratulated rector and people on the good work accomplished during the past ten years, and stated that there was every reason to expect that by the end of another decade the parish might hope to see a stately stone edifice standing among the trees that adorn the church grounds.

BOSTON—Free Church Association.—The annual service of the Free Church Association was held on Sunday, November 1, All Saints' Day, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston (the Rev. G. J. Prescott, rector). The service was said by the rector, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. G. S. Converse and W. C. Winslow. The sermon was by the Rev. E. H. Howe.

The annual meeting was held on Monday afternoon, at the Church Rooms, Boston. The bishop of the diocese read the prayers, and Dr. G. C. Shattuck presided. The Rev. W. C. Winslow read the report of the executive committee, which showed a gratifying diocesan and general growth in the objects of the association. A letter from Archdeacon Farrar was read. It was resolved that the executive committee be permitted to regulate their own times of meeting. The present officers and directors of the association were unanimously re-elected. The treasurer reported \$187.99 in the treasury. There was a two hours session, during which interesting questions with regard to the free church system were discussed by the Rev. Dr. F. Courtney, the Rev. Messrs. L. B. Baldwin, A. C. A. Hall, J. M. Peck, Andrew Gray, G. S. Converse, G. W. Winslow, J. T. Magrath, Messrs. A. J. C. Sowden, H. M. Upham, E. R. Humphreys, and others.

BOSTON—The Clerical Association.—A large number attended the first meeting for the year, on November 2, at the Church Rooms in Boston. Dean Gray presided, and the Rev. W. C. Winslow reported the arrangements made by the committee, after which the Rev. J. Milton Peck read a paper on "Church Guilds."

CONNECTICUT.

NORWICH—St. Andrew's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. W. H. Dean, rector,) on Sunday, November 1, All Saints' Day, preached and confirmed twelve persons, one of whom was from Trinity church. The bishop's sermon was from I Cor. iv., 2, and was a masterly presentation of the truth that every man's life is a trust from God, to be administered faithfully and with self sacrifice for the good of man and the glory of God. The large congregation listened with deep interest. This parish is mainly composed of Englishmen from Lancashire, and as a natural result, its music is hearty and earnest. As an expression of affection for the bishop, the lay choir was vested for the first time, and with the rector rendered the choral service so effectively and impressively that the bishop could not refrain from expressing his satisfaction.

St. Andrew's has been organized as a parish a little over three years, and but for the depression in business, would have erected a chapel this year, so that the many youths, who in factory towns need increased education, could secure it; and the many agencies, such as lectures and a reading-room, could be used for their elevation.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—St. Marks-in-the-Bowery.—This church, which was closed for repairs, was reopened on Sunday, November 1. There was a large congregation present, and the services were conducted by the rector (the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance), assisted by the Rev. Dr. D. C. Weston, and the Rev. Messrs. Brocktholp Morgan, J. L. Johnson, and J. W. Bonham. The rector's sermon was from Psalm cxlii., 1. Alluding to the congregation's desire to return to their newly renovated and beautified church, and his own and their appreciation of the work of the committee who had so faithfully superintended the repairs and adornments, he went on to show that as the works of God in nature are beautiful, houses in which to worship Him should be beautiful also. The sermon closed with a touching allusion to beloved ones departed, who no longer worship God in temples made with hands, but are in joy and felicity, and worship with the spirits of the just in Paradise. In the evening the rector was assisted by the Rev. Messrs. B. Morgan and J. W. Bonham. The sermon was from Hebrews xiii., 2, and set forth how strangers were entertained by the primitive Christians. The hearty reception given to eminent English Churchmen by American ministers of all denominations, and the great respect paid to Archdeacon Farrar, he considered a hopeful sign of the times, and foreshadowing the day when revered Christendom shall be reunited, and all will worship God in spirit and in truth.

To one entering the church and calling to mind its time-honored plainness, the changes wrought must have seemed somewhat surprising. Not only is the work on all sides characterized by brightness and light, but it has given the structure the appearance of greater size.

The scheme of color adopted by the decorators was evidently chosen for the purpose of giving airiness and effect to the building, without interfering with its architectural or constructive features. The domed ceiling divided into numerous rectangular panels of pale greenish blue, each panel being embellished with a quaint golden sun in relief; the dull cream-colored walls, with here and there the symbolic grape-vine and palm; the subdued treatment of the gallery front and pews—all tend to convey a pleasing sense of coolness and distance to which the church was formerly a stranger.

This effect is much heightened by the quiet green-tinted glass occupying the newly placed windows. Of these windows there are five on either side above the galleries, and three or four below.

The treatment of the chancel consists of bright "old ivory" tints relieved by a judicious use of gold upon prominent moldings and carvings, producing a soft, yet sparkling effect. This work serves admirably as a frame for the large picture above the altar, the subject of the picture being what is technically known as "The Majesty."

Beneath the altarpiece the walls are covered with brocade draperies, subdued in color, but adding much to the general effect and forming a good background for the altar and other furniture. This work of decoration was done by the Messrs. Stent & Co.

Other improvements have also been effected, as a new method of gas lighting, principally by circlets around the columns. The placing of a handsome perforated brass screen at the front of the organ gallery, as, also the placing of brass work around the chancel, furnishing the pews and aisles with new covering, carpeting, etc.

Among the new decorations is an imported English painting, representing Christ enthroned. Above it in gold letters is "San-

ctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," and beneath, "Thou art the King of Glory." The beautiful cross just above the altar is a gift from Dr. and Mrs. Rylance, as a memorial of their son.

NEW YORK—American Church Building Fund Commission.—At a meeting of the board of trustees of the commission, held October 13, loans were voted to aid in church building, as follows: to Seahury chapel, Broadhead, Diocese of Wisconsin, \$250.00; mission at Cedar Rapids, Diocese of Nebraska, \$500.00; Grace church, Alexandria, South Dakota Mission, \$500.00; Church of St. Mary Magdalen, Fayetteville, Diocese of Tennessee, \$1,000.

NEW YORK—St. Ann's Church.—On St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, October 28, two ladies were received as probationers into the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, by the rector (the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet). The service was at 11 A. M. The rector celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. E. Krans. The address was made by the Rev. J. Haughton. The large number present at this service evidenced the interest felt in this sisterhood and its work.

NEW YORK—Home and Training School for Girls.—The Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd has opened a training school for girls in the Sisters' House, 191 Ninth Avenue. They have at this time fifteen children under their care. Their desire is to train them in house-work, so that as soon as they are old enough they can earn their own living.

The Sisters' House will be open for visitors every day, except Sunday, after 10 A. M. The sisters trust that all who are interested in this blessed work of rescuing children from their wretched homes, and training them as Christian children "to learn and labor truly, to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call them," will aid in this work and labor of love. It is truly a work of faith. There is no endowment. A friend has become responsible for the first year's rent.

As the Sisters' House will be a home for the sisters who visit in hospitals and prisons, and the sick and poor in tenement houses, donations of half-worn clothing will be most useful. All money for the use of the sisterhood should be sent to Sister Ellen, Sisters' House, 191 Ninth Avenue, and marked for "Sisters' House," "House of the Good Shepherd," "Sick and Poor," "Fresh Air," "Coal," or "Sisterhood Fund" as the donor may prefer.

HIGHLAND—Church of the Holy Trinity.—On Sunday, October 25, the rector of this church (the Rev. Henry Tarrant) baptized four adults, and on the following Sunday, All Saints' Day, he baptized eight more, in preparation for an expected visit from the assistant-bishop.

ROSENDALE—All Saints Church.—On Friday evening, October 31, the first Harvest Home festival ever held in this village took place in this church (the Rev. Edward Ransford, rector). The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with wheat, oats, rye, and the choicest fruits and flowers. At the ends of the nave selected vegetables were arranged, and on each side and above the reredos were sheaves of wheat. When the Eucharistic and Vesper lights were lit, the altar stood out beautifully, and was the most conspicuous object. The service was beautifully rendered, and a strong appeal was made by the rector in favor of the religious education of the children. The decorations were kept up until the evening of All Saints' Day, when the service was repeated, and the rector preached from 1 Cor. iii. 9.

WHITEPORT.—Mission Services.—Church services have been resumed at this place in

the hall attached to the cement works. For the present they are conducted by the Rev. Edward Ransford, in charge of All Saints' Mission at Rosendale, who purposes giving an evening service on a week day once a fortnight, with an occasional Sunday morning celebration of the Holy Communion. There is a large district here, including the villages of Hickory Bush, Bloomingdale and Whiteport, whose inhabitants, not but Romanians, as the majority are, have been lately neglected in things spiritual. A favorable opening for the beginning of evangelistic mission work has been afforded through the kindness of Mr. E. Doremus of Whiteport.

HAVERTHAW—Trinity Church.—The seventh anniversary of the rectorship of the Rev. A. T. Ashton, was observed in this church on Sunday, November 1, All Saints' Day. The rector preached from Philipp. i. 8-11.

The following are the parochial statistics for seven years: Baptisms, 140; confirmations, 56; marriages, 27; burials, 55; offerings for all purposes, \$12,625.01.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Calvary Church.—This parish, through its vestry, having recently elected as their rector the Rev. Cornelius L. Twigg, of St. Thomas's Mission, received from him on Saturday, October 24, a letter of acceptance which was read from the chancel the next day by the Rev. Francis Peck, who for about twenty-five years was rector of the church. After reading the letter Mr. Peck added words of hearty commendation of the action which has thus been taken by the parish, and said: "But, my dear friends, I want you to feel that it would be a cruel wrong to take him from his little flock that love him tenderly, and from the parish where he is held in high esteem and expect him to build up a congregation here without your aid. It would be cruel to do it. I want you to understand that the feeling between you and Mr. Twigg must be harmonious. He is worthy of your confidence. He will preach the Gospel purely."

BROOKLYN—St. Thomas's Mission.—At the morning service in this church, on Sunday, October 25, the minister in charge, the Rev. C. L. Twigg, announced that he had forwarded to the bishop his resignation, to take effect November 2, in order to accept the rectorship of Calvary church. In explaining his reasons for this step Mr. Twigg said that he entered on this work, in October, 1874, as a lay reader, being at that time employed in the Mission Rooms in New York on a salary. In February, 1876, he surrendered his position in New York in order to give his time wholly to this work, the Missionary Committee and the late Rev. Dr. Twigg providing the necessary support. Up to July 1882 he himself and his father had contributed in this way \$6,000. At that date he received the appointment of Immigrants' Chaplain of the port of New York, on a stipend which, in addition to that received from the Missionary Committee, enabled him to live. The revoking of that appointment in September last makes this present change necessary. St. Thomas's Mission being still far from affording a sufficient salary to a clergyman. Friends in the diocese and elsewhere have contributed during these years \$3,000, which has saved the property and put it in its present excellent condition. Mr. Twigg further announced that the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, had promised \$1,000 to provide for an extension to the chapel.

RICHMOND HILL—Missionary Association.—The quarterly meeting of the Queens County Missionary Association was held in the Church of the Resurrection, Richmond Hill, on the Festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, Wednesday.

October 28. A celebration of the Holy Communion was begun at 12 o'clock the Rev. Dr. W. A. Matson, late rector of the parish, being the celebrant. He was assisted by the minister in charge, the Rev. Robert S. Carlin, and by the Rev. Messrs. W. M. Geer and R. B. Snowden. There were many communicants. The offertory, amounting to \$29.50, was for the foundation of a fund with which to build a rectory.

An address was made by the Rev. Josiah Kimber, who was the first rector of this parish, his especial purpose being to give an account of a visit lately made by him to Hampton Institute, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia. He said: "On I should think about ten acres of ground finely situated on a bay opening out into Hampton Roads, are grouped more than a dozen substantial buildings, most of them brick, in which are housed and educated a total, at present, of 605 pupils, of whom 137 are Indians, and of these the great majority are from Bishop Hare's jurisdiction. There are two farms worked by the students, one hard by known as the Home or "Whipple" Farm, of 100 acres, the other four and a half miles distant known as the Hemenway and Coneybrake Farms of 550 acres. About 350 acres are under close cultivation and the remainder is used as pasture for twenty horses, twenty-five head of cattle and two hundred and twenty-five sheep." He proceeded to describe the other industrial branches of this institution for Freedmen and Indians, giving a very interesting report of the various and very skillful work done. Twelve thousand dozen pairs of mittens were knit by machines last year; shoes even of fine grades are made in large numbers, also clothing for the students and for the trade. Attention is given to wood carving, the work being largely of a churchly character and executed with remarkable taste. Other trades which are here pursued are printing, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, tinsmithing and harness making. In all these the Indians as well as Freedmen are employed. This industrial training, by which the support of the institution is in a degree secured, accompanies and does not interfere with the educational work of the youth. Mr. Kimber briefly described the school life as he saw it exhibited by thirty different classes that he visited. General S. C. Armstrong is principal and in charge of the whole institute, and is succeeding admirably in imparting a practical education in ordinary studies to these wards of the nation.

Mr. Kimber closed his excellent address by describing the work of the board's missionary, the Rev. J. J. Gravatt, who is active and busy in fulfilling the duties of his office, holding daily Evening Prayer and services every Sunday. He is pastor of the Indian department and has as assistants in this labor sixteen teachers who are Churchwomen. In summer his position is made still more important by the addition of at least three hundred persons, who make a stay there at that time, and his influence is in general extensive and increasing.

After the service the association were entertained at the residence of Mrs. Palmer, adjoining. The business meeting followed, the Rev. Dr. Matson, presiding. The different parishes were largely represented by lady delegates, and besides the clergymen named there were present the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox, and the Rev. Messrs. Rice, Sayres, and Martin. Reports were received from the missionary committees of the parishes through their representatives, and a report was given of the progress of the work at Barnard's Island, which is under the care of the association.

BROOKLYN—St. Paul's Church.—The feast of All Saints was observed in this parish (the

Rev. W. C. Hubbard, rector,) with the usual solemnity. The church was filled at both services. The decorations were very beautiful. The altar, vested in white, stood out before the violet dossal, and was covered with floral memorials, in the midst of which rose the massive brass altar cross, and vases, which were filled and trimmed with flowers. In the morning the music of the service was Stainer in C, the offertory being Gounod's "Unfold Ye Portals." There was a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which a large number received. In the evening the rector preached the usual memorial sermon.

SAG HARBOR—Christ Church.—This parish has just received a very handsome coronal light of sixteen burners for the nave the gift of Mr. Craig.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Christ Church.—By invitation of the rector, the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington, St. Mark's, Calvary, and Grace churches of the Eastern District of the city, will unite in a series of mission services during Advent, to be held in this church on Sunday evenings. The singing will be led by the combined choirs of the four parishes named, part of them being supplanted. The missionaries who have been secured are all from New York and are, First Sunday in Advent, the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, of St. George's; Second Sunday, the Rev. Edgar Johnson, of St. Marks; Third Sunday, the Rev. Parker Morgan, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and Fourth Sunday, the Rev. Lindsay Parker, of St. George's. It is believed that this effort will greatly promote the spiritual life of the parishes represented and of the community generally.

BROOKLYN—Church of the Atonement.—On All Saints' Day a lecture and Bible were set up in this church (the Rev. Dr. A. C. Bunn, rector) as memorials of the late Mr. William Brown, a vestryman and superintendent of the Sunday-school. The lecture is of brass and very handsome. It was made by the Messrs. Lamb of New York.

Improvements in the church are in progress which will considerably increase its seating capacity. The congregation is rapidly growing, and the number of communicants has more than doubled in the past few years. The church is free, and is supported by the envelope system.

The rector of the parish has undertaken the charge of the mission at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, New York, in connection with the Advent Mission.

BROOKLYN—St. Luke's Church.—A mission began in this parish (the Rev. G. R. Van De Water, rector), on Sunday, November 1, to be continued for two weeks. It is conducted by the Rev. Messrs. W. Hay Aitken, and James Stephens. The mission is proving its value every day. Those to whom the "after meeting" was a novelty, and the extemporized prayers an unusual proceeding, are constrained to admit that these extraordinary methods are appealing to souls and influencing them in the ways of godliness. The work of the "after meeting" has proved the wisdom of the plan. The mission is stirring up people; not only those who have never attended church before, but many who have acknowledged that they had not hitherto experienced the intensity of the life that is hid with Christ in God.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

MEDINA—St. John's Church.—The services on All Saints' Day in this church (the Rev. W. W. Walsh, rector) were rendered doubly interesting by the unveiling of two memorial windows. On the sloping sill of one window is a brass plate with the legend—"To the

Glory of God, and in Memory of Providence Kibbourne Weld." Mrs. Weld was an early inhabitant of Medina, and her son is, and has been for many years, a vestryman of the parish. The subject, that of Dorcas dispensing gifts to the orphan and destitute, is beautifully presented by the artist, and aptly suggests the character of her in whose memory the window is erected. The other window is in memory of Mrs. Delia Ann Fairman and Mrs. Delia Ann Ives. Mrs. Fairman was an active member of the parish at the time of its organization, sixty years ago, and her daughter, Mrs. Ives, was the wife of one of the present wardens, and, like her mother, continued a zealous worker in the parish till her last painful illness. The unity of their lives, their faith, devotion and resignation under sore trials are strikingly given in the touching scene of Ruth clinging to Naomi, when the latter is starting on her journey from the land of Moab. The windows were designed and executed by E. Colgate of New York, and are among the best specimens of his workmanship.

The windows of this church are now all memorials save one. The interior has been recently renovated and decorated. A surprised choir of thirty men and boys renders the music of the service very heartily and well. The increasing interest in parish work manifested by the people is gratifying and encouraging. The present rector has returned to this charge after an interval of thirteen years.

NEW JERSEY.

BORDENTOWN—Memorial Service.—On Wednesday, November 4, in the Octave of All Saints, a memorial service was held in Christ church, Bordentown, in memory of the Rev. Nathaniel Pettit, late rector of the parish, and president of the Standing Committee. There were present the bishop of the diocese, the rector-elect of the parish (the Rev. C. W. Knapp), the minister in charge (the Rev. Ezra Isaac), the Rev. Drs. G. Morgan Hills and Samuel Cox, and the Rev. Messrs. Hannibal Goodwin, C. M. Parkman, G. M. Murray, J. L. McKim, H. E. Thompson, H. M. Oberly, C. M. Pyne, A. B. Baker, J. B. Trevelt, J. Dows Hills, L. W. Norton, W. E. Daw, and G. Heathcote Hills. The bishop and clergy, preceded by the vested choir, and marshalled by the Rev. H. E. Thompson, master of ceremonies, entered by the centre door of the church, singing, as a processional, Hymn 187. The bishop then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, the minister in charge reading the epistle, and the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cox, a former rector, reading the gospel. A memorial sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. G. Morgan Hills, from St. Luke xii., 36. The offerings were devoted to the organ fund, the new organ being part of the intended memorial of the late rector. In the distribution of the elements, the bishop was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Hills and the rector-elect. After the service the bishop and clergy visited the grave of the late rector, and there the bishop said the prayer, "O God, Whose days are without end," and the collect for All Saints' Day. By the unanimous vote of the clergy and other visitors, the sermon of Dr. Hills was requested for publication.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK—St. Barnabas's Church.—This church (the Rev. S. H. Granberry, rector) was closed during the summer for renovation. The nave has been painted in two colors; the wainscoting is olive bronze, with an ornamental dado; the wall above is light old gold. The chancel is more ornately decorated in polychrome. The ceiling, which is throughout

of natural wood, panelled, was thoroughly cleaned and given a coat of hard oil, producing a bright and rich effect. More recently a carpet has been placed in the chancel, nave, and transepts, of fine quality and beautiful design.

St. Barnabas's is one of the two out of nine churches in Newark that has rented pews. These, as far as they are available, are all taken, and some embarrassment is felt as to what shall be done for those who want pews and cannot obtain them.

NEWARK—Trinity Church.—In connection with the mission to be held in this church (the Rev. J. S. Reed, rector) from November 14 to November 25 inclusive, the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, the missionary, will hold a retreat for the clergy in St. Paul's chapel, corner of Market and High streets, on November 16, 17 and 18. The retreat will open on Monday, November 16, with the celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 A. M. Matins will be said at 10:30 A. M., followed by silent prayer. At 11 A. M. the address will be given with hymns and prayers. From 2:30 to 4:30 P. M. there will be addresses, with intervals for self-examination and prayer. At 8 P. M. the clergy will attend the mission service in Trinity church. The same order will be followed on Tuesday. The retreat will close on Wednesday, with the celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 A. M. All the clergy of the diocese and the vicinity are invited. Those purposing to attend are requested to notify the rector of Trinity church.

The week-day services of the mission include meeting for intercessory prayer at 11 A. M.; address on the Christian Life, 11:30 A. M.; meeting for women only, (Rector Street Chapel) 3 P. M.; address to children and young people, 4:45 P. M.; mission service, 8 P. M. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on Tuesday and Thursday, at 8 A. M., on Wednesday and Friday, at 11:30 A. M. On Saturday, November 14, the mission will open in Rector Street Chapel, at 8 P. M., with an address to Christian workers. On Saturday, November 21, the only service of the day will be held in the church at 8 P. M., and will be followed by an address to Sunday-school teachers. All the services, when not otherwise stated, will be held in Trinity church. The hymns to be used may be purchased at Plum's bookstore, on Broad street, near Market street.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—Memorial Church of the Holy Comforter.—The branch of the Girls' Friendly Society in connection with this parish has grown in a little more than a year to be the second largest in this country, the largest being that of St. George's church, New York. It has eight associates and one hundred and sixty-nine members and probationers. The officers have been obliged to raise the age of admission to fifteen years, in order to limit its numbers to its accommodations. Yet this parish is especially fortunate in having so large and well-equipped a building for parish work, the different rooms of which are alive every Thursday night with young girls, playing at games or talking with one another. They teach the members singing, writing, object-drawing, dress-making, millinery, knitting, embroidery, etc. One associate gives instruction in the Prayer Book, or reads to such girls as are too tired from their day's work to care to go into any of the classes. Upon the first Thursday of every month the work of the classes is suspended, and the evening is given up to social pleasure. It closed last season with an anniversary service in the church, at which the Rev. J. De Wolf Perry, rector of Calvary church, Germantown, preached the sermon. It opened the work of the present

season with a like service on the evening of All Saints' Day. The girls and their associates marched into the church singing "For all Thy Saints." All wore their badges, each band having a distinctive color. The service, which was partly choral, was very hearty. The sermon, on "The Aims and Duties of Members," was preached by the rector, the Rev. Stewart Stone, from St. Matthew vi. 4. The recessional hymn was "Hark, hark, my soul."

PHILADELPHIA—Evangelical Educational Society.—The twenty-third annual meeting of the Evangelical Educational Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in the Church of the Epiphany on Tuesday, November 3, the Hon. Felix R. Brunot presiding, and the Rev. R. N. Thomas acting as secretary. The general secretary submitted his report, from which it was learned that the receipts during the year were \$13,161.96, the disbursements \$12,857.51, a balance of \$904.45 remained in the treasury on October 1, 1885, that there were at the beginning of the year twenty-six students on the roll, and that fifteen more were added, making forty-one in all who were aided during the year. Of these, one has died, three have been dropped, three have found other support or are supporting themselves, two have withdrawn on account of ill-health, ten have been ordained. Twenty-five still remain on the roll.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Clement's Church.—Lord Brabazon, the president of the Young Men's Friendly Society of the Church of England, delivered a lecture in the Parish Building of St. Clement's church on Monday evening, November 2, upon "The Life of Young Men and Women," giving an account of the aims, methods, and results of the Girls' Friendly Society, the membership of which in England is 110,000. Its associate society, the Young Men's, numbers about 14,000. These societies aim to secure purity of thought and speech and general moral conduct. Addresses were also made by the rector (the Rev. B. W. Matrian) and the Rev. C. N. Field.

PHILADELPHIA—Holy Trinity Memorial Chapel.—The tenth anniversary of the opening of the buildings now occupied at the corner of Twenty-second and Spruce streets was celebrated on All Saints' Day. In the morning the minister in charge (the Rev. George F. Bugbee) preached a special sermon. The Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar, rector of Holy Trinity parish, addressed the Sunday-schools in the afternoon. In the evening addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. W. N. McVickar and C. G. Currie, and the Rev. Messrs. Robert A. Edwards and Henry S. Gets.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Crucifixion.—The Church in this diocese has at length been aroused to make a special effort in behalf of the poorest, the lowest, and most neglected class of this city. To this end the handsome church building of this mission has been lately built. The old building, which, with the new, forms an L, will be torn down and rebuilt as for parish purposes, as soon as about \$10,000 has been raised. It is in a region where poverty and crime luxuriate, where there are many thousands of godless colored people. It was for them that the church was especially built. How great a benefit to many it has been we cannot know. Such generally move away to other localities, but their places are taken by others. The good work goes on under the Rev. H. L. Phillips, who is indefatigable amid unpleasant surroundings. It is entirely supported from without as though it could contribute little or nothing to its maintenance. During the thirty years of its existence it has gathered hundreds of families from the lowest depths of degradation and brought them to the Master. This work ever needs and is most de-

serving of earnest workers, prayers and contributions.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MAUCH CHUNK—St. Mark's Church.—A few days ago Mrs. Charles H. Cummings, the only surviving daughter of the late Hon. Asa Packer, presented to this parish, (the Rev. M. A. Tolman, rector) a very handsome and spacious brick house, to be used as a rectory. It is situated in the center of the town, about three minutes' walk from the church, and is a very commodious building, admirably adapted to its use. The rectors of the parish have always been provided with a residence by the Packer family, but until now, no property has been deeded to the Church for this purpose. This is a notable gift from one who seems never to be "weary in well doing," and with many other valuable gifts to the parish and its rector this will long serve to keep in memory an honored name. St. Mark's is now one of the most completely equipped parishes in this country.

READING—Sunday-school Institute.—The first division of the Church Sunday-school Institute of this diocese, embracing the parishes in the counties of Lancaster, York and Adams, held its first annual meeting in Christ Cathedral Parish, Reading, on Thursday, November 5. The meeting was held here in response to an invitation from the officers of the Reading Convocation, who were anxious to become familiar with the institute's methods with a view of organizing a branch association.

There was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 10:30 A. M., at which the bishop was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair, and the Rev. R. R. Swope, and the rector of the parish (the Rev. Dr. W. P. Orrick). After the service the institute assembled for business in the chapel.

The annual report of the executive committee was read by the secretary (the Rev. John Graham), showing a good work done during the year, and good fruit already resulting. This was followed by an examination on the Church Catechism of a class of thirty children from the Church Orphanage, in Jonestown, by the Rev. A. M. Abel, which was an illustration of how children can be made not only to learn but understand the catechism.

At noon, during a recess, the institute and visitors were entertained by the ladies of the parish. When the institute reassembled the bishop made a hearty address of welcome. The Rev. F. J. Clay-Moran then gave a model lesson to an infant class, on "The Feeding of the Four Thousand." The Rev. R. R. Swope made an address on "The Place of the Sunday-school in our Church System." This was followed by a brief discussion. The Rev. John Graham explained the Church Teaching of the Tabernacle, illustrating it with a complete model of the Tabernacle and its furniture. The Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair made an address on "How to Work a Sunday-school;" and the Rev. Dr. C. F. Knight spoke on "The Canon of Holy Scripture."

After a resolution of thanks to the ladies of the parish, the officers of the past year were re-elected, and with prayer and benediction from the bishop, the institute adjourned to meet next in Lancaster.

PITTSBURGH.

EPISCOPAL ACTS.—The bishop of the diocese has just finished the round of autumnal visitation, in course of which he visited nineteen parishes, attended two convocations, confirmed about one hundred persons, ordained two priests, consecrated one church, instituted one rector.

There have been lately received into the

diocese the Rev. Messrs. T. J. Danner, H. Cruikshank, and T. D. Pitta.

During Advent special services are to be held in St. Stephen's, Wilkinsburg, St. John's, Pittsburgh, and St. Stephen's, McKeesport.

The bishop will make Advent visitations at New Castle, Sharon, Conneautville, North East, Youngville, Clarendon, and St. John's, Erie.

RIDGWAY—Concocation.—The Northern Convocation met in Grace church, Ridgway, (the Rev. J. H. Burton, rector) on Tuesday, October 20. After Evening Prayer the convocation sermon was preached by the Rev. G. A. Carstensen. On Wednesday there was an early celebration of the Holy Communion; after which a business meeting was held. The Rev. E. D. Irvine read an essay on "Current Literature," which was followed by a discussion. At 10:30 A.M. there was Morning Prayer and a sermon from the general missionary of the diocese. At 2:30 P.M. a private clerical conference was held, at which the Rev. Dr. Henry Purdon read a paper on "The Kingdom of God." Evening Prayer was said at 4 P.M., and at 5 P.M. a parish reception was given the bishop and clergy present. At 7:30 P.M., addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. H. Cruikshank on "The Church's Faith" by the Rev. H. L. Yewans on "The Church's Ministry," and by the Rev. H. G. Wood on "The Church's Worship."

On Thursday morning the bishop and eight of the clergy took the train for Brockwayville, and rode thence four miles in wagons to Sugar Hill. The church here stands on the top of a high hill, with no village near, and in the midst of a farming population. Until within a few years it was twenty-five miles from a railway. Services have been kept up for upwards of twenty years, chiefly through the exertions of the Rev. Joseph Barber, a deacon living on a farm in the neighborhood. At present the rector of Grace church, Ridgway, has charge. It was nearly noon when the bishop and clergy reached the church. The bishop said some collects, and addresses were delivered by five of the clergy, the bishop saying a few concluding words. Four of the clergy remained to hold evening service, and the rest of the party returned to Ridgway for the closing services of the convocation.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—Mount Calvary Church.—The new chancel in this church (the Rev. R. H. Paine, rector,) was opened for the first time on Sunday, November 1, All Saints' Day. The chancel, which is in the north end, is now thirty feet square. It is built of red brick, rimmed with Ohio sandstone. The walls go up twenty-six feet, to correspond with those of the church, to allow any future additions to the church to be made without destroying the proportions of the building. The roof is an open timber one, finished in hard wood and oiled to show the grain of the wood, and the beams are of oak. Light reaches the chancel from above through six stained glass windows. At the ends of the oaken beams above the altar are the figures of six adoring angels, their faces directed toward the altar. The altar remains as it was before the improvements were made. The whole floor of the chancel is laid with costly English tiles in beautiful figures. On either side of the altar are high, handsome brass candleabra, each holding forty-one lights, showing off the altar floor and surroundings with fine effect.

On the right of the altar, to one entering the church, close to the wall, is a credence-table and piscina, with the head of a cherub existently carved in stone, the eyes depressed at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Near the base

are the words, "In memoriam, C. F. B." The whole is of Caen stone. This was a gift. Over the arch at the entrance to the chancel is a circle of lights. The organ has been removed into the choir and reversed, the organist now facing the chorists. By the improvement about ninety sittings have been added to the church. Choir stalls of oak, to correspond with the pews, will be added. To compensate for the space taken from the clergy-house for the enlargement of the chancel, a lot on the west side of the church has been utilized, and a choir-room and nine other rooms added to the clergy-house. About one-half the clergy-house was torn down. The new rooms will soon be completed. A private stairway from the choir-room to the organ has been erected. The cost of the whole work has been about \$10,000. Mr. T. B. Ghequier is the architect, and Mr. Edward Brady the contractor.

At 6:45 A.M. there was a service of thanksgiving and benediction. The Holy Eucharist was celebrated at 7 and at 9:15 A.M. There was Morning Prayer at 10:30 A.M., followed at 11 A.M. by a full choral celebration, at which the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Richey. There was Evening Prayer at 4 P.M., when the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. J. S. B. Hodges, and a service at 8 P.M., at which the Rev. Dr. W. F. Brand preached. The evening service had special reference to the work of the All Saints' Sisters of the Poor.

WESTERNPORT—St. James's Church.—This church, after an interval of a few months, was reopened for regular Church services on Sunday, September '22, under charge of the Rev. F. Humphrey. The new brick church is a beautiful edifice, with a seating capacity of 350.

On Tuesday, October 27, several clergymen, a good choir, and a large congregation began a four days' mission in the parish, with morning, afternoon, and evening services. The interest deepened, broadened, and increased from the beginning to the close of the mission. Sermons were delivered by the Rev. Dr. James Stephenson, and the Rev. Messrs. J. W. Nott, Alexander Haverstick, and P. N. Meade. The people are much strengthened by the work, and pleased with the results of the mission.

OHIO.

GAMBER—Kenyon College.—"Founders' Day" was observed this year on Tuesday, November 3. Divine service was held at 10:30 A.M. There were present in the chancel the Bishops of Ohio, Pittsburgh and Indiana, the Assistant-bishop of Mississippi, and a large number of clergy, among them the Rev. Dr. S. A. Blomson, who had just celebrated the fifth anniversary of his ordination. The list of the founders of Kenyon College is a very long one. The memorial of the founders and donors was most impressively read by the bishop. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion. A good number of students were matriculated.

The "Bedell Lectures" this year were delivered by the Assistant-bishop of Mississippi. They were of great interest and power. The subject of the first lecture was "The Universe is a Rational Universe," that of the second, "The Universe is a Moral Universe."

SOUTHERN OHIO.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.—The Rev. A. W. Mann officiated at Christ church, Dayton, and St. Paul's church, Cincinnati, on October 10 and 11 respectively. At the latter service two adult deaf-mutes were baptized.

On Sunday, November 1, he held two services at Columbus, baptizing four children of

deaf-mutes. Immediately after the last service he took the train for Springfield, where a combined service was held at Christ church.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT—Ordination in St. John's Church.—On Sunday, November 1, All Saints' Day, the bishop of the diocese advanced to the priesthood in St. John's church (the Rev. J. N. Blanchard, rector,) the Rev. H. M. Kirkby, son of Archdeacon Kirkby. The sermon was preached by the rector of the parish.

At Evening Prayer the Bishop of Nebraska preached the annual sermon before the St. John's Church Union of Men. This union numbers over one hundred men, over eighty of whom marched in the procession, followed by the parish clergy.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

SHERMAN—Missionary Work.—Sherman is a flourishing village, of about five hundred population, in the north-west corner of Wexford county. Land is offered for a church wherever it can be built. The missionary from Manistee (the Rev. W. S. Hayward) visited this portion of his charge on Sunday, October 25, preached, baptized, and celebrated the Holy Communion. He also did pastoral work in other towns, all of which caused him a journey of three hundred miles.

SPRINGFIELD.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.—The Rev. Mr. Mann conducted services at Alton, Greenville and Jacksonville during the latter part of October. At the latter point he baptized two children of deaf-mute parents. The latter were confirmed two weeks previously at Trinity church.

JACKSONVILLE—Deaf-Mute Services.—Rev. A. W. Mann held a service for deaf-mutes at Trinity church, and baptized two children of deaf-mute parents. The place is the seat of the Illinois Institution for the Education of Deaf-Mutes.

MISSOURI.

DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.—Owing to a change in the running of trains, it was necessary for the Rev. A. W. Mann to cancel an appointment for Fulton, the seat of the State school for deaf-mutes, and go on to Boonville, where a combined service was held on Wednesday evening, October 21, at Christ church. The next point in the series of appointments was Macon, the seat of the flourishing school under the charge of the Rev. Eichelbert Talbot. Service was held at St. James's church, with a large congregation.

Christ Church, Boonville, is enjoying excellent prosperity under the Rev. J. J. Wilkins, minister in charge, who was ordained July 17. During his incumbency of this parish, as well as that of Clinton, sixty persons have been baptized, and fifty-one confirmed. Mr. Wilkins was a successful business man before his entrance into the ministry.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

THE WHITE CROSS.—The Rev. Frederic Gardiner, Jr., has been appointed by the convocation of South Dakota its agent, under the following resolutions: Resolved (1) That this convocation earnestly urges on the attention of rectors the importance of adopting special methods of counteracting the alarming increase of intemperance, impurity and blasphemy among our people, and recommend them to make every effort to establish on a permanent footing in their parishes and missions, the "Church Temperance Society," and the "White Cross Society." (2) That an agent

be elected by this convocation whose duty it shall be to inform himself thoroughly of the details of these societies, and to hold himself in readiness at the call of any clergyman of the jurisdiction to assist in starting such societies in his parish. (8) By and with the advice and consent of the bishop, a standing committee shall be appointed to take such other measures as shall advance the cause of temperance and purity of life and conversation.

ELK POINT—St. Andrew's Mission.—A correspondent at Elk Point, the centre of the work of the venerable Rev. J. V. Himes, writes us as follows:

In June last the Chapel of St. Andrew's Mission was blown from its foundation and wrecked. The houses and barns of the mission families were all more or less damaged so that all were embarrassed, but with the hopefulness and courage of Father Himes, our rector, we all united, and resolved to reconstruct the chapel by contributing of our own small means to the object. We have done so, and our rector has carried the work of reconstruction through, so that we now have a more beautiful and substantial chapel than before, for which we are all glad and thankful.

Besides the general reconstruction, our rector determined to place a memorial window in the chapel. One of our members, Mr. S. W. Hoffman, gave the window. And it being ordered of Welles & Brothers, Chicago, it so happened that some of its members were among the parishioners of Bishop Clarkson, at St. James's church, Chicago, before he was called to the bishopric. And so they gave us a more costly and beautiful window than we had paid for. It is now placed in the chapel, and is a very beautiful window, and a creditable memorial to one of the best of bishops, and the finest in Dakota. We wish all our chapels in the Territory had within them such a memorial.

The additional expense, by an addition to the chapel on account of the memorial window, we have not been able to meet in full, and this rests upon our rector, who has also done much of the work.

Our mission was begun about eighteen years ago. It has passed through many changes. Seven years ago when Father Himes received it from the late lamented Bishop Clarkson, it was desolate. We are now blessed with a good and beautiful chapel, with a growing congregation and Sunday-school. Our prospects were never better. Our rector, at eighty-one, is doing good work for the mission. And our new bishop has been very kind to us. Bishop Hare is fully filling the place of the lamented Clarkson.

PARAGRAPHIC.

FROM October 1, 1884, to September 22, 1885, the Manhattan Railway Company carried over the elevated roads 100,975,356 passengers.

A FAMILY School for Young Ladies has been opened by F. M. Tower at Cornwall-on-Hudson. It will be known as the Storm King School. Mr. Tower has had much experience as a teacher in Boston.

ON a series of cheap pocket books in England called Britannia, the first eight volumes were by American authors. In the Ross Library, twenty-seven out of the twenty-nine volumes were by American authors.

THE many summer tourists that have made the pilgrimage the past season to the wonderful Underwood Spring, on the coast of Maine, will be interested in an important archaeological discovery that has recently been made, in the vicinity of the spring, of various relics of the Sokokis, the ancient people that inhabited the shores of Casco Bay.

ART.

THE Metropolitan Art Museum has set itself in order for the season, and, as "the masses" have to look to it for their aesthetic instruction and recreation, this column is much interested in what the directors have accomplished to this end. Not only citizens, but visitors from all quarters, make the Art Museum a rendezvous. It is of the first consequence, then, that it should at all times be instructive, entertaining, and never chargeable with trivialities and offences against either good taste or moral sensibilities.

The Watts' collection—one of the strongest ever exhibited in New York—has gone back to London. It was received with apathy, simply because our community has become so saturated with types of art which may be generalized as Parisian, that Mr. Watts' ideas and methods were both incommensurate.

This is a humiliating admission, but it is substantially the truth. The epic, allegoric, and profoundly idealistic cannot flourish in the same soil with Benjamin Constant, Cabanel, Henne, and the manipulators of *renaissance bric-a-brac*. The second or inner saloon at the west, therefore, is a test of the season's outlook. And it is certainly very depressing.

The average excellence touches a low point. Mediocrity prevails. The strongest piece of work is Mackart's transcription of "The Midsummer's Night Dream," steeped in a mirage of voluptuousness, and heavy with the weird fantasia of that enigmatical drama. It is almost realistic in its unwholesome frankness, and certainly a strong reminder of the poverty and dryness of our own poet painters.

Since Mr. Hunt's decease imagination and indeed fancy seem to have taken flight from American art. Close at hand is Mr. Bierstadt's panoramic "Lake Donner," a dreary, distasteful attempt at impossibilities. Thomas Moran is the only artist among us, with possibly Wm. T. Richards, whose technical skill and mastery of aerial perspective are sufficient for such enterprises. The directors do equal honor to Mr. Bierstadt in hanging his productions in contrast with better art.

A little canvas by George Innes, "Evening," is a good place for a long rest. Baffled by the miserable glass which swallows up half its fascinations, it will hold and refresh the intelligent observer, much as such an out-of-doors picture would. It is full of poetry, tenderness, and a Hebraic devoutness toward the landscape as declarative of the divine glory and wisdom. Such a picture is a gallery in itself to such as have seeing eyes. But in this connection it is not clear why Mr. Whittredge's old-timer a birch canoe falling to pieces in the margin of a pool encircled by its group of living birches, should again be placed on the walls. Its excellences hardly justify a stated reappearance.

An agreeable surprise, and perhaps the most interesting novelty, is found in J. Rollins Tilton's masterly Spanish landscape, giving the Alhambra, with its towering background of the Sierra Nevada, and foreground of open meadow intervals, gray olive groves, glimpses of tranquil blue rivulets and wraith-like jets of thin blue smoke standing perpendicular in the still atmosphere. There is wonderful subtlety and refinement in this artist's methods, together with poetical interpretation. His pictures are at the same time compositions in the classical sense—an element mostly vanished from the current landscape. There is a brilliant *renaissance tableau* by Gonzalez, worth study, a very tame "Indian Funeral" by Alexander Harrison, some very interesting souvenirs of Mr. Hunt's fine genius, a "bit" by S. R. Gifford, another by David Johnson, of whom we see too little, and a few other objects of value.

The eastern galleries are enriched by one gift of positive value from Mr. Wm. H. Webb, by Dietrich, "Christ Healing the Sick," a true pearl of devout suggestion, nearly buried in much avian rubbish. Why it is hung so closely to the repulsive "Lot and his Daughters," or why that most sorrowful "Scourging of Christ," should hang immediately above the "Dance" of Titian are problems hard of solution. It's like placing the "Decameron" and the Gospels on the same shelf, side by side.

Ten thousand dollars have been presented to the association by an unknown donor, and other evidences concur in showing that public interest in this institution continues unabated.

THESE are now projected thirteen Grant monuments, and we fear the number will be fatal to any hope of seeing a monument commensurate with his worth. Small sums are collected in many places, and in want of union there is want of beauty and strength. Petty rivalries and jealousies obstruct all progress. In religion each man must have his own palm, and why not in art let each locality have its own pitiful monument.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. C. A. Cary's address is changed from Lexington, Mich., to Mandarin, Fla.

The Rev. Louis De Cormin's address is 463 Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. George F. Deane has accepted the position of dean of Trinity cathedral, Little Rock, Ark. Address Broadway and Eighteenth St., Little Rock, Ark.

The Rev. E. A. Knox has been elected rector of St. John's church, Bridgeport, Conn.

The Rev. A. H. Graner's address is 22 East One Hundred and Thirty-first Street, New York.

The Rev. Otis A. Glasbrook has entered on the rectorship of St. John's church, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Rev. E. T. Hamel has resigned the charge of Christ church, Bearre, and accepted the rectorship of Grace church, Columbus, Neb. Address accordingly.

The Rev. G. C. Houghton has been nominated to the Board of Freeholders by the State Board of Education, as superintendent of the public schools of Hudson County, N. J.

The Rev. Frank R. Millspaugh has resigned his position as dean of the cathedral, Omaha, Neb., after ten years service. Address for the present as heretofore.

The Rev. J. M. Mulford has resigned the rectorship of Christ church, Troy, N. Y., after twenty years' service.

The Rev. M. P. Pack has accepted an election to the rectorship of St. John's church, Huntington, Long Island, N. Y. Address accordingly.

The Rev. J. B. Pitman's address is St. Peter's Rectory, Balduin, Cheesango County, N. Y.

The Rev. D. A. Sanford has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Watertown, Wis., and accepted that of Trinity church, Cedar Rapids, Neb.

The Rev. W. V. Webb has resigned his position as assistant in Holy Trinity church, Middletown, Conn., on account of ill health.

The Rev. G. A. Whitney has resigned the missions at Winona and North Easton, and accepted the charge of St. Thomas's church, Amboy, Ill.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, Free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, *Times*, *Evening Star*, *non-para* (for three cents a word), prepaid.

MARRIED.

In St. Barnabas's church, Newark, New Jersey, Tuesday, November 4, 1885, by the rector, the Rev. Stephen H. Granberry, HENRY B. CORWY and HELEN VAN NEEB, only daughter of John D. Topp, Esq.

In St. Luke's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 5, 1885, by the Rev. George B. Van De Water, rector, JOSEPH HENRY CASMAN, M.D., of South Amboy, N. J., to ANNE ELIZABETH ASHBY, youngest daughter of the late Joseph H. Crittenden, of Cleveland, Ohio.

At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Thursday, November 5, by the Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, D.D., SCAMMILLON GAMES to LIVING KIRKING.

At All Saints' church, Orange, N. J., by the Rev. William Richmond, on Tuesday, November 8, RICHARD WINDROP HIGGS to LOUISE, daughter of the late Rev. William B. L. Hughes, B. M.'s Chaplain at Panama. No cards.

On Thursday, November 5, 1885, at the Church of the Reformation, by the Rev. John G. Hoebeus, WILLIAM HAMILTON, Miss in Alice C. WASTON, daughter of Thomas H. Waston, Esq., all of Brooklyn, N. Y.

On Wednesday, Nov. 4, at All Souls' church, by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, Dr. GEORGE B. MILLER, of Hartford, Conn., to Miss ANNETTE T. THOMSON, daughter of the late George Thomson, Esq., of New York.

On Wednesday, Nov. 4, 1885, at St. Timothy's church, by the Right Rev. ARTHUR C. COE, D. D., Mrs. ANNA M. POTTER, of this city, to the Rev. CYRUS A. JOHNSON, of Balavia, N. Y.

DIED.

At Lincoln, Penn., on Wednesday, October 28, LYDIA W., wife of the late John Ashburner, Jr., aged 91 years. Interred at the Woodlands, Philadelphia.

At Sewanee, Tenn., Friday, October 30, 1885, RAINBOW, wife of the Rev. C. M. Beckwith, of Atlanta, Ga., and daughter of George R. and Susan B. Fairbanks, aged 24 years. "Here is the patience of the saints, here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 1, 1885, of typhoid fever, at Littleton, Me., Mrs. MARY ANN HERRIS, beloved child of Dr. J. C. and Ady K. La Borde, in the 12th year of her age. "Thy will be done."

At Merritt's Island, Florida, on Sunday, October 26, 1885, AARON PORTER CLEVELAND, aged 70 years.

In Wrentham, Massachusetts, Oct. 2, at the residence of her son, LUCY MARIA, widow of the late Dr. P. F. Daggett, of Wrentham.

Entered into rest, suddenly, November 2, 1885, Miss MARY KETTER FREDERICK, of Wickford, R. I.

Entered into rest at Allegheny City, Penn., on Tuesday morning, Oct. 30, 1885, HENRY MALCOLM HAY, aged 85 years; late First Assistant Postmaster General and a deputy to the General Convention of 1880 and 1882.

In Camerota, Florence, Italy, suddenly, Oct. 12, CHARLOTTE LESBY, wife of the late Rev. Henry de Koven, D. D., and only daughter of the late Jacob Rutgers Lesby, New York, in the 56th year of her age.

At Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., on Monday, Nov. 2, 1885, ANNESTON SPENCER MERRILL, in the 76th year of his age.

Entered into rest on the morning of All Saints' Day, RUTH LESLIE, daughter of Samuel H. and Mary G. de Planck, of Wrentham.

Fall sweetly asleep on the morning of November 5, JAMES, aged 27 years, son of Emily D. and the late Lewis Phillips. Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon, November 7, at St. John Baptist church, Baltimore, of which he was the organist.

In New York City, Nov. 4, at the residence of her son-in-law, 317 Fifth Avenue, LUCRETIA PAINE, wife of the late William T. Willard, of Troy, N. Y., in the 84th year of her age.

At his late residence, 48 West 10th street, on Saturday afternoon, November 7, HENRY UNDERHILL, one of the few surviving veterans of the War of 1812, in his 84th year.

At Hartford, Conn., on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 8, JOHN A., youngest son of the late Hon. Gideon Wells, aged 36 years.

MR. SELDERS COLLIER.

At a special meeting of the Vestry of Trinity church, Utesa, N. Y., the following minute was adopted:

Resolved, In the all-wise providence of God, Mr. SELDERS COLLIER, for thirty-four years a member of our vestry, serving the past twenty years of this time as warden, and also having been treasurer of the parish for twenty-seven years, has been removed from our midst by death.

Resolved, That we place on record an expression of heartfelt sorrow over the loss which we have sustained; and most tender sympathy for his bereaved widow and the other members of his stricken family.

Resolved, That we desire to bear our testimony to his Christian faithfulness as a heart-true party of life and perfect integrity of his best—an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.

Resolved, That these resolutions be incorporated in the records of the parish, and a copy presented to Mrs. Collins.

C. H. GARDNER, Rector.

F. D. WESTCOTT, Clerk.

CHARLES STUART REWERY.

At a meeting of the Vestry of the Church of the Reformation, Brooklyn, N. Y., held on Thursday, Nov. 5, 1885, the following minute was read and adopted:

This vestry learn with profound sorrow of the decease of their fellow vestryman, CHARLES STUART REWERY, who died at his late residence in this city on Monday, October 26, 1885, aged 31 years.

Elected to the vestry at Easter, 1884, he was chosen clerk and succeeded in his duties with a most praiseworthy brief period of service; he proved a true and devoted servant of this Church; manifesting a deep and sincere interest in Church and diocesan affairs; every duty assigned him with the utmost fidelity and cheerfulness. His death deprives the vestry of

a most agreeable and faithful associate, and the Church of an active and generous officer. Recalling his loyalty to his Christian vocation, his service in the Master's service, his exemplary life, there seems abundant reason for the belief that he was ready for the entrance that culminate in the eternal home.

To his beloved family, this vestry extend their warmest sympathy and condolence, and direct that a copy of this notice be forwarded to them, and that the same be entered in full in the records of this meeting, and published in THE CHURCHMAN.

JOHN G. BACCHIUS, Rector.

APPEALS.

"BORN FOR OLD MEN AND AGED COUPLES," No. 407 Hudson Street.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

An old couple, desirous of entering our Home, but entirely without means to meet the admission fee, (\$500) this appeal is made in their behalf. They are good New Yorkers, highly respectable and educated people. The only relatives living are two nephews of the wife, who are not in prosperity, and can render but little help. The committee of our party in investigation, light them worthy.

Any one desirous to contribute may communicate with Mr. B. H. GAMMAN, Treasurer, 4 Pine St. THUS P. CUMMING, Chairman of Committee on Admissions, November 7, 1885.

NASHOTAN MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nashotah. The great and good work entrusted to us requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited:

1st. Because Nashotah is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio.

2d. Because the instruction is second to none in the land.

3d. Because it is the most healthfully situated seminary.

4th. Because it is the best located for study.

5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination.

Address: Rev. A. COLK, D. D., Nashotah, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

SAVES FOR SALE.

For sale, in aid of the Building Fund of Holy Trinity church, Jacksonville, Florida, some of the choice land of Alachua Co. Twenty acre lots, unenclosed, \$100; ten acre lots, unenclosed, \$50; and five acre lots, unenclosed, \$25. The title is all perfect. The lands high and dry. Alachua County is now the most populous in the State, and is the best vegetable and small fruit county, raises more oranges than any county, save one, and more vegetables than all others. High and healthy midland climate. Galvanize in the county seat and railroad centre. For information, maps, &c., address: F. E. DUNHAM, Gainesville, Fla.

The Epiphany offerings asked for last summer have fallen behind those of last year; so that my expenses incurred in the prosecution of the Western Debt Mission have not been covered. The appeal is, therefore, renewed. By travelling every week one year round, I reach 3,000 destitute with the United States in sign language. Offerings may be sent to the Rev. A. W. MANN, St. Woodland Court, Cleveland, Ohio.

COLORED WORK.

Three hundred dollars is needed in our school for colored children. The Church must begin with the young if it would do its duty by these people. Any assistance will be duly acknowledged.

Rev. A. W. KNIGHT.

Palatka, Fla.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY

solicitors now are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and need a large amount for the work of the present year. "Give and it shall be given unto you."

Rev. ROBERT C. ATLACK, 1234 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. HENRY WESTCOTT, Corresponding secretary, 37 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

A MISSIONARY in the southwest can give services at three new stations of the promise if he can purchase a horse. Any desiring to contribute, remit or write, Missionary, care of THE CHURCHMAN office.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bishop Whitaker gratefully acknowledges the remittance of \$100 from the Trade Mission from "Tithe," Trinity church, Hartford, Conn., Oct. 30, 1885.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York give notice that the Mission will begin (D. V.) November 27th, that the headquarters of the committee, previous to and during the Mission, will be at the store of E. P. Dutton & Co., 39 West Twenty-third street, where all communications should be addressed, whose information may be obtained, and the literature of the Mission will be found.

H. Y. SATTERLEE, Chairman.

HENRY MOTT, Corresponding Secretary.

The Churchman.

A Weekly Newspaper and Magazine.

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RATES.—Thirty Cents a Line (agats) fourteen lines to the inch. Liberal discounts on continued insertions. No advertisement received for less than one dollar an insertion.

The date of publication is Saturday. All matter, including advertisements, intended for publication in any issue, should be in the office on Monday of the week of publication cannot be secured.

Only urgent matter can be received so late as Tuesday morning of the week of publication.

M. H. MALLORY & CO.,

47 Lafayette Place, New York.

WANTS.

Advertisements under Wants from persons not subscribers should be accompanied by the endorsement of a subscriber.

A CHURCH CLERGYMAN will supply Sunday services to A parishes in, within one hundred miles of New York. Compensation: \$1000 per year, with any extra cost over one dollar of traveling expenses from and to the city. Address (at least three days before the year) to THE CHURCHMAN, "OCCASIONAL SUPPLY," CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

A COMPETENT organist desires an engagement. Has had long experience with chorus and surpliced choirs. Address N. Y., CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

A LADY, Churchwoman, desires a position as Organist, in or near the city; has several years' experience. Address L. M. H., CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

A LADY will pay fifty cents a day to a young lady to read about an hour and a half three mornings a week, after November 20th. Subjects of general literature will be chosen. A good, clear reader, but without any rhetorical style, and with a good knowledge of the Bible, and of the "Westminster," New York. References required.

A LADY wishes for a situation as matron in a school, superintending house-keeper or the charge of children in a widow's family. Address: Rev. G. S. CONVERSE, Boston Highlands, Mass.

A N UNMARRIED PRIEST is desirous of obtaining the rectorship of a parish, or any Church work—city or country. Moderate salary will be accepted. Reference: Address "PRESBYTER," Box 11, West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., NEW YORK CHURCHMAN.

A YOUNG LADY desires to teach small children from now until Feb. in order to be heard at small salary. Temporary instruction in music for the kindergarten method. Address: Rev. G. S. CONVERSE, Boston Highlands, Mass.

DR. HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER, formerly organist at Trinity, N. Y., may be addressed until further notice at No. 10 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y.

ORGANIST (English) desires an engagement. Good player, 12 years experience in England in training boys. To such church (introducing a surpliced choir) success is guaranteed. References to present and past positions in America. Address THE CHURCHMAN, New York, New York, Box 10, 19 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A POSITION is offered to a Churchwoman of cultivation and refinement. Fine salary. A rapid, clear, ready pen. Address "MUSIC," THE CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

WANTED—A position as assistant in a church in New York City. A lady well educated, means preferred. Highest references. Address: "Y," THE CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

WANTED—An Organist and Choir Worker, with experience in the training of children in training boys. To such church (introducing a surpliced choir) success is guaranteed. References to present and past positions in America. Address THE CHURCHMAN, New York, New York, Box 10, 19 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WANTED—By a young lady a position to teach little children and assist in household duties, or as a companion. References to present and past positions in America. Address "CHURCHWOMAN," THE CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

BOARD, WINTER RESORTS, ETC.

DELIGHTFUL ROOM for the winter, for two adults, with board, may be had on immediate application to Miss M. H. MALLORY, West Washington. Best references given and required.

A CHURCH CLERGYMAN in South Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive into his family two or three boys, giving to them the advantage of the best religious training, combined with careful oversight and the comforts of a refined home. Location beautiful from Malaga. Terms, \$500. Parents will find this an excellent opportunity. Address, CLEVELAND, CHURCHMAN OFFICE, New York.

WINTER SANITARIUM, New Jersey, in the great pine hills; dry soil and air; sunny; no malaria; open fire; Turkish and Roman electric light, salt, medicinal, and all the latest improvements; Brooklyn, combined. Open from Sept. 15 to July 1, with or without treatment. Address: "WINTER RESORT," THE CHURCHMAN OFFICE.

WINTER RESORT.—Suburban place, kept by a Northern lady. Large rooms, open piano, large piazzas. Southern exposure. Price, one room, two persons, twenty-five dollars a week. One person, fifteen dollars a week. No extra. Address Mrs. C. H. TOMPKINS, Camden, South Carolina.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE CHURCH A BEGGAR.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In place of brother Wilson's caption to his timely communication, I suggest the above. It is not profane. It, possibly, more nearly expresses the great evil of our financial system which he exposes. It is impossible, by any custom of Christians, however degrading, to the clergy, that a reformer, as we are, God cannot be dishonored or charged with folly by any action of ours, but the Church can. Therein the evil which he speaks is greatly aggravated. The Church, in spite of her inherent and acquired forces to accomplish her Master's work, gives tacit consent to a system, or want of system, in gathering the needed capital, which would be ample ruinous to any other corporation. It lays open a large body of her people—bishops, clergy, and laity alike—to a charge of mendacity. Their eloquent and pathetic appeals excite, in some of their hearers, disgust. Her collectors are regarded, it is claimed, as "pests" and "veritable leeches," and a parish is exempt from the charge. Even the wealthiest parishes of the East adopt the system for the maintenance of sundry charities. It is no uncommon thing to hear such a bishop characterized as "a good beggar," or "the prince of beggars."

per contra there is another side to the question. It is claimed that the epithet "begging" comes from the grumbling discontent of Judas-like disciples, ever ready to cry "waste" whenever a dollar is diverted from their own bag, from men who would sacrifice general good to private interests, who would banish, if they could, the slim basin from the Church, having no conception of the sweet privilege of giving, and no room in their weezened, scrouge-like, dried-up souls for the divine blessing promised to the simple, honest-hearted giver. There are men who will earnestly contend for the voluntary system as it is, and as readily point out their bags of gain for the Master at the feet of the apostles, as they gladly listen to the narrative of "labors abundant" from the voice of the living preacher. They point, and with reason, to all our great general institutions—to the General Seminary, Nashotah, Fairbault, etc.—and the immense missionary field as the result of the practical blessing from hearts burning with zeal for Christ and His Church. They want no iron-clad system which will rule out the opportunity for God to work in them as He will, and manifest, by the spontaneity of the sacrifices, in whom the spirit dwells.

But, in truth, I am inclined to believe the greater evil lies in the fact that the Church is so saturated through and through with a spirit of worldliness that there are few to care whether a custom is right or wrong, so long as it produces results, however meagre, and things move on smoothly in their own parishes. And the meagreness of results brings little sorrow of heart, because of distance of vision to the Master and hindrance to the general Church. The immediate happiness of individual Christians depends too much upon their income and a good market to be disturbed by the watchman's cry that the Church's honor is in danger. Each day's cheerful content is more apt to be the result of the labors of the clothier's servant breakfasting from hearty contentment of the "Bread which cometh down from heaven" upon the soul that hungers and thirsts after righteousness.

But not to press this point, nor to discuss the financial matter here, I write mainly to modify the suggestion of your correspondent a little. He suggests "let a few of the clergy band together and hind themselves to have nothing more to do with begging for God's work."

The clergy are already bound together by the most solemn vows to do and teach all that he suggests. To assume, voluntarily, additional obligations in a matter which concerns the honor of the Church would be tantamount to us a reflection upon vows already taken, as well as a reflection upon the integrity of the

whole Church, as if it would not break a shackle when fully persuaded of its sinfulness.

Then, too, the lines must be clearly drawn and accepted as to what is, and what is not, "begging for God's work" and reformer suggest this—"Let a few of the clergy and laity band together for a consideration of the reformation of the Church's financial system."

In this shape it is reasonable. It could not justly excite opposition. The time for opposition would come when the consideration should be developed that a reformation was needed and its terms proposed for conciliar action. It would open up the whole subject of tithes and offerings, and the marked distinction between them. It would, or it should, call forth the best talent of the Church, and the laity would be instructed without being injured by individuals forcing a reformation upon them before they were convinced of its necessity.

While some, during the next five or six years, are tinkering the liturgy as to how the words of our lips may be enriched when we approach the throne of grace, others may be considering how the heart and life may be cleansed so that a reformer, as we are, will utterly close His ear to our prayers. There will be few to dispute that the latter is not the more important of the two. If it should be proven by the light of scripture and history and ordinary reason that a reformation was clearly necessary for the preservation of the Church, and that the slightly Father may withstanding the Church should refuse to consider it or reject it, then there will be no lack of faithful souls, clergy and laity, to range themselves on the side of their crucified Lord to fight spiritual wickedness in high places—it matters not who may occupy them—and cry out with Him: "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees—hypocrites! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!"

Whether, then, the answer came in stones of rage, or showers of money, the grace of God would come with them; the Church would be cleansed and the saints saved.

To make the matter practical, will THE CHURCHMAN be the medium for their consideration proposed above? THOS. W. HASKINS.

Juliet, Ill., All Saints, 1885.

HINDRANCES TO DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

In the able and interesting article of the Bishop of Long Island, published in THE CHURCHMAN of last week, I fear that the closing item under the head of "Hindrances to Domestic Missions," may convey an erroneous impression.

In the first place it is hardly fair to suggest the Schools of the Prophets as at fault for unfit men in the ministry of the Church, while failing to mention those who stand immediately at the door of entrance.

In the nature of the case the former must receive most of those who come to them with the necessary mental qualifications, while the latter having the keys of admission placed in their hands must accept the responsibility it involves. The principal objection, however, to the article above referred to lies in the implied defective qualification of those already in the missionary work of the Church in the West.

From a somewhat extended acquaintance, we are convinced that the percentage, if any, of Long Island, published in THE CHURCHMAN of last week, I fear that the closing item under the head of "Hindrances to Domestic Missions," may convey an erroneous impression.

The beautiful rhetoric of the writer has, we fear, obscured his mind to the degree of failing to hinder missionary work in the West, and deserts, if it does not destroy, the inspiration to great efforts on the part of those already there, or others desirous to go. It is not the lack of zeal, or knowledge, but the consciousness of a lack of sympathy on the part of the Church in general; the absence of that *esprit de corps* in the Church with which the apostle had in mind when he declared that if one member suffers the whole body suffers. Unlike

David, many in the present day are content to dwell in ceiled houses with luxurious appointments and all that wealth and influence can procure, numifund of those confined to the scantiest means and an atmosphere more chilling and deadly than the frigid zone. It is the terrible isolation the missionary endures, cut off, to all appearance, from sympathy with his brethren in more sumptuous conditions, and forced to toil on without any apparent interest on their part. This it is that paralyzes missionary zeal and renders the efforts of those distant fields as ineffectual as the struggle of a shipwrecked mariner in mid-ocean. Let the unity and oneness of the Church be manifest in some degree as it was in early days; let the consciousness of the one body in Christ be realized as it was then, and as noble monuments of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of Christ will be as common as ever they were in the times of St. Paul or St. Augustine. We are glad to believe that there is one now entrusted with the practical work of our missionary boards to whom this grand ideal of the Church's true character is a reality; who will seek to make her unity manifest in a sympathy felt for all her members reaching to the farthest corners of the earth and as the life-blood of a healthy man pulsates in every particle of the body and sends vitality to every member, so shall it be his purpose to make all feel the unity and oneness of that body which draws its life and spirit from Him Who is seated at the right hand of the throne of the Father.

Can the ideal of unity and oneness of the Church be aroused to her true oneness and trinity, and the noble examples of early missionary zeal again manifest to the world the power and excellence of our holy religion!

For this purpose we may well pray the prayer of the distinguished Christian Father: "Lord, give what Thou commandest and command what Thou givest." R. SCOTT.

STOP RIGHT THERE.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN :

I have just finished reading the remarkable article of Mr. Shields in the November-Number, and I desire to give you a suggestion that I have been thinking about for some time. That article is truly remarkable, not merely in itself, but as being admitted into a periodical which keeps its finger upon the public pulse so constantly as the Century does. Passing over what a Churchman cannot sympathize with, we cannot but feel that he has hit the mark, when he recognizes in the issue of the liturgical movement "among the sects, and bravely acknowledges that "it must have its logical conclusion in the English Prayer-Book." Surely we cannot grudge their coming nearer to us, even though, as wise Bishop Hobart is reported to have said, the last thing they adopt is that which gives life to all the rest—the Apostolic Ministry. Why not help them to the use of the Prayer-Book by an amendment of the title-page, which will also satisfy a good many among us, who think our own communion is mis-named; while, at the same time, it will securely guard our claim to an Apostolic Ministry and polity. Why not let the title-page read thus:

"THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER,

AND

ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENTS;

AND OTHER

RITES AND CEREMONIES OF THE CHURCH,

TOGETHER WITH

THE PSALTER OR PSALMS OF DAVID.

AND

THE FORM AND MANNER

OF

MAKING, ORDAINING AND CONSECRATING

BISHOPS, PRIESTS AND DEACONS."

And stop right there. There is but one Book of Common Prayer, just as there is but one Holy Bible. Why need we say that it is "according to the use of" anybody? JOHN. H. EGAR.

Rome, N. Y.

[It will occur to many readers that Dr. Eggar's purpose would be largely gained by dropping the words "Protestant Episcopal" from the title page.—Ed. CHURCHMAN.]

CONSECRATION SERMONS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Having been for some time interested in the subject of the consecration sermons of American bishops, I have sought to learn the name of the preacher at the consecration of Bishop Madison at Lambeth, England, September 19, 1790. It is well known that all records of his consecration brought to America have been lost. The original convention journals of Virginia contain no allusion to the sermon at all. I have just obtained through Canon W. R. Churton of England the following information from one of the Lambeth librarians:

"I have referred to Bishop Moore's register, but cannot find the name of any preacher. The Rev. N. Radcliffe, Doctor in Divinity, one of the chaplains of his grace, and the Rev. William Morice, Doctor in Divinity, rector of All Hallows, Broad street, were stated to be present. I do not find the consecration sermon among the many which you know are here. The page relating to the consecration of Bishop Madison is p. 210. Register American Bishop Moore."

It would thus seem that no sermon was preached at Bishop Madison's consecration—certainly a rare exception, and indicating that the consecration itself was performed in private, in the presence of a very small congregation.

It may interest some of your readers to know that the Maryland Diocesan Library and my own contain, together, a full set of the sermons preached at the consecration of American bishops, and afterward printed in newspapers or in pamphlet form, with one exception, that of Bishop Cox's sermon at the Walker consecration, which we both lack, but hope to secure soon.

FREDERICK S. SILL.

Cohoes, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS.

PHILISTINES: Plain Words Concerning Certain Forms of Modern Scientific Materialism. By the Rev. Rector of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City. [New York: G. F. Putnam's Sons, pp. 322.]

In these sermons Mr. Newton undertakes to answer the lectures of Ingersoll, and to provide a rational faith, as he deems it, for his congregation. There is no question as to Mr. Newton's entire sincerity; but he labors under the great disadvantage of by no means understanding the power of words. He is a brilliant rhetorician, without apparently being able to see at all whether his positions will logically lead. Interpreted as any other man would justly be interpreted, he would pass for a Unitarian of a rather advanced type. But he evidently has no idea that his views of the Old and New Testament Scriptures are fatally destructive, not merely of what he considers superfluous in them, but of their essential character. It is not easy in many passages to see what he does mean, but his language implies that he regards the miracles of our Lord as being of doubtful authority, and to be explained, if accepted, on natural grounds. His conception of religion is purely subjective, and his tests of truth are simply those which are founded in the mind of the disciple. Of the laws of evidence, as such, he has the vaguest possible ideas. The very title of this book is an inaccuracy. "A Philistine," in the original German student college slang, is any one outside the universities. The "Bureau" going out from the university becomes a "Philistine." Some modern English writers have taken up this term and applied it to the commercial classes of society. But, as it appears in Mr. Newton's pages, it is a long way off from any original or secondary meaning which anybody else has ever given it. Again, he quotes Dr. Hodge, the Unitarian, as saying something concerning the doctrine of the Trinity, which we are morally certain the doctor never did say and could not. The implication is, that the doctor could accept the Nicene Creed, and thought that the Unitarians

had made a mistake in not retaining it. If the doctrine is not held according to this creed, it is not held at all. The mere term Trinity simply signifying that the three names, Father, Son and Spirit are accepted, but with no idea of their equality, would be an evasion or a blunder. Mr. Newton in some parts of these sermons uses language which, fairly understood, questions the actual slowness of Jesus, and which implies that one may regard as interpolations and myths whatever one is not prepared to accept in the pages of the Gospels. We do not say that he would reject very much. His temper is a believing temper. But he has read a good deal of German criticism, and is manifestly greatly impressed by views which the later and sounder scholarship of the age has exploded—the views of the reckless and fantastic Tübingen school.

We have called Mr. Newton a rhetorician. There are passages of doubtful taste in these pages of his, but there is a warmth, an earnestness and a devoutness to which the book will owe not a little of its attractiveness. In one way it may do good. It appeals to the class who feel but do not reason. It may save some such from the gulf of infidelity. It may persuade them that it answers the doubts suggested by such men as Ingersoll. Mr. Newton is encamped on the "debatable land" between a sound faith and a thorough unbelief, but his face is set toward the home he has left. He cannot help a man who has really thought and has struggled with serious doubts. But there are not a few whose wish is to believe, and who will be satisfied with any answer which saves them the trouble of really analyzing their ideas, and which has the semblance of a reasonable solution. It bears the impress of the lovely, personal character of its author, and that will suffice many who will not look beyond.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vols. II, III, and IV. (Ansonby-Ilber). [New York: Macmillan & Co., 1884.] Pp. 62, 465, 624.

On the appearance of the first volume of this work we gave a resumé of what was proposed, and expressed freely our sense of its great importance and of the manner in which its promises were thus far fulfilled. It is a very great undertaking, and though confined to English names, and the sketches are given in condensed form, it will extend to more than fifty volumes, and will be in reality a cyclopædia of biography rather than a dictionary. In the fourth volume it has hardly more than begun upon the letter B, the last name being Biber. It is edited by Leslie Stephen, and that is a guarantee that no cost or labor will be spared to make the work worthy of its name—the "National Biography." He has secured the aid of able and learned contributors in its various departments, giving, as far as possible, separate portions of it to specialists, and the articles thus prepared are carefully revised and corrected where corrections are needed. There are in the second volume ninety, in the first ninety-two, and in the fourth ninety-seven contributors, besides the editor. The biographies are of course condensed, but for the most part authorities are given, so that researches, if desired, can be further pursued, and the initials of the names of the writers are appended to the articles, to carry such weight as they are entitled to. There is a law of proportion in regard to the length of the articles which is generally satisfactory, though it will be found that literature and the State have the preference over the Church, though Bishop Berkeley receives no less than sixteen columns, and Richard Bentley about the same. Many names are found which are scarcely entitled to the honor, and doubtless others are omitted that might well have had place. It being a dictionary of English biography, some will be

surprised at the prominence given to Judah P. Benjamin, some time United States Senator from Louisiana, then prominent in the councils of the Southern Confederacy, and lastly a most successful lawyer in London, and one who did not fear to turn his back upon the House of Lords when he thought the occasion demanded it; and compelled that body to make him an apology; but he was born in St. Croix, an English island, and so fairly comes within the rule. These volumes, handsomely printed, are full of interest, and make a most valuable work of reference.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS. (American Version.) Translated out of the Hebrew: Being the Version set forth A. D. 1613. Compared with the most Ancient Authorities, and Revised A. D. 1885 with the Readings and Readings preferred by the American Committee of Revision Incorporated into the Text. Those retained or adopted by the English Committee being specified in the Appendix. Edited by John G. Lanning, D. D., Professor of Old Testament Languages and Exegesis in the Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J. [New York: Foris, Boston, 1885.] Pp. 717.

We have always taken the ground that it did not fall within the province of the Revising Committee to do anything more than to correct manifest mistakes. All changes as such were to be deprecated, and only to be made when clearly justified. Therefore, while the language of the older version is largely retained, there are alterations here made which are clearly uncalled for. Our principle is that where of two words to be employed one now seems the better, the question is no longer an open one, as it would have been at the time of the first translation. Mere improvement is not a sufficient reason for disturbing that which is settled. Correction is proper, but nothing further, because the familiar word has attained through time a value which the unfamiliar word cannot have. This, however, only applies to the version considered as a substitute. As a paraphrase, a commentary, every careful version is of use. We can give, in a single illustration, our meaning. In Psalm I the word "wicked" is used for "ungodly." Now there may be a slight shade of difference of sense in this, though we are not able to see it. But what is the gain! Not one in a thousand of Bible-readers will get any different idea. Again we do not see the force of the change of "Jehovah" for "Lord" throughout the version. The psalms are eminently devotional, and the habit of the English speaking peoples is in devotional use to employ not the Hebrew, but its English equivalent. No one would dream of making the alteration in the Collects. No one would say Jehovah's Day or Jehovah's House for the Lord's Day or the Lord's House. It seems to us hypercritical to use it here.

A LABORER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA to the close of President Jackson's Administration. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States." Illustrated by Maps, Plates, Portraits and other Engravings. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] Pp. 679.

We do not like to find fault with a book we have greatly enjoyed. To one who is familiar with the events, who has the whole detail of the American annals at his fingers' end, this book is simply charming. But we cannot help feeling that the average youth, trained in the superficiality of the public school system, or in the scarcely less imperfect education of our most private schools, would be most bewildered to make out not a little of Mr. Higginson's pages. We doubt if he has any idea of the wondrous ignorance of what they ought to know, which prevails among the rising generation. On the other hand, for the instructed reader this volume is like the conversation of a brilliant and finished literary man. It is never prolix, never dull—an allusion, an anecdote, a little bit of hitherto unrevealed history, and from the subject is dismissed and the next topic taken up. But we feel that the uneducated reader must be very much in the condition of

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THE GREAT MULTITUDE OF THE REDEEMED.*

BY EMILY SEEVER.

Oh, Zion, lift thy lofty gates,
Thy portals open wide,
Behold the myriad throng that wait
Those gates of pearl beside!

Three gates look on th' advancing morn:
From Persia's ancient plain,
As once to hail the Virgin-born,
The wise men come again!

To worship their victorious king;
And Asia's farthest coast,
From under the Red Dragon's wing
Sends up her mighty host.

Three southern gates with radiance glow;
And from the golden strand;
From the dark continent of woe
Ascends the dusky band.

From many a soft sea island bower,
From Orinoco's plain—
Where India's ancient cities tower
Comes up the mighty train.

Three gates upon the northern side
Look o'er the realm of snow;
And all the Russia's swelling tide
Joins them and Esquimaux.

Three gates look to the glowing west,
And lo! a royal race,
Made up of every nation's best,
Mounts to the holy place.

Within, the King of Glory longs
His ransomed saints to meet,
And welcome all the eager throng
To worship at His feet.

Oh, Zion! open all thy gates
Unfold thy portals wide;
Receive the countless host that wait
Those gates of pearl beside!

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER I.

How Come They There?

The room was handsomely furnished, but such as I would quarrel with none for calling common, for it certainly was uninteresting. Not a thing in it had to do with genuine individual choice, but merely with the fashion and custom of the class to which its occupiers belonged. It was a dining-room, of good size, appointed with all the things a dining-room "ought" to have, mostly new, and entirely expensive—mirrored side-board in oak; heavy chairs, just the dozen, in fawn-colored morocco seats and backs—the dining-room, in short, of a London house, inhabited by rich middle-class people. A big fire blazed in the low round-backed grate, whose flashes were reflected in the steel fender and the ugly fire-irons that were never used. A snowy cloth of linen,

finer than ordinary, for there was pride in the housekeeping, covered the large dining-table, and a company, evidently a family, were eating its breakfast. But how come these people there?

For, supposing my reader one of the company, let him rise from the well-appointed table—its silver, bright as the complex motions of butler's elbows can make it; its china, ornate though not elegant; its ham, huge, and neither too fat nor too lean; its game pie, with nothing to be desired in composition or in flavor natural or artificial;—let him rise from these and go to the left of the two windows, for there are two opposite each other, the room having been enlarged by being built out; if he be such a one as I would have for a reader, might I choose—a reader whose heart, not merely his eye, mirrors what he sees—one who not merely beholds the outward show of things, but catches a glimpse of the soul that looks out of them, whose garment and revelation they are:—if he be such, I say, he will stand, for more than a moment, speechless with something akin to that which made the morning stars sing together.

He finds himself gazing far over western seas, while yet the sun is in the east. They lie clear and cold, pale and cold, broken with islands scattering thinner to the horizon, which is jagged here and there with yet another. The ocean looks a wild, yet peaceful mingling of lake and land. Some of the islands are green from shore to shore, of low yet broken surface; others are mere rocks, with a bold front to the sea, one or two of them strange both in form and character. Over the pale blue sea hangs the pale blue sky, flecked with a few cold white clouds that look as if they disowned the earth they got so high—though none the less her children, and doomed to descend again to her bosom. A keen little wind is out, crisping the surface of the sea in patches—a pretty large crisping to be seen from that height, for the window looks over hill above hill to the sea. Life, quiet, yet eager, is all about; the solitude itself is alive, content to be a solitude because it is alive. Its life needs nothing from beyond—is independent even of the few sails of fishing boats that here and there with their red brown break the blue of the water.

If my reader, gently obedient to my thanksgiving, will now turn and cross to the other window, let him as he does so beware of casting a glance on his right towards the place he has left at the table, for the room will now look to him tenfold commonplace, so that he too will be inclined to ask, "How come these and their belongings here—just here?"—let him first look from the window. There he sees hills of heather rolling away eastward, at middle distance beginning to rise into mountains, and farther yet, on the horizon, showing snow on their crests—though that may disappear and return several times before settling down for the winter. It is a solemn and very still region—not a pretty country at all, but great—beautiful with the beauties of color and variety of surface; while, far in the distance, where the mountains and the clouds have business together, its aspect rises to grandeur. To his first glance probably not a tree will be discoverable; the second will fall upon a solitary clump of firs, like a mole on the cheek of one of the hills not far

off, a hill steeper than most of them, and green to the top.

Is my reader seized with that form of divine longing which wonders what lies over the nearest hill? Does he fancy, ascending the other side to its crest, some sweet face of highland girl, singing songs of the old centuries while yet there was a people in these wastes? Why should he imagine in the presence of the actual? why dream when the eyes can see? He has but to return to the table to reseat himself by the side of one of the prettiest of girls?

She is fair, yet with a glowing tinge under her fairness which flames out only in her eyes, and seldom reddens her skin. She has brown hair, with just a suspicion of red and no more, and a waveness that turns to curl at the ends. She has a good forehead, arched a little, not without a look of habitation, though whence that comes it might be hard to say. There are no great clouds on the sky of the face, but there is a soft dimness that might turn to rain. She has a straight nose, not too large for the imperfect yet decidedly Greek contour; a doubtful, rather straight, thin-lipped mouth, which seems to dissolve into a bewitching smile, and reveals perfect teeth—and a good deal more to the eyes that can read it. When the mouth smiles the eyes light up, which is a good sign. Their shape is long oval—and their color when unlighted, much that of an unpeeled almond; when she smiles, they grow red. She has an object in life, which can hardly be called a mission. She is rather tall, and quite graceful, though not altogether natural in her movements. Her dress gives a feathery impression to one who rather receives than notes the look of ladies. She has a good hand—not the doll hand so much admired of those who can judge only of quantity and know nothing of quality, but a fine sensible hand—the best thing about her: a hand may be too small just as well as too large.

Poor mother earth! What a load of disappointing women, made fit for fine things, and running all to self and show, she carries on her weary old back! From all such, good Lord deliver us!—except it be for our discipline or their awaking.

Near her at the breakfast-table sits one of aspect so different, that you could ill believe they belonged to the same family. She is younger and taller—tall indeed, but not ungraceful, though by no means beautiful. She has all the features that belong to a face—among them not a good one. Stay! I am wrong; there were in truth, dominant over the rest, two good features—her two eyes, dark as eyes well could be without being all pupil, large, and rather long like her sister's until she looked at you, and then they opened wide. They did not flash or glow, but were full of the light that tries to see—questioning eyes. They were simple eyes—I will not say without *arrière pensée*, for there was no end of thinking faculty, if not yet thought, behind them,—but honest eyes that looked at you from the root of eyes, with neither attack nor defence in them. If she was not so graceful as her sister, she was hardly more than a girl, and had a remnant of that curiously lovely mingling of grace and clumsiness which we see in long-legged growing girls. I will give her the advantage of not being further described, except so far as this—her hair

*Rev. vii. 9.

was long and black, her complexion dark, with something of a freckly unevenness, and hands larger and yet better than her sister's.

There is one truth about a plain face, that may not have occurred to many: its ugliness accompanies a condition of larger undevelopment, for all ugliness that is not evil, is undevelopment; and so implies the larger material and possibility of development. The idea of no countenance is yet carried out, and this kind will take more developing for the completion of its idea, and may result in a greater beauty. I would therefore advise any young man of aspiration in the matter of beauty, to choose a plain woman for wife—if through her plainness she is yet lovely in his eyes; for the loveliness is herself victorious over the plainness, and her face, so far from complete and yet serving her loveliness, has in it room for completion on a grander scale than possibly most handsome faces. In a handsome face one sees the lines of its coming perfection, and has a glimpse of what it must be when finished: few are prophets enough for a plain face. A keen surprise of beauty waits many a man if he be pure enough to come near the transfiguration of the homely face he loved.

This plain face was a solemn one, and the solemnity suited the plainness. It was not specially expressive—did not look specially intelligent; there was more of latent than operative power in it, while her sister's had more expression than power. Both were lady-like; whether they were ladies, my reader may determine. There are common ladies and there are rare ladies; the former may be countesses; the latter may be peasants.

There were two younger girls at the table, of whom I will say nothing more than that one of them looked awkward, promised to be handsome, and was apparently a good soul; the other was pretty, and looked pert.

The family possessed two young men, but they were not here; one was a partner in the business from which his father had practically retired; the other was that day expected from Oxford.

The mother, a woman with many autumnal reminders of spring about her, sat at the head of the table, and regarded her queen-don with a smile a little set, perhaps, but bright. She had the look of a woman on good terms with her motherhood, with society, with the universe—yet had scarce a shadow of assumption on her countenance. For if she felt as one who had a claim upon things to go pleasantly with her, had she not put in her claim, and had it acknowledged? Her smile was a sweet white-toothed smile, true if shallow, and a more than tolerably happy one—often irradiating the Governor opposite—for so was the head styled by the whole family from mother to child.

He was the only one at the table on whose countenance a shadow—as of some end unattained—was visible. He had tried to get into parliament, and had not succeeded; but I will not presume to say that was the source of the shadow. He did not look discontented, or even peevish; there was indeed a certain radiance of success about him—only above the cloudy horizon of his thick, dark eyebrows, seemed to hang a thundery atmosphere. His forehead was large, but his features rather small; he had, however,

grown a trifle fat, which tended to make up. In his youth he must have been very nice-looking, probably too pretty to be handsome. In good health and when things went well, as they had mostly done with him, he was sweet-tempered; what he might be in other conditions was seldom conjectured. But was that a sleeping thundercud, or only the shadow of his eyebrows?

He had a good opinion of himself—on what grounds at all I do not know; but he was rich, and I know no better ground; I doubt if there is any more certain soil for growing a good opinion of one's self. Certainly, the more you try to raise one by doing what is right and worth doing, the less you succeed.

Mr. Peregrine Palmer had finished his breakfast, and sat for a while looking at nothing in particular, plunged in deep thought about nothing at all, while the girls went on with theirs. He was a little above the middle height, and looked not much older than his wife; his black hair had but begun to be touched with silver; he seemed a man without an atom of care more than humanity counts reasonable; his speech was not unlike that of an Englishman, for, although born in Glasgow, he had been to Oxford. He spoke respectfully to his wife, and with a pleasant playfulness to his daughters; his manner was nowise made to order, but natural enough; his grammar was as good as conversation requires; everything was respectable about him—and yet—he was one remove at least from a gentleman. Something hard to define was lacking to that idea of perfection.

Mr. Peregrine Palmer's grandfather had begun to make the family fortune by developing a little secret still in a remote highland glen which had acquired a reputation for its whiskey, into a great superterrene distillery. Both he and his son made money by it, and it had "done well" for Mr. Peregrine also. With all three of them the making of money was the great calling of life. They were diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving Mammon, and founding claim to consideration on the fact. Neither Jacob nor John Palmer's worst enemy had ever called him a hypocrite; neither had been suspected of thinking to serve Mammon and God. Both had gone regularly to church, but neither had taught in a Sunday-school, or once gone to a week-day sermon. Peregrine had built a church and a school. He did not now take any active part in the distillery, but employed money variously—in making more money, for he had a genuine turn for business.

Jacob, the son of a ship-chandler at Greenock, had never thought about gentleman or no gentleman; but his son John had entertained the difference, and done his best to make a gentleman of Peregrine; and neither Peregrine nor any of his family ever doubted his father's success. He had not quite succeeded. I would have the blame laid on Peregrine, and not on either father or grandfather. For a man to grow a gentleman, it is of great consequence that his grandfather should have been an honest man; but if a man be a gentleman, it matters little what his grandfather or grandmother either was. Nay—if a man be a gentleman, it is of the smallest consequence, except for his own sake, whether the world counts him one or not.

Mr. Peregrine Palmer rose from the table with a merry remark on the prolongation of the meal by his girls, and went towards the door.

"Are you going to shoot?" asked his wife.

"Not to-day. But I am going to look after my guns. I darsay they've got them all right, but there's nothing like seeing to a thing yourself."

Mr. Palmer had this virtue, and this very gentleman-like way—that he always gave his wife as direct an answer as he would another lady. He was not given to marital brevity.

He was there for the grouse-shooting—not exactly, only "as it were." He did not care very much about the sport, and had he cared nothing, would have been there all the same. Other people, in what he counted his social position, shot grouse, and he liked to do what other people did, for then he felt all right; if ever he tried the gate of heaven, it would be because other people did. But the primary cause of his being so far in the north was the simple fact that he had had the chance of buying a property very cheap—a fine property of mist and cloud, heather and rock, mountain and moor, and with no such reputation for grouse as to enhance its price. "My estate," sounded well, and after a time of good preserving he would be able to let it well, he trusted. No sooner was it bought than his wife and daughters were eager to visit it; and the man of business, perceiving that it would cost him much less if they passed their summers there instead of on the continent, proceeded at once to enlarge the house and make it comfortable. If they should never go a second time, it would, with its perfect appointments, make the place unusually attractive!

They had arrived the day before. The journey had been fatiguing, for a great part of it was by road; but they were all in splendid health, and not too tired to get up in reasonable time the next day.

CHAPTER II.

A Short Glance Over the Shoulder.

Mr. Peregrine was the first of the Palmer family to learn that there was a Palmer coat of arms. He learned it at college, and on this wise.

One day a fellow-student, who pleased himself with what he called philology, remarked that his father must have been a bit of a humorist to name him Peregrine:—"except indeed it be a family name!" he added.

"I never thought about it," said Peregrine. "I don't quite know what you mean."

The fact was he had no glimmering idea of what he meant.

"Nothing profound," returned the other. "Only don't you see *Peregrine* means pilgrim? It is the same as the Italian *pellegrino*, from the Latin, *perigrinus*, which means one that goes about the fields—which in Scotland you call a *landlouper*!"

"Well, but," returned Peregrine, hesitatingly. "I don't find myself much wiser. *Peregrine* means a pilgrim, you say, but what of that? All names mean something, I suppose! It don't matter much."

"What is your coat of arms?"

"I don't know."

"Why did your father call you Peregrine?"

"I don't know that either. I suppose because he liked the name."

"Why should he have liked it?" continued the other, who was given to the Socratic method.

"I know no more than the man in the moon."

"What does your surname mean?"

"Something to do with palms, I suppose."

"Doubtless."

"You see I don't go in for that kind of thing like you!"

"Any man who cares about the cut of his coat, might have a little curiosity about the cut of his name: it sits to him a good deal closer!"

"That is true—so close that you can't do anything with it. You can't pull it off however you criticise it."

"You can change it any day. Would you like to do that?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Stokes," said Peregrine, dryly.

"I didn't mean with mine," growled the other. "My name is an historical one too—but that is not in question. Do you know your crest ought to be a hairy worm?"

"Why?"

"Don't you know the palmer-worm? It got its name where you got yours."

"Well, we all come from Adam."

"What I worms and all?"

"Surely. We're all worms, the parson says. Come, put me through; it's time for lunch. Or, if you prefer, let me burst in ignorance. I don't mind."

"Well, then, I will explain. The palmer was a pilgrim: when he came home, he carried a palm-branch to show he had been to the holy land."

"Did the hairy worm go to the holy land too?"

"He is called a palmer-worm because he has feet enough to go any number of pilgrimages. But you are such a landlouper, you ought to blazon two hairy worms saltier-wise."

"I don't understand."

"Why, your name, interpreted to half an ear, is just *Pilgrim Pilgrim!*"

"I wonder if my father meant it!"

"That I cannot even guess at, not having the pleasure of knowing your father. But it does look like a paternal joke!"

His friend sought out for him the coat and crest of the Palmers; but for the latter, strongly recommended a departure: the fresh family-branch would suit the worm so well—his crest ought to be two worms crossed, tufted, the tufts ouch'd in gold. It was not heraldic language, but with Peregrine passed well enough. Still he did not take to the worms, but contented himself with the ordinary crest. He was henceforth, however, better pleased with his name, for he fancied in it something of the dignity of a double surname.

His first glance at his wife was because she crossed the field of his vision; his second glance was because of her beauty; his third because her name was *Shelley*. It is marvellous how whimsically sentimental common-place people can be where their own interesting personality is concerned: her name he instantly associated with *scold-top-shell*, and began to make inquiry about

her. Learning that her other name was Miriam, one also of the holy land—

"A most remarkable coincidence!—a mere coincidence, of course!" he said to himself. "Evidently that is the woman destined to be the companion of my pilgrimage!"

When their first child was born, the father was greatly exercised as to a fitting name for him. He turned up an old botany book, and sought out the scientific names of different palms. *Chamerops* would not do, for it was a *dwarf-palm*; *Borassus* might do, seeing it was a boy—only it stood for a *fan-palm*; *Corypha* would not be bad for a girl, only it was the name of a heathen goddess, and would not go well with the idea of a holy palmer. *Cocca*, *Phoenix*, and *Arecia*, one after the other, went in at his eyes and through his head: none of them pleased him. His wife, however, who in her smiling way had fallen in with his whim, helped him out of his difficulty. She was the daughter of nonconformist parents in Lancashire, and had been encouraged when a child to read a certain old-fashioned book called "The Pilgrim's Progress," which her husband had never seen. He did not read it now, but accepted her suggestion, and named the boy *Christian*. When a daughter came, he would have had her *Christiana*, but his wife persuaded him to be content with *Christina*. They named their second son *Valentine*, after Mr. Valentine-for-truth. Their second daughter was *Mercy*; and for the third and fourth, *Hope* and *Grace* seemed near enough. So the family had a cool glow of puritanism about it, while nothing was farther from the thoughts of any of them than what their names signified. All, except the mother, associated them with the crusades for the rescue of the sepulchre of the Lord from the pagans; not a thought did one of them spend on the rescue of a live soul from the sepulchre of low desires, mean thoughts, and crawling selfishness.

CHAPTER III.

The Girls' First Walk.

The Governor, Peregrine and Palmer as he was, did not care about walking at any time, not even when he had to do it because other people did; the mother, of whom there would have been little left had the sweetness in her moral, and the house-keeping in her practical nature, been subtracted, had things to see to within doors; the young people must go out by themselves; they put on their hats and issued.

The temperature was keen, though it was now nearly the middle of August, by which time in those northern regions the earth had begun to get a little warm: the house stood high, and the atmosphere was thin. There was a certain sense of sadness in the pale sky and its cold brightness; but these young people felt no cold, and perceived no sadness. The air was exhilarating, and they breathed deep breaths of a pleasure more akin to the spiritual than they were capable of knowing. For as they gazed around them, they thought, like Hamlet's mother in the presence of her invisible husband, that they saw all there was to be seen. They did not know nature; in the school to which they had gone they patronized instead of revering her. She wrought upon them nevertheless after her own fashion with her children, unheeded whether

they knew what she was about or not. The mere space, the mere height from which they looked, the rarity of the air, the soft aspiration of earth towards heaven, made them all more of children.

But not one of them being capable of enjoying anything by herself, together they were unable to enjoy much; and, like the miser who, when he cannot much enjoy his money, desires more, they began to desire more company to share in the already withering satisfaction of their new possession—to help them, that is, to get pleasure out of it, as out of a new dress. It is a good thing to desire to share a good thing, but it is not well to be unable alone to enjoy a good thing. It is our enjoyment that should make us desirous to share. What is there to share if the thing be of no value in itself? To enjoy alone is to be able to share. No participation can make that of value which in itself is of none. It is not love alone but pride also, and often only pride, that leads to the desire for another to be present with us in possession.

The girls grew weary of the show around them because it was so quiet, so regardless of their presence, so moveless, so monotonous. Endless change was going on, but it was too slow for them to see; had it been rapid, its motions were not of a kind to interest them. Ere half-an-hour they had begun to think with regret of Piccadilly and Regent street—for they had passed the season in London. There is a good deal counted social which is merely gregarious. Doubtless humanity is better company than a bare hill-side; but not a little depends on how near we come to the humanity, and how near we come to the hill. I doubt if one who could not enjoy a bare hill-side alone, would enjoy the hill-side in any company; if he thought he did, I suspect it would be that the company enabled him, not to forget himself in what he saw, but to be more pleasantly aware of himself than the lone hill would permit him to be: for the mere hill has its relation to that true self which the common self is so anxious to avoid and forget. The girls, however, went on and on, led mainly by the animal delight of motion, the two younger making many a diversion up the hill on the one side, and down the hill on the other, shrieking aloud at everything fresh that pleased them.

The house they had just left stood on the projecting shoulder of a hill, here and there planted with firs. Of the hardy trees there was a thicket at the back of the house, while towards the south, less hardy ones grew in the shrubbery, though they would never, because of the sea-breezes, come to any height. The carriage-drive to the house joined two not very distant points on the same road, and there was no lodge at either gate. It was a rough, country road, a good deal rutted, and seldom repaired. Opposite the gates, rose the steep slope of a heathery hill, along the flank of which the girls were now walking. On their right lay a piece of rough moorland, covered with heather, patches of bracken, and coarse grass. A few yards to the right, it sank in a steep descent. Such was the disposition of the ground for some distance along the road—on one side the hill, on the other a narrow level and abrupt descent, gradually descending towards a valley.

As they advanced they caught sight of a ruin rising above the brow of the descent:

the two younger darted across the heather towards it; the two elder continued their walk along the road.

"I wonder what we shall see round the corner there!" said Mercy, the younger of the two.

"The same over again, I suppose!" answered Christina. "What a rough road it is! I've twice nearly sprained my ankle!"

"I was thinking of what I saw the other day in somebody's travels—about his interest in every turn of the road, always looking for what was to come next."

"Time enough when it comes, in my opinion!" rejoined Christina.

For she was like any other mirror—quite ready to receive what was thrown upon her, but incapable of originating anything, almost incapable of using anything.

As they descended, and the hill-side, here covered with bracken and bowlders, grew higher and higher above them, the valley, in front and on the right, gradually opened, here and there showing a glimpse of a small stream that catered steadily towards the sea, now tumbling over a rock, now sullen in a brown pool. Arriving at length at a shoulder of the hill round which the road turned, a whole mile of the brook lay before them. It came down a narrow valley, with scraps of meadow in the bottom; but immediately below them the valley was of some width, and was good land from side to side, where green oats waved their feathery grace, and the yellow barley was nearly ready for the sickle. No more than the barren hill, however, had the fertile valley anything for them. Their talk was of the last ball they were at.

The sisters were about as good friends as such negative creatures could be; and they would be such friends all their lives, if, on the one hand, neither of them grew to anything better, and, on the other, no jealousy, or marked difference of social position through marriage, intervened. They loved each other, if not tenderly, yet with the genuineness of healthy family-habit—a thing not to be despised, for it keeps the door open for something better. In itself it is not at all to be reckoned upon, for habit is but the merest shadow of reality. Still it is not a small thing, as families go, if sisters and brothers do not dislike each other.

They were criticizing certain of the young men they had met at the said ball. Being, in their development, if not in their nature, commonplace, what should they talk about but dress or young men? And why, although it was an excellent type of its kind, should I take the trouble to record their conversation? To read, it might have amused me—or even interested, as may a carrot painted by a Dutchman; but were I painter, I should be sorry to paint carrots, and the girls' talk is not for my pen. At the same time I confess myself incapable of doing it justice. When one is annoyed at the sight of things meant to be and not beautiful, there is danger of not giving them even the poor fair-play they stand in so much the more need of that it can do so little for them.

But now they changed the subject of their talk. They had come to a point of the road not far from the ruin to which the children had run across the heather.

"Look, Chrissy! It is an old castle!" said Mercy. "I wonder whether it is on our land?"

"Not much to be proud of!" replied the other. "It is nothing but the walls of a square house!"

"Not just a common square house! Look at that pepper-pot on one of the corners!—I wonder how it is all the old castles get deserted!"

"Because they are old. It's walled to desert them before they tumble down."

"But they wouldn't tumble down if they weren't neglected. Think of Warwick castle! Stone doesn't rot like wood! Just see the thickness of those walls!"

"Yes, they are thick! But stone, too, has its way of rotting. Westminster palace is wearing through flake by flake. The weather will be at the lords before long."

"That's what Valentine would call a sign of the times. I say, what a radical he is, Chrissy!—look! the old place is just like an empty eggshell! I know, if it had been mine, I wouldn't have let it come to that!"

"You say that because it never was yours; if it had been, you would know how uncomfortable it was?"

"I should like to know," said Mercy, after a little pause, during which they stood looking at the ruin, "whether the owners leave such places because they get fastidious and want better, or because they are too poor to keep them up! At all events a man must be poor to sell the house that belonged to his ancestors!—It must be miserable to grow poor after being used to plenty!—I wonder whose is the old place!"

"O, the governor's, I suppose! He owns all hereabout for miles."

"I hope it is ours! I should like to build it up again! I would live in it myself!"

"I'm afraid the governor won't advance your share for that purpose, Mercy."

"I love old things!" said Mercy.

"I believe you take your old doll to bed with you still!" rejoined Christina. "I am different to you!" she continued, with Frenchified grammar. "I like things as new as ever I can have them."

"I like new things well enough, Chrissy—you know I do! It is natural. The earth herself has new clothes once a year. It is but once a year, I grant!"

"Often enough for an old granny like her!"

"Look what a pretty cottage!—down there, half way to the burn! It's like an English cottage! Those we saw as we came along were either like a piece of the earth, or so white as to look ghostly! This one looks neat and comfortable, and has trees about it!"

The ruin, once a fortified house and called a castle, stood on a sloping roof or spur that ran from the hill down to the bank of the stream, where it stopped abruptly with a steep scarp, at whose foot lay a dark pool. On the same spur, half way to the burn, stood a low, stone-built, thatched cottage, with a little grove about it, mostly of the hardy, contented, musical fir—a tree that would seem to have less regard to earthly prosperity than most and looks like a pilgrim and a stranger: not caring much, it thrives where other trees cannot. There might have been a hundred of them, mingled, in strange contrast, with a few delicate silver birches, about the cottage. It stood towards the east side of the sinking ridge, which had a steep descent, both east and west, to the fields below. The slopes

were green with sweet grass, and apparently smooth as a lawn. Not far from where the cottage seemed to rest rather than rise or stand, the burn rushed right against the side of the spur, as if to go straight through it, but turned abruptly, and flowed along the side to the end of it, where its way to the sea was open. On the point of the ridge were a few more firs: except these, those about the cottage, the mole on the hill-side, and the plantation about the New House, up or down was not a tree to be seen. The girls stood for a moment looking.

"It's really quite pretty!" said Christina with condescension. "It has actually something of what one misses here so much—a certain cosy look! Tidy it is too! As you say, Mercy, it might be in England—only for the poverty of its trees. And oh, those wretched bare hills!" she added, as she turned away and moved on.

"Wait till the heather is quite out: then you will have color to make up for the bareness."

"Tell true now, Mercy: that you are Scotch need not keep you from speaking the truth: do you think heather just—well—just a leetle magentaish?—not a color to be altogether admired?—just a little vulgar, don't you know? The fashion has changed so much within the last few years."

"No, I don't think so; and if I did I should be ashamed of it. I suppose poor old mother Earth ought to go to the pre-Raphaelites to be taught how to dress herself!"

Mercy spoke with some warmth, but Christina was not sufficiently interested to be cross—though she made no answer.

They were now at the part of the road which crossed the descending spur as it left the hill-side. Here they stopped again, and looked down the rocky slope. There was hardly anything green betwixt them and the old ruin—little but stones on a mass of rock; but immediately beyond the ruin the green began: there it seemed as if a wave of the meadow had risen and flowed over the spur, leaving its turf behind it. Catching sight of Hope and Grace as they ran about the ruin, they went to join them, the one drawn by a vague interest in the *exuvia* of vanished life, the other by mere curiosity to see inside the care-worn, protesting walls. Through a gap that might once have been a door, they entered the heart of the sad unhoping thing dropt by the Past on its way to oblivion: nothing looks so unlike life as a dead body, nothing so unfit for human dwelling as a long-forsaken house.

Finding in one corner a broken stair, they clambered up to a gap in the east wall; and as they reached it, heard the sound of a horse's feet. Looking down the road, they saw a gig approaching with two men. It had reached a part not so steep, and was coming at a trot.

"Why?" exclaimed Christina, "there's Val!—and some one with him!"

"I heard the governor say to mamma," returned Mercy, "that Val was going to bring a college friend with him:—for a pop at the grouse!" he said. I wonder what he will be like!"

"He's a good-big-looking fellow," said Christina.

They drew nearer.

"You might have said a big good-looking fellow!" rejoined Mercy.

"He really is handsome!—Now mind,

Mercy, I was the first to discover it!" said Christina.

"Indeed you were not!—I was the first to say it, anyhow," returned Mercy. "But I don't mean to like him, so you can have him."

It was vulgar—and yet the girls were not vulgar—they were only common. They did and said vulgar things because they had no sensitive vitality to make them shrink from them. They had not been well taught—that is roused to live: in the family was not a breath of aspiration. There was plenty of ambition, that is, aspiration turned helwards. They thought themselves as far from vulgar as any lady in any land, being vulgar essentially in this—that they despised the people they called vulgar, and thought much of themselves for not being vulgar. There was little in them the world would call vulgar; but the world and its ways are vulgar; its breeding will not pass with the ushers of the high countries. It was more a fast, disagreeable way of talking than anything worse: they owed it to a certain governess they had had for awhile.

They hastened to the road. The gig came up. Valentine threw the reins to his companion, jumped out, embraced his sisters, and seemed glad to see them. If he met them after a like interval at home, he would have given them a cooler greeting; but he had travelled so many miles that they seemed not to have met for quite a long time.

"My friend, Mr. Sercombe," he said, jerking his head towards the gig.

Mr. Sercombe raised his *pot-lid*—the last fashion, in headgear—and acquaintance was made.

"We'll drive on, Sercombe," said Valentine, jumping up. "You see, Chris, we're half dead with hunger! Do you think we shall find anything to eat?"

"Judging by what we left at breakfast," replied Christina, "I should say there would be enough for one of you; but you had better go and see."

CHAPTER IV.

The Shop in the Village.

Two or three days have passed. The sun has been set for an hour, and the night is already rather dark notwithstanding the long twilight of these northern regions, for a blanket of vapor has gathered over the heaven, and a few stray drops have begun to fall from it. A thin wind now and then wakes, and gives a feeble puff, but seems immediately to change its mind and resolve not to blow, but let the rain come down. A drearier-looking spot for human abode it would be difficult to imagine, except it were as much of the sandy Sahara, or of the ashy, sage-covered waste of Western America. A muddy road wound through huts of turf—among them one or two of clay, and one or two of stone, which were more like cottages. Hardly one had a window two feet square, and many of their windows had no glass. In almost all of them the only chimney was little more than a hole in the middle of the thatch. This rendered the absence of glass in the windows not so objectionable; for, left without ordered path to its outlet, the smoke preferred a circuitous route, and lingered by the way, filling the air. Pest smoke, however, is both wholesome and pleasant, nor was there mingled with it any disagreeable smell of

cooking. Outside were no lamps; the road was unlighted save by the few rays that here and there crept from a window, casting a doubtful glimmer on the mire.

One of the better cottages sent out a little better light, though only from a tallow candle, through the open upper half of a door divided in two horizontally. Except by that same half-door, indeed, little light could enter the place, for its own window was filled with all sorts of little things for sale. Small and inconvenient for the humble commerce, this was not merely the best, it was the only shop in the hamlet.

There were two persons in it, one before and one behind the counter. The latter was a young woman, the former a man.

He was leaning over the counter—whether from weariness, listlessness, or interest in his talk with the girl behind, it would not have been easy, in the dim light and deep shadow, to say. He seemed quite at home, yet the young woman treated him with a marked, though unembarrassed respect. The candle stood to one side of them upon the counter, making a ghastly halo in the damp air; and in the light puff that occasionally came in at the door, casting the shadow of one of a pair of scales, now on this now on that of the two faces. The young woman was tall and dark, with a large forehead—so much could be seen, but the sweetness of her mouth, the blueness of her eyes, the extreme darkness of her hair, were not to be distinguished. The man was also dark. His coat was of some rough brown material, probably dyed and woven in the village, and his kill of tartan. They were more than well worn—looking even in that poor light a little shabby. On his head was the highland bonnet called a glengarry. His profile was remarkable—hardly less than grand, with a certain aquiline expression, although the nose was not roman. His eyes appeared very dark, but in the daylight were greenish hazel. Usually he talked with the girl in Gaelic, but was now speaking English, a far purer English than that of most English people, though with something of the character of book-English as distinguished from conversation-English, and a very perceptible accent.

"And when was it you heard from Lachlan, Annie?" he asked.

After a moment's pause, during which she had been putting away things in the drawer of the counter—not so big as many a kitchen dresser—

"Last Thursday it was, sir," the girl answered. "You know we hear every month, sometimes oftener."

"Yes; I know that. I hope the dear fellow is well?"

"He is quite well and of good hope. He says he will soon come and see us now."

"And take you away, Annie?"

"Well, sir," returned Annie, after a moment's hesitation, "he does not say so."

"If he did not mean it, he would be a rascal, and I should have to kill him. But my life on Lachlan's honesty!"

"Thank you, sir. He would lay down his life for you."

"Not if you said to him, *Don't!*—eh, Annie?"

"But he would, Macruadh!" returned the young woman, almost angrily. "Are not you his chief?"

"Ah, that is all over now, my girl! There are no chiefs, and no clans any

more! The chiefs that need not, yet sell their land like Esau for a mess of pottage—and their brothers with it! And the Saunnach who buys it, claims rights over that which never grew on the land or were hid in its caves! Thank God, the poor man is not their slave, but he is the worse off, for they will not let him eat, and he has nowhere to go. My heart is like to break for my people. Sometimes I feel as if I would gladly die."

"Oh, sir! don't say that!" expostulated the young woman, and her voice trembled. "Every heart in Glenruadh is glad when it goes well with the Macruadh."

"Yes, yes; I know you all love my father's son and my uncle's nephew; but how can it go well with the Macruadh when it goes ill with his clan? There is no way now for a chief to be father of his family; we are all poor together! My uncle—God rest his soul!—they managed it so, I suppose, as to persuade him there was no help for it! Well, a man must be an honest man, even if there be no way but ruin. God knows, as we've all heard my father say a hundred times from the pulpit, there's no ruin but dishonesty! For poverty and hard work, he's a poor creature would crouch for those!"

"He who will goe down hill, holds his head up!" said Annie, and a pause followed.

"There are strangers at the New House, we hear!" she said.

"From a distance I saw some young ladies, and one or two men. I don't desire to see more of them. God forbid I should wish them any manner of harm! but—I hardly understand myself—I don't like to see them there. I am afraid it is pride. They are rich, I hear, so we shall not be troubled with attention from them; they will look down upon us—"

"Look down on the Macruadh!" exclaimed Annie, as if she could not believe her ears.

"—not that I should heed that!" he went on. "A cock on the barn-ridge looks down on you, and you don't feel offended! What I do dread is looking down on them. There is something in me that can hate, Annie, and I fear it. There's something about the land—I don't care about money, but I feel like a miser about the land!—I don't mean any land; I shouldn't care to buy land unless it had once been ours; but what came down to me from my own people—with my own people upon it—I would rather turn the spigot of the molten gold and let it run down the abyss, than let a rood of that slip from me! I feel it a disgrace to have lost it, though I never had it!"

"Indeed, Macruadh," said Annie. "It's a hard time! There is no money in the country! And fast the people are going after Lachlan!"

"I shall miss you, Annie!"

"You are very kind to us all, sir."

"Are you not all my own? And you I have to take care of for Lachlan's sake besides. He left you solemnly to my charge—as if that had been necessary, the foolish fellow, when we are foster-brothers!"

Again came a pause.

"Not a gentleman-farmer left from one end of the strath to the other!" said the chief at length. "When Ian is at home, we feel just like two old turkey-cocks left alone in the yard."

"Say two golden eagles, sir, on the cliff of the rock."

"Don't compare us to the eagle, Annie. I do not love the bird. He is very proud and greedy and cruel, and never will know the hand that tames him. He is the bird of the monarch or the earl, not the bird of the father of his people. But he is beautiful, and I do not kill him."

"They shot another, the female bird, last week! All the birds are going! Soon there will be nothing but the great sheep and the little grouse. The capercaillie's gone, and the ptarmigan's gone!—Well, there's a world beyond!"

"Where the birds go, Annie?—Well, it may be! But the ptarmigan's not gone yet, though there are not many; and for the capercaillie—only who that loves them will be here to see!—But do you really think there is a heaven for all God's creatures, Annie? Ian does."

"I don't know what I said to make you think so, sir! When the heart aches the tongue mistakes. But how is my lady, your mother?"

"Pretty well, thank you—wonderfully cheerful. It is time I went home to her. Lachlan would think I was playing him false and, making love to you on my own account!"

"No fear! He would know better than that! He would know too, if she was not belonging to Lachlan, her father's daughter would not let her chief humble himself."

"You're one of the old sort, Annie! Good-night! Mind you tell Lachlan I never miss a chance of looking in to see how you are getting on."

"I will. Good-night, Macruadh."

They shook hands over the counter, and the young chief took his departure.

As he stood up, he showed a fine-made, powerful frame, over six feet in height, and perfectly poised. With a great easy stride he swept silently out of the shop; nor from gait any more than look would one have thought he had been all day at work on the remnant of property he could call his own.

To a cit it would have seemed strange that one sprung from innumerable patriarchal ancestors holding the land of the country, should talk so familiarly with a girl in a miserable little shop in a most miserable hamlet; it would have seemed stranger yet that such a one should toil at the labor the soul of a cit despises; but stranger than both it would seem to him, if he saw how such a man was tempted to look down upon *him*. *Less cleverness* is required for country affairs, and so they leave more room for thinking. There are great and small in every class—here and there a ploughman that understands Burns, and here and there a large-minded shopkeeper, here and there perhaps an unselfish duke. Doubtless the youth's ancestors, almost all, would likewise have held such labor unworthy of a gentleman, and preferred driving to their hills a herd of

lowland cattle; but this, the last Macruadh, had now and then a peep into the kingdom of heaven.

(To be continued.)

THE REV. GEO. R. VAN DE WATER.

The Rev. George Roe Van De Water, rector of St. Luke's, Brooklyn, in which parish a mission is being conducted this week, was born in Flushing, Long Island, April 25, 1854. He prepared for college at the Flushing Institute, and entered Cornell University in 1870, where he took the regular course, and was graduated in 1874. His part at commencement was the philosophical oration, the subject treated being "The Materialism of the Present Age."

Having the ministry of the Church in

In February, 1880, the subject of our sketch assumed the rectorship of St. Luke's church, Brooklyn, a parish where the venerated Dr. Diller had ministered for thirty-five years, laying a foundation in character and good works, in Christian love and zeal on the part of his faithful flock, that furnishes a solid basis for its present Church life. In this new field Mr. Van De Water has been eminently successful. In the five years past the communicants have increased from three hundred and seventy to one thousand and nineteen; a chapel has been started in an unsupplied quarter, giving promise of speedy development into a self-supporting parish; a new Sunday-school room has been erected adjoining the church, a beautiful rectory property has been added on the other side of the house of worship, the old rectory being converted into a parish

hall; and a costly new chancel with marble altar and reredos has been constructed. Over \$50,000 have been expended on these additions to the property, independently of the sums that have been raised for parochial expenses and charitable offerings. The parish contributes to all the objects of the Church, diocesan and general. The church building sadly needs a new front, but before this is more than thought of, the parish under the lead of their rector, is enlisted in the enterprise of securing a fine new parish hall which will be of immense service in a practical way, while the other improvement will be mainly for aesthetic effect.

St. Luke's, which has always been a free church, is very thoroughly organized for Church work. First to be named is St. Luke's Guild, having ninety-eight members. This is a comprehensive society, having oversight of all work done by men in many distinct departments. These embrace charitable visitation of the sick, reception of strangers, the publishing of a parish



THE REV. GEO. R. VAN DE WATER.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

view, he entered the General Theological Seminary in October, 1874.

Two years later, October, 1876, the Bishop of Long Island, according to an urgent request of the wardens and vestrymen of Christ church, Oyster Bay, L. I., ordained Mr. Van De Water a deacon, and placed him in charge of that parish. This temporarily interrupted his theological preparation, but a year later he resumed study at the seminary, continuing his charge of Christ church, and graduated by the seminary in 1878. He was admitted to the priesthood the same year.

His ministry and rectorship, the latter beginning upon his ordination as priest, had marked results at Oyster Bay. A new church building was erected and paid for, a mission was established, a surpliced choir introduced, and a church life infused which found scope in these organizations and efforts. There was also a free public library and reading room established in the village, which has been prosperously continued since.

paper, care of the parish library, workmen's meetings, and support of a bed in St. John's Hospital. It makes collections in the entire parish for the general missions of the whole Church, and offers the same on Easter Day. Ushers are provided at the services with the especial view of making personal calls on strangers who attend, and bringing them into acquaintance with the rector; and in connection with this, three receptions in the year are held to further this end of extending acquaintance. The anthems which are used in the services of the Church are also published by the Guild a month ahead. This organization raised \$4,000 at the time the chapel in Pacific street was started for the purpose of beginning that enterprise on a proper financial footing. Membership in the Guild is at no fixed rate, but voluntary, each one pledging only what he can give.

While the general organization has ninety-eight members the subordinate departments above specified enlist the activities of a very large number of others.

The same is true of the Woman's Auxiliary, numbering one hundred and sixty members. This includes and has general direction of all work done by women. The several departments cover the ground of charity, and missionary efforts in which cooperation is had with the diocesan branch and the general Church Missionary Society. City and Church charities are aided. Mother's Meetings, Young Girls' Friendly Society, Children's Missionary Guild, and a sewing school are also included. Altar and church decoration is provided for. Employment is secured for the needy. There is a weekly distribution of clothing. A committee for social improvement helps in an important line of Church life.

The Chapel of St. Luke's, which is rapidly coming forward into self-support, is organized similarly to the parent church.

There are three choirs, all of them supplied; the church choir numbering forty and having Mr. S. Lasar organist and leader; the chapel choir numbering thirty-six and having Mr. Narracott of Bristol, England, organist and leader, a gentleman who generously gives his services gratuitously, holding three rehearsals a week, and the Sunday-school choir numbering sixteen and having Miss Bolton organist and leader. All the weekday service music is under the charge of Miss Craske.

The Sunday-school and children's service are complete and separate. At three the children assemble in the church, where a shortened form of Evening Prayer is used, the singing being by the children's choir, the offertory taken by boys, a five minutes' sermon given by the rector, and all the features of worship observed from beginning to the end at half-past three, when all pass to the school-room for study till half-past four, when they are dismissed. This arrangement secures church as well as Sunday-school for the children.

Last summer Mr. Van De Water took charge of the Cathedral Schools at Garden City as chairman of the Cathedral Board of Trustees and of the Committee on Education. He is still supervising the work which has resulted in placing the Cathedral Schools on the most promising basis they have yet enjoyed. He was this year elected a trustee of Cornell University, and he is active in the business of the diocese as a member of many of its committees and boards.

Travelling two summers in Great Britain, Mr. Van De Water became interested in the work of the Parochial Mission Society, believing that great possibilities existed in this country for a similar work. It was his conviction that methods other than ordinary ones are necessary at times to stimulate interest in spiritual things and reach souls that are not otherwise to be secured for Christ. Acting on these views, he has invited the Rev. Mr. Aitken and his three assistants, the Rev. Mr. Stephens for children, Mrs. Crouch (widow of an English clergyman) for married women, and Miss Pardee for young women, to conduct the mission that is now in progress at St. Luke's.

The results have fully confirmed the judgment under which the work was undertaken. While many conservative Churchmen feared the novelty of after meetings and extemporized prayers, and many were apathetic if not opposing, all must acknowl-

edge that the fruits which have been realized vindicate the course pursued. The spiritual life of professing Christians has been in many instances deepened and quickened, sinners have been awakened, and every day there have been presented about forty requests for prayer, indicating a great variety of needs, and many of them are very tender in their appeals for Christian intercession. No one is approached, unless by his remaining he has thereby invited the approach. Then the missionaries or the rector go quietly and talk to the one so remaining, and ascertain the particular need, endeavoring by God's direction to suggest the proper remedy. It seems likely to be proved that the American Church can make the best use of such evangelizing work.

Without approving all the methods of any particular missionary, it is certain that every one in the Church may well pray for God's blessing on mission efforts, which are in themselves right, the methods of ministering being matters of individual taste.

The sermons of the Rev. Mr. Aitken are of a very searching character. Among the texts chosen for his discourses have been: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," "Thou God seeest me," "I thank Thee that I am not as other men are," "God be merciful to me a sinner," "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."

DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND.

V.

Statistics of Growth.

NUMBER OF PARISHES CONTRIBUTING TO DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

In 1836.....	270.....	\$ 18,750.37
1846.....	340.....	22,806.19
1856.....	463.....	47,983.17
1866.....	542.....	80,971.18
1876.....	1,022.....	159,478.91
1885.....	1,699.....	279,400.14

Year	Missionary Bishops	Missionary Clergy		Lay Missionaries		Missionary Clergy Women	Total		
		To Withd.	To Induc.	To Withd.	To Induc.				
1840	1	1		2	2		12		
1840	11						71		
1850	30						90		
1860	3	137					140		
1870	6	116	4		35		219		
1880	13	296	23	24	95	22	1	304	
1885	13	377	23	42	5	30	23	1	479

RECEIPTS FOR GENERAL PURPOSE.		SPECIALS.
1840.....	\$ 32,605.37	\$ 2,382.97
1860.....	30,657.18	275.25
1870.....	52,992.84	2,411.04
1880.....	98,814.73	57,316.14
1885.....	144,365.84	21,207.74
1885 (including legacies \$85,547).....	219,913.14

These figures are intended to show the rate of increase during the 40 years past. It is estimated that during this period not less than \$3,000,000 have been given for various purposes in the domestic field, but not reported in our statistics.

But these figures are only the skeleton of the reality; they amount to no more in this

than in all like cases, when dealing with forces that spring from the unseen and eternal things of God's Kingdom. Certainly they give no adequate idea of the actual influence of the American Church to-day. In what she is and what she represents there is a moral power that numbers of any sort cannot gauge. Many (and some among them comprising not a little of what is best in the life of the country) are awayed by her, though not counted within her fold. Deaf as may be the outside multitude to her voice, and for a reason already assigned, she has characteristics that tell upon people of culture who have any religion at all, and especially upon leading minds in society and politics who think deeply on the problems which American life is ordained to solve one way or the other.

VI.

Lessons of Experience.

This outline of our missionary history in this land suggests lessons that should be taken to heart. It has a pregnant moral with many sides, though it have but one point. (1) Our missions have succeeded in proportion as they have presented Christianity in the way that the original Apostolic Church presented it in the most illustrious of all the missionary ages: *i. e.*, the Gospel in the Church, the truth in organic union with its pillar and ground, its witness and keeper—the very Body of Christ. When tempted to divide them, as it sometimes has been, its labor has been for naught, its investments of time, money and men have been as water on the sand, the arrow's path through the air.

(2) Our missions have triumphed in proportion as the Church has treated them as the outgrowth and expression of her own corporate being, filling them with her own life, endowing them with her own gifts, directing them by her own episcopate, stamping on them her own universal commission. Individual zeal, apart from Church order, voluntary associations—the brittle issues of transient schools of thought, taking into them at once the intensity and the narrowness of embryonic sects, have won no lasting conquests. Permanent results are the fruits of permanent forces, and permanent forces in the kingdom of Christ are of divine origin.

(3) God does not mean that it shall be an easy thing to plant a new Church. This and that priest, this and that bishop, this and that committee have often become impatient, dissatisfied, discouraged because missions remained missions; because self-supporting parishes would not grow in five years or ten years from the first planting. Sometimes the soil, sometimes the seed, sometimes the sower has been faulted, as though each and all had lost their virtue, because the harvest was delayed. Now, it seems to be God's will that no real work laid upon us can be well done, or even done at all, without the consecrating touch of self-sacrifice. Where has a Church been founded and brought into practical service without pain and sorrow, denial and hardship built into the walls? Have we forgotten how solemn a meaning was in the custom of the primitive Christians when they used to bear some martyr's bones and reverently lay them in the trenches deep under the cornerstone of the edifice they were about to raise, as if to testify that what-

ever was to abide, whatever was to witness, though only the mute stone, to the Crucified Master, must be rooted and grounded in suffering. The law that wrought in the redemption of humanity has wrought equally after its kind in every redeemed will, and in every work truly done by such a will. It is woven into the core of the Church's life; and in every mission in the city or the wilderness, it is still the golden girdle of strength, however wet with tears, or shadowed by broken hopes and wasting trials.

(4). It has been the moral of all our mistakes and failures in devising or in handling all secondary means of growth, that they have driven us back more and more on the only source of genuine power—the quickening Spirit of God. Had all the wheels worked well that we have invented, had the funds come in as they were called for, and the men as they were wanted, had obstacles vanished before our adjustments and mechanisms, then it would have been the old story over again—God's children forgetting that they have neither wisdom nor power save from Him, God's Church exchanging her own divine and invisible energy, the immediate continuous gifts of His Spirit, for carnal and mechanical means of growth.

VII.

The Outlook.

Turning, finally, to the future, never had any branch of the Catholic Church an outlook over such an age, or such a life, or such a battle for the subjugation of both to Christ. The field widens out into continental dimensions. Not unlikely within its limits will meet, in a strife that, if not final, will be the parent of new epochs, the good and the bad in the humanity of the world—forces industrial, monetary, social, political, intellectual; passions hot with the life of the flesh, aspirations bright with the radiance and strong with the strength of the life of the Spirit, all interlocked in a gigantic struggle that shall be the sum of all past conflicts. What part is this Church to take in that struggle? Surely if it be other than the foremost, she will dishonor her inheritance and discredit her unrivalled equipment. She has the promise of Christ; she has the commission of Christ; she has the truth of Christ; she has the organization in all essential particulars of the Apostolic age; her worship breathes the very spirit of true Catholicity; her fundamental teaching bears the stamp of universal consent; her corporate administration is in harmony with the twofold demand of organic authority and individual liberty; her attitude toward the age has the stability of a fixed belief and a fixed constitution, combined with abundant capabilities of adaptation to the ever-changing phases of modern life; she has behind her a century of the most varied and suggestive experience; and nothing is wanting to insure the highest range of spiritual power, but a new baptism of the Holy Ghost, which shall set all in motion, giving to each its needed energy, and to all the fire and unction from above.

In the judgment of many, it is hardly to be doubted that out of all the competitions and conflicts among the various forms of Christianity now at work upon American life, some one of them will, sooner or later, emerge into preponderance, perhaps into an

unchallenged supremacy. It can hardly be that of any, or of all the denominational systems, for it is their tendency, organized as they are on the basis of individualism, to develop and intensify many of the disintegrating forces now at work in Religion, in Society, and in the State. Themselves given to constant change, they help to increase the chronic and wide-spread instability which is already the disease and the danger of our life. It ought not to be the religion of the Vatican, for its supremacy would imperil, if not destroy every form of Christian and civil liberty. It should be, and God giving us the needed grace and strength, it will be the Ancient Faith and Order of the Reformed Catholic Church that has already given to this country not a few of the elements of moral greatness, and has uplifted and blessed every land that has accepted its authority and been imbued with its spirit.

Viewed in the light of such a probability, or even possibility, the missions of the Church, during the coming century, are clothed with a significance, irradiated with a promise that should lift every conscience to a loftier conception of duty, and put upon every tongue a watchword of battle that shall be as a live coal from the altar of sacrifice.

WHY THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY IS NOT WANING.

BY THE REV. WM. M. HUGHES.

Please permit me to enter a somewhat weary protest to the article in your last issue, entitled "Why is the Influence of the Christian Ministry waning?" I say weary because one is becoming surfeited lately with like Jeremiahs.

If the Rev. Dr. Jno. H. Hopkins' article on Church statistics in the *Church Review* be reliable, and I presume it is, the very *raison d'être* of these endless attacks on the efficiency of the ministry is swept away.

A sufficient answer to them is already furnished in the fact that the "influence of the ministry" is not waning but waxing.

If there be, as Dr. Hopkins shows, more communicants to the population now than ever in the history of the American Church, more giving of means, and, as other sources indicate, more works of mercy and charity, more services, and of greater efficiency, then it follows, in spite of all assertions or assumptions to the contrary, that such attacks on the character of the ministry as the one protested, are both ill-timed and, in the main, unjust.

Of course, there was a day when the average minister touched the social organisms on many more sides than at present; but the narrowing of his circle of influence must not be mistaken for its weakening. I think the facts will bear out the assertion that the narrowing of this influence is accompanied with a deepening. What it has lost in extension it has more than gained in intension. What does all this talk that we are hearing of retreats and missions, of brotherhoods and sisterhoods, indicate but a deeper insight into, and a closer grappling with, the spiritual problems of the age. Signs are multiplying on all sides of some influence at work at the heart of the Church greater than ever before. Who is doing this, apart from the Divine Source, if not

the body of the clergy? But, apart from this vindication of facts as to the waxing instead of the assumed waning influence of the clergy, there is further need of some such protest as this on another ground.

Even allowing that there are features of our social life which seem to indicate a weakening hold of the Church on the social organism, it does not follow that the writer of this article, now criticised, is to be excused, much less justified. There is a lack of intellectual morality and honesty about it; a sweeping positiveness of denunciatory statement that make it a duty to challenge its truth and its justice, aside from everything else. If words are to have their proper force, and are to be interpreted according to the generally-accepted standard, then the writer of that article is guilty of both exaggeration and injustice. "The root of the matter," he says, "is simply that the ministry—with only here and there a notable exception—no longer sets any worthy example of the Christ-like life." These are very sweeping assertions. I have taken the liberty of italicizing the quotation to bring out its bitter strength.

Of course we understand that there is lurking here a private and party interpretation of the words "Christ-like," and under it, no doubt, there is hid a self-justification of this remarkable indictment. So far, we must excuse its severity. But then, these narrow and school or party interpretation of words are not to be permitted to justify an attack of this kind, unless plainly specified as such. If the writer had said, "I am, in writing this indictment, using words as an ascetic who believes that asceticism (viz., voluntary poverty, and forced self-denial) is the only true standard of Christ-likeness," we should have sympathized with his honesty, while tolerating his mental narrowness. But nothing of the kind appears here. The assertions are dogmatic without any proofs, and without any justification except that of a purely personal conviction, due to a purely partisan attitude of mind.

The plea here made is for intellectual honesty in matters of this kind. In only this way can we mutually attack and solve the problems that are before us. This hasty indulgence in sweeping assertions that involve whole bodies of men is the especial mental vice of too many good and earnest people.

Of course I shall attempt no answer or refutation of the charge I have quoted. The ministry of the Church does not need to prove its innocence. And until such reckless denunciations of its members be followed up by approved facts they must be permitted to go for what they are worth, viz., as the somewhat morbid results of morally earnest writers to whom, as to Hamlet, the "times are out of joint," and that because their personal coloring of the facts that come under notice distorts them out of their normal proportions.

But there is weightier cause for protest yet remaining. I wonder if the writer of this hard indictment has had much experience in the average parish priest's life and work.

If so, I wonder still more that he could find the heart to add this burden of bitter denunciation on his already overburdened shoulders. It seems like the refinement of satire to speak of a body of men whose average salary is less than \$800 per year as

"living more or less luxuriously." And the charges of "vanity, luxury, self-indulgence, and overbearing pride" that are but thinly veiled, as brought against our American bishops, seem like the device of the enemy to one who knows their ceaseless round of anxious care and toil.

False or narrow as they are, however, they do no good, but only harm. They are seized upon by too-ready readers, and made an excuse for further neglect of the Church and the ministry. They unrighteously make the work of the clergy and bishop ten-fold greater if at all believed. Is it nothing to this condemnatory writer that some such experience as the following is by no means unusual, viz.: that out of twenty-four clergymen whom I have known well in the last ten years three have died from the direct effects of too much parish work; six others have been commanded, by their physicians to stop work and rest, two of whom have never recovered, and never will, while all of the nine were under thirty-six years of age? It seems bitter things to say of men of this kind that because they are not of some favorite party type they are therefore lazy, luxurious and shams. However, such men as these whom I have mentioned can remember the words of the Master in the Gospel for last Sunday.

One word in conclusion. Could anything be a greater *non sequitur*, and more amusingly exhibit a narrow mental and emotional bias than the paragraph which asserts that "Infidelity and Indifference" join in a "shrug" and a "laugh"? Why? Because, indeed, the courteous bishop goes "to dine and wine with some wealthy parishioner." Pray, why should not the bishop do so if he be properly invited? Is a wealthy parishioner's house a den of Satan or an abode of vice?

I suppose our good earnest friend who finds the secret of infidelity in the bishop's courtesy has forgotten who it was that was called "a wine-bibber and a glutton." But it is quite useless to prolong this discussion. My sole object and purpose is accomplished in kindly denying both the assumption, the statements and the ethical standard of its writer, and also in a spirit of weariness wondering when writers who enter on wholesale denunciations will remember that not every Jeremy is a prophet. I have assumed that the writer of the article under criticism is of the masculine gender, but am I correct?

For my own part, I only know one absolute sovereignty that respects the liberty of the humble; it is that of the Almighty; He oppresses no one.—*Gasparrin*.

THE LATE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

BY ROBERT GRAHAM.

Five years ago, had I been called upon to say who, of all the public men I knew, would be most likely to stand the strain of overwork and reach a green old age, I should have said, without hesitation, the Bishop of Manchester.

He was then sixty-two, five feet ten inches in height, broad-chested, lime-limbed, with the ruddy hue of health in his cheek, and such a capacity for consecutive, vigorous work that no one would have suspected that the springs of life had already been sapped, and that within five short years would come



THE LATE RT. REV. JAMES FRASER, D.D.

udden collapse and death from over-work and worry.

Looking back over his episcopate of fifteen years' duration, it is well to note the special nature of his work and his fitness for it. Manchester is the centre of the densest part of the most populous county in England. I doubt whether, in the whole of Great Britain, there is to be found a keener, shrewder body of artisans than the men who thirty years ago made the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers, a model co-operative movement, and who to-day own the largest co-operative spinning manufactories in the world at Oldham, amongst whom may be found scientific botanists and geologists, and who possess a racy and humorous local literature.

The experience of Bishop Fraser had been a thorough education at Shrewsbury

School, tutor, fellow, and Ireland scholar at Oxford University, a member of the Education Inquiry Commission, to which he had given an exhaustive report on the common school system of the United States and Canada, a member of the commission for inquiring into the condition of agricultural laborers, and for eleven years vicar of a small Wiltshire parish.

He was genial, approachable, and frank, a ready and vigorous speaker, and had a power of applying religious truths and the wants of every-day life which exactly suited Lancashire working-class audiences—I have heard him address with equal readiness and felicity of illustration, an audience of actors, actresses, and superns from the stage of a theatre; 2,000 skilled mechanics in an engineering shop; 1,000 truckmen in a railway goods shed; and a learned and critical audience in the Temple church.

Hugh McNeill and Canon Stowell had leavened Lancashire with a strong element of intense and intolerant Protestantism; and the Church Union had earnest devotees in Dean Corrie Knox Little, and Sidney Green. The Bishop was tolerant by nature and disposition, never willing to bear hardly on any man who honestly tried to do his duty with energy and will.

His sympathy was ready; his time was at the disposal of any man who wanted guidance and help, and I know that he was a poorer man as Bishop of Manchester than as vicar of a small country parish.

The wave of internecine strife reached the Diocese of Manchester, and he was called upon to deal with the unhappy ritualistic case at Miles Platting, and at its close sternly to inhibit Mr. Green's successor. I know that these were unhappy years, and that the man who suffered most was probably the bishop, who was tender as well as strong; and forgiving as well as firm.

I believe that these five years of trouble, especially painful to a tender and sensitive mind, together with unceasing labor, toil without rest, and burdens without relief have been the joint cause of that sudden collapse and unexpected death.

In the fierce struggle for life, and against national spoliation now hanging over the Church of England, and which will be exceptionally keen and bitter in the manufacturing districts of the north, the Church is better and stronger to meet the onset of the foe because James Fraser has been Bishop of Manchester.

PREVENTION of sin is one of the greatest mercies God can vouchsafe.—*Dr. South*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ETHEL'S VISIT AT ROWDEN.

II.

Ethel's young brother stood ready to meet her as she stepped down from the train.

"Why Dick!" she exclaimed, greeting

tone that sounded as if he were used to it. "But I say, Ethel, it's too bad that you had to come home! I don't see how you could come away and leave such grand good times. I wish Cousin Sybil would just ask me to spend two weeks; I'd stay to the last day in the afternoon, you may believe!"

all right!" called Master Dick. And Ethel's thoughts flew on ahead of the horses, forgetting all but her suffering mother. She met old Aunt Susan in the hall, and the good woman nearly dropped the tray she was carrying. "You blessed child! Who'd ha' thought it. Well, I am glad to see you, sure's my name is Susan."



"AFTER HE HAD GONE MRS. RAY SAT STILL, THINKING."

him, "where is papa? Did he get Cousin Sybil's telegram?"

"Of course; that's why he sent me!" said the small boy, grandly. "I'll take your check and see to things. You see papa couldn't get away; they were all in such a state over mamma just then."

"Oh!" said Ethel, with a little gasp, "poor mamma!"

"Yes, I'm sorry," responded Dick, in a

"I dare say," answered his sister, a little absently. In spite of her anxiety about her mother, she could not help pitying herself for the loss of that delightful trip to Mount Wayne, and of the "four more days at Rowden." Poor Harold, too, how disappointed he was. "It was worse than a dozen rain storms," he declared, "to have Ethel go away so soon."

"Here's the hack, sis; and your trunk is

Ethel laughed. "But aunty, how is mamma? What made her worse?"

"Ah, poor dear, I can't exactly say; but we couldn't seem to quiet her anyway. She's quiet now, but her head aches dreadfully. You see——"

But Ethel had laid aside her things, and was half way up the stairs.

Her mamma opened her eyes as a cool little hand was laid on her forehead. "Oh,

darling! Are you come?" she said. "Now I shall feel better."

She closed her eyes again, and Ethel began gently stroking the aching head with both hands. For more than an hour she sat on the side of the bed, patiently keeping on with this soothing motion, until at last her mamma fell asleep.

That was a hard week for Ethel. Waiting upon her mamma, and quieting her in this way two or three times a day, besides consulting with Aunt Susan over the house-keeping perplexities which must not be carried to the invalid; not to speak of Dick's many demands. No wonder that the willing young feet began to lag again, and a weary look came into the bright eyes.

Good Dr. Brett shook his head as he watched his young favorite; he had watched her for some time past when he came to see her mamma; and it was partly because of a word from him that the visit to Rowden had been planned.

"Well, little woman," he said, one morning, "are you going to begin school next month?"

Ethel shook her head and smiled.

"I don't think mamma can spare me now," she said, with a little quiver in her voice; and then she ran out of the room and tried not to think of the doctor's question, lest she should cry.

The doctor grunted; and he did so three or four times while his patient was telling him her symptoms.

"What do you think, doctor?" Mrs. Ray asked, at length; she began to doubt if he were listening to her at all.

"I think, madam," said the doctor, gravely, "that something must be done, for your sake and for Ethel's sake, too."

"Ethel's?" said the mother; "why, doctor, she is very well. Indeed, you don't know how much that child helps me."

"Yes, I know; but it is at her own cost, I am afraid."

The good doctor talked on very earnestly for some time; and after he had gone Mrs. Ray sat still, thinking over what he had said. Presently her watchful little daughter came softly into the room.

"Oh, mamma, I was afraid you might be wanting something."

"I do, darling; I want you to take those books back to the library for me."

"And get some more, mamma?"

"No, my love, I have not read these; the doctor does not want me to read any more at present—any more novels, at least."

Ethel did not say anything, but she looked very happy as she took up the books.

"You think it is time for me to begin minding the doctor, do you, Pussie?" said her mamma, smiling. "Be sure and get back in time for dinner," she added, "for I want to go down to the table to-day if I can."

"Oh, that will be splendid!" and Ethel kissed her mamma and fairly danced out of the room.

There was truly a surprise party at dinner that day, for the mother was in her place, which had been vacant for some weeks. How happy they all were!

"Stay down here a little while, mamma darling!" pleaded Ethel after dinner; "you can rest on the lounge, you know."

So it happened that Mrs. Ray was yet in

the family room when the door-bell rang; and who should be ushered in but Cousin Sybil—"her own dear self," as Ethel said.

"Alicia! why, how much better you look to-day!" she exclaimed affectionately. "Really, I have hopes of succeeding in my errand better than I had expected!"

"And pray, what may your errand be?" Mrs. Ray asked, laughing.

"To carry you off home with me, my dear, and Ethel too. The colonel charged me to stay until I had persuaded you."

"You see, we felt ourselves defrauded of a part of this girl's visit, and we want to have you make amends in the only way that will satisfy us!"

"But, my dear Sybil, this is the first time I have been downstairs for weeks!" began Mrs. Ray, looking distressed.

"Yes; didn't I say that was better than I expected? Now I am going to stay here until to-morrow, and I know I shall win your husband and Dr. Brett over to my plan. And you are not to think or worry at all about it; all you have to do is to say 'yes.' You cannot guess how nicely we have planned the journey for you."

Mrs. Ray shook her head in a doubting way. The journey and absence from home seemed truly appalling to the weak and nervous invalid.

She was on the point of saying: "I cannot think of going," when a look at Ethel's hopeful face checked the words.

"You are very kind, cousin," she said at last, "and if the doctor really thinks I ought to try—"

"You will consent? That is all I ask," said Mrs. Mason merrily, "for I feel pretty sure of his verdict!"

Dr. Brett declared at once that the plan was just what he would like best for his patient; and so, to Ethel's wonder and joy, it was all settled.

"I'm glad you are going again, Ethel," said Dick heartily; then he pulled a long face, and added: "I wish I might go too; but I suppose I'm one of the 'cares' that must be left behind."

He did not think that Cousin Sybil heard this, but she did, and laughed:

"Yes, Dick, we must all plan together to give your dear mamma the best chance to get well, must we not? But I mean to beg for you when the winter holidays come, then it shall be Harold's 'care' to see that you have all sorts of good fun!"

Mrs. Ray did grow stronger and better every day at Rowden. Ethel's task as nurse grew very light, and she had plenty of time to run about and finish her pleasant visit.

She was looking up at Ethel's favorite motto one day when her little daughter came lovingly to her side.

"Is not that beautiful, mamma?" she said; "and I like the words so much, don't you?"

"Yes, darling! and I have heard how they sent me back my little comfort, when I wanted her so much."

"Oh, mamma, I've been so glad ever since that I went home!"

"And you are happy here now, dear? You must lay up plenty of strength for school; for I do not mean to 'please myself' by keeping you from your studies when we go home."

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Ethel softly. "God is so good to make you so much better!"

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will be sent free to January 1st, 1889, and a full year's subscription from that date, to January 1st, 1891, to all who send at 25 cents for a year's subscription. The YOUTH'S COMPANION is a weekly paper, and has nearly 100,000 subscribers.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1885.

The Right Rev. John Freeman Young, S.T.D., died suddenly in this city on Sunday, November 13, 1885. It was hardly known that he was ill of pneumonia before his death was reported. The second Bishop of Florida, he was consecrated to his high office in 1867, and had for eighteen years faithfully served his diocese and the Church. He had won his way to the episcopate by his missionary labor and zeal in several dioceses of the South, and as assistant-minister of Trinity Church in this city. He was secretary of the Russo-Greek Committee, editing its papers and visiting Russia, and he did much to improve the music of the Church. His death is a serious loss to the episcopate, following so soon upon that of Bishop Lay, and his life and services will long be held in grateful memory by the Church at large and by his diocese. We are this year celebrating our centennial, and nearly one-half of all our bishops have gone to their reward—a fact to remind us that the time is short, and that the Son of Man cometh.

By the annual report of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions, it appears that the annual contributions of the Church for that object have increased, since the reorganization of the Board in 1835, from \$18,758.37 to \$219,400.14. There is great reason in the retrospect to thank God and take courage, but the contributions are not yet proportioned to the vast extent of the work nor to the wealth of the Church. The field now embraces not only the white population of the country, but the negroes and the Indians, and the thousands of dollars should be increased many fold. The First Sunday in Advent is appointed for offerings for Domestic Missions, and now, at the close of the fifty years since the reorganization of the Board, there should be generous thank-offerings from all the parishes.

The committee appointed by the recent Conference at Lake Mohonk, the proceedings of which were noticed in these columns, has had an audience with the President of the United States, at which the Hon. Erastus Brooks, of New York, read an exceedingly able and interesting address on the best method of improving the condition of the Indians. It is to be hoped that Mr. Brooks's paper will be published, for it will be an important help toward the formation of a sound and intelligent public opinion on the subject of which it treats. It is evident that the peculiar economical and humanitarian views of the Conference have been presented to the President with much force and completeness. The breaking up of the tribal relation, the giving of the reservation lands to the Indians in severalty, the granting of the privileges of citizenship with its responsibilities, the extending of the ordinary protection of the law to persons and families, with a corresponding amenability to civil punishment; the result of which would be the speedy settlement of Indians in homes, and the cultivation of the land; all this was urged with much cogency of

argument. The attention which the President is reported to have given to these recommendations was marked by dignified and earnest consideration. While he expressed his own sympathy with the views of the committee, and declared that, in his opinion, the result which they proposed would eventually be reached, yet he warned them that so important a change would take time. With becoming reserve he contented himself with stating some of the difficulties of the problem, and declared that the question which most seriously engaged him was "what is the most useful thing to be done now? what practical step should be first taken for the improvement of the condition of the Indians?" The interview which the committee had with the President must have been entirely satisfactory, and may be understood as giving a promise that the best and most intelligent consideration of the government will be given to the Indian question.

The same committee then proceeded to the Interior Department, and laid the views of the Conference before Secretary Lamar. The reply of the Secretary of the Interior, while distinguished by the same earnest thoughtfulness as characterized that of the President, was rather more outspoken in regard to the obstacles to be encountered. Mr. Lamar seems to have taken issue with the Conference in regard to the wisdom of breaking up the reservations, and diffusing the Indians among the whites, declaring that the whites should be rigorously excluded from the reservations, and prevented from entering into an association with the Indians which would work nothing but evil to the weaker race. The breaking up of the tribal relation at this time, he said, would be premature, as would be the abandonment of the reservation system. In order to make these changes, the Indians must be "improved out of their present condition into civilization, and this would be a gradual process." The secretary was impressed, he declared, with "the belief that the Christian religion was the instrumentality for the elevation of this race." Altogether, the opinions of Mr. Lamar as expressed to the committee in regard to this most important matter, are likely to enhance the reputation he already enjoys for thoughtful and farseeing statesmanship.

Meantime the Baptist Autumnal Conference in New York has been taking a hand in the discussion of the Indian, the Mormon, the Socialist, and other questions, though it does not appear that the Baptists have done anything as yet to organize a special propaganda of their economical and social views. Indeed, there was a notable lack of unanimity on the Indian question, at least, which leaves us rather in doubt as to what their views are. Several speakers indulged in a good deal of that kind of denunciation of existing methods with which we are all familiar, and more than one contended that the tribes should be broken up, the Indians admitted to citizenship and converted to Christianity. To this it was replied by one speaker that the Cherokees and other civilized tribes did not want to become

citizens or to accept land in severalty; and another speaker seems to have ended the discussion of the Indian question by declaring that the Indian race differed widely from all the others, and that he, for his part, considered their evangelization a hopeless task. It would seem that the net result of this very commendable attempt to settle the Indian question was *nil*, since every proposition that was affirmed was presently denied. Nor was there absolute unanimity among the members of the Autumnal Conference, on the Socialist, or even on the Mormon question. We have not space to summarize the differences which emerged in the discussion of Socialism. What we desire to call attention to is the contention of one of the speakers who discussed Mormonism, and who is reported to have maintained that the divorce question in the East is not less urgent than the Mormon question in the West. Calling attention to the fact that in Connecticut there is one divorce to every nine marriages, he is reported to have said, "Here we practice Polygamy, but are so mean as to support only one wife at a time. The Mormon is honest enough to support all he has." The calling of things by their right names is often a most salutary thing to do. Portentous and execrable as Mormonism is, it is not the only evil that is threatening the foundations of society.

The Methodists have a vigorous way of saying things, which sometimes excites the wonder, not to say admiration, of more staid and sober folk. At a Methodist missionary conference which was held in New York the other day Bishop Foster of that denomination made a speech on foreign missions, which is said to have produced a profound impression upon the large audience assembled to hear it. After giving some striking statistics, and paying a cordial tribute to England for her part in the evangelization of the human race, declaring that the English flag protected missionary work on more than one-third of the globe, he turned his attention to what the Methodists of this country have done, and what they ought to do. "Here we come," he said, "from our palaces and princely farms, and subscribe fifty cents a head for this great undertaking. It is a burning disgrace that excites pity and disgust. Here we have been, our own board of twelve bishops and forty laymen, incubating for a week. Now we find that our nest has been filled with rotten eggs, and a world waiting to be conquered." Such rhetoric is too burning and, withal, too timely to be coldly criticized. One refrains from too curiously inquiring into the relation between egos and conquest when one remembers what reason the speaker had for the ire that possessed him. "Palaces and princely farms" surely ought to do more than "fifty cents a head" for any good cause, not to speak of the one cause which should be nearest every Christian heart. But the Methodists are not the only people whose dereliction deserves fiery denunciation. Though we cannot claim that our bishops have "palaces," or that our laymen have "princely farms," yet our people have not yet learned to give in proportion to their means much better than the

Methodists have. We wish that we could see even half as many dollars as there are members of our Church go into our foreign missionary treasury.

The Exposition was opened at New Orleans last week with imposing ceremonies, and under auspices that promise much success, addresses being made by Bishop Galleher and other distinguished dignitaries. It is encouraging to note that though the crowd in attendance was over fifty thousand in number, the transportation facilities between the city and the grounds were ample. In addition to the very inadequate facilities of last year, there is now a steam railroad which runs quarter-hourly trains, to and from the Exposition. It is also significant that, although the present Exposition receives no financial or other assistance from the government, it is not only unembarrassed by the financial straits to which the management were reduced last year, but has a surplus of \$25,000. It is another evidence of the better management which is always achieved by private enterprise, as compared with undertakings which are subsidised by the public treasury. The commercial advantage which may be looked for from this Exposition, in the matter of opening up a trade between the United States, and South America, Central America and Mexico, will be quite sure to engage the attention of our commercial classes, and does not need to be here set forth. What is not so obvious, perhaps, but not less certain and desirable, is the educating and liberalising influence which the Exposition will exert on all the people who take part in it. Certainly all who see the remarkable exhibitions made by Mexico and some of the Central and South American States must come away with a more generous estimate of the capacities and civilization of these countries; and every Spanish American who visits the Exposition, and becomes acquainted with our ideas and our ways, will be a missionary of progress and of order when he goes back to his own land. We trust that the good people of the Crescent City will take pains that their visitors shall see a genuine American civilization while they sojourn on the banks of the "great river;" and not a mere imitation of what can be seen in Paris, in Mexico or in Rio Janiero. A quiet Sunday, for instance, with deserted marts and crowded churches might be an edifying spectacle to the strangers who come from other shores.

The pope has written an encyclical letter which is soon to be published, and which is looked forward to with much interest, because it is supposed that it will undertake to effect a readjustment of the relation between the papacy and modern progress, both political and scientific. A correspondent of the New York Herald has telegraphed a summary of it in advance of its publication, which proposes to give an outline of the principal matters contained in it. Of course it would be unwise to form an opinion of the latest utterance of the Roman pontiff until it is officially promulgated, and can be considered as a whole. The wisdom of waiting for this is well illustrated by the diverse and contradictory views of the meaning of it which are said to be entertained by the Romish clergy of New York. One clergyman is reported as saying that "the exhortation of the Holy Father to

Catholics to devote careful attention to public matters, to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life, is an admonition of true wisdom," and he goes on to say that this is urged by the pope, not as a departure from the traditional policy of the Papal See, but in accordance with that policy; and that it is the pope's "desire that it should be brought about by the exercise of an influence on legislation and legislators that shall be consistent and in perfect harmony with the true principles of the Church." Another Romish clergyman says, "that that part of the encyclical letter referring to the attitude of Catholics with regard to politics marks a new departure." It would require an adroit exercise of that casuistry for which the Roman clergy are famous, to reconcile these and other conflicting views of the forthcoming encyclical, which are reported in the Herald.

Meantime, another daily paper of New York points out with much force that if the telegraphic summary of the papal letter is correct, it has a significance for the people of this country which it will be well for all patriotic citizens to ponder. It does not at all matter that the encyclical should declare that "the Church is in perfect harmony with all modern progress, and leaves intact the legitimate liberty of the people." What concerns us to observe is that the letter goes on to exhort all Catholics "rigidly to adhere to the teachings of the Roman pontiffs, especially in the matter of modern liberty, which already, under the semblance of honesty of purpose, leads to error and destruction." What follows is not less significant. All Catholics are urged "to take an active part in all municipal affairs and elections, and to further the principles of the Church in all public services, meetings, and gatherings. All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life. They must penetrate wherever possible in the administration of civil affairs. . . . They must do all in their power to cause the Constitution of States and legislation to be modelled on the principles of the true Church. All Catholic writers and journalists should never lose for an instant from view the above prescriptions." If, when the encyclical comes out in due form, it shall be found to speak in this way, then it will be clearly seen indeed that no loyal member of that alien communion can give an individual allegiance to his country, or deserve to be trusted as a patriotic citizen. It will no longer be a question whether Romanism is dangerous to the Republic. For the ascendancy of Romanism will mean the subversion of the Republic, and the erection in its stead of a despotism whose irresponsible ruler will reside on the banks of the "Yellow Tiber."

Mr. Gladstone has been making two speeches at Edinburgh: one an impromptu on his arrival at the station, and which is described as a "long and unexpected speech in response to repeated calls of the immense crowd which gathered to welcome him;" the other, the speech which he went to Edinburgh to make, and which was delivered accordingly on the day after his arrival in the Free Assembly Hall. As is often the case, it was the impromptu speech

that was the most clever and the most telling. Indeed it may be doubted whether even Mr. Gladstone, who is undoubtedly the most skillful political leader alive, ever made a more adroit and effective political utterance than his "unexpected speech" at the station in Edinburgh. After pointing out that the Liberal party in the past has removed all the real grievances of Ireland, and that when the real wishes of the Irish people shall be enunciated by the enlarged constituencies in the coming elections, it will be the policy and the will of the Liberal party to give them all that they ask provided it do not jeopardise the integrity of the empire; he then goes on to say that in order to do this, not only is it necessary that the Liberals should outnumber the Tories, but that "the Liberal vote in the next Parliament should exceed that of the Tories and Parnellites combined. If it does not the empire will be endangered." The effect of this speech upon the councils of the Irish Nationalists is immediate. The more moderate are already beginning to doubt the wisdom of Mr. Parnell's alliance with the Tories. As for the "unworn king," it is evident that he sees the danger to which Mr. Gladstone's strategy has exposed him. In a speech at Liverpool the next day he called on Mr. Gladstone to formulate a scheme of self-government for Ireland, embodying the concessions which the Liberals would make, so that if, on such a definite platform, the Liberals should return to power, the House of Lords would not dare to reject it. That Mr. Parnell would be extremely fortunate in getting such a hostage from the great Liberal leader cannot be doubted; but he is not likely to get it. For Mr. Gladstone to give it him "would be magnificent, but it would not be war."

The ex-Premier's set speech at Edinburgh the day after his arrival, while not so telling, perhaps, was a much more careful and deliberate utterance, no doubt. If we may judge from the lengthy telegraphic report that has come to us, it dealt almost entirely with the question of disestablishment. The plea which he makes against the raising of this question at all during this election is exceedingly ingenious; and he displays all his characteristic adroitness in avoiding the expression of any opinion on the subject that could be criticised by any section of his party. Indeed the absence of all evidence of devotion to principle, and the subordination of all personal conviction to the service of party and the exigency of the existing emergency, impresses the reader of Mr. Gladstone's Edinburgh speech most painfully. One could wish that such a man should speak out of his heart once more on the great issue that must come sooner or later. It may be true that that issue is not near at hand; but it is present, at all events, to men's thoughts, and already stands in the court of the conscience of the nation. All other men have opinions on the subject, and many smaller men express their opinions. Why should not Mr. Gladstone have his opinion, too, and express it, and abide by it? It might cost him his return to power, but it would restore to him the confidence of the English-speaking world.

It would seem that British soldiers in Ireland have not only ceased to be formula-

ble, but that they are becoming helpless. Perhaps it is another illustration of the old adage about the effect of long familiarity. The telegraph brings a report of the following curious state of things. At Limerick, "a mob of two hundred men stoned a battalion of soldiers without provocation. The disturbance threatening to become serious, a strong force of police had to be called out to quell the rioters. Three soldiers were wounded." There is no telling what would have become of those soldiers if the police had not protected them. That people so evidently harmless should be exposed to the risk of being stoned by a bloody-minded mob, and actually wounded by them, and that too "without provocation," is too bad. Evidently the police force of that country will have to be doubled, if the soldiers are to remain there at all. Seriously, while we hope that the soldiers may not be wounded any more, we are glad to see that they are so harmless. As long as they are "ornamental" merely, they can be tolerated, and ought to be protected. It is when they become "useful" that they are apt to be considered a nuisance.

THE PLACE AND METHODS OF BIBLE STUDY IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

BY THE REV. GEO. WM. DOUGLAS, S.T.D.

The Word of God is not straitened. Bible study has a place far beyond the bounds of the Christian life proper. But it is to the earnest professors of the Christian faith that this study peculiarly belongs, and to such our title confines us. What does that Christian lose who does not study the Bible? For that it is possible to live and die believing in Christ and belonging by Baptism to the Church without real study of the Bible, few would care to dispute. What, then, is there lacking to the Christian life in such cases? Why should we urge such persons to make great sacrifices in order that they may study the Bible? This, I presume, is the subject assigned for our discussion.

When we consider the machinery of Christianity in the world, it is evident that the very fact of its organization, necessary though it be, leads to the danger that the members of the Church should neglect the Bible. For within the pale of organized Christianity the Bible is the reference-book, not the text-book, of the Faith. Our own experience attests that we who were born of Christian parents may have verified, intensified, enlightened our faith in God and Christ by recourse to God's written Word; but not so in most cases did our faith begin.† Whatever theory one may hold as to the original relations of the Church to the Bible, it will be generally admitted that the Church as now existing anticipates the Bible in the ordinary Christian life. The Christian Faith is in the atmosphere that the Christian child breathes. A man bred upon our Book of Common Prayer, for example, acquires unconsciously, from childhood upward, a fine spiritual sense of the facts, the proportions and the habits of the Christian Faith; and this is what Christ intended. In organizing His Church our Lord was careful that Christianity should be vital in

the Christian's mind from the beginning. The devil and his instruments had taken pains enough to bias human souls in the wrong direction. Through the institutions of the Church Christ was minded to bias them aright. Therefore we are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Therefore the Church has, in one sense, taken the pith out of the Bible beforehand, and made it current among Christians. Therefore we are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Therefore we have a Creed, a Liturgy, a Catechism, and Rule of life.

Nevertheless, as far back as we can go in the history of the Church, it seems to have been wrought into the Christian consciousness that the Bible should be an open book and should be studied. I remember seeing in my childhood a family Bible with a large woodcut entitled "The Discovery of the Bible by Lutlier," and that it thence derived a vague impression that the Bible was really come upon by Luther much as America was by Christopher Columbus. Far be it from me to detract from the spiritual power and genius with which Luther did actually discover the Bible to thousands in his day; but that is a narrow reading of history which does not recognize that whenever there has been a revival of religion there has been a revival of Bible study. It is well known how familiar with the Bible the primitive and mediæval fathers were, and how earnestly they set about translating the Scriptures into the vulgar tongues. But the noteworthy article on "Bibellesen," in the new edition of Herzog's "Real-encyclopædie," proves by a catena of witnesses that far into the Middle Age the ecclesiastics of the Church urged the laity to study the Scriptures—in fact, that the disposition to withdraw the Bible from the laity sprang, in the first instance, from the laity themselves, who were disposed to leave all learning to the clerks. For instance, Gregory the Great says, "Let no man offer me that had excuse that Bible study is not his business, but belongs to those who have renounced the world and stand far above us. What sayest thou, my friend? that thou oughtest not to read the Bible because thou hast so many cares? Why, for this very reason thou oughtest to read the Bible more than the monks." Whence it appears that even a Pope of Rome used to recommend the Bible as a book for the people. So far, too, from attributing heresies to the fact that the laity undertook to study the Bible for themselves, Gregory rather declares that heresies had spread for the very reason that laymen would not make a practice of Bible study; and that the layman's claim that the Scriptures are hard to understand was a mere excuse for laziness—a line of thought, by the way, which is in striking agreement with Dr. Mozley's paper "On the Supposed Obscurity of Holy Scripture," in which that keen thinker remarks: "Before we pronounce the Bible to be an obscure book, we must be sure that there is no distinction between its omission, its silence, its reserve on some points, and its substantial clearness and openness on others; and we must be sure, too, that those two styles of treatment in Scripture do not respectively attach to fundamental matter of belief on the one hand, and to non-fundamental on the other. If you have to be clear on any sub-

ject, you must first have to speak about it."

Unquestionably there was a decided decline in Bible study in the common Christian life during the Middle Age, but at this time there was a decline in all study; and that the tradition of Bible study was kept up in the Church is evident from the work of Uffilas, Bede, Wyclif, Erasmus, and other pre-Reformation scholars. The main cause why the reading of the Bible fell into neglect was that such reading came by no means easily to rough, untutored folk; and the sudden revival of Biblical learning at the period of the Reformation was but part and parcel of that wider and providential revival of all learning, of which the invention of printing was at once the means and the indication. Nay, if we to-day, with all our sense of the value of Holy Scripture and our helps to the study of it, had to depend on Bible study by the people for the preservation and spread of Christianity, where should we be? And is it not for this reason that some of the looser religious bodies are crying out for a liturgy and a creed? Nor is the difficulty with the uneducated classes only. Few even among intelligent Christians know the Bible well. Our ordinary critics are often unfamiliar with the very Bible that they are criticising. Men read all sorts of books, and pamphlets, and newspaper essays about the Bible, not the Bible itself. They criticise the criticism, ignoring the thing criticised. Above all, of how many of us could that be said which Dr. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle remarks of Dr. Pusey's Commentaries: "This critic seems always to be studying the Bible on his knees?"

Surely, then, when the Church of earlier ages is accused of neglecting the Bible, we should remember the difficulties of her task. Shaken by the terrific centrifugal forces that followed the barbaric invasions of the Roman Empire, the Church was compelled to make many sacrifices in order to maintain at all her homogeneous organization. And when we consider how much depended on the visible unity of her worship in those dark and troublous days, we may condone the decision not to allow the vulgar tongues of the warring nations to supplant the old liturgical language, which, to those who had any education, was still intelligible. After all, the use of the Bible in a form "understood of the people" was but relegated from the sphere of public worship to that of private edification; and that the clergy continued their effort to bring the Bible close to the thinking and the living of the people is evident from the pains they took with the paraphrases and metrical versions of the Scriptures,* which are so striking a feature of the work of the Western Church in the Middle Age. True, a prohibition of the Bible in the vulgar tongue was put forth at the Council of Toulouse A. D. 1229, and repeated at several subsequent provincial councils. But this action of certain districts of the Church, frightened by local difficulties, might be paralleled by edicts, no less short-sighted and panic-struck, published in modern times by certain parts even of our own communion; and that such provincial enactments had small power over the Christian conscience, and were never generally accepted as the utterance of the true Catholic voice, is plain from the whole history. For instance, within less than a hundred years from this same Coun-

* An essay delivered before the Tenth Church Congress at New Haven, Connecticut, Friday, October 30, 1883.

† Cf. Keble's Sermons, Academic and Occasional, p. 191, seq.

* Quoted in Herzog, *ubi supra*.

* Not to mention the Moral and Miracle Plays.

cl of Toulouse, a complete literal translation of the Vulgate was made into German for the use of the German people.* It is not to be denied that since the rise of the peculiarly papal claims, a tendency to withdraw the Bible from the laity has been shown by the hierarchy of Rome; but, in view of all the facts, it appears that the disease of Holy Scripture began from the illiteracy and unwillingness of the laity, and that it was not until near the Reformation, when the Bible became so telling and accessible an argument against the assumptions of the papacy, that the popes themselves tried of set purpose to withdraw the Bible from general use. Furthermore, who that is familiar with the biographies of the more earnest laymen of the modern papal obedience, has not observed that not even the stress of the Ultramontane spirit has withheld these good men from studying the Bible.

The result of our survey is this: that sometimes, from the general state of intellectual dulness or distraction, sometimes from the erring tendencies of certain schools of theology, sometimes from political disturbances, and always from the religious apathy that follows upon movements of religious zeal, Bible-study has been neglected in the Christian life; but notwithstanding, that the conscience of Christians has persistently warned them; and the influence of the devout has incited them, to be studious of God's Word. We have then to revert to the question with which we started. If in the stress and distraction of this workaday world the Christian omits the regular and mature study of the Bible on his own part; if he goes through life in much the same relation to the Bible that the unscientific man holds to the natural world—appreciating some of its superficial beauty, admiring vaguely its mysteries, aware through others of some-what of its truth, appropriating indirectly its vitalizing forces, but not bringing his own intellect directly to bear upon this written revelation of God to man—what is lacking to this Christian's life? what forfeits must he pay in the Resurrection morning? Certainly, when we consider how deep and mysterious and multifarious the Bible is, how many sides of many men it touches, how variously useful it has been—certainly, we shall be slow to offer any rigid answer to this question. But is not one large answer found for it, when we recollect what, to the Christian, the Bible is? The Christian religion is not a string of abstractions; it is personal attachment to a Divine Person, to a concrete character, revealed among men by the Son of Man—it is personal knowledge of Jesus, communion with Him, devotion to Him. But the danger of our religion, as of all religions, is, that we should treat it as an abstraction, an idea, a mere theory of human existence. And the danger of our creed is that we should use it somewhat as the hasty student uses his primer of botany, learning by rote (and by no means by heart) its brief formulas, but never opening his mind to the living flora of which the primer tells. And the place of Bible study in the Christian life is to counteract such a tendency—to make real and vivid to our souls the historic Person and Character of Christ, our Living Master. Even those Christians who do make some devotional use of the Scriptures, too often

miss their essential power. Many Christians read the Bible once a year, from end to end, as a task; or they take up the Psalms and Prophets, the Gospels and Epistles in a vague way, as they would take up a book of moral maxims or religious allegories, trusting that therein they will happen upon some appropriate warning, or direction, or solace for their souls. This is better than nothing; but you can find not a little of good warning, direction, solace, in the Hindu Vedas, in Plato and Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, in Shakespeare and La Rochefoucauld. Religion did not begin 1,900 years ago, nor 4,000 years ago. It has always been. This is what Matthew Arnold means when he declares that poetry, that literature can never be outdone by science, because poetry is the criticism of life. But the Christian who gets no more out of his Bible than that forfeits his best privilege: he is using God's Word as if it were no more than a republication of natural religion. It is that, as Bishop Butler shows; but it is so much more than that. Rightly understood, the Bible from beginning to end is the revelation of that Divine-Human Person without Whom there could be no such thing as religion—without Whom the soul, whether aware of it or not, could have no solace, no abiding stimulus, no aspiration that is not a sentimental delusion—without Whom the only outcome of the criticism of life would be the Pessimism that even now prevails so largely in our civilization. This is what St. Paul's Epistles insist on: that, as things are actually in this sinful world, natural religion could afford no sufficient consolation apart from Jesus Christ, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"; that whatever we learn about God or man or nature in the Scriptures can be rightly understood only in the light of the Person and Work of Jesus. The Incarnate Christ is the essential ground of all human life toward God—

The one far-off Divine event
To which the whole creation moves—
and the Bible is the record of this Christward movement. If Christ is the Light of the World, He must be also the Light of the Bible.

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM ROME.

The current year will remain remarkable in the annals of archaeology for the number of fine bronze statues discovered in the soil of Rome. This time the Tiber has yielded up a buried treasure. In driving the piers of a new bridge connecting the Regola quarter with the Trastevere, the workmen struck upon what they imagined a metal plate or basin, but which was really the plinth of a most beautiful statue of Bacchus, in wonderful preservation notwithstanding the centuries which have rolled by since it was flung, apparently head foremost, into the river.

I have been to see this gem of imperial Roman art in the atelier on the Palatine mount, where the skilful hands of Signor Pennell, who restored so carefully the two bronze athletes still exhibited there, are busy in removing the incrustations of mud and sand from the beautiful limbs of the youthful wine god, and from his ivy-wreathed head bound with a fillet inlaid with silver. The statue is little over five feet in height. The face is exquisitely chiselled—fine as if a cameo—and of supreme beauty. The eyeballs are ivory; at first it was rumored they were silver; the hol-

low pupils were probably filled with gems. When this masterpiece came from the sculptor's hands in the brightness of the golden bronze, it was indeed fit for an imperial dining-room! Conjecture is busy as to whereof it was cast into the Tiber.

Whether the Christian zeal in the early centuries against the pagan images, or the preservation of an art treasure during a barbarian invasion prompted the deed? I remember when, nearly twenty years ago, the great bronze Hercules Mastai (so called after the late pope) was discovered buried deep below the courtyard of a large house in the middle of the city, it was at once decided that it must have been purposely concealed from the invading Goths. But to throw a valuable statue into the Tiber in similar circumstances, seems more like the action of despair on the part of the possessor.

Many interesting historical associations group themselves round the monument which has been lately erected in commemoration of the Vatican (Ecumenical council of 1870. The site originally intended was the terrace on the janiculum in front of San Pietro in Montorio, the church built upon the spot where it is said the Apostle Peter was crucified. Even after Rome had become the capital of Italy, Pius IX. had entered into negotiations with the Roman municipality on the subject, and for a long time the stones which were to form the base of the monument lay waiting beside the church. But the municipality hesitated because of the vicinity of the Porta S. Pancrazio, where Garibaldi defended Rome against the French, fighting for the papacy in 1849, and it was intimated to the pope, that to persevere in placing the monument of the council there was unadvisable. Pius IX. then resolved to erect it within the vatican grounds, and warmly expressed his hope that his successor would carry out his design as speedily as possible, in the place indicated by himself—the garden of the pine cone—*Giardino della Pigna*. This spacious court, familiar to all who have visited the vatican sculpture gallery, derives its name from the colossal bronze pine cone which once stood on the summit of Hadrian's tomb, the emblem of a future life. A pope in the early centuries placed it in the atrium of old St. Peter's, where Dante saw it in the Jubilee year of 1300, and mentions it in the "Divina Commedia" as a simile of the size of Lucifer's head. When the new St. Peter's was built, in the sixteenth century, the Pigna was removed to its present place, the enclosed garden called after it, and which is twice as large as the Piazza Colonna.

The monument consists of a pedestal surrounded by marble bas-reliefs, on which stands a column of the colored marble, called Africano, which dates from the reign of Nero, when it was quarried and brought to the Tiber quays, where it lay for ages in the ancient emporium among the great store of precious marble which was gradually covered with sand and clay in the successive Tiber inundations, and was discovered twenty years since.

So this column, wrought in Nero's time, when the Christians were persecuted, is now surmounted by the bronze statue of one of those same martyrs during his reign—St. Peter—in this strange epoch, when, although despoiled of the temporal dominion, the spiritual sway of his successor is more extensive than ever before in the long annals of the papacy.

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ON RITUALISM—In his charge at his second visitation, the Bishop of Rochester made use of the following language:

In my Pastoral of 1878 some of you may

* Cf. Kætzke, Brit., new edit. vol. III, p. 647.

remember these words: "A Church with a foreign body inside it, such as the Ritual policy declares itself to be, must very soon absorb, modify or expel it." Seven years have passed a way, and a good deal has happened. Promotions on the one hand, and prosecutions on the other; an intense and growing weariness of *Intestine strife*, an increasing and merited appreciation of diligence, character and sacrifice on the part of some who represent the advanced school; last, but not least, the deepening conviction in some minds, which value truth even more than superficial consistency, that "Ritualism does represent a side of truth which needs recognition." have without dispute changed the attitude of public opinion toward the movement in a very material degree. Ritualism is not expelled—probably never will be. Ritualism is in this sense modified, that while some have passed through it, grateful for what they feel it has taught them, others are less resolute in insisting on non-essentials of worship at the risk of forfeiting some of its essentials—not valuing ceremonial less, but prizing unity more. It is impossible for me to escape the conviction that Ritualism may soon become absorbed. Very many indeed have gone so far as to say that on the day when the first vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, was instituted to St. Peter's, London Docks, the famous memorial which prayed for a tolerant recognition of the divergent ritual practice began formally to be heard. Of course this does not mean that there can be never again a judicial interference with grave irregularities of ritual. To grant a coercive authority on the understanding that it is never to be used is not more foolish than dishonest. Still, I doubt if there is a Churchman in England who has not been disappointed by the results of past prosecutions, who would not deplore the necessity for their being renewed, who would not admit that to suppress error by force rather than by truth is sometimes the surest way of aggravating and disseminating it; who would not confess that the corroding discontent, and the chilly defiance, and the hard exclusiveness of Church people when driven by themselves into a corner, as they think, for conscience' sake, frequently prove very sore temptations for truly earnest Christians, as well as grave perils to Church and realm. It does not seem to me that in this question of ritual, doctrine is the first matter at stake. Of course we know that our brethren value it because it expresses doctrine, and that they contend for it as essential to their principles. Their affirming this claims respect for their consistency; it need not compel assent to their position. To concede this plea is to beg the whole question at issue, and to involve those who resent the doctrine, far more than the ritual which is the vehicle of it, in an inconvenient dilemma. We cannot prevent their preaching the doctrine. The Court of Appeal, to which the opponents of Ritualism must of all people in consistency bow, has found itself unable to forbid it. If we forbid it, we go as much against the law as they. With or without their ritual, by those who simply wear sniprice and stole, as much as by those who wear all the vestments, the truths they devoutly cherish, and inflexibly maintain, are constantly declared in hundreds of English pulpits. . . . My own personal feeling about ritual is what it always was. I belong to the first age. But if I do not care for it more, I think I fear it less, because a man's voice means much more than his garments, and his doctrine more than his ceremonial. Amid all the clang of turbulent discords and external strife, the Church's need of peace is greater than ever. The true wisdom is for us all, in honest and true charity, to try to understand each other,

and to discover the proper instruments for the highest ends. Should I ever come to see that my attitude of isolation has done its work, through helping to a better appreciation of the reasonableness of discipline, and that the Church can be better ruled and served by my abandoning it, be sure that I shall abandon it with the same sense of duty and the same determination to stand on my own feet, which induced me in the first instance to assume it. My first aim must be to endeavor after that trust, though not blatant, Protestantism, which best justifies itself by keeping the English Church together.

IMPORTANT CLERICAL CONFERENCE.—A private conference of clergymen favorable to large constitutional reforms in the Established Church, was held in London, on Friday, October 30, Canon Fremantle in the chair. The reforms which were advocated at the conference may generally be thus described: (1) The application, where desired, of the principle of local self-government to the parishes; (2) the reform of patronage, the effectual safeguarding of the interests of the parishioners in the appointment of the parochial clergy, and the providing stringent measures against ministerial inefficiency; (3) the removal of the glaring inequalities now found in many cases between the work and the remuneration of the clergy; (4) the facilitating the interchange, under proper control, of pulpit ministrations between clergy, Nonconformist ministers, and laymen; (5) the modification of subscriptions which prevent many excellent men from becoming clergymen; (6) the reform of Convocation, so as to make it representative of the whole Church; (7) the adaptation of the Church system to present needs by greater freedom in various ways.

The result of this conference has not yet reached us.

ETHNICIZATION OF BISHOP WORDSWORTH.—The Right Rev. John Wordsworth, D. D., Lord Bishop of Salisbury, was formally enthroned in the cathedral of that diocese on Wednesday, Nov. 4. The clergy of the diocese were present in large numbers, most of them vested.

THE DISESTABLISHMENT ISSUE.—The question of disestablishment which was made an issue for the coming elections, in order to please the Radicals and Non-conformists, has roused the Church feeling so in England that the Liberals have become frightened and are seeking to withdraw the question as an election issue. The telegraphic reports of Mr. Gladstone's latest speech at Edinburgh represent him as saying that disestablishment is no issue in the present election, and that it was unnecessarily brought forward by the Tories. It is evident, however, that the subject will not be quiescent at the ex-premier's bidding, and the approaching elections will, doubtless, hinge largely on this issue.

DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM PALMER.—The Church Times reports the death at a very advanced age of the Rev. Sir William Palmer, Baronet. This leaves Cardinal Newman the sole survivor of the famous group which initiated the celebrated "Oxford Movement." Sir William Palmer, though lately living in retirement and obscurity at one time made his personality felt in the English Church. His "Origines Liturgicæ" was the first work to deal adequately with the sources and character of the Book of Common Prayer. His "Treatise on the Church of Christ," published three years later is confessedly the ablest book on its subject in the English language. He was a learned and powerful controversialist, and encountered Cardinal Wiseman more than once, signally defeating him.

SCOTLAND.

THE SCOTTISH COMMUNION OFFICE.—At the synod of Moray, Ross and Caithness, a petition was unanimously agreed upon to be presented to the Primus, as follows: "We, the clergy of the Diocese of Moray, Ross and Caithness, humbly pray that your Lordship in your place in the Episcopal College, will take such canonical steps as are necessary so to modify Canon xxx as to secure perfect equality for the English and Scottish rites." The general desire of the synod seemed to be for the restoration of the Scottish Communion Office to its former primary position, but it was thought best to seek at first merely for equality, that is the removal of all restrictions with regard to the use of the Scottish Office.

AUSTRALIA.

DEACONESSES IN SYDNEY.—At the Sydney Diocesan Synod held in August last, a resolution in favor of Deaconesses' Institutions was carried by a large majority. The synod then proceeded to adopt a resolution declaring it undesirable to establish Sisterhoods in the diocese. This was adopted in spite of an energetic protest of the bishop (Dr. Barry), who in vain reminded the synod that Sisterhoods in England had fought their way against a bitter opposition to a position of powerful and growing influence. The Church Times says of this action, "One might have hoped that the daughter communions would have spared themselves the heat and worry through which we had been obliged to pass, but that hope is far from being always realized."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

FUNERAL OF QUEEN EMMA.—From the Honolulu papers we learn that the remains of the Queen Dowager Emma, after lying in state for a week in her own residence, were removed to Kawaiahao Church, where on Sunday, May 17, the building being thronged with worshippers, the bishop read the opening part of the burial service, first in Hawaiian, afterwards in English. The lesson was also read in both languages. After each reading a hymn was sung. The funeral procession then took its way to the royal mausoleum—consecrated by Bishop Staley to hold the remains of Queen Emma's husband, Kamehameha IV.—where the bishop read the remainder of the service, and after the hymn, "Now the Labourers Task is O'er," had been sung, pronounced the benediction. The death of Queen Emma, removing the strongest pillar of the Church in Hawaii, has happened disastrously for the completion of the cathedral. The deceased lady was very liberal to the Church of her baptism and choice. Only shortly before her death she had given a valuable piece of land, to allow of entrance being had to the new cathedral; and at different times she had subscribed towards its erection, out of contracted means, no less than three thousand dollars. What is left of her property, after paying annuities to her dependants, is to go to the Queen's Hospital, founded by her late husband.—*Church of England Messenger.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—Church Temperance Society.—The annual meeting of the Diocesan Church Temperance Society was held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of Monday, November 9. The bishop presided, and made an address. Addresses were also made by the Rev. Messrs. C. Eliot, E. Abbott, and A. C. A. Hall, and the Hon. C. C. Coffin.

The secretary's report showed seventeen

societies, with fourteen hundred members, and no debts.

The bishop presented a formidable array of statistics relating to the liquor traffic, one point being that the cost of drink is more than all the money expended for provisions, education, and missions. One of the speakers alluded to the good results of the law recently adopted requiring the drinking places to be closed on election day.

The laws of this State with regard to the liquor traffic are now very stringent. They cover the following points: (1) Each seller must have a license; (2) he must close his saloon all of Sunday and every night at 11; (3) he must not open on election day; (4) the windows of his saloon must be so arranged that the interior can be seen from the street; (5) he must not sell to a minor, and (6) he must not open a saloon within a certain distance of a public school.

BOSTON—Archdeacon Farrar.—The visit of Archdeacon Farrar to Boston must have been in every way as gratifying to him as it was to the thousands who flocked to hear his sermons and lectures. Trinity church, where he preached, was crowded to the doors, and the great Tremont Temple, where he lectured twice, was equally full. There were many receptions given for him, one of which was attended by one hundred and fifty of the clergy of the diocese, and another by many distinguished laymen and ministers of all religious bodies. His noble utterances and genial warmth deepened the admiration previously felt for him by the many who had read his works.

BOSTON—The Rev. Mr. Hareis.—The Rev. Hugh Reginald Hareis, well known as a writer on "Music and Morals," came to Boston to deliver a course of lectures on "Music," at the Lowell Institute. They are now in progress, and are attracting considerable interest. On Sunday, November 8, he preached in Trinity church, the topic of the sermon being "Prayer." The sermon was listened to by a very large congregation, who admired its simplicity and strength and the fervor of the preacher.

LOWELL—Missionary Meeting.—The twentieth semi-annual missionary meeting, under the direction of the Diocesan Board of Missions, was held in St. Ann's church, Lowell, (the Rev. Dr. A. St. J. Chambré, rector,) on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 10 and 11. The sermon was preached by the Rev. William Lawrence, on "The Future of the American Church." The bishop's address was stirring and pointed, and the other addresses and papers were carefully prepared and practical. The Sunday-school and its work secured a full share of attention, while decided effort was made in the meetings for adults to explain the plans, work, and needs of the board, and to awaken an interest in the extension of the Church to new places and to build it up upon the old foundations. These missionary meetings are always helpful both to the parishes and the board.

CONNECTICUT.

BIRMINGHAM—Convocation.—The one hundred and ninety-second convocation of the clergy of New Haven County was held in St. John's church, Birmingham, (the Rev. O. Witherspoon, rector,) on Tuesday, November 10. There were present, besides the rector, the Rev. Dr. Edmund Rowland and the Rev. Messrs. H. P. Nichols, C. C. Camp, C. E. Woodcock, E. S. Lines, A. T. Randall, F. H. Church, R. W. Mico, S. R. Bailey, M. K. Bailey, C. W. Ives, W. Lusk, Jr., J. E. Wildman, W. G. Andrews, and W. C. Robetta. Morning Prayer was said by the rector and the

Rev. Dr. E. Rowland. The rector celebrated the Holy Eucharist, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Nichols and Camp. The sermon was preached by the Rev. R. W. Mico, from Exodus xii. 21. The vested choir of Christ church, Ansonia, rendered the musical part of the service. At 3 P. M. an essay was read by the Rev. S. H. Church, on "Constancy," followed by a discussion. The Rev. E. S. Lines read an exegesis of Coloss. i. 18-20, followed by papers on the same subject from the Rev. Messrs. H. P. Nichols, C. C. Camp, and the rector.

In the evening there was a missionary service, at which addresses were made by the rector and the Rev. Messrs. H. P. Nichols and W. G. Andrews.

The business meeting was held on Wednesday morning.

FAIRHAVEN—Golden Wedding.—The golden wedding of the rector of St. James's Church, the Rev. Dr. W. E. Vibbert, was celebrated on Wednesday, November 11. Dr. Vibbert was ordained in 1845 by Bishop Brownell, and is the only rector this parish has ever had. He was married to Miss Mary Cook in 1835 by the Rev. Dr. Harry Crosswell. Among the presents were a cake from the ladies of the parish, adorned with one hundred gold dollars, the Rev. Dr. E. E. Beardsley making the presentation. A beautiful service of silver plate from the Bible class was presented by Mr. G. S. Hitchcock, and there were many other gifts. A large number of clergy from New Haven and vicinity were present.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—St. Barnabas's House.—Thanksgiving Day will be observed at St. Barnabas's House, 304 and 306 Mulberry street, on November 26. There will be Divine Service at 10:30 A. M., and Dinner at 2 P. M. The children of the Day Nursery, the Sunday and Industrial Schools, the Free Reading Room, etc., with their poor mothers, are expecting their usual Thanksgiving Dinner. It is desired to satisfy all the hungry who may come, and fill every heart with joy and gladness.

It is requested that money and provisions for this purpose may be sent at once to Sister Ellen, or to the Rev. C. T. Woodruff, superintendent of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, 306 Mulberry street.

NEW YORK—Clergymen's Mutual Insurance League.—The seventeenth annual report of this institution has been published. During the seventeen years of the league's existence the number of members has been 1,647. During that time 272 have died during their membership, and in each case their families have received the amount stipulated in the covenant with the league. This consists of an assessment of two dollars on each surviving member. The amount thus coming to the families of the decedents has varied from \$550 to \$2150. The aggregate amount distributed to representatives of deceased members in seventeen years is \$351,859. Fifty-seven members were added during the past year, while the loss by death was but four.

NEW YORK—Church of the Holy Spirit.—The first of a series of choral Litany services, with a surpliced choir, was held in this church (the Rev. E. Gnilbert, rector,) on the afternoon of Sunday, November 13. The choristers and clergy entered the church, singing a processional. The Litany was intoned by the rector, after which the anthem "Go in Peace" was sung by a quartette, the chorus "Hear our Prayer" being sung by the choristers. The sermon was preached by the Rev. George Bringham, from Acts iii. 12. The offertory Hymn 335, was sung antiphonally. The Magnificat was sung by the choir, and the benediction intoned by the rector. The

processional was "Daily, Daily Sing the Praises."

The choral Litany service is to be held each Sunday at 4 P. M., with a choir of twenty-four men and boys, under the direction of Mr. S. F. Le Jeune.

NEW YORK—Church Missionary Society for Seamen.—The forty-first annual service of The Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen in the City and Port of New York was held in Christ church (the Rev. Dr. J. S. Shipman, rector,) on Sunday evening, November 15. There were present, besides the rector, the Rev. Messrs. C. W. Ward, A. Mason, J. W. Bonham, R. J. Walker, L. Maguire, and Thomas Hyland, the three last missionaries of the society. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. W. Ward.

HIGHLAND—Church of the Holy Trinity.—On Sunday, November 15, the rector of this church (the Rev. Henry Tarrant) baptized nine persons, making twenty-two persons baptized in four weeks.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—St. Mark's Church.—The formal opening of the new chapel of this parish (the Rev. S. S. Roche, rector), which has been under construction and is now completed, took place on Wednesday evening, November 11. Before service opportunity was afforded all to inspect the new building. A large colored design has been prepared and was shown representing the entire edifice—church and chapel—as it will appear when all the contemplated improvements are completed. The chapel in two stories is now finished and a finely proportioned tower rising between it and the church is carried up to one-half its intended height. The entrance to the new structure is through the tower. On the left is a rector's study, back of it a kitchen, and in the rear of this are an almondy and an oratory, the former accommodating one hundred and the latter one hundred and fifty persons, the two being connected by doors which can be opened so as to throw both into one. On the floor above, reached by a wide stairway, is a spacious ball running the entire length of the building, with platform and desks at the western end, and capable of seating four hundred. This will be used for the Sunday-school and for lectures, concerts, and other gatherings. A small room for the library is at the north side. Two windows of the hall are conspicuous; a large window in rich colors with five lancets and tracery, opening on the street, and in the rear of the hall a rich rose window. All the windows are of stained glass. This important addition to the property of the parish has a width in front of thirty-three feet and a depth of eighty-five feet. Without the ground it has cost nearly \$12,000. The full amount of the estimated cost was subscribed before the work was begun. The expense of construction through changes of plans has exceeded the original calculation; but arrangements are now maturing whereby the entire sum will be speedily raised and the chapel be presented free of debt. It is of cut stone of gray color, and when the church is built into harmony with it and the tower fully completed, the effect will be very attractive and beautiful. Ground was formally broken on St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1883. The first money towards its cost was raised by the Sunday-school, and they have rendered effective aid in securing a large part of the sum required to complete it.

At the service hearty words of congratulation were spoken by the bishop of the diocese, who then introduced the Rev. Dr. C. E. Hall, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, who expressed pleasure that the

parish had ceased to be a mission and had become now an active and working church. The Rev. Dr. William A. Soively followed. After mentioning features that are noticeable in the chapel, and the faithful work of the rector, he referred to the beautiful appearance which the entire edifice will present when the tower is finished and the church built over into its intended style. The desired result he believed would be reached at no distant day.

BROOKLYN—Woman's Auxiliary.—The thirteenth anniversary of the Long Island Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was held on Thursday, November 12, in St. Peter's church, Brooklyn (the Rev. C. A. Tibbals, rector). At 10:30 A. M. the Holy Communion was celebrated by the bishop of the diocese, the address being given by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington. His subject was "Motives and Methods in Woman's Work."

The report, written by Miss Lonina S. Gilbert, and the treasurer's statement prepared by Miss Elizabeth S. Cromwell were read by the Rev. Joseph Reynolds.

Lunch was served in the committee room of the church.

At two o'clock the congregation reassembled in the large chapel, completely filling it. The Missionary Bishop of Montana spoke in place of the Bishop of Minnesota and the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, who were unable to be present. The Missionary Bishop of Montana has now nine clergy at work in his jurisdiction, but could use many more. He has a school of a very promising character, that may grow into a fine boarding-school. He described a trip which he recently took through a portion of his vast territory, passing over many hundred miles by rail, stage, and horseback. He found many places where the people are willing and anxious to have services held, and where they will cheerfully contribute to maintain clergy who will render such duties.

The Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens spoke on "Mission Work in Cities." Brooklyn, he said, has three-quarters of a million of people. Twelve States have not so many souls—all the Territories taken together have not so many. It is the eighth city in the world; its dockage the largest in the world. Its shipping is larger than that of New York, and its manufacturing interests put it in the position of one of the greatest centres of manufacture in the country. Forty years ago Brooklyn had less than 60,000 people. At the present rate, a city of that size would be built every two years. Last year the growth was 31,000. What is its religious provision for such a growth? It has smaller provision than any other city in the country. It is the city of the fewest churches. Five wards containing 140,000 people have no church or mission of the Church. Take all the provision of every kind made by all religious bodies, and there remains in Brooklyn one-third of the population not touched. In a word that has the largest population where there is no church, and where the denominations provide only scanty religious service, out of 600 families visited 450 were found without a Bible or any religious book or means of instruction. He enlarged on the dangers of this growing atheism and the importance of planting the Church effectively in the great cities.

At the evening service Bishop Brewer presided, and addresses of a very interesting character were made by the Rev. C. A. Tibbals and by the Rev. Dr. William S. Langford.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

THE CHURCH IN ALLEGANY COUNTY.—In this county there are now many signs of encouragement for the Church's progress. While

there was not in any of the parishes what may be called settled ministers, yet in all, excepting Angelica, there are ministers in charge, and regular Sunday services are kept up.

At Cuba there is a renewal of life consequent on the payment of a debt which has long been a burden to the parish. On St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, October 28, the beautiful church of Christ Church Parish, was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese. Many clergymen came from other parts of this and other dioceses, among them three former rectors. The church is of brick, of Gothic architecture, with a corner tower. It is handsomely furnished throughout with black walnut chancel furniture and pews, and has a fine large bell. The Rev. F. Thompson is in charge here.

At Belfast, a place hitherto unoccupied by the Church, there is a very promising opening for a mission. There are eleven Church families, among them seven communicants. This station will be supplied from Cuba.

Belmont and Belvidere are in charge of the Rev. Michael Scofield, and Caneseraga is supplied by the Rev. A. J. Warner.

At Wellsville, where the Church has suffered very much, there is still a great deal to encourage. There are some here yet who are exerting every nerve to revive the work, for love of the Church. Owing to circumstances, which it would take too long to relate, the parish lost its church under foreclosure. It was bought by a man who turned it into a meat market, and it is now used for that purpose. Lately a movement has been started for the purchase of the property and its restoration to sacred uses. To secure this end, which meets the hearty approval of the bishop, the few and scattered Church people, none of them wealthy, have raised \$1,600, of the \$2,700 needed to purchase and restore the building. This is all they can do of themselves, and it is to be trusted that outside aid will be given them, for as soon as they obtain a suitable place, regular services will be maintained. The church thus restored could not be built on such a lot for less than \$1,500. The congregation has all the church furniture, and a fine pipe organ to place in the building as soon as it can be purchased and made ready. As soon as the church can be recovered it will be decided to the diocese, so that the former blunder will not be repeated. Wellsville is a growing place of four thousand inhabitants, and the Church, if established here, will grow.

There are many other large villages in the county where the Church will be introduced as fast as an opening comes. It is the purpose of the bishop and the convocation firmly to establish the work, and put it in the hands of a general missionary who shall work from some central point.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

- St. Paulus. DECEMBER.
1. A. M. New Hartford; P. M. Waterville.
 2. A. M. Augusta; P. M. Orleans Falls.
 3. A. M. East Utica; P. M. Paris Hill; evening, Clayville.
 13. St. Paul's, Syracuse.
 15. Utica.
 19. Trumansburgh.
 20. A. M. Romulus; P. M. Hayt's Corners; evening, 26. Aurora.
 27. A. M. Union Springs; P. M., Cayuga; evening, St. John's, Auburn.
 30. Baldwinville.

PULASKI—Convocation.—The convocation of the Fourth Missionary District held its autumn meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 3 and 4, in St. James's church, Pulaski. There were present, besides the bishop, twenty-two clergy. There was a missionary service on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday

there was a celebration of the Holy Communion at 9:30 A. M. The rest of the day was devoted to the discussion of four topics selected by the bishop, and introduced by appointed writers and speakers. At the business meeting the Rev. W. L. Parker was made president, the Rev. J. E. Catbell, secretary and treasurer, and Messrs. G. J. Gardner and G. C. McWhorter, lay members of the Board of Missions.

NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH—Festival of Choir Guild.—The fifth annual festival of the Choir Guild of the Diocese of New Jersey was held in Christ church, Elizabeth (the Rev. H. H. Oberly, rector), on Tuesday, November 10. The choirs participating in the festival were the surpliced choirs of Christ church, Elizabeth, St. Mary's, Burlington, Christ church, Bordentown, Christ church, South Amboy, Trinity, Princeton, and St. James's, Long Branch. The organist was Mr. Charles Walker of Elizabeth. There were present of the clergy, the bishop of the diocese, the rector of the parish, the dean of the General Theological Seminary, the Rev. Drs. Morgan Dix and George Morgan Hills, and the Rev. Messrs. A. B. Baker, R. B. Post, C. M. Parkman, G. F. Breed, H. E. Thompson, N. Barrows, W. E. Wright, C. M. Stewart, E. D. Tomkins, E. B. Joyce, B. F. Thompson, C. M. Pyne, G. M. Christian, W. M. Pickets, W. M. Geer, G. H. Hills, and R. G. Osborne. The Rev. H. E. Thompson acted as master of ceremonies.

The bishop and clergy entered the church by the main entrance, the clergy preceded by the crossbearer, and the vested choir of one hundred and fifteen choristers, preceded by a banner, singing the processional hymn, "Daily, daily, sing the praises," and the rector of the parish proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. A. B. Baker and R. B. Post. The music is noticed in our Art column.

After the service the clergy and visitors were entertained by the ladies of the parish. A business meeting of the guild was held at 2:30 P. M., at which resolutions were adopted expressive of the regret of the guild at the loss of one of its members, the late Rev. N. Pettit, and officers were elected for the ensuing year.

At 4 P. M. there was a choral Evensong, conducted by the rector, the Rev. E. D. Tomkins and the Rev. Dr. G. M. Hills reading the lessons. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix.

The Choir Guild of the Diocese of New Jersey is formed of eight volunteer vested choirs from different parts of the diocese, and its object is the cultivation and improvement of Church music in the various parishes. New Jersey has taken the lead in this organized work, and already some other dioceses are forming guilds on the same general plan. The improvement effected by this instrumentality has already become marked.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

JERSEY CITY—St. Paul's Church, Bergen.—This church (the Rev. Dr. F. C. Putnam, rector.) was consecrated on Sunday, October 25. The day completed twenty five years since the rector assumed the spiritual charge of a congregation composed of a few families in Old Bergen, that had just been organized into a parish, so that he has been its sole pastor. The personal kindness of many friends enabling him to extinguish a chronic debt, there was peculiar satisfaction in being able to crown a quarter of a century of hard work and many trials by the consecration of the church. The day was perfect, the loveliest of a glorious autumn. The services, participated in by a large congregation, were replete with

solemn interest, deepening into the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, which brought them to a close in the morning; a beautiful confirmation service concluding the whole in the evening.

NEWARK—*Hospital of St. Barnabas*.—This institution, the benediction of whose new buildings we reported last spring, has published its nineteenth annual report, showing that on June 11, 1884, there remained in the hospital 20 patients, and during the year 457 have been admitted, making 477 in all. There have been 11,680 cases treated, making a daily average of 32, of various nationalities. The physicians have made 1,496 visits. Nine births and 36 deaths have been reported. The chaplain reports 2 adults and 11 children baptized; 3 confirmations, and 3 burials, and the Holy Communion celebrated twice a month by another clergyman, thus giving the sisters and inmates the privilege of a weekly Eucharist.

The Hospital of St. Barnabas is in charge of the Sisterhood of St. Margaret. The bishop of the diocese is president *ex officio*, and the trustees are from eleven parishes. The work it is doing, as may be seen from the above abstract of the report, is a great and valuable one, and the benefit it is to the community is incalculable.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Messiah*.—A short time since ground was broken for the erection of a new school building connecting with and forming an enlargement of the Church of the Messiah (the Rev. F. H. Bushnell, rector), which will ultimately be the nave of a large church, when the present church will form the transepts. The addition will be of stone, with a low roof for the present. All the money necessary for its entire completion has been subscribed and the larger part of it already paid in, so that there will be no indebtedness incurred.

PHILADELPHIA—*St. Jude's Free Church*.—The rector of this parish (the Rev. W. H. Graff.) began on Sunday, November 8, with the celebration of the Holy Communion, a series of special services and sermons to stir up a hearty participation in active parochial labors. This was presented as a duty to Christ; to the rector; to one's self. The preachers enforcing these lessons and urging greater earnestness in the Christian life. Here the rector, the Rev. Drs. R. F. Aloop, Sidney Corbett and W. N. McVicker, and the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Upjohn, and C. N. Field.

PHILADELPHIA—*Home of the Merciful Saviors for Crippled Children*.—The corner stone of this Home at Forty-fourth street and Baltimore avenue was laid on Monday afternoon, November 9, by the warden, the Rev. Robert F. Innes. A short and appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters. The clergy present were the Rev. Drs. T. C. Yarnall, W. H. Meade, J. P. Peters, T. S. Rumney, S. E. Appleton, and the Rev. Messrs. R. N. Thomas, C. W. Dnane, Stewart Stone, Gideon J. Barton, Wm. M. Jeffers, C. N. Field, Benjamin J. Douglass, J. K. Murphey, Simeon C. Hill, George Yarnall and R. F. Innes.

There is already under roof, and adjoining the chapel, a dwelling-house which will accommodate twenty-five children. The object of the Home is to receive those children who are discharged from hospitals as hopeless cases. It gives the preference to the extremely poor, taking them without board or entrance fee. It is entirely supported by voluntary contributions. The buildings will be finished and ready for occupancy early next spring. The Home is

now located at the corner of Forty-fifth street and Osage avenue.

PHILADELPHIA—*Standing Committee*.—At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, held on Tuesday, November 8, Joseph Shantz Hartzel was recommended for ordination to Deacon's Orders; Mr. Wm. Emott Maison and W. Leggett Kolb were recommended as candidates for Holy Orders; and Mr. Joseph Alexander Firth applied to be admitted as a candidate for Holy Orders.

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Incarnation*. During the first week of this month a gilded bronze cross, seven feet high, was placed at the top of the stone spire of this church, which has been in course of erection for some months, thereby completing the work, and adding a prominent feature to that section of the city in which it is located.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON—*St. John's Church*.—The twenty-seventh anniversary of the consecration of this church (the Rev. Dr. T. Gardiner Littell, rector,) was observed on Tuesday, November 3. The clergy and choir rooms in the new parish building were occupied for the first time. Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. J. L. McKim and R. H. Wright, after which the rector gave a sketch of the history of the parish. The Rev. Dr. Charles Breck, who labored earnestly, in addition to his other duties in Trinity parish, to sustain services until the church was finished, gave a most interesting sketch of the life of Mr. Alexis Irenée du Pont, the founder of the parish and a devoted Churchman. He was followed by the Rev. Robert F. Innes, who earnestly urged the need of real life Church work. The music by the choir of men and boys was very hearty and inspiring.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Woman's Auxiliary*.—Regular meetings for business are held each month, with an average representation of six parishes. In connection with the work in this district there are now nine parishes. The Ascension parish has prepared and sent three boxes of the value of \$332; the Holy Cross one box, value \$45; the Incarnation three boxes, \$150; St. John's ten boxes, value \$1,100, and Trinity one box, \$175; total, \$1,800. Total receipts for the year just ending about \$100. Disbursements, Chinese, Japan, Domestic Missions, Mrs. Brent's Colored School, \$100. From the impulse given by this auxiliary have sprung the House of Mercy and the Friendly League for Girls. The aggregate value of the boxes and money sent by the league during the year has been \$1,000—an advance of \$667 over the year before.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*House of Mercy*.—The scope of this charity is neither parochial nor sectarian, and all who need the aid of the home are received, although the religious instruction given is after the mind of the Church. No exact time is fixed for the stay of an inmate, and it depends on each to prove that she intends to reform before she can be commended to service in any household. In addition to the sum of \$3,315.79 given, and \$1,286 pledged annually, forty-eight subscribers have pledged various sums each, and \$300 in "additional donations" are reported. Servants were employed at first, but latterly the women work on wages, and including this outlay \$1,277 per year is expended in the support of the institution.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. Mark's League*.—The second anniversary of the Ascension Branch of St. Mark's Friendly League was observed in the Church of the Ascension (the

Rev. Dr. J. H. Elliott, rector,) on the afternoon of All Saints' Day. The report of the work accomplished during the year was read by the rector. An interesting and instructive address was made by the Rev. F. B. Benzor, on "The Duties of Work and Prayer." He gave a special charge to each of the orders into which the league is divided, and said that in working for others it should not be forgotten that it is, above all things, work for Christ, and, in order to do His work with the right spirit, there must be frequent and earnest petitions for His help and blessing.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Church of the Epiphany*.—The parish directory of this parish, (the Rev. Dr. S. H. Giesy, rector), covers nearly two pages and a half of fine print, and is devoted exclusively to a list of officers of the parish. Two homes, six Sunday and sewing-schools, three societies, men's meeting and women's meeting, besides teachers' class, ushers, trustees, visitors, choir, vestry, etc., constitute the working corps, which, added to the parish clergy, embraces in all two hundred and fifty persons. A normal class, conducted by the rector, is held each Friday for the teachers of the Sunday-schools.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Woman's Auxiliary*.—The opening series of the District of Columbia Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary for the working year was held in St. John's church, Washington (the Rev. Dr. W. A. Leonard, rector,) on Tuesday, November 8. The service consisted of a celebration of the Holy Communion by the Rev. J. A. Back, and an address by the Rev. Dr. S. H. Giesy. Two new parishes were admitted into this branch. Seven of the city clergy were present in the chancel, and several others in the congregation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*St. Paul's Church*.—This parish (the Rev. W. M. Barker, rector) has expended, or contracted to expend \$9,000 in the enlargement and beautification of its church, all of which is either contributed or has been pledged. An anonymous gift enabled the committee to double the size of the proposed organ. The size and beauty of the chancel is a source of frequent comment, while the furnaces and other conveniences have vastly added to the comfort of the congregation. A house has been obtained for a reading room, on Twenty-fifth street, between I and K streets. A resident will be in charge, and good reading matter, games, and other amusements will be provided for boys and girls, and others who may care to attend.

The offerings in this free church were, for July, \$191; for August, \$112; for September, \$145; for October, \$264. Hereafter there will be a Thursday 11 A. M. celebration of the Holy Communion. During the month of November the Rev. Drs. Giesy, Leonard, Lindsay, and the Rev. Mr. Pond will deliver special sermons in this church. On the first Sunday of December, the bishop will be present and preach.

EAST CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

NOVEMBER.

20. Sunday, St. Gabriel, Falson.
- DECEMBER.
1. Tuesday, St. Paul, Clinton.
2. Sunday, St. Stephen, Goldsboro.
3. Monday, La Grange.
4. Tuesday, A. M., Lenoir Institute; P. M., South Hill.
5. Wednesday, Snow Hill.
6. Thursday, St. Michael, Pitt Co.
7. Friday, St. John, Pitt Co.
8. Sunday, St. Mary, Kinston.
9. Monday, Holy Innocents, Lenoir Co.
10. Wednesday, Trenton.
11. Friday, St. Thomas, Craven Co.
12. Sunday, St. Paul, Beaufort.
13. Wednesday, St. Crispian, New Bern.
14. Friday, Christmas, Chatham Church, New Bern.

FLORIDA.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP.—The Bishop of Florida died at the Clarendon Hotel, New York, of pneumonia, on the morning of Sunday, November 15. He was taken sick on Saturday, but the progress of the disease was so rapid that he died in a few hours. The remains were taken immediately to Jacksonville for interment.

The Right Rev. John Freeman Young, S. T. D., was born in Pittston, Maine, October 30, 1830. He was graduated at the Theological Seminary of Virginia in 1845, and ordained to the diaconate in April of the same year by Bishop Henshaw of Rhode Island. He removed to Florida, and became minister in charge of St. John's, Jacksonville, and on being advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Elliott of Georgia, in January, 1846, was made rector of that parish. He served in Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and New York. In 1867 he was consecrated Bishop of Florida in Trinity church, New York.

GAINESVILLE—Holy Trinity Church.—The new rectory of this parish (the Rev. F. B. Dunham, rector), now completed and occupied, gives another assurance of the stability of Church work in Florida. It is a commodious, comfortable house of ten rooms, an ornament to the city, and a memorial of the earnest workers of a struggling mission parish. The cost was \$2,500. One half was raised by the congregation, an additional sum was obtained from the sale of donated land. Many who had land but no money, placed this land in the rector's hands for sale, giving a good percentage of the proceeds to the Building Fund. When all the lands are sold, the rectory debt will be extinguished, and a handsome balance left toward a new church building.

The rector is now looking for some good friend of Church schools to come forward with \$10,000 to enable him to place one on a sure foundation. The plan is simply to erect a comfortable boarding hall for the accommodation of students attending the State Military and Normal Academy, the title to be held by the Church. A good Churchman will be placed in charge to make a "Church Home" for students coming from all parts of the State. The State Military Academy is well officered, fairly endowed, and furnishes all that can be desired in school-room work. The students board wherever they can in the city. With a good boarding hall under the control of the Church, a self-supporting Church school will at once spring into existence without any cost or trouble of mere scholastic work. It is just such a plan as the Bishop of Michigan so wisely advocated for his diocese.

The tide of emigration has how fairly turned toward Midland Florida, and it strains every nerve to keep pace with the growing population. A few more clergy who can work on faith for a year or two can find fields which will give as complete returns to the venture as has Gainesville.

ALABAMA.

MONTGOMERY—St. John's Church.—All Saints' Day will long be remembered by the members of this parish (the Rev. Dr. Horace Stringfellow, rector). The late Bishop Cobbs often during his life had expressed a desire to see, besides institutions of learning and charity growing up around, a cathedral church in this capital, a chime of bells to give the beautiful and inspiring invitation to the world to enter the courts of the Lord's house. That which the good bishop desired to see was brought about on All Saints' Day. The rector labored hard for its accomplishment, and a \$2,000 chime of bells was suspended, and played on that day, after a solemn dedication and blessing

by the bishop of the diocese. The services were all in accord with the occasion. On the evening of Tuesday, November 3, there was a *musical* of the chimes, which delighted all hearing it.

On Thursday, November 5, was observed the golden wedding of the venerable Col. C. T. Pollard, now in his eightieth year, the senior warden of the parish. Col. Pollard, fifty years ago, married the daughter of General Scott, settled in Montgomery, then a mere village, and raised a large family. He was, before the civil war, a man of very large fortune, and was kind and generous in a more than commensurate degree. For half a century he has lived in one place, and borne a character for honor, honesty, and manliness. He has been a vestryman of this parish for forty-nine years, and the senior warden for the greater part, if not the whole, of that time. The rector and vestry presented him, on the occasion, with resolutions expressive of their affectionate regard, and with two finely-executed portraits of himself and his wife.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS—Work Among the Colored People.—The work among the colored people here has been vigorously carried on during the past twelve months, and has made fair progress. It has been carried on at two different centres, both under the control of the Dean of St. Mary's Cathedral, the Rev. William Klein. At the Canfield Orphan Asylum there has been a large day school, averaging in attendance during the year about eighty children, under the immediate charge of Mr. Willis T. McNeal, who has proved himself an efficient teacher. Most of these children have also attended Sunday-school, and all receive training in the Church's teaching and worship. The other centre of work is at Emmanuel church, in the heart of the town, where services are held every Sunday, and on some other days. Here the Rev. A. R. Anderson, colored deacon, officiates, and the Dean of St. Mary's also preaches once every Sunday. The congregation averages about forty, but is steadily growing in numbers. This church was purchased in February last for \$3,000, something more than half of which amount has yet to be raised. The colored people are poor, but are doing what little they can, hoping confidently to receive help from without to complete the payment. If the debt could be got rid of, a great impetus would be given to the work. By the help of some of the ladies of the cathedral congregation a sewing society has lately been organized amongst the colored people, in which they work very zealously. There have been during the year twenty-five baptisms and five confirmations.

INDIANA.

DELPHI—St. Mary's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. H. L. C. Braddon, rector) on the evening of Friday, November 6, and confirmed four persons. In the afternoon the rector baptized two adults.

The parish is receiving a new impetus, and the parishioners are working unitedly. The church has been reshingled; the Ladies' Guild has purchased a new carpet for the church, and chairs for the choir; a handsome clock has been presented; the children's Sewing Guild has presented a Bishop's Chair, and the Prayer Desk and Stall; the Altar Guild has given a carved Alms Basin, and a handsome Prayer Book and Hymnal for chancel use. All this is the result of scarcely eighteen months' work, prior to which time the church had been closed, except for occasional services, for five years. The outlook for the future is bright and hopeful.

Services have been held by the rector at Pittsburg and Monticello, and there is every prospect of an opening for the Church in both places.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO—Northeastern Deanery.—The annual meeting of this deanery was held on Tuesday, November 10, in the chapel of Grace church, Chicago (the Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke, rector). The Holy Communion was celebrated by the rector, who is also dean, assisted by the Rev. W. E. Toll. There was a large attendance of clergy, the bishop also being present. At the business meeting, the Rev. R. F. Fleetwood was elected secretary, and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Vibbert treasurer of the deanery. Reports were heard from, and aid extended to several of the Chicago and suburban mission churches and stations. Remarks were made by the bishop and dean, and the Rev. Messrs. J. Rusleton, M. Lane, J. M. Gregg, W. W. Steele, T. N. Morrison, Jr., A. Lechner, and H. G. Ferry, on the progress and increasing demands of the work in the city and elsewhere. An essay on "The Sacramental Teaching of the Lord's Prayer" was read by the Rev. Edward Larabee.

SPRINGFIELD.

DECATUR—St. John's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. W. H. Moore, rector), on All Saints' Day. In the morning he celebrated the Holy Eucharist, and confirmed eight persons. The musical portions of the service were rendered with great precision and expression by the excellent choir of the parish, the organ being assisted by violins. This service was especially interesting from the fact that a new communion service was presented at the offertory, and blessed by the bishop for its sacred use. The vessels are all pure silver, heavily plated with gold, the chalice adorned with precious stones. They are memorials of a late rector, who died ten years ago, leaving the memory of a life filled with good works. Both paten and chalice bear the inscription "In Memoriam W. W. D'Wolf, Priest, 1875." The material used was made up of keepsakes and other pieces given by the congregation for the purpose.

In the afternoon the bishop preached in the House of Prayer, a promising mission at the east end of the city; and in the evening he preached a glowing sermon on "The Communion of Saints," at the parish church.

MINNESOTA.

WELLS—Ordnation.—On Friday, November 6, the bishop of the diocese advanced to the priesthood in the Church of the Nativity, the Rev. Edward Huntington Clark, a graduate of the last class at Seabury Hall. Four of the neighboring clergy were present, and joined with the bishop in the imposition of hands. In the evening the bishop preached from Rev. vi., 11.

MISSOURI.

KANSAS CITY—Grace Church.—This enterprising parish (the Rev. Cameron Mann, rector), has nearly completed a handsome and well-managed rectory building, into which the rector and his family expected soon to move. It is of red brick, and cost \$8,000. Preparations are also making to erect a new church edifice. Several handsome windows have already been received, and, until they are needed for the new building, will be used in decorating the present church, which the parish is steadily outgrowing.

COLLEGIATE AND ACADEMIC.

THE NEW YORK DISTRICT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Norwood Institute, 114 Fourteenth street, which has taken a high place among the educational institutions of the District, will begin the new year with the promise of even greater usefulness and excellence than in the past. The studies are arranged so that young ladies can obtain every accomplishment to fit them for a useful and excellent position in the present or future. The principal, Mr. and William D. Cabell, are assisted by a corps of teachers chosen for their excellence in various specialties. The Institute is highly recommended by its present and former patrons.—Washington, D. C. Reviewer.

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Southern Ohio will spend the winter in Rome, Italy.
The Rev. H. C. Bradburn has resigned the charge of Grace Church, Aitkin, Ind.
The Rev. W. B. Buckingham has entered upon the rectorship of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt.
The Rev. M. C. Dotson's address is Saranac Lake, Franklin County, N. Y.
The Rev. Edgar A. Enos will enter upon the rectorship of St. John's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., early in December.
The Rev. Francis Gilliat has received from the vestry of St. James's Church, Arlington, Va., permission to be admitted to the Society as well as accepted the invitation to take charge of Church work at Fulton, Fla., until that time.

The Rev. Joseph Hooper has accepted the charge of the missions of Newport, R. I., at the Church of the Epiphany, Newport, Vt. All matter for the Registrar of the Diocese of Albany should be sent to the Registrar's Office, All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, N. Y.
The Rev. Moses Hoge Hunter's address is changed from La Plata, Md., to No. 70 Court House Place, Jersey City, N. J.
The Rev. Dr. John F. Potter's address, until further notice, is a Erie Guild Office, Centre street, New York.

The Rev. B. E. Warner has been elected rector of Christ Church, Bridgeport, Conn.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

On November 7, 1885, at the St. James Hotel, New York, by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., WALTER H. D. BLES, of Stout Falls, D. T., and Mrs. FANNY W. DURBIN, of New York.
In Christ Church, Cooperstown, New York, on Tuesday, November 10, 1885, by the Rt. Rev. Wm. Doane, Bishop of Albany, MARY GALE CARTER, daughter of the late William Lawrence Carter, of Cleveland, Ohio, and granddaughter of the late William D. Averill, of Cooperstown, New York, to Mr. GEORGE HYNE CLARKE, of Hyde Hall, Springfield, New York.
At Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., on Thursday, Nov. 12, by the Rt. Rev. George F. Seymour, Bishop of Springfield, assisted by the Rev. J. Nathan Reed, rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., to ROSE ELIZABETH, daughter of Washington B. Williams, all of Newark.
On the 10th inst., by the Rev. D. P. Morgan, M. A., at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Thomas BRYANT, third son of the late T. B. Fordwood, of Thornton Manor, Cheshire, England, to EDITH, youngest daughter of Edward Hill, of this city.
In Christ Church, Nashville, Tenn., November 12, 1885, by the Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Telfair Hodgson, D.D., and the Rev. Wm. Graham, D.D., ELLEN OTOLAN CUNNINGHAM, daughter of G. W. Cunningham, Esq., to the Rev. T. W. GAITHER, A.B., chaplain of the University of the South, Beaufort, Tenn.

On Tuesday, Nov. 10, 1885, in St. John's Church, Jersey City, N. J., by the Rev. E. S. Stoddard, rector, assisted by the Rev. G. W. Sterling, O.V.A., daughter of George W. Heime, to JOHN W. HERRICK, Jr.
On Thursday, November 12, 1885, at Grace Church, by the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Bishop of New York, JULIA, daughter of the late George F. J. Fox, of Madison, New Jersey, to the Rev. WILLIAM FOSTER MORGAN, Chaplain United States Navy.
In St. John's Church, Yorkers-on-Hudson, Wednesday, November 11, 1885, by the Rev. James Haughton, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, ARTHUR MIDDLETON BOSE and CAROLINE HARRISON, daughter of J. Lewis Boase, all of Yorkers.

In the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Tuesday, November 10, 1885, by the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, rector, KATE HENGE, daughter of James Hamel, to WILLIAM EDWARD SCHEFFNER.

At Grace Church, New York, on Saturday, November 11, by the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., WILLIAM HERBERT WASHINGTON to CONSTANCE LLOYD, daughter of the late Rev. James B. Woden, and granddaughter of the late Dr. Stevens, M.D.

On Thursday, November 12, at Zion Church, by the Rev. Charles C. Tiffany, FRANK BALDWIN WELSON to ELIZABETH STEVENS, daughter of Sherman D. Stevens.

On Saturday, November 14, 1885, at the Church of the Holy Communion, by the Rev. Henry Mettel, Ina, daughter of the late Wm. I. Schenck, to FREDERICK B. WILKINSON, all of this city.

DIED.

Departed this life at Louisville, Ky., at one o'clock P. M. Sunday, November 11, 1885, IRONIA M., the beloved and last surviving daughter of W. Geo. Anderson, and Nannie Colston Anderson, deceased; aged 27 years.

It was on All Saints' Day, when all the blessed saints were gathered around the throne of God, that the spirit of a beautiful being, pure and lovely, fled from earth to join the heavenly throng, and sweetly sing with them the "song of glory."

Fell asleep in Jesus, suddenly, Nov. 10, 1885, in Detroit, Mich., WILLIAM NATHAN, widow of Mrs. Andrew, in the 50th year of his age.

In Brockton, Mass., November 11, very suddenly, FRANCIS, eldest son of James M. and Henrietta Codman, aged 25 years.

At her residence, Florida's Point, Retanek, L. I., Elizabeth F. Floss, widow of D. Van Hosen Flord, in the 62d year of her age.

Entered into the rest of Paradise, on Sunday, October 25, 1885, at Norfolk, Va., MEBECA A. GAPP-REY, widow of the late Francis W. Seabury, in the 56th year of her age.

"Numbered with thy ascins in glory everlasting."
At Cologne, Ge many, on Thursday, November 4, 1885, the Rev. HENRY F. HARTMAN, P.R.D., Chaplain of the English Church in Cologne, in the 98th year of his age.

Entered into rest, on the 14th of November, 1885, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Dr. Montgomery, in Cambridge, New York, ANNA MAY, second daughter of the late Hon. Peter Hill, of Jacksonville, Fla.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Entered into rest at Stamford, Conn., on Sunday, November 1, 1885, JOHN W. HUBBARD, in his 78th year.

In Southampton, England, October 31, WILLIAM T. LORWORTH, formerly of New York City, aged 78 years.

Suddenly at the residence of his son, 34 Cambridge place, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Nov. 14, EDWARD N. PIERCE, in the 61st year of his age.

Entered into rest, Nov. 12, 1885, Orange, N. J., CARLETON CULVER HYMAN, son of the late Charles E. and Kathleen Byder, aged 19 years.
"Soon, soon to faithful warrior comes the rest."

On Friday, Nov. 13, FROESICUS SCHUBERT, in the 52d year of his age.
Suddenly of pneumonia, at ten minutes before 8 Sunday morning, November 15, at the Grand Hotel in this city, the Right Reverend JOHN FERRAS YOUNG, D.D., Bishop of Florida.
The body has been taken to Jacksonville, Fla.

WILLIAM N. CARPENTER.

For the third time, within an easy year, the Vestry of Christ Church is called upon to record the death of one of the wardens of this parish. Mr. Carpenter died early in 1885. Mr. Adams toward the end of the year, and now the length of day, November 4, A. D. 1885, Mr. WILLIAM N. CARPENTER, SENIOR Warden, is taken to his rest. All full of years and serene in the Communion of the Catholic Church. In the confidence of a certain hope in the gracious promise, have entered into life.
Mr. Carpenter was one of the members of this parish church in the year 1845. From the date of organization he has been a member of its vestry; since that time he has been one of its officers for the past three years one of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, and on several occasions a deputy in the General Convention. Devoted, patient, untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of the Church, always courteous, considerate and kindly in his demeanor toward all men, now after passing the allotted limit he is called away by a sudden and most painful summons.
His approach has been one of its weakness and labors of a quiet and unostentatious worker, such as Mr. Carpenter has been, in the "Halls of the parish, and how his co-laborers will miss his familiar presence, as well as his substantial help and encouragement, one needs to search the records of the parish, and how the day of his organization in May, 1845, and see on almost every page his name appearing connected with every enterprise of parish movement and advancement, and to witness the fruits of a life's devotion which tells more truly than any words what he has done, and how sorely he will be missed.

The foregoing minute was ordered to be spread upon the records, and a copy of the same sent to A True Copy. JOHN H. BISSELL, Christ Church, Detroit, Nov. 10, 1885.

APPEALS.

NAHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nahotah. The great and good work entrusted to her requires, and she lacks, the offerings of His people. Offerings are solicited:
1st. Because Nahotah is the oldest theological seminary in the west of the State of Wisconsin.
2d. Because the instruction is accorded to those in the land.
3d. Because it is the most beautifully situated seminary.
4th. Because it is the best located for study.
5th. Because everything given is applied directly to the work of propagating the Christian religion.
Address, WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., Nahotah, Wausau County, Wisconsin.

As appeal is made for aid in erecting small chapels and preaching-stations in the Savannah Convention, Diocese of Georgia. With four energy we fill thirty-two stations. From all white, some colored, but our funds are exhausted when the stipends of the missionaries are paid, and buildings are essential if any work permanent. We need to erect some fourteen chapels, costing in all six thousand dollars, half or more of which can be raised in the State. For the three thousand, or at the least twenty five hundred dollars additional, we must look outside, and if the help is not forthcoming, we will be crippled with much gratitude by
Rev. ANSON DODGE, Jr., of St. Albans, Vt.

The work in which the Rev. Mr. Dodge and his associates are engaged in Southern and Southwest Georgia has my hearty approval, and I trust the friends of the Church will extend to him such aid as may be in their power.
J. W. BECKWITH, Bishop of Georgia.

UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH.
The theological department of the University of the South, dependent upon the offerings of the Church, now makes its semi-annual appeal to those who would aid in the extension of the kingdom of Christ in the South and Southwest. The undersigned trusts that the contributions will be very prosperous, and is now self-supporting. But the theological department, with about twenty students, has no support beyond that which Church people may be disposed to give. Contributions may be sent to
Rev. J. W. Telfair Hodgson, D.D., Savannah, Tenn. Vice-Chancellor.

I HAVE for sale, in aid of the Building Fund of Holy Trinity Church, Gainesville, Florida, some 500 acres of land in Alachua Co. Twenty acre lots, unenclosed, \$100; ten acre lots, enclosed, \$200; 100 acre lots, enclosed and improved, from \$1,000 to \$500. The titles are all perfect. The lands high and dry. Alachua County is now the most populous in the State, and is rapidly increasing. It is the only county, raises more oranges than any county, and one, and more vegetables than all others. High and healthy market, and improved. Gainesville is the central seat and railroad center. For information, mya. Ac., address, F. B. DUNHAM, Gainesville, Fla.

COLORADO WARD.
Three hundred dollars is needed in our school for colored children. The Church must begin with the right. If it will not do its duty by the poor, any assistance will be duly acknowledged.
Rev. A. W. KNIGHT, Palatka, Fla.

THE EPISCOPAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It sends a large amount for the work of the present year. Give and it shall be given to you.
Rev. ROBERT C. MATTLE, 1224 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE PHILISTINE. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WYLLIAMS, Corresponding Secretary, 47 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

A MISSIONARY in the southwest can give services three new stations of promise if he can purchase a few more men who are prepared for the ministry. Missionary, care of CHURCHMAN'S Office.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The undersigned most gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following amounts for the rectory at Lawrenceville, during October and November: Mrs. A. E. Holstein, \$5; Miss E. B. and another friend, \$2; Mrs. Geo. H. Webster, \$30; Mrs. J. A. Brown, \$100; "Thank offering," \$2; Mr. J. Sturgis, Jr., \$5.
J. S. RUSSELL, Missionary.

BISHOP NEELY gratefully acknowledges the receipt in October, of \$100 from "Tithe," Trinity Church, Hartford, for Church work in Maine.

The editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of \$2 from an anonymous sender in aid of the mission at Reading, Mass.

The Committee on the Mission to be held in a number of churches in the City of New York give notice that the Mission will begin (D. V.) November 27th, that the names of the members of the committee, previous to and during the Mission, will be at the store of E. P. Dutton & Co., 39 West Twenty-third St., in New York, and in Philadelphia, will be presented, where information may be obtained, and the literature of the Mission will be found.
H. V. SATTLECKE, Chairman.
HENRY MOTTET, Corresponding Secretary.

THE American Church Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting on Monday, November 17, at 11 o'clock, in the City of Philadelphia. Philadelphia is half-past one o'clock. Interesting business to be presented.

The Rev. Dr. Huntington, rector of Grace Church, will preach in St. Peter's church on Sunday evening, December 6, in aid of the Charity Fund.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE BOOK ANNEXED.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I have read with more or less interest the criticisms which from time to time have appeared in THE CHURCHMAN on this book, favorable and unfavorable, wise and otherwise, and while I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the work of the Committee on "Liturgical Enrichment" is not fully appreciated by all of your correspondents, nevertheless the objections to some of the changes are so weighty that it hardly seems possible that the book can be adopted at the next General Convention. There is in the minds of the laity especially a great aversion to change, and the Prayer Book has answered a good purpose so long that the feeling quite strongly prevails that it is wise to "let well enough alone." Amid constant ecclesiastical unrest and change we have, at least so far as our liturgy is concerned, represented stability, and it is said, and perhaps truly so in the main, that all we need is liberty to use the Prayer Book as it is, to adapt it to circumstances, and use the three services separately and independently, under certain limitations. At the same time, however, a shortened service, complete in itself, to differentiate the services, or making the evening service entirely distinct from the morning, for the sake of variety and freshness, some occasional prayers, the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*. All these are desirable, and may be considered justly as enrichments of the liturgy.

In regard to some of the offices, perhaps the committee did not go far enough. In the Confirmation Office, for example, it seems as if there should be some clause in the Preface recognizing the fact that a number of the candidates, as is frequently the case, never had any godfathers or godmothers, though they have been avowed Christians for years.

Again, it seems as if we should have an alternate Burial Service. We cannot well refuse to bury the dead in any circumstances. But certainly no one is entitled to this service who has not died in the "true faith of Christ's Holy Name." It is simply mockery to read this solemn and impressive service over an infidel, or atheist, or any notoriously wicked man, even though he has been baptized, and is neither a suicide nor a person who has been excommunicated.

Again, in the private administration of the Holy Communion, if the sick person is a woman, the epistle is very inappropriate: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord," etc. This should be changed, or an alternate one provided. Some other occasional prayers, it seems to me, are needed, especially in regard to the conversion of God's ancient people, the Jews, the religious training of the young, and the sanctity of the Lord's Day. There are no prayers particularly appropriate to these subjects, though they call for especial sermons and especial efforts.

But I am well aware of the impossibility of meeting every one's ideas in view of changes or additions to the liturgy, and my main object in writing this communication was not to criticize or discuss the book proposed, but to suggest the propriety of a three-years' trial, or, in other words, to make the Book Annexed tentative for three years as were the Hymnal and Lectionary.

Is not this possible? How can the real merits of the proposed alterations and additions be tested but by use? Would it be wise to adopt any amended book without such a trial? Is there anything in the constitution or canons of the Church to prevent such a test? I grant that the inference from the eighth article of the constitution is that after any amendments or alterations are acted upon by one General Convention and made known to the dioceses that final action shall be taken at the next General Convention. But is there anything here at all that implies that the General Convention has not power to permit the use of an amended service for the three years? We might say, perhaps, that the book has been

before the Church for consideration for this time! But practically this amounts to very little. The book is expensive, few of the clergy or laity have given it any critical examination, thousands have never even seen it, and really no practical test whatever has been made in its merits. How different the case would be if there had been permission to use it; then both the clergy and laity would be prepared to render an intelligent judgment, then the decision of a diocesan council would be of some value! But as the case now stands, no diocesan council or convention is competent to instruct its delegates, and hence the reference to the synods and their provisions of three years have very little if any practical value. It would certainly be great wisdom to adopt any change without the most thorough consideration throughout the whole Church; and it would be also unwise to reject as a whole the changes proposed, thereby losing some things that certainly enrich the liturgy and tend to make it more effective as well as more attractive. Both the Hymnal and Lectionary were put to a practical test for three years, and while there may still be room for criticism in regard to both, yet no one, I presume, will deny the great value of such a trial. But if such a test was deemed advisable in regard to them, how much more in reference to the liturgy itself, when changes and additions are proposed affecting the whole worship of the Church.

In speaking of the Book Annexed being tentative for three years, I do not mean to imply that the whole book should be printed; this would be a venture which no publisher would be likely to make, but that the additions and changes should be printed on leaflets, or thrown into a pamphlet form, something like our mission services. This could be done at a small expense, and would answer the end proposed. The additional hymns were printed and used for six years. I think, before the Hymnal in its present form was adopted. And so the proposed alterations of, and additions to the Prayer Book could be prepared for use and trial, and thus time and opportunity be given for an intelligent opinion, both on the part of clergy and laity.

(Geo. H. McKnight.)

Emira, Nov. 9, 1885.

INCREASE OF CLERICAL STIPENDS.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Frequent mention has been made in your columns of the inadequate support of some of our clergy.

Some of your *proposals* proposed have so far fallen short of their object.

I am at present the guest of a Baltimore clergyman (I withhold the name at his urgent request), who has in successful operation a plan whereby this difficult question can be happily solved, if other clergy will adopt it in their parishes.

The organization is based on the true principle, that the strong should help to bear the burdens of the weak.

The following outline will give some idea of how my brother works his *Parochial Society*:
Objects Proposed.—To help by pecuniary and other assistance the following clergy in particular: a. Those whose stipends are now below the average. b. Those who may be placed in circumstances of exceptional expense, such as removal, furnishing, clothing, books, birth or death in family, needed rest, etc. c. Those clergy whose stipends are under \$1,000 from all sources.

Mode of Operations.—1. Funds will be collected in the following ways: a. Offerings in church. b. Annual subscriptions. c. Donations for special cases in cash, books, clothing, subscription to current literature, etc. 2. The funds will be distributed as follows: a. Clergy coming under the classes marked "a, b, c" in "Objects Proposed," will be assisted in the order there stated. b. Each case presented will be helped according to number in family, location, demands, amount given by parish, mission committee, etc. c. The payment will be made half yearly, probably about July and Christmas, except special cases, (those marked "b") under "Objects Proposed" which shall receive

immediate attention when possible. d. The most considerate privacy shall be exercised in the distribution of funds, the names of recipients being known only to the president of the society, (who shall be its almoner) except when necessity shall compel otherwise. *Officers, Meetings, etc.*—1. The society shall have the following officers: 1. President and almoner—the rector of the parish. 2. Two vice-presidents. 3. Treasurer. 4. Secretary. 5. Collector. (Their duties shall be such as usually appertain to such officers.) 2. The officers shall constitute a council for the transaction of business, together with the members of the society, at the meetings of the meetings. 3. Monthly meetings shall be held on the last Wednesday in every month, after the 8 P. M. service. The January meeting shall be the annual meeting for the election of officers, and presenting the year's report.

This one sympathizing clergyman has materially helped twenty-three suffering brethren during the year.

Who will follow in his lead?

B. F. BROWN.

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM."

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Not long since a writer in the columns of THE CHURCHMAN asked the source of this expression. The Philadelphia Library contains books of quotations which afford an answer. In "Beautiful Thoughts from Latin Authors," by Craufurd Tait Ramsay, LL. D., published at Liverpool by Edward Howell, is the statement: "This is a saying of Solon in Plutarch."

Gover's "Handy Book" refers to a proposed amendment. It should be said to the English reader that the phrase is thus translated: "Concerning the dead, nothing except good." The suggested change would put *veritas* in place of *bonum* (good). Gover thinks this improper, but "Ancient and Modern Familiar Quotations," published by Lippincott, approves it.

J. C. Grocott's "Index of Quotations, Ancient and Modern," simply refers the saying to "Riley's Dictionary of Latin Quotations."

In Alfred Henderson's excellent and extensive "Latin Proverbs and Quotations" Virgil is referred to for a like thought, as follows: "Nulium cum victis, certamen at aetheri casus"; "There should be no strife with the vanquished or the dead," "Pour not water on a drowned mouse." Also Virgil is quoted: "Pugna sumi finem cum faceret hostis, habet"; "The battle is over, when the foe has fallen," "It is a base thing to tear a dead hero's beard off."

He adds another Latin saying: "Cum larvis luctari," "To fight with ghosts," (To speak against the dead.) "To fight with windmills."

It should be added for the English reader that Henderson's translations immediately follow the above Latin phrases, the additions to them are cumulative and illustrative.

S. F. HOTCHKIN.

THE BOOK ANNEXED PROPERLY

LEGISLATED UPON.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

An article by Mr. James Parker, in the Church Review for October, raises the point that the Book Annexed is not properly before the Church in accordance with Act VIII of the Constitution, because the House of Bishops failed to notify the House of Deputies, for the concurrence of that house, its "resolve" that the alterations as reported by the Committee of Conference be communicated to the several dioceses, etc.

The fact must have escaped the writer of the article that such "resolve" is included, in terms, in every one of the thirty resolutions reported by the Conference Committee and adopted by both houses, and that therefore, after these thirty resolves of the one house, and thirty concurrences of the other, there was no need to lump them all in a thirty-first.

W. TATLOCK.

Stamford, Nov. 10, 1885.

GOSHEN AND PITHOM.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

At the meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund, Messrs. Poole and Naville said that they felt obliged to admit that San-Taris forged no part of Goshen. Its chief city was Heliopolis (Cairo). The Wadi Tumilat was only added after the oppression commenced. It was stated from the chair that no discussion would be permitted, and M. Naville read a formal paper declining to answer the questions asked in England and America about the genuineness of the Pithom find.

COPE WHITEHOUSE.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT. A historical review of the first treaty of 1713-14 and of the principal events of the war of the Spanish Succession. By James W. Gerard. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons,] pp. 420.

The epoch which this book covers is the most interesting in the history of modern Europe. It is far enough away to have the romantic charm of the past. It is near enough to be placed in the full light of historical study. It is one of those periods which are transitional just as others are continuous. The Peace of Utrecht is one of the mile stones of European progress. It marks the rise of that principle which has ever since ruled continental policies, the principle of the "balance of power." Up to that time war had represented different ideas. For a season it was the great strife for supremacy between the pope and the emperor. Lesser powers fell in beneath the one banner or the other. War, when not a crusade, was a private brigandage between neighboring princes. Then came the Reformation, and with it the end of the "Holy Roman Empire," as a real arbiter in Europe, the rise of the Austrian power, as, in fact, its successor. Up to that time the nations had looked to pope or kaiser with some sort of hopefulness that in the one or the other would be found an arbiter who would keep the peace or do rude justice between the weak and the strong. With the Reformation the empire ceased to be European and became Austrian. It gained in efficiency but lost forever its prestige. With the Reformation came the struggle between France and Spain, the latter lying down as the former arose. For the first time the question was fairly presented of the need of a balance of power, that no state be suffered to have a dominating influence in Europe.

The same development is true of the military art. Hitherto battles had been decided by fighting, by courage, by luck. Discipline went only as far as to, marshal a phalanx of pike-men so as to hold their ground; to hurl a squadron of cavalry with crushing force upon an enemy's flank. But the art of war, the chess-like combination by which a small force is made to do the work of a large one; the art by which battles like Rosebach and Lenton, Austerlitz and Sadowa have been won, now, for the first time since the days of the Caesars, began to be revived. Scientific warfare dates from the age of Marlborough. Knight-errantry went out with the white plume of Henry of Navarre.

In like manner the history of this time is a history of Courts. Everywhere in Europe the powers were crystallizing round a national centre. As feudalism expired, the importance of the monarchy grew. During the Wars of the Roses, a foreign foe would have sought to win over one of the great barons, to gain the good will of a Warwick or a Percy. In the war of the Spanish Succession the intrigue is for influence over the mind of the sovereign. The king's or the queen's ear is everything. One begins with the struggle around the moribund last years of Charles II, of Spain, and then goes to the squabbles wherein Sarah

Jennings and Abigail Hill made or marred the fate of kingdoms, while contending for the favor of the weak-minded Anne of England. If in France a firmer will and a stronger intellect bore sway, there is plenty of backstairs gossip, and ignoble influence. All through the history of the time, the fate of the exiled Stuarts runs like a dark thread. This may not furnish the most heroic examples of history, but it certainly makes the most entertaining reading. For it brings all the interest to the focal point of individual lives, at the same time it places these lives where they are made to be representative of great movements.

One cares much about the men of that time, more for fear than they personally deserve, because they are linked with great events. The men of that time are men not too remote from the men of this. One would probably find the most estimable baron of the days of the Plantagenets, if not a dull, at least a perplexing acquaintance. Even a gentleman of Shakespeare's time (as judged by journals and letters), would have very much not in common with this day. But nothing is easier than to imagine a chat with Addison or Swift, with Bolingbroke or Prior. Bating the periwig and the snuff-box, one finds them entirely on the level of a present society.

All these reasons combine to make the era of the Peace of Utrecht a choice era in history. Just now the popular taste has settled back upon the external life of the times of Queen Anne. Perhaps it will do no harm for the dweller under the many gabled roofs which imitate that period, to know something about the men and women of that day.

In this volume Mr. Gerard has brought together a great mass of information. He has distilled this into a clear and easy-flowing, if not very brilliant narrative. The style is good, and except for a little outburst here and there of comparison of that past with the glories of to-day, we have no fault to find with it. Mr. Gerard should know that the best art of an historian is to efface his own personality. His worst offence is to moralize, especially when the morality is an anachronism. But we do not care "to look a gift horse in the mouth." We are thankful enough for a detailed account of that period, and for a history that is not tedious because confused. Given the story of those times honestly told, and one ought to be satisfied. Mr. Gerard has in the main done that, and we are glad to put his volume on our shelves beside Earl Stanhope's.

THE PENTATEUCH. Its Origin and Structure. An Examination of Recent Theories. By Edwin Cove Bisell, D.D., Professor of the Hebrew Language and Literature in the Hartford Theological Seminary. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons,] pp. 484. Price \$2.

The "recent theories" mentioned in the title page are those of Graf and Wellhausen. In his introduction Professor Bisell states these, and, in so doing, gives a remarkably fair and thorough summary of the course of argument which has been directed against the Pentateuch. He does not press the point, as he fairly might, that each of these is primarily destructive of its predecessor. But he shows this while doing the most scrupulous justice to the rationalistic criticism. The theory of that criticism began with the notion of a double authorship of the Pentateuch, and that it was possible to separate it into its two component parts of Jehovistic and Elohist authorship. This theory has been enlarged gradually, until the division has been made into an earlier and a later Elohist, a Deuteronomic, a Jehovistic, a priestly code and an editorial work. The whole Pentateuch, thus reconstructed, is assigned to the times of Ezra and the return from the Babylonian exile. In this disposal of the Pentateuch all its historical parts are treated as simply fictions thrown in to give "local coloring" to the real object of

the books, the priestly code found in Leviticus, and which was invented after the exile to enhance the authority of the priesthood. It is as if the "false decretals" had been incorporated into the New Testament and the New Testament forged to sustain the decretals. Of course this is no easy task even for German critics, but Wellhausen has accomplished it by an audacity of surmise which passes all previous attempts. Where the record stands inconveniently in the way of his theory, he reconstructs the record, declares it a blunder of the editor, and proceeds to show how it should read.

It is with such criticism that Professor Bisell has to deal. While he pays tribute to the learning and study of the German critics, he makes a point of exceeding importance, and which has been greatly overlooked, viz.: the entire distinction between a knowledge of facts and a right reasoning from facts. Just where the English and American mind is at its best, the right estimation of evidence, the German mind is often at its worst. It has the gift of arguing to a vicious circle in an astonishing degree. It forms its theory, and then adapts all facts to it. If they do not fit, so much the worse for the facts.

We should like to take up much more space than we have at command in giving an outline of the masterly argument with which the Hartford professor has disposed of his German opponents. We cannot do this, but our advice is to our readers in general, and to biblical students in particular, to read with care every word of this volume. Its clear, concise, and vivid style will make this an easy and pleasant task. That which Professor Green of Princeton has done in the matter of the Hebrew Feasts, Professor Bisell has done with the entire Pentateuch. Whatever else he has not succeeded in doing, he has at least shown up the preposterousness of the Wellhausen theory. Whatever may be the difficulties of accepting the Pentateuch as the work of Moses (and these are fairly stated and ably met in this volume), it is shown that the latest attempt at solution is the least worthy of regard. In this connection we wish to say that the random assertion often thrown out that all scholars are agreed to deny the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch amounts to just this—that it is made the test of scholarship to deny it. All scholars hold rationalistic views, because no one who does not can be a scholar. The appearance of such a book as this settles that point so far as America is concerned.

POETS OF AMERICA. By Edmund Clarence Stedman, Author of "Victorian Poets." [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company,] pp. 216. Price, \$2.25.

"Victorian Poets" is properly a first volume of which "Poets of America" is the second. The two are quite intimately connected, especially as Mr. Stedman recognizes the same influences at work in both hemispheres upon the development of modern poetry. There are probably few men better qualified to write these books than Mr. Stedman. He has written good verse himself, and knows well what good verse should be, even to the difficulty of producing it.

We regard this book as an admirable critical study, and it certainly makes a delightful volume for leisure hours. He has taken as his leading American poets, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson, Poe, Holmes, Lowell, Bayard Taylor and Walt Whitman. We agree in the main with his estimate of each, and the specimens he gives of their best work are our own favorites.

But the charm of the book is in its delicate, discriminating criticism. One reads a good deal of heavy praise in the review work of the day. Indeed the operator often feels it necessary to emulate the layer of a corner-stone and put the laudation on with a trowel.

It is infinitely preferable to be shown with deft and subtle mastery of the subject why this is pleasing and that powerful; to be pointed to the arts of harmony and melody by which the verse lingers for ever in the memory, a thing of joy and beauty.

We do not mean by this that Mr. Steedman is only a critic of the art of the poet. He is all that, but beyond he does full justice to the inner soul by which the best poetry is inhabited. In the range and breadth of his judgment he has well considered both manner and matter, and neither pardons a dull verse for a good sentiment, or a vicious thought because enshrined in brilliant language.

There are two schools of criticism in this day, diametrically opposite, one of which sees only art, and the other sees only purpose. It is the good fortune of Mr. Steedman (as well as of his readers) that he belongs to neither.

A MISSION FLOWER: An American Novel. By George H. Picard, Author of "A Matter of Taste." [New York: White, Stevens & Allen.] pp. 32.

Mr. Picard has fairly earned his right to be held as the author of "An American Novel." The characters are, to be sure, nearly all of them of foreign nationality. There are a young Englishman and his sister, Roger and Nellie Paradise, who play chief parts; there is Silvia, a Spanish marquis; Father Caron, a French Jesuit; Madame Clement, a French mother-superior; and the scene is laid apparently in New Mexico, about the latest territorial acquisition of the United States. The heroine—the Mission Flower, Dona Solace—is American, so far as being brought up, first on a Mexican rancho and next in a convent school, will let her be. The American personages are, to make up for this, very thoroughly American. The characters are well discriminated; but by far the most perfect study is that of the old French Jesuit, Père Caron. He is evidently drawn from the life, and very well drawn. The story is well told, without any flagging, and the local color is well used. The psychological interest is mainly with the two personages, Dona Solace and Père Caron, who are the centre of interest throughout. Altogether, the novel looks very like being founded on fact, for none of its incidents are in the least unlikely or strained. It is pleasant reading, and, so far as we can see, not objectionable in tone. In fact, it is decidedly above the average of novels, and, in the large sense we have indicated above, American. It has one test of a good novel—it keeps the unity of place very thoroughly, and one may say the unity of time, since there is no break from the beginning to the end.

THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND: An Historical and Speculative Exposition. By the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D., Curate of Newbold-on-Avon, Rugby. The Ninth Article—"Heresy." [Hansley, England: Albion & Daniel.] pp. 345.

Mr. Miller has brought to bear upon his subject abundant learning. He has discussed quite a number of kindred topics, and in fact whatever bears upon the question of original sin. He does not appear to take a new view of the Ninth Article from that usually held, though it is not always easy to see what his own opinion is, he states so many conflicting views in giving the history of religious thought in the matter. Our impression is that he is what would be considered in England a moderate Evangelical; but we cannot undertake to positively decide from his book what he is. But we can say that the book is well worth reading, is clear, direct, and full of suggestive thought. It would be a good move for some American publisher to take it up. There are many readers outside the Church who have great need to know something about the Thirty-nine Articles, especially so long as they persist in mistaking them for the Creed.

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It continues to lead the weekly publications for youth.—*The Living Church, Chicago.*

A sort of necessity in juvenile life. . . . So Army has the little weekly magazine taken hold upon its readers that one can scarcely conceive of the time when it was not.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

BOUND VOLUMES.

Volume VI., with about 700 illustrations, pp. viii., 832. 40. Ornamental Cloth, \$3.50. A few copies of Volumes II., III., IV., and V., still on hand. Price \$3.50 each. Volume I., for 1880, out of print.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

22. Sunday before Advent.
 27. Friday—Fast.
 29. ADVENT SUNDAY.
 30. ST. ANDREW.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Dear Lord, true Lord, there is no day
 That should not a "Thanksgiving" hold,
 For mercies, more than I can say,
 Increasing as the years grow old.
 There's not a moment of each day
 That is not laden with thy love,
 Nor e'en a second which is born
 Of bounty from the Hand above.

Do we forget! Dear patient King,
 Whose subjects err from Thy commands,
 Have patience yet a longer while,
 And stoop to reach the eager hands
 Held up to clasp Thine own, when men—
 Grow timid—seek at last a guide,
 As they go stumbling on their way.
 From the right path, so oft aside.

Seed-time and harvest come again,
 And yet again upon the earth.
 Oh, Lord, who died that we might live,
 Let heart of man give glorious birth
 To thoughts of prayer, and praise, and love
 For Thee, Who, come storm or shine,
 Dost ne'er forget the wants of those
 Whom Thy dear blood made ever Thine.

Gather the harvest of our prayers—
 The harvest of our gratitude—
 For life, and all that makes it sweet,
 For health and strength, for air and food,
 And let the incense of this day—
 Set thus apart for joy and praise—
 Burn in our loving hearts thro' all
 The year's gift-crowned days.

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER V.

The Chief.

The Macruadh strode into the dark, and down the village, wasting no time in picking his way—thence into the yet deeper dark of the moorland hills. The rain was beginning to come down in earnest, but he did not heed it; he was thorough-bred, and feared no element. An umbrella was to him a ludicrous thing; how could a little rain—as he would have called it had it come down in torrents—hurt any one!

The Macruadh, as the few who yet held by the sore-frayed, fast vanishing skirt of clanship, called him, was the son of the last minister of the parish—a godly man, who lived that which he could ill explain, and was immeasurably better than those parts of his creed which, from a sense of duty, he pushed to the front. For he held devoutly the root of which he spoke too little, and it supplied much sap to his life and teaching out of the pulpit. He was a genial, friendly, and by nature even merry man, always ready to share what he had, and making no show of having what he had not, either in wisdom, knowledge or earthly goods. His father and brother had been

owners of the property and chiefs of the clan, much beloved by the poor of it, and not a little misunderstood by most of the more flourishing. For a great hunger after larger means, the ambition of the mammon-ruled world, had arisen in the land, and with it a rage for emigration. The uncle of the present Macruadh did all he could to keep his people at home, lived on a couple of hundreds a year himself, and let many of his farms to his gentlemen-tackmen, as they were called, at lower rents; but it was unavailing; one after another departed, until his land lay in a measure waste, and grew very poor, mourning far more over his clan and his country than his poverty. In more prosperous times he had scraped together a little money, meaning it, if he could but avoid spending it in his old age, for his brother, who must soon succeed him; for he was himself a bachelor—the result of a romantic attachment and sorrow in his youth. But he had placed it in a bank the managers of which became dishonest, and so he lost it. At length he believed himself compelled, for the good of his people, to part with all but a mere remnant of the property. From the man to whom he sold it, Mr. Peregrine Palmer bought it for twice the money, and had still a good bargain. But the hopes of the laird were disappointed. In the sheep it fed, and the grouse it might be brought to breed, lay all its value in the market, and more and more of the peasantry emigrated, or were driven to other parts of the country. But such ownership of land as causes human life to ebb from it works directly counter to the creative God, and when the stone falls upon them, it will grind them to powder.

The laird retired to the humble cottage of his brother the pastor, just married rather late in life—where every comfort love could give waited for him; but the thought that he could have done better for his people by retaining the land soon wore him out; and having made a certain disposition of the purchase-money, he died.

What remained of the property came to the minister. As for the chieftainship, that had almost died before the chief; but, reviving by union with the reverence felt for the minister, it took thereafter a higher form. When the minister died, the idea of it transmitted to his son was of a peculiarly sacred character; while in the eyes of the people, the authority of the chief and the influence of the minister seemed to meet reborn in Alistair notwithstanding his youth. In himself he was much beloved, and in love the blessed rule, blessed where understood, holds, that to him that hath shall be given, he only who has being fit to receive. The love the people bore to his father, both pastor and chief, crowned head and heart of Alistair. Searc men and women of the poor remnant of the clan did not love young Macruadh.

On his side was true response. With a renewed and renovating conscience, and a vivid sense that all things had to be made new, he possessed an old strong heart, clinging first to his father and mother, and then to the shadow even of any good thing that had come floating down the ages. Call it a dream, a wild ideal, a foolish fancy—call it what you please, he was filled with the notion of doing something in his own person and family, with the remnant of the clan for a nucleus of endeavor, to restore to

a vital reality, let it be of smallest extent, the most ancient of governments, that of the patriarch, which all around had rotted into the feudal, in its turn rapidly disintegrating into the mere dust and ashes of the kingdom of the dead, over which mammon reigns supreme. There may have been youthful presumption and some folly in the notion, but it sprang neither from presumption nor folly, but from simple humanity, and his sense of the responsibility he was bound to undertake as the person upon whom had devolved the headship, however shadowy, of a house, ruinous indeed, but not yet razed.

The ruin on the ridge stood the symbol of the family condition. It had, however, been a ruin much longer than anyone alive could remember. Alistair's uncle had lived in a house on the spot where Mr. Peregrine Palmer's now stood; the man who bought it had pulled it down to build that which Mr. Palmer had since enlarged. It was but a humble affair—a great cottage in stone, much in the style of that in which the young chief now lived—only six times the size, with the one feature indispensable to the notion of a chief's residence, a large hall. Some would say it was but a huge kitchen; but it was the sacred place of the house, in which served the angel of hospitality. There was always plenty to eat and drink for any comer, whether he had "claim" or not: the question of claim where was need, was never thought of. When the old house had to make room for the new, the staves of the last of its half-pipes of its claret, one of which used always to stand on tap amidst the peat-smoke, yielded its final ministrations to humanity by serving to cook a few meals for mason and carpenter.

The property of Clauruadh, for it was regarded as clan-property because belonging to the chief, stretched in old time away out of sight in all directions—nobody, in several, could tell exactly how far, for the undrawn boundary lines lay in regions of mist and cloud, in regions stony, rocky, desert, to which a red deer, not to say a stray sheep, rarely ascended. At one time it took in a portion at least of every hill to be seen from the spot where stood the ruin. The chief had now but a small farm, consisting of some fair soil on the slope of a hill; some very good in the valley on both sides of the burn; and a hill-pasture that was not worth measuring in acres, for it abounded in rocks, and was prolific in heather and ling, with patches of coarse grass here and there, and some extent of good high-valley grass for the small black cattle and black-faced sheep in summer. Beyond periodical burnings of the heather, this upfitted portion received no attention save from the mist, the snow, the rain, the sun, and the sweet air. A few grouse and black game bred on it, and many mountain-hares, with martens, wild cats, and other vermin. But so tender of life, was the Macruadh that, though he did not spare these last, he did not like killing even a fox or a hooded crow, and never shot a bird, for sport, or would let another shoot one, though the poorest would now and then beg a bird or two from him, sure of having their request. It seemed to him as if the creatures were almost a part of his clan, and that he had to take care of them too from a greedy world. But as the deer and the birds ranged where they would, it was not much he could do for them—

little almost as for those that had gone over the sea, and were lost to their country in Canada.

Regret, and not any murmur, stirred the mind of Alistair Macraadh when he thought of the change that had passed on all things around him. He had been too well taught for grumbling—least of all at what was plainly the will of the Supreme—inasmuch as, however man might be to blame, the thing was there.

Personal regrets he had none beyond those of family feeling and transmitted sentiment. He was able to understand something of the signs of the times, and saw that nothing could bring back the old way—saw that nothing comes back—at least in the same form; saw that there had been much that ought not to come back, and that, if patriarchal ways were ever to return, they must rise out of, and be administered upon loftier principles—must begin afresh, and be wrought out afresh from the bosom of a new Abraham, capable of so bringing up his children that a new development of the one natural system of government should be possible with them. Perhaps even now, in the new country to which so many of his people were gone, some shadowy reappearance of the old fashion might have begun to take shape on a higher level, with loftier aims, and in circumstances holding fewer temptations to the evils of the past!

Alistair could not, at his years, have generated such thoughts but for the wisdom that had gone before him—first the large-minded speculation of his father, who was capable even of discarding his prejudices where he saw they might mislead him; and next, the response of his mother to the same: she was the only one who entirely understood her husband. Isobel Macraadh was a woman of real thinking-power. Her sons being but boys when their father died, she at once took the part of mediator between the mind of the father and that of his sons; besides guiding them on the same principles, she often told them things their father had said, and talked with them of things he used to say. They had not many books, and no new ones were for a long time accessible to them.

One of the chief lessons he had left them wrought well for the casting out of all with which the feudal system had debased the patriarchal; and the poverty shared with the clan had powerfully helped: it was spoken against the growing tainonic regard of human relations—that, the conditions of a bargain fulfilled on both sides, all is fulfilled between the bargaining parties.

“In the possibility of any bargain,” he had said, “are involved eternal conditions: there is relationship—there is brotherhood. Even to give with a denial of claim, to be kind under protest, is an injury, is charity without the love, is salt without the saltiness. If we spent our lives in charity we should never overtake neglected claims—claims neglected from the very beginning of the relations of men. If a man say, ‘I have not been unjust; I owed the man nothing;’ he saides with Death—says with the typical murderer, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’ builds the tombs of those his father slew.”

In the bosom of young Alistair Macraadh, the fatherly relation of the strong to the weak survived the disappearance of most of the outward signs of clan-kindred: the

chieftainship was *sublimed* in him. The more the body of outer fact died, the stronger grew in him the spirit of the relation. As some savage element of the race will reappear in an individual of it after ages of civilization, so may old ways of thinking and feeling, modes long gone out of fashion and practice, survive and revive modified by circumstance, in an individual of a new age. Such a one will see the customs of his ancestors glorified in the mists of the past; what is noble in them will appeal to all that is best in his nature, spurring the most generous of his impulses, and stirring up the conscience that would be void of offence. When the operative force of such regards has been fostered by the teaching of a revered parent: when the influences he has left behind are nourished and tended, with thorough belief and devoted care, by her who shared his authority in life, and now bears alone the family sceptre, there can be no bound set to their possible potency in a mind of high spiritual order. The primary impulse became with Alistair a large portion of his religion: he was the shepherd of the much ravaged and dwindled Macraadh-fold; it was his church, in which the love of the neighbor was intensified in the love of the relation and dependent. To aid and guard these his flock, was Alistair’s divine service. It was associated with a great dislike of dogma, originating in the recoil of the truth within him from such that was commonly held and taught for true.

Call the thing enthusiasm or what you will, so you believe it there, and genuine.

It was only toward the poor of a decayed clan he had opportunity of exercising the cherished relation; almost all who were not poor had emigrated before the lands were sold; and indeed it was only the poor who set store by their unity with the old head. Not a few of the clan, removed elsewhere, would have smiled degenerate, and not without scorn in their amusement, at the idea of Alistair’s clinging to any supposed reality in the position he could claim: Among such nevertheless were several who, having made money by trade, would each have been glad enough to keep up old traditions, and ready even to revive older, had the hardship fallen to him. But in the hands of a man whom, from the top of their wealth, they regarded as but a poor farmer, they forgot all about it—along with a few other more important and older-world matters; for where Mammon gets in his foot, he will soon be lord of the house, and turn not merely Rank, his rival demon, out of doors, but God himself. Alistair indeed lived in a dream; he did not know how far the sea of hearts had ebbed, leaving him alone on the mount of his vision; but he dreamed a dream that was worth dreaming; it comforted and help flowed from it to those about him, nor did his own soul fall to drink refreshment also. All dreams are not false; some dreams are truer than the plainest facts. Fact at best is but a garment of truth, which has ten thousand changes of raiment woven in the same loom. Let the dreamer only do the truth of his dream, and one day he will realize all that was worth realizing in it, and a great deal more and better than it contained. Alistair had no far-reaching visions of anything to come out of his; he had, like the true man he was, only the desire to live up to his idea of

what the people looked up to in him. The one thing that troubled him was, that his uncle, whom he loved so dearly, should have sold the land.

Doubtless there was pride mingled with his devotion, and pride is an evil thing. Still it was a human and not a devilish pride. I would not be misunderstood as defending pride, or even excusing it in any shape; it is a thing that must be got rid of at all costs; but even for evil we must speak the truth; and the pride of a good man, evil as it is, and in him more evil than in an evil man, yet cannot be in itself such a bad thing as the pride of a bad man. The good man would at once recognize and respect the pride of a bad man. A pride that loves cannot be so bad as a pride that hates. Yet if the good man do not cast out his pride, it will sink him lower than the bad man’s, for it will degenerate into a worse pride than that of any bad man. Each must bring its own divinely-ordained consequence.

There is one other point in the character of the Macraadh which I must mention ere I pass on; in this region, and at this time, it was a great peculiarity, one that yielded satisfaction to few of the clan, and made him even despised in the strath: he hated whiskey, and all the drinking customs associated with it. In this he was not original; he had not come to hate it from noting the degradation and crime that attended it, or that as drunkenness grew, poverty grew, and that men who had used it in moderation took more and more when circumstances were adverse, turning sadness into slavery; he had been brought up to hate it. His father, who, as a clergyman doing his endeavor for the welfare of his flock, found himself greatly thwarted by its deadening influences, rendering men callous not only to the special vice itself, but to worse vices as well, had banished it from his table and his house; while the mother had from their very childhood instilled a loathing of the national weakness and its physical means into the minds of her sons. In her childhood she had seen its evils in her own father; by no means a drunkard, he was the less of a father because he did as others did. Never an evening passed on which he did not drink his stated portion of whiskey-toddy, growing more and more subject to attacks of bad temper, with consequent injustice and unkindness. The recollection may have made her too sweeping in her condemnation of the habit, but I doubt it; and anyhow a habit is not a man, and we need not much condemn that kind of injustice. We need not be tender over a habit which, though not all bad, yet leads to endless results that are all bad. I would follow such to its grave without many tears!

Isobel Macraadh was one of those rare women who preserve in their youth the influence gained in youth; and the thing that lay at the root of the fact was her justice. For though her highland temper would occasionally burst out in hot flame, every one knew that if she were in the wrong, she would see it and say it before any one else would tell her of it. This justice it was, ready against herself as for another, that fixed the influence which her goodness and her teaching of righteousness gained.

Her eldest child, a girl, died in infancy. Alistair and Ian were her whole earthly family and they worshipped her.

CHAPTER VI.

Work and Wage.

Alister strode through the night, revolving no questions hard to solve, though such were not strangers to him. He had not been to a university, like his brother, but he had had a good education beginning—who ever had more than a beginning?—chiefly from his father, who for his time and opportunity was even a learned man—and better, a man who knew what things were worth a man's human while, and what were not; he could and did think about things that a man must think about or perish; and his son Alister had made himself able to think about what he did not know, and by doing the thing he did know. But now, as he walked, fighting with the wind, his bonnet of little shelter pulled down on his forehead, he was thinking mostly of Lachlan his foster-brother, whose devotion had done much to nourish in him the sense that he was the head of the clan.—He had not far to go to reach his home—about a couple of miles.

He had left the village a quarter of the way behind him, when through the darkness he spied something darker yet by the road-side. Going up to it, he found an old woman, half sitting, half standing, with a load of peats in a creel upon her back, unable, apparently, for the moment at least, to proceed. Alister knew at once by her shape and posture who she was.

"Ah, mistress Conal," he said, "I am sorry to see you resting on such a night so near your own door. It means you have filled your creel too full, and tired yourself too much."

"I am not too much tired, Macruadh!" returned the old woman, who was proud and cross-tempered, and had a reputation for witchcraft, which did her neither much good nor much harm.

"Well, whether you are tired or not, I believe I am the stronger of the two!"

"Small doubt of that, Alister!" said mistress Conal with a sigh.

"Then I will take your creel, and you will soon be home. Come along! It is going to be a wild night!"

So saying he took the rope from the neck of the old woman right gently, and threw the creel with a strong swing over his shoulder, dislodging a few of the topmost of the peats which the poor old thing had been a long way to fetch. She heard them fall, and one of them struck her foot. She started up, almost in a rage.

"Sir! sir! my peats!" she cried. "What would you be throwing away the good peats into the dark for, letting that swallow them they should swallow!"

These words, as all that passed between them, were spoken neither in Scotch nor English, but in Gaelic—which, were I able to write it down, most of my readers would no more understand than they would Phœnician; we must therefore content ourselves with what their conversation comes to in English, which, if deficient compared with Gaelic in vowel-sounds, yet serves to say most things capable of being said.

"I am sorry, mistress Conal; but we'll not be losing them," returned the laird gently, and began to feel about the road for the fallen peats.

"How many were there, do you think, of them that fell?" he asked, rising after a vain search.

"How should I be knowing! But I am sure there would be nigh six of them!" answered the woman, in a tone of deep annoyance—nor was it much wonder; they were precious to the cold, feeble age that had gone so far to fetch so few.

The laird again stooped his long back, and searched and searched, feeling on all sides around him. He picked up three. Not another, after searching for several minutes, could he find.

"I'm thinking that must be all of them, but I find only three," he said. "Come, let us go home. You must not make your cough worse for one or two peats, perhaps none."

"Three, Macruadh, three!" insisted the old woman, in wavering voice, broken by coughing; for, having once guessed six, she was not inclined to lower her idea of her goods.

"Well, well, we'll count them when we get home," said Alister, and gave his hand to her to help her up.

She yielded, grumbling, and, bowed still, though relieved from her burden, tottered by his side along the dark, muddy, wind-and-rain-haunted road.

"Did you see my niece to-night at the shop?" she asked; for she was proud of being so nearly related to those who kept the only shop in the hamlet.

"That I did," answered the chief; and a little talk followed about Lachlan in Canada.

No one could have perceived from the way in which the old woman accepted his service, and the tone in which she spoke to him while he bent under her burden, that she no less than loved her chief; but everybody only smiled at mistress Conal's rough speech. That night, ere she went to bed, she prayed for the Macruadh as she never prayed for one of her immediate family. And if there was a good deal of superstition mingled with her prayer, the main thing in it was genuine, that is, the love that prompted it; and if God heard only perfect prayers, how could he be the prayer-hearing God?

Her dwelling stood but a stone's-throw from the road, and presently they turned up to it by a short, steep ascent. It was a poor hut, mostly built of turf; but turf makes waru walls, impervious to the wind, and it was a place of her own!—that is, she had it to herself, a luxury many cannot even imagine, while to others to be able to be alone at will seems one of the original necessities of life. Even the Lord, who probably had a room to Himself in the poor houses He stayed at, could not do without solitude; therefore, not infrequently spent the night in the open air, on the quiet, star-strewn hill; there, ever for Him, it would seem to have been easier to find an entrance into that deeper solitude which, it is true, He did not need in order to find His Father and His God, but which, apparently, He did need in order to come into closest contact with Him who was the one joy of His life, whether His hard life on earth, or His blessed life in heaven.

The Macruadh set down the creel, and taking out peat after peat, piled them up against the wall, where already a good many waited their turn to be laid on the fire; for, as the old woman said, she must carry a few when she could, and get ahead with her store ere the winter came, or she would

soon be devoured; there was a death that always prowled about old people, she said, watching for the fire to go out. Many of the Celts are by nature poets, and mistress Conal often spoke in a manner seldom heard from the lips of a lowland woman. The common forms of Gaelic are more poetic than those of most languages, and could have originated only with a poetic people, while mistress Conal was by no means an ordinary type of her people; maybe her ill temper and gruffness, she thought as well as spoke like a poetess—which fact, conjoined with the gift of the second sight, had helped her to the reputation of a witch.

As the chief piled the peats, he counted them. She sat watching him, and then from a stone that made part of a rude rampart to the hearth.

"I told you so, Macruadh!" she said, the moment she saw his hand return empty from the bottom of the creel. "I was positive there should be three more!—but what's on the road is not with the devil."

"I am very sorry!" said the chief, who thought it wiser not to contradict her.

He would have searched his sporan for a coin to make up to her for the supposed loss of her peats; but he knew well enough there was not a coin in it. He bade mistress Conal good-night, shaking hands with her of course, and went, closing the door carefully behind him against a great gust of wind that struggled to enter, threatening to sweep the fire she was now blowing at with her wrinkled, leather-like lips, off the hearth altogether—a thing that had happened before, to the danger of the whole building, itself of the substance burning in the middle of its floor.

Macruadh ran down the last few steep steps of the path, and jumped into the road. Through the darkness came the sound of one springing aside with a great start, and the click of a gun-lock.

"Who goes there?" cried a rather tremulous voice.

"The Macruadh," answered the chief.

The utterance apparently conveyed nothing.

"Do you belong to these parts?" said the voice.

A former Macruadh might have answered, "No; these parts belong to me," Alister curtly replied, "I do."

"Here then, my good fellow! take my game-bag, and carry it as far as the New House—if you know where I mean. I will give you a shilling."

One moment the chief spent in repressing a foolish indignation; the next he spent in reflection.

Had he seen how pale and tired was the youth with the gun, he would have offered to carry his bag for him; to offer and to be asked, however, most people find different; and here the offer of payment added to the difficulty. But the word *shilling* had raised the vision of the old woman in her lonely cottage, brooding over the loss, real or imaginary mattered nothing, of her three far-borne peats. What a happy night, through all the wind and the rain, would a silver shilling under her chaff pillow give her! The thought for the chief's pride, and warmed his heart. What right had he to deny her such a pleasure! It would cost him nothing! It would even bring him a little amusement! The chief of Clannruadh carrying his game-bag for a Sasunnach fel-

low to earn a shilling!—the idea had a touch of humorous consolation in it. I will not assert the consolation strong enough to cast quite out a certain feeling of shame that mingled with his amusement—a shame which—it is not odd?—he would not have felt had his sponan been full of sovereigns. But the shame was not altogether a shameful one; a fanciful fear of degrading the chieftainship, and a vague sense of being an imposter, had each a part in it. There could be nothing dishonest, however, in earning a shilling for poor mistress Conal!

"I will carry your bag," he said, "but I must have the shilling first, if you please."

"Oh!" said Valentine Palmer, "You do not trust me! How then am I to trust you?"

"Sir!" said Alister—and, again finding himself on the point of being foolish, laughed.

"I will pay you when the job is done," said Valentine.

"That is quite fair, but it does not suit my purpose," returned Alister.

They were walking along the road side by side, but each could scarcely see anything of the other. The sportsman was searching his pockets to find a shilling. He succeeded, and, groping, put it in Alister's hand, with the words—

"All right! it is only a shilling! There it is! But it is not yours yet: here is the bag!"

Alister took the bag, turned, and ran back. "Hillo!" cried Valentine.

But Alister had disappeared, and as soon as he turned up the soft path to the cottage, his steps became inaudible through the wind.

He opened the door, went in, laid the shilling on the back of the old woman's hand, and without a word hurried out again, and down to the road. The stranger was some distance ahead, tramping wearily on through the darkness, and grumbling at his folly in bribing a fellow with a shilling to carry off his game-bag. Alister overtook him.

"Oh, here you are after all!" exclaimed Valentine. "I thought you had made off with work and wages both! What did you do that for?"

"I wanted to give the shilling to an old woman close by."

"Your mother—eh?"

"No."

"Your grandmother?"

"No."

"Some relation then!" insisted the stranger.

"Doubtless," answered the laird.

They walked on in silence. The youth could hardly keep up with Alister, who thought him illbred, and did not care for his company.

"Why do you walk so fast?" said Valentine.

"Because I want to get home," replied Alister.

"But I paid you to keep me company!"

"You paid me to carry your bag. I will leave it at the New House."

His coolness roused the weary youth.

"You rascal!" he said, "you keep alongside of me, or I'll pepper you."

As he spoke he shifted his gun. But Alister had already, with a few long strides, put a space of utter darkness between them. He had taken the shilling, and must carry the bag, but he did not feel bound to personal attendance. At the same time he

could not deny there was reason in the man's unwillingness to trust him. What had he about him to give in pledge? Nothing but his watch, his father's, a gift of the *Prince* to the head of the family!—he could not profane that by depositing it in pledge for a game bag! He must yield to his employer, moderate his pace, and move side by side with the Saunnach!

Again they walked for some distance in silence. Alister began to discover that his companion was weary, and his good heart spoke.

"Let me carry your gun for you," he said.

"See you damned!" returned Valentine, with an angry laugh: he knew a trick or two of that!

"You fancy your gun protects your bag?"

"I do."

The same instant the gun was drawn, with swift, quiet force through the loop of his arm from behind. Feeling himself defenceless, he sprang at the highlander, but he eluded him, and in a moment was out of his reach, lost in the darkness. He heard the lock of one barrel snap: it was not loaded. The second barrel went off, and he gave a great jump, imagining himself struck. The next instant the gun was below his arm again.

"It will be lighter to carry now!" said the Macruadh; "but if you like I will take it."

"Take it, then. But no! By Jove, I wish there was light enough to see what sort of a rascal you look!"

"You are not very polite?"

"Mind your own politeness. I was never so roughly served in my life!—by a fellow too that had taken my money! If I knew where to find a magistrate in this beauty place—"

"You would tell him that I emptied your gun because you threatened me with it?"

"You were going off with my bag!"

"Because I undertook to carry your bag, was I bound to endure your company?"

"Alister" said a quiet voice out of the darkness.

The highlander started, and in a tone strangely tremulous, yet with a kind of triumph in it, answered, "Ian."

The one word said, he stood still, but as in the act to run, staring into the darkness. The next moment he flung down the game-bag, and two men were in each other's arms.

(To be continued.)

SPEAKING evil of dignities is a vice ever to be condemned. For all in authority in the Church the greatest amount of respect is due, and we are glad to note that it is generally rendered throughout the Church by those of the Church. Yet her authority is not like that of a court-at-law, and contempt of court with penalties is as foreign to her claims as it is unlikely that she would resort to anything resembling it if she could. Trials are rare, and are not likely to become less so. A bishop is a father. "Hear the Church," yet not in the sense as "Obey this, or that judge." Love of law and veneration for order are the best "rules of court," and the best "trials" those in which there is neither plaintiff nor defendant, and the "forum conscientiae" the real Christian tribunal.

LAST SICKNESS OF BISHOP YOUNG.

I feel sure that the many friends of the late lamented Bishop of Florida, both in this city and elsewhere, will be glad to have some information relating to his sudden death, which occurred at the Clarendon Hotel, in this city, at ten minutes before eight o'clock, yesterday morning, that being the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Bishop Young caught a slight cold about a week or ten days ago, which gave him little inconvenience. On Wednesday last he was out and seen in the street by friends. A predisposition to pneumonia, the sequel to recovery from a very severe attack of that disease some years ago, existed in his system, and late in the week symptoms of that malady appeared. On Thursday a physician had been consulted, but on Saturday the bishop was bright and cheerful, and apparently much as usual, ailing rather than ill. On Sunday morning, about one o'clock, a sudden change occurred; he soon became unconscious, and before eight o'clock he had breathed his last.

It was known to very few, if any, of the bishop's friends, that he was ill; to none, that he was seriously ill. My first intimation of it was on Sunday morning, about seven o'clock, less than an hour before he died, and before I reached his bedside he was gone. No one was notified of his sickness, because he had given directions to that effect, and because no one at the hotel had any idea that he was in immediate danger.

Fortunately, an intimate friend of the bishop's, Mr. J. P. Taliaferro, of Florida, was staying at the hotel at the same time; this gentleman was with him at the last, and took charge of all the arrangements to be made here subsequently to the bishop's death.

In the course of the day, dispatches were received from Florida, in reply to those which had been sent by Mr. Taliaferro and myself, directing that the body should be sent to Jacksonville, but leaving it to our discretion to fix the time. It was thereupon arranged that a service should be held in this city on Monday, at which it was expected that the Assistant-bishop, Dr. Satterlee, and others would officiate, before the removal of the body. But this design, to do honor to the departed prelate, and to afford his many friends in New York an opportunity of expressing their sorrow and sympathy, was frustrated, by a second telegram, directing us to send the body away, if possible, that very night. This was done, in compliance with the positive instructions received; and at midnight the remains were on their way south.

In the death of Bishop Young, the Church, the House of Bishops, and his own diocese, have sustained a great loss. In addition to his many unusual gifts and attainments, he was conspicuous for his profound knowledge of liturgical science and his skill in ecclesiastical music. My own acquaintance with him dates from the year 1855, when we came to Trinity Parish together, as junior assistant ministers, and lived under the same roof, thereafter, for several years, at 137 Hudson Street, opposite the then beautiful St. John's Square. My memories of him are most kindly and grateful, and, with others, I mourn his loss, and express deep sympathy with his widow in her sorrow.

MORGAN DIX.
Trinity Rectory, New York, Nov. 16, 1885.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

We give an illustration of the building for the Young Women's Christian Association which it is proposed to erect at 7 East Fifteenth street in this city. It is planned expressly for the uses of the association, and will cost, with the furnishing, \$125,000, one-fourth of which is already provided. The remainder should be easily forthcoming, for the pressing need and utility of such an association in this great city must commend itself to all minds. It is un denominational in character, and the limit of its usefulness is fixed only by its means. There are thousands upon thou-

sands of young women who need the assistance and counsel of the association, and the vast army is ever increasing. Already the disproportion in the male and female population in New York is marked as it is in Massachusetts, and the young women of the country, like their brothers, are still thronging to the city. They are met here by the association, young girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age, they are instructed in those arts best calculated to enable them to care for themselves; employment is found for many; there are free educational classes, a free library, a board directory, an employment office. Last year instruction was given to 683 girls, and nearly as many more were turned away for want of room and means, 17,679 volumes were loaned from the library, 1,225 positions were secured, and \$1,805.52 were paid to seamstresses, and this is only part of the year's work, which has been carried on with many hindrances. The

class-rooms have been small and ill ventilated, the library and reading room overcrowded, and health and eyesight have been tried. There are no rooms for social converse, where friends can greet friends and speak kindly and cheering words. Better accommodations must be had, and the ladies in charge appeal for the money with which to provide them. How many men there are who could draw a check for the needed amount, to how many portions of it might be a thank-offering for the unspeakable gift of virtuous mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters. Whatever is done to elevate womanhood is done for the cause of humanity itself. The Young Women's Christian Association deserves a Godspeed, and Mr. James Talcott, Treasurer of the Building Fund, 108 Franklin street, should soon announce that it has a full reservoir and a worthy home.

ELTERWATER AND ITS HOME-SPINNING.

BY MARY HARRISON.

Among the great piles of soft green wooded slopes and scarred, gray, rock-crowned summits forming the hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland, within sight of the Pikes of the Langdales, in a little scattered village on the edge of one of the smallest of the many lovely waters there, in a small cottage, dwells an apostle of English home-life, whose work, humble as it is, is grander than her grand surroundings. A little delicate London child, thin and pale as ever London courts contained, whom

There are far too few who even yet believe that to make industrious men, pure wives, and loyal sons and daughters, is a greater work than to make sun-lighted mountain and valley, and that those who share in such home work have more than creative honor and joy; but, believed or unbeliever, it is a fact forever, and once in the world's heart it will set the world right.

Entering Elterwater through a gate from a field-path by a stream one came upon a group of sturdy men quietly resting in the dinner hour, sitting and reclining about on the grass and stones in the shadow of a barn which stood on the patch of common around which the irregular village was built. They were strong of limb, could lift

weights, and do a day's work with the best, had frank faces, with the look which all the world knows as the look of men with a mountain home, who love their wives and bring home their wages and carry the little ones "a fairing" from the great Michaelmas fair at the town ten miles away, and as for bestial vice, they have hardly heard even the names of them.

They were workers at the powder factory close by. Their fathers had been that before them, and had rested in the same grateful shadow in the hot noon till life's silver thread had broken; and then they had been followed by their sons up the scarred hill yonder to a grave where the little spire casts its shadow, respectful neighbors bearing their bodies, made light by the long wear of an industrious life, and Elterwater knew them no more.

Their fathers' wives too had been powder-workers. They had gone to the factory most of the years of their life to do the work that women could do there.



THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING — 7 EAST FIFTEENTH ST. — NEW YORK. — R. H. ROBERTSON ARCHT.

so kindly soul in that big city had sent to grow up for one long month at a cottage high up on the wild hill-side of a lovely valley hard by this village, in her first solemn little walk along the steep road opened her wide eyes first upon the hills, then upon the fleecy sky, then upon the woods and the sunned mists and glittering, glassy waters in the cup of the hills below, and then she turned them full into the face of the big farmer, who gently, pitifully led her, and, clinging closer to his hand, said in awe, bated, almost frightened breath, "Is this heaven?" But, fair as are the strong bright hills, and like as the green-fringed lake lit with the intense fires of a July sun, seen from the heights, is to "the sea before the throne;" a sunny heart, an unpolluted home—that is the best likeness this earth contains of the place where God dwells.

As the works were a comparatively small affair, the women might not have lost much of feminine tenderness and youth and gentleness, which all factories imperil and mostly utterly destroy where women and girls promiscuously mingle with men. Even where woman's cardinal virtues are not jeopardised, her lovely graces are pitifully spoiled by the exchange of a domestic sphere for a public. Down to her very laughter for silver is given brass.

But the lot of the wives is changed.

This is the whole meaning of Elterwater to me. It was because there had been brought about a change in its homes that I was not on the Ulleswater coach but here—and because I want you to rejoice in it and to help on a like change in other places I am going to tell you about it; for when women and maidens go into factories, their most

natural instincts are perverted, they take a dislike to home ways of living, they break off all that which makes rooms snug and gives them that delicious feel to man, the feel of home. They acquire a manish independence, and carry in their pockets money that is theirs. They have too many comrades and town ways to find any more their world in a family and their heaven in being the affectionate wife of a contented man. Whatever may be said for the unhappy necessity of woman's labor, with things all wrong as they are, it remains for ever true that woman never does what is really her own special work in the world but for love. When she has once heard the voice of her baby paying her, and felt the hand of its father on her shoulder cheering her and calling her to still more devotion, never again can she turn to the beggary elements of workshops; her wage is human music—that living heart's love her.

God has made it so; that is enough. It is in the nature of things that the daughters of Eve can never come to themselves while mere toilers for bread and butter, as the sons of Adam can. Baby-rearers must for ever differ from mere hard-bosomed, penny-a-day vine-dressers; another life is flowing and pulsing in them. Theirs is like the swallows', whose wings must spread in never-wearying flight for their helpless little one's food; and their reward is, that they can get it.

But all the same, as things are, tens of thousands of women and maidens are compelled to earn their bread, and so must turn their backs on home and go away to mill and factory, and, as a mere low-priced inferior laborer, drive the loom and stitch the coat to furnish Competition (for whose achievements the world was made) with cheap materials, returning at night-fall to houses that are not homes. And all this is working the greatest social mischief.

No man whose dreams of woman's place in the world are kindled at the dear old story of the reason of her creation as given in a too little read book, can ever think of her degradation to a mere cheap laborer without crying about it, with hot stinging tears too. "How long, O Lord, how long!" lying with his face in the very dust.

In her essential nature, woman is just the same now as she was at her creation; she is made to love, nurture, and die. Creative ideas never change. You may try to alter them, but you only pervert them and spoil them utterly. And it is still true that man has need of her if he is to be a man at all, though he can very well do without Competition, and so-called cheap garments.

But to the village—here men's wives and daughters now "lay their hands on the spindle," and bide in their well-kept homes.

"Where does Mrs. Tucker live?" I inquired from one of the group of men resting in the shadow of the barn. And I followed his directions. Mrs. Tucker I had met on the top of the Keswick couch a day or two before and had accepted her invitation to "come and see the spinning industry of her village."

But it was not from Mrs. Tucker, but from a Miss Twells that I was to learn the story of spinning in its new home under the hills. "Miss Twells will tell you all about it," Mr. Tucker said; for the coach had not yet brought Mrs. Tucker back home. "My wife was one of the first to learn; and Miss

Twells knows all about it," he continued. And the story was as follows:

One day an English gentleman, residing at Broxbourne, in Herts, went to live at Neaum Craig, a house on the steeps of these hills around. There he found some old women who were too old to go out to work at the work offered to the women of the neighborhood; and were past giving a hand at charring. Some of them were widows, whom nobody claimed. To the new inhabitant of Neaum Craig these people gave trouble, not by any means of their own importunity, but of its owners' Christ-like carriage of their sorrows; in other words because he had some of the heart of the Nazarene, to whom sorrows and needs are dumb prayers. Feeling their unhappy condition, and his mind being set on its removal, it was not long before a life opened to these poor and aged folks in which they were as well fed and contented as were the luckiest old folks the valley ever contained. Aged, and dim of sight as they were, and quite past hard labor, they had the joys of industry brought back to them, and earned their own food. Their new friend did not dole out alms, which to live on is to the upright poor of these northern hills a humiliation and a disgrace fearful as death, which even blindness and decrepitude cannot wholly excuse. To be seventy-four—as one of the workers told me she was—with old eyes, almost sightless, and yet to be able to earn their own living, has made the pillow, when they went to sleep at night, easy to many a wrinkled brow.

"What would my old man have said if he could have seen this!" feebly exclaimed a woman of fourscore in a neighboring village, as she held out in her shaking hands the first reel of her own spun thread, which other eyes saw better than hers, not altogether because hers were old, but because she was crying tears which welled up of gratitude deeper than the deep waters of Windermere.

It was among folks whom the children had known all their lives as withered, and bent, and old, with hair white as the snowy crape caps they still wear for their dead, that the work began; but they were still of the sturdy, thrifty hearts, which from childhood had had the power of hills, and lakes, and skies upon them. So soon as there was a chance of something to do, their hearts were ready. Alas, poor souls! fingers were not as supple as they once had been; but "the outward man" had not quite perished, and with "the inward man" all willing and eager, the way to success was found. And life became young again, because the thread was running through its fingers, and they had the consoling feeling of a woman in them, and time was precious again; for proper labor is our life, and no age is gloomy which can hold the distaff and earn its daily bread.

Perhaps, too, aptitude in them owed something to inherited tendencies, born in them with the blood of others; for, seventy years ago, the spinning-wheel sang with the kettle on the English cottager's hearth. Their old eyes were not quite strangers to the thing they had never seen; the toe touched the treadle with something like recollection, and the heart felt almost familiar longings as the flax ran off to the wheel. Perchance our ancestry have destined us to

be again a spinning race. Shut up in our girls may be their slumbering gifts, needing but the soft murmuring of the whirling wheel to awake it to its dainty usefulness again, and restore to English homes some of their quiet, serious simplicities.

And it was the poor, too, who were thus first taught to spin. There may be something in that also, for "the venerable art," as Wordsworth calls it, was "torn from the poor." It was so many years since they had felt the thing; it was a lost friend restored to life again. But this inherited cunning people will not understand who pace the streets, vain of their "individuality," as they call it, and see themselves and others as if they were parched peas, capering till their gas is gone, and then giving place to a new supply, instead of being like wonderful seeds, in which the country's long past life is sleeping, and the forces of what its future may be.

Mr. Fleming's difficulty was not to find willing and capable hands, but to find a spinning-wheel. It chanced that the first was found in the Isle of Man. It entered the village, in the barrow of a laborer, with a hopeful little company composed of old women, very thankful that it had come at last. They eagerly took it in turns to try their hands, looked over each other's shoulders, entered into a lively competition, used up pounds of flax, and made many spools of doubtful sort of thread. They combined the glorious eagerness of children at a new toy with the perseverance of sturdy women; and they bailed their success when it came, fascinated and bewildered with a new delight.

Mr. Fleming was the great teacher, but first he had himself to be taught by an old woman who could remember the bright days of a youth when men's shirts were still homespun. It was she who understood how to use the Isle of Man machine, and to her Mr. Fleming went to school. It is an altogether lovely picture, this English gentleman and barrister learning of a weary cottager, a woman old, ignorant, and poor, that he might, in turn, with his quicker perceptions, teach the better some other poor how to earn their daily bread and tea. And curly-headed little children looked on amazed, and the old women were merry, and Mr. Fleming was glad, and there was the feeling as if the peace of the world had come, as it surely will have come when poor and rich, young and old, of sheer love and good-will, take common interest in each other's simplest affairs.

The practical difficulty in Mr. Fleming's enterprise was not overcome when the right spinning-wheel was found. It was not until, in a cellar in Kendal, after considerable research, an old loom had been found which one day long ago had really woven fabrics to a weaver's hand, that work was fairly started. But, alas for the find! it was a mere dismembered skeleton of a loom, and nobody in the town around could be of the slightest use in putting its old limbs together, nor could anybody be found in all the country-side. Then, strangely enough, Italy came to the aid of Kendal, for happily somebody had a photograph of Giotto's "Weaving," (which is still in the Campanile at Florence,) and, lo! as if that very Kendal loom had been copied from the loom of Florence, part answered to part; and, following the photograph, a loom was at

length rigged up for weaving the threads the women already had learned to spin. "After all," one is inclined to say, "it is true, mysteriously true, 'Where there is a will there is a way.'" Now the last great difficulty was removed.

As time went on more wheels were obtained, more hands were taught, and such women as had long quietly disliked leaving their home for the factory became willing scholars at the spinning school. With Mr. Fleming's aid a local carpenter learned the art of spinning-wheel making, and soon from fifteen cottages came faintly to the passer's ear the soft hum, which might be taken for the low murmur of bees at the flower-pots in the windows, and the women within had the good feeling of home-ives and mothers in them, and went no more to the factory.

"Does it pay quite as well as factory work?" I asked of one clean woman standing by her wheel of light-colored wood, who looked a picture of contentment, such as one so seldom sees in a woman who "works out."

"Not quite—that is, in a way, sir. You don't handle just as much wage, but, then, you don't neglect the children, as you must at the Works; and for that, their shoes and clothes will not cost you so much. And I can make up bits of dinners, you see, being at home, that I couldn't if I went there; and there's a great saving in that way. Then your husband has more comfort, like; his bits of things is hot. I should say, in savings and earnings, all together, we are quite as well off in money with the spinning as at the factory."

"Then, as to the comfortableness of your home and your children's character, that can't be put down in money, and that comes first," I continued.

"Yes, the home has yet to be found, sir, that is the better for leaving."

"And as to the boys, and girls, and babies?"

"Well, I think what makes a husband contented is somehow a great lesson for the children. It is not so much what you say to them, as it is how you live before them, that makes the character of children; and you can't live with them either much or well when you're scarcely ever in the house."

"How much can you earn a week?"

"About five or six shillings. But, you see, we take up the spinning and put it down, for we are always here for what happens to be wanted."

"That is not very much," I replied, to draw her out.

"No, but at a pinch I could do more; but we don't need it, and it all goes by, for when my man may be out of work."

"You can keep off the parish by it," I continued.

It seemed never to have entered her mind that there was a parish to keep off. But she said, after a little pause:

"There's no need of the parish where there's industry and a spinning-wheel. My neighbor has older children, and two of her girls work it. She puts by twelve or fourteen shillings a week. And there is them as does more."

I gazed upon this clean cottager and her nimble wheel in its stillness, with a great longing and hope. What mischiefs and miseries—personal, domestic, and social—

might be destroyed utterly by all that is involved in a new age of the home-spin! When a country comes to think more of its people and less of fighting-ships, and soldiers, and solid gold calves, God will surely lead it into his promised land.

I left this cottager's door with great reverence, and descended the road to the headquarters of the many spinners (how many of them there are I do not know), the rustic cottage of Miss Twells. It is accurately given in the drawing of Mr. Arthur Tucker, which appears on a preceding page. In the garden to the right, I found the lady herself, busy bleaching a piece of sheeting linen which lay opened out and stretched full length on the grass, by watering it with some preparation from an ordinary red-painted watering-can.

In this cottage is stored the bale of flax from Belfast, which Miss Twells divides into hanks, weighs out to the women who fetch it home to spin. Here, too, is the store of spun flax, returned by the women on the bobbins on which it is wound; and the warping-room where the threads on the bobbins are prepared by Miss Twells herself for their place in the weaver's loom. And above all, hard by the house, is the weaver's shed, which it is worth going a hundred miles to see for the sake of the very old man, old John Thirsby, the weaver, who must have been at weaving when George III. was King, and who has brought with him through his long service, the dearest look of kindness, purity, and industry which makes his withered face beautiful. "With long life," very long, he is "satisfied." As one who has eaten a hearty meal, he is "full of days." And if his worn frame would last, he would live another eighty years and be glad. He looks at his loom, as he sits on the seat that rests him, as affectionately as an artist looks at his canvas, and throws his shuttle as if it were a pencil. The sight of his shrivelled face behind those heavy brass spectacles, quietly, seriously intent on his work, is marvellous. The click of that old man's shuttle will be one of the sacred things I shall remember till death.

It is all a very beautifully humble affair this Elberwater head-quarters of its spinning industry. Everything in it is clean and suitable to its use, and it stands in its own little ground, with a small plot of grass and a border round it that yields a few sweet herbs and flowers, and a little rhusbar, and it is dedicated to the soldier saint, St. Martin. And Miss Twells, the manager (if what is now a mere hireling's name is the right name to give her), has but one pay for her labor, viz., that it is welcome and precious to her. She manages everything—orders the flax from Ireland, stores and unpacks it, gives out the raw material for spinning, receives the spun thread, pays the spinners, warps the threads, sees to the loom, pays the weaver, gives out pieces of the woven fabric to embroiderers, sends off parcels to Messrs. Liberty & Co. of Regent Street, and, besides this, conducts all sorts of correspondence with private purchasers, and takes trouble, general and particular, about all the workers and their family affairs.

I like well that the loom of such a woman—cottage, warehouse, and factory, as it is—should be called by the same name and in the same fashion as a church. It is right and beautiful that it is so; but, with

all respect to the good patron saint whose name it bears, would it not have been better to have dedicated it to Him who said, "Little children, love one another?" St. Martin was very good—he clothed the poor; but St. John was better, for he inspired the neighborly good-will of which it was done; and this is as charming a little home of neighborly love and good-will as this dear land of ours contains.

There has sprung up a terrible god in England, of which the poor simple saints (and, as the spirit of our age would call such utterly wholly unselfish people, simpletons) knew nothing, Commerce; which has a new chief creative end of man, which is to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest; and a new decalogue, which has this: "Thou shalt not be neighborly in matters of trade," as its first and greatest commandment.

What the disciples of "political economy," as it is called, will say of Miss Twells the stupidest person will at once understand.

All its theories read well, and are mechanically perfect, they seem unimpeachable wisdom, but what of that? They are "the wisdom of man," having no neighborliness in them, and therefore no Christ and no religion in them; they offend, they hurt, they destroy, as a machine will hurt and destroy what comes in its way. Looked at from the greatest of all commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," they cannot be endured. Such a heart is too divine for them, and condemns. And here let me say that maxims condemned by a neighborly heart are sure, sooner or later to prove to have been mortal foolishness, and to bring us face to face troubles we cannot but deplore, and which cannot be removed without retracing our steps. To believe that and to act upon it is faith in God, to deride is unbelief.

How can a man who regards all his business as business which God, the God and Father of us all, has given him to do, regard life as a chance to earn for himself a carriage if he can, and a mansion and a fortune for himself and his family out of his neighbors? His God loves them all. And to be His child he must be led by His, God's, spirit, and love them too. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

It is such "labor" that is sweet, for it was in such a fashion Jesus toiled when He made His neighbors' clothes-bboxes, and yokes for ploughing oxen, at His bench in Galilee. Practical Divines thought it the life of a fool, doubtless; and the ceremonial priests made no count of it. But thus was He the well-beloved and well-pleasing child of the Father in Heaven.

"Money," said a distinguished preacher of London some time ago—"money, though it may be distributed on the principles of Christianity, must be made on the principles of political economy." With such a creed, the vision of the time when men shall fulfil "the law of Christ" must die, and the lovely and beloved days when "they shall not hurt nor destroy," which the eye of God and of his children always sees, become an impossibility. So we had better cease to talk about them. There is somewhere a picture of a figure of Pleasure, with troops of men mocked and maddened, hurrying to its lead towards an invisible perdition. Some seem weary, very weary, and have

fallen down, and the rest are trampling them under foot, the most victorious and successful in the pursuing crowd being clearly destined to reach destruction first. Our new state axiom of commerce is that like figure, and to it many, it is to be feared, are yielding up their souls, madly pursuing, all the way overbearing and trampling down the weary ones, until they too find themselves deceived in the end.

Miss Twells is one of the many engaged in commerce who have not joined that running crowd. She is a servant of God in commerce as elsewhere, and in the name of her God, unconsciously despises and rejects all axioms of commercial unneighborliness as the more upstart wisdom of a day.

Mr. Fleming's plan, too, is the same. He will give the lessons, *lead* the wheel, invest his own capital in paying for the flax and the thread and the loom, and reeks not five per cent., but only the blessing of his neighbors. Mr. Fleming calls himself a companion of the beautiful Guild of St. George. He is a companion of a much older guild, the guild of a name too great to permit the addition of St.; he is a companion of the Guild of "the Father and of His Son Jesus Christ."

And Miss Twells and her simple workers are blessed together, as blessed, at least, as a mother who lives for the children that gather round her knee can ever be; though for all that, Miss Twells is young, and some of her constituents have fourscore years on their bowed heads.

The growth of the home-spinning industry from the work of the sped few into the staple female occupation of the neighborhood cannot but be delightful to its introducer, for he is, I understand, a disciple of Mr. Ruskin, and no achievement could ever be deemed half so honorable to that Christian prophet of England's more homely days as the restoration of strong and beautiful simplicities to the mothers and wives of laboring people. It is a great advance to have exchanged the factory for a distaff, and to have restored spinning to be a woman's work.

One cannot help wondering to what extent this industry might raise multitudes of partly occupied women, say of the class of seaside lodging-house keepers, for instance, who live on the verge of starvation. There are tens of thousands of such; they do not actually starve; they are strong of constitution and do not die; but that is all; they do not live. And the tens of thousands of women, young and old, who depend on the fitful work of factories and workrooms at shops, from which full half their time they return empty-handed. For weeks, at times months, one fate awaits their applications—failure. They return exhausted, body and mind, to sit by an empty cupboard. They could fill it if they could find anything to do, but they cannot, and their willingness serves them nothing. The hunger gnaws, and the public whispers "workhouse." But lean as they are, they are proud. Yet every week they are getting more and more into arrears for the rent of the little room they live in. It is at the top of a lofty house full of families in like distress. In times of work even they are poor; they earn little more than enough for scanty living, and clearing off the score with the shopkeeper and rent-collector.

What, one wonders, would be the result

if those transparent hands could be taught to spin the thread, always at hand like a true friend? Such people, sitting by their whirling wheel, turning their spare hours, might no longer suffer the hunger, which is none the less real hunger because they do not complain, will not even own.

Let factory cloths produced by iron hands and hearts of steam still fill the marts of commerce; the world is large, and steam and cast iron have their work; but God speed the return of English mothers and maidens to their homes, and direct them into some way of being womanly centres of little circles of boys and girls. Thus and thus only can come to our people the feel out of which they can rebuild the idea of God, and there will be but one step between an English home and heaven.—*Sunday Magazine*.

VALUE OF PARISH MISSIONS.

ADDRESS OF THE BISHOP OF LONG ISLAND AT THE CLOSE OF THE MISSION IN ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NOVEMBER 13, 1885.

During the past two weeks you have enjoyed a great and unusual privilege, and, I trust, not without a correspondingly great and unusual benefit. To the regular ministrations of the Church have been added others of a special character. Whatever is continuous, settled, permanent, normal in the former has not been obscured or disparaged, far less displaced by the latter. The Church, which is one and the same in its essentials, through all time has been speaking to you, though in unwonted tones and by extraordinary methods. Through it all it has spoken by the lips of its own valdly-commissioned Ministry; washed and fed you after a spiritual manner by Sacraments instituted by its own eternal Head and ordained by Him to convey the same unchanging grace; drawn from the Holy Scriptures—the one immutable and inspired record of the Word of Life—the one perpetual charter of its own authority and work among men; and used devotions and prayers which, however free and fervid, have been pitched on the key-note and conformed in spirit to its own majestic and hallowed liturgy. In substance, nothing more has been done than to evoke, on the one side, the fire and energy and half-hidden truth always more or less latent in all parts and forms of the Church's divine equipment for the quickening and edifying of souls in the knowledge and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; and, on the other side, to break down and sweep away the barriers in individual hearts erected by worldliness and sin, which resist the incoming of what the Bride of Christ has to offer us. It were well if both could be done by stated and ordinary means; but alas, experience shows they cannot. Our fallen and wayward nature must be dealt with in all its moods—in all its liabilities. The Church must be as wide and flexible in its methods as the nature which it would lead to Christ. Sin creates emergencies; Satan plies us with extraordinary temptations; the world and the flesh press upon us in strange and unlooked for ways; the divine life within us passes, at times, under shadows, way out into a darkness that drops upon it we scarce know how or whence; the chariot wheels of the Spirit that drove smoothly enough beside the water courses

of salvation, now and then refuse to move along the stony road of hearts alienated from God or stuck fast in the deep mire of indifference or ungodliness. At such times what shall we do? Shall we fold our hands and cry out that evil has got the start of us, and we cannot overtake or check it? Shall we admit that the militant host of God's elect is outflanked—that the Church—the one witness through the ages of the power of a supernatural redemption—the one pillar, and ground of the truth which alone can make us free—and in our freedom alive once more into God, shall we admit that it is without discretion or resource to cope with such emergencies. God forbid. The armory of heaven is not empty. The needed weapons are always there, always waiting upon the courage and valor of Christ's true soldiers and servants. Never was there a war yet that strained a nation's life that had not its campaigns, its strategies, its risks, its perils, its victories outside and even contrary to accepted, ordinary rules of fighting. Shall it be said that the mightiest, most desperate and prolonged of all conflicts—that of the incarnate, crucified Son of God with a world dead in trespasses and sins—that in which we enlisted when we took the sign of the cross in baptism—and some of us took again in a certain special and awful sense when we were set apart to the Ministry of reconciliation—shall it be said that this in which all other wars are swallowed up, and on which hangs the destiny not merely of individual souls, but of the universe itself, is the one exception that allows no fighting that is not squared to the line and plummet of custom, of fixed rules, of unvarying traditions? No, let us see, once for all, that because this Church is what it is, and has what it has, there is no ground to fear the fullest play and counterplay of its centrifugal and centripetal forces. The centre is always sure, we always know where that is, so long as we know where Christ is, and so long as our grasp is fixed upon the order, the sacraments, the discipline, the worship which He instituted, and with these upon the fundamental aims and processes of the spiritual life of which He is the one everlasting source. Tied to this burning, immovable centre, standing behind these sure safeguards planted around them, we need not fear the tangent movements, the extraordinary instrumentalities for the conversion or quickening of souls however they seem to sweep off in abnormal circuits through the desert wastes of an evil world.

The work of which you have been witnesses and sharers of late has been under the leadership of brethren from across the sea, born and bred in the old Mother Church, whose name and traditions, whose labors and successes in all parts of the world are precious to us and form part of our common inheritance. They have come to us, not for honor or reward, not for personal fame or profit, not for curiosity or private pleasure, but because of the never-dying impulse that has to every age carried heroic, gifted, and consecrated men to the ends of the earth to testify to every one, night and day and from house to house, with tears, and strong, crying repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Gratefully, cordially do I salute them and their labors as the living fruit of that hallowed impulse. I greet them as specially equipped

angels of the ever old and the ever new message to men of eternal life purchased by the precious blood of the Lamb of God. I would honor the purity and recognize the usefulness of their motive, even though I failed to see in all the details of their work the safety and wisdom of their methods.

Their coming and their labors are alike timely. They know little what they say who affirm that there was neither room nor occasion for what they have done. I believe that the life without the Church and the life within the Church give abundant evidence of at once the need and value of their mission. Not needed? Think a moment. You have had here a faithful and earnest pulpit, but it has felt at times that it was engaged in an unequal struggle. It has longed for help to stem the tide—for aiding hands to reach down into the encompassing darkness after souls drifting on to death. It has searched these far-reaching spaces around it for voices to re-echo in louder, more piercing tones the message it uttered. These brethren have answered that yearning, responded to that cry. They have brought to bear their uplifting arms. They have kindled the flame that burns in this pulpit to an intenser heat, and they have done it with the old fire that always lives in the Church's heart, though we see it not.

And then, is it not the common experience that our very familiarity with sacred things gradually eats away their sacredness—that our daily contact with God's best gifts—with the forms, conditions, principles of a divine salvation dulls our sense of their divinity, and of the soul's need of what Christ came to do? Is it not true that we steadily gravitate toward routine in our religion, and from this into cold, hard, loveless, faithless living? Is it not true that because they are so near, so much with us, font and pulpit and altar lose their hold upon us, and the latter, especially, though ensanguined with a Saviour's blood, ceases to speak movingly to us of the cross?

And then, how what is called the spirit of the age—the common mould and movement of this generation—its dominant aims, its prevailing tempers and modes of life—its materialistic way of looking at the realities of being and destiny, of life and death, of sin and holiness, of probation, responsibility, eternal judgment—its self-indulgence, man-morn worship, and passionate greed of pleasures that make up the life of the flesh that withers with the grass and wanes with the sun, alas! how all these have smothered, depressed, distorted, deadened our Christian conscience, and wailed up the path that leads home to heaven and to God! Ah! I were five score John the Baptists, and as many Pauls sent among us crying in the highways and byways and working by methods which, because of their strange zeal and courage were deemed by slumbering thousands irregular, spasmodic, extraordinary—they would not be too great a company to arouse the indifferent, the doubting, the sleeping masses around us. Historically speaking, what you have witnessed is not in substance, and scarcely in form, really new. Rather is it as old as God's covenants and dispensations for reclaiming man to Himself. Go read the ancient prophets of Israel, whose message ran like a track of fire through the homes and market-places and shrines and hearts of God's people when smitten with strange

idols or sunk in ignorance and sin. Go read the records of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic ages of the Church: turn the leaves that tell you of Chrysostom, and Boniface, and St. Anthony of Padua, of the Bernards and Wickliffes and Luthers, the Ridley's and Latimers of other days. Recall the labors, the missions of the first and second generations of preaching friars, who travelled from hamlet to hamlet, from city to city, from country to country, barefooted, half clothed, unfed, unpaid, in outward guise beggars and outcasts, but with hearts and tongues on fire with the message of the Cross to a spiritually dead, a morally and intellectually ignorant age. Gather up in memory what that movement did in England, and in this country, which began with the Wesleys in the last century, and rolled up its mighty army of itinerating evangelists, for which the cold, regular, respectable religion of the Mother Church could find no room, and which finally, in an evil hour, parted with its heritage of apostolic order, largely because of the unwisdom of its duly ordained guardians.

It were easy to show that our very manual of worship, the Book of Common Prayer, with all its majesty of tone, and reverence for order, and fixedness of arrangement, abundantly provides for seasons and methods of special work for souls. The fact is, and let us all understand it, the Church is seeking to recover and bring to the front more and more gifts and powers which have gone to rust for lack of using. She is rounding out, more and more, her own consciousness and, with that, her modes of worship, her styles of preaching, her methods of practical activity, so as to bring them all up to the level of her always Catholic heritages. She is for all men, and to all she must speak. She is for the ages, and to each she must present Christ as the fulness of Him who filleth all in all.

DREAMLAND.

BY R. W.

The grindstone of that marvellous mill, the mind, is always revolving—night and day it never tires, the unscen power that turns it is inexhaustible, we cannot stop it, it waits for no command of ours, and pays no heed to our wishes. But we may choose the grit, we may feed the mill with grain or sand or chaff. It might startle some to know how much of the unflagging energy of this mill is in their case wasted. How many bootless turns it takes in unproductive labor. In other words, how many of the subjects of their thoughts are barren as chaff, things that never were and never will be, the prolific but good-for-nothing growth of imagination. They little dream how many years are spent in threshing out and grinding the utterly unreal. They little dream it, for imagination has the powers of dressing up unrealities in the sober garb of matter-of-fact. It gives the ring of genuineness to the basest coin. It pains off mere bubbles as solid and substantial. This would be deplorable enough if imagination exercised its transforming powers only in temporal matters, but it is appalling when we find its sway extends to spiritual. There can be little doubt that a vast host of church-going folk are living in a perfect "fool's Paradise" as regards their spiritual

state. Their faith is as unreal as their works, and their hopes as unsubstantial as their zeal, and more could not be said. Yet a willing imagination stimulated by the arch-deceiver gives body to these treacherous shadows; they really believe, they would claim it stoutly in the face of death, that they have true faith and well-grounded hope.

They are the spiritual counterparts of the soldier whose dream is told by the poet Campbell. After a long day's march he and his comrades sink down wearily upon the open field—he falls asleep, and now his imagination begins to play him pranks; he is no longer lying on the frozen ground, but rambling in the sunny lanes and through the meadows of his native place—he bonnets the old familiar stiles, and crosses the stream by the well-known stepping stones, and soon his home peeps out from between the trees and hedge-rows, and his little ones fly to meet him, his wife sobs aloud in her fulness of heart, and with a thousand kisses he swears never to leave them again, but a bugle call brings him rudely back from dreams to fact, and with stiff and cold limbs he buckles on his arms to meet the advancing enemy.

There are hundreds whose imagined spiritual state is as far remote from fact as this soldier's dream was. They are fondly dreaming of a heavenly land where they will meet again "friends gone before" and have done with separation forever, and so they will dream until the Archangel's trump arouse them from their mocking slumbers and reveals stern and hopeless realities.

LULLABY.

BY MISS KATHARINE INGHAM.

Written for the children in the Ladies' Shelter, of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York.

Ain—"Adele Mdeles

Sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near,
With Him for a watcher thou needest not fear:
The tenderest babe in His love hath a part;
He keepeth the weakest in the nearest His heart.
His arm doth uphold them,
His love doth enfold them;
Then sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near.

Sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near;
No father or mother can hold thee so dear.
Since for Him the innocents suffered and died,
He draweth young children all close to His side.
His arm doth uphold them,
His love doth enfold them;
Then sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near.

Sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near,
And sweet are His words as they fall on the ear;
"Forbidden not the children to come unto me,
For only the child-like my kingdom shall see.
My arm shall uphold them,
My love shall enfold them;"
Then sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near.

Sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near;
Oh! serve Him for ever, my baby so dear.
Keep always as guileless as now is thy heart.
If thou from this Saviour wouldst never depart.
His arm shall uphold thee,
His love shall enfold thee;
Then sleep, baby, sleep, for thy Saviour is near.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

ROXIE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY M. E. K.

"Just a week to Thanksgiving Day! I can hardly wait for it to come. I am going to have such a good time," exclaimed one of a group of girls who stood in the entry of the school-house, buttoning their cloaks and tying their hoods securely down over their ears before they ventured out into the keen frosty air.

"And so am I!" chimed in another; and in a moment all the girls had begun to chatter away at once like a flock of magpies, each telling of the good times they expected to have on the fast approaching holiday.

Soon they started down the street in groups of twos and threes, with their arms about each others' waists in school-girl fashion, still talking eagerly of their expected pleasures.

One girl who had lingered behind the others, watched them from the window as they went down the street, half wistfully and half sadly.

"Everybody else has good times," she murmured to herself. "It's dreadful to be poor, and hear other people talking about things one can never have oneself. I don't suppose I shall ever have a party, or go to one either. If I get enough to eat I think I am pretty well off."

A frown of discontent settled on the face that was generally so bright, as she began her task of sweeping the school-room and putting it in order, and when her work was finished, she walked homeward with such a slow, lagging step, that her mother watch-

ing for her from the window thought that she must be sick.

"What's the matter Roxie?" she asked, as the door opened, and Roxie entered the room. "Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, I'm well, but I'm just cross and discontented," was the answer, as she hung up her school bag, took off her hat and shawl, and sat down in her favorite position at her mother's feet. "Do put that tiresome sew-

ing anything. Thanksgiving don't mean anything to us, for we haven't anything to be thankful for. We are as poor as can be, and you have to sew all the time to get us enough to eat, and I have to do all the work at the school-room to pay for my lessons, and—"

Roxie had not exhausted her string of complaints, but her mother's hand gently rested upon her lips.

"Hush dear, you are forgetting how many things we have to be thankful for," she said. "I know there are a great many things that are hard for us, but think how many blessings we have." "I don't know of any," answered Roxie. "It is a great thing that we are both well, and that we did not have to be separated when your dear father died, and don't you remember how thankful we both were when Miss Brooks promised to educate you for a teacher in return for the little things you could do to help her about the school-room. We both knew that it would not always be pleasant for you to do those things, but—"

"I am really ashamed of my grumbling already, mother dear," interrupted Roxie. "But I did wish so much that we could look forward to having a nice Thanksgiving dinner, and that you needn't sew so



"ROXIE WAVED HER HAND."

hardly all the time. It's no use to fret about it, though. Is the work ready for me to take down to Mrs. Graham's, mother?"

"Yes, it is all wrapped up," answered her mother. "But you are too tired to go just now Roxie. Don't you want to wait until after supper?"

"I am not very tired, mother, and I think I would rather take it now," answered Roxie, and in a few moments she was on her way.

ing away mother, dear, and rest for a few moments. You do look so tired."

"I am tired, but it won't do to stop sewing as long as I can see. I can listen just as well, so tell me what the trouble is."

"The girls were all talking about Thanksgiving after school," answered Roxie, "and they were telling each other what good times they expected to have, and the parties they were going to give, and it did seem so hard that we have to be poor and never have

hard all the time. It's no use to fret about it, though. Is the work ready for me to take down to Mrs. Graham's, mother?"

"Yes, it is all wrapped up," answered her mother. "But you are too tired to go just now Roxie. Don't you want to wait until after supper?"

"I am not very tired, mother, and I think I would rather take it now," answered Roxie, and in a few moments she was on her way.

Her sad thoughts had not altogether vanished, and they returned to her as one of her schoolmates drove past her in the pretty little pony carriage that had been her last birthday gift.

Presently the doctor's carriage came along, and the doctor nodded pleasantly to Roxie as he passed. He drew his handkerchief out, and as he did so, Roxie saw something fall to the ground. When she came up to the place where the object was lying, she saw that it was the doctor's purse that he had drawn out of his pocket with his handkerchief by mistake.

Roxie opened it, and her heart beat fast as she saw all the money in it. It was not so very much, but it looked like a fortune to the child as she stood there and thought of all the comforts it would buy.

Roxie was honest, and her first impulse was to run after the doctor and restore his property to him, but a sudden temptation seized her.

The doctor was rich. He could easily spare this money, and it would get Roxie and her mother not only a Thanksgiving dinner but many a meal besides, and no one need know that she found the purse. It was very unlikely that he would ever have found his purse again even if she had not picked it up, for a great many people travelled over that road, and somebody else would probably have kept it if she had not.

It was stealing, she knew that very well, and she could not argue to herself that it would be right for her to keep the purse which had thus come into her possession, but she tried to silence the voice of conscience.

She did want to keep it so much, it seemed as if she couldn't possibly give up so much money when her mother needed it so.

She took the bundle of work to Mrs. Graham's and received the small sum due for it, but the purse in her pocket seemed to be weighing her down like a leaden weight, and not even the thought that she had so much money in her possession lightened her spirits.

She walked past the butcher's and saw the fat turkeys hanging in a row; she saw the tempting display in the markets and it seemed impossible to give up all hope of having a share in their holiday rejoicings.

But she was a thief as long as that purse remained in her possession, and that thought poisoned all the happiness she might have felt if the money had been honestly her own.

"I wish I had never found it," she said to herself impatiently, but that did not help matters any now.

She passed the road which turned off towards the doctor's on her way home, and she hesitated at the cross-roads for some minutes, then, with a little prayer for help, she came to a sudden resolution and walked down the road that led to the doctor's.

The doctor had not yet reached home, but his mother insisted on Roxie coming in to sit by the fire and get warm, and she was so kind and motherly that Roxie told her the whole story, how strongly she had been tempted to keep the purse, and how, for a time, she had yielded to temptation.

When she had confessed the whole truth she felt far happier than she had at any time since she found the purse, and she was very glad to leave it with the doctor's mother to restore to its owner.

The old lady urged her to stay to tea, but

Roxie knew that her mother would be wondering already at her long delay, so she declined the kind invitation.

"Then you must let me give you a little pail of broth to take home with you," said the doctor's mother. "My son is particularly fond of it, and he thinks nobody else can make it like me, so I hope you will find it good, too."

Roxie thanked her warmly and started home, walking as fast as she could with her steaming burden. She had not very far to go, so she was soon in sight of home.

Her mother stood in the doorway, watching for her, and Roxie waved her hand to her as she came from behind the trees, that she might know all was well.

As they sat down to supper to enjoy the good broth that the doctor's mother had sent them, Roxie told her mother of all that had taken place since she had left home, how she had found and restored the purse after almost deciding to keep it.

Though Roxie did not wish that she had kept the money, she could not help wishing many a time during the next week, that she had come into its possession honestly, for there were so many things that she wanted to get, so many holiday dainties that she would have liked to carry home to her patient, hard working mother.

Thanksgiving Eve came and Roxie and her mother sat by the table, the former sewing, while the little girl studied her lessons, when they heard a tap at the door.

"I have some things out here in a wagon that I was to leave at Mrs. Hyatt's. Is this the right place?" asked a man. Scarcely waiting for an answer he proceeded to unload his wagon, and Roxie and her mother looked on in wondering astonishment.

Could it be possible that all these good things could be intended for them?

A big turkey was in one basket, surrounded by various parcels which looked delightfully suggestive of good things.

There was a barrel of flour, a ham, a long string of sausages, but I cannot tell you all the other things, you must imagine them for yourselves.

The man handed Roxie's mother a note as he left after depositing the last of his many bundles on the floor, for the table and chairs were full.

"A happy Thanksgiving to Mrs. Hyatt from some old friends," was all that was contained in the note, but Roxie was not far wrong when she guessed that the kindly doctor had something to do with this surprise.

"We shall have a lovely Thanksgiving now after all!" exclaimed Roxie, joyously, as she began to investigate the parcels.

"We'll have good dinners now for many a day, won't we, mother?" she exclaimed suddenly, after a few moments of happy silence. "I am so glad I didn't keep that money. I can't bear to remember that I even wanted to. All these things wouldn't have made me a bit happy if I had stolen them, for it would have been stealing to keep the purse just as much as if I had taken it out of the doctor's pocket."

So Roxie and her mother had a happy Thanksgiving after all, notwithstanding Roxie's fears that the day would bring them nothing to be thankful for; and this kindness was not the only one they received from the good doctor, who had become really interested in the child who had been

honest enough to return the money she might have so easily kept, and which she had confessed had been a sore temptation to her in her poverty.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

In his annual report, just now published, the Lieutenant General of the Army discusses the Indian question to some length and makes some important recommendations. After pointing out the fact that the Indians are the richest people in this country, considered as communities, and that their reservations, including some of the best lands of our domain, would, if divided, afford to each family an estate of many thousand acres, he goes on to recommend that three hundred and twenty acres be allotted to each family, and that such family be located on the allotment. He then recommends that the remainder of each reservation be condemned, and bought in by the government at one dollar and a quarter an acre, and that with the proceeds government bonds be bought and held in trust by the Interior Department, the interest to be given each year to the Indians for their support. From the figures which General Sheridan gives in illustration of the practical working of his recommendation, it appears that the interest on the condemned reservation lands would amount to more than is now annually given by Congress to the Indian tribes. The advantage which he claims for this plan is that the money so disbursed would be recognized as belonging of right to the Indians, and not as a matter of charity, and that the whole vexatious question of Indian appropriations would thus be taken out of Congress.

Gen. Sheridan's recommendation marks a distinct advance toward a better understanding of the relations that ought to exist between our government and the red man. As far as it goes it indicates, we think, the direction which future legislation on this subject ought to take. The only criticism which we would offer in regard to it is that it does not provide, even in idea, for the enfranchisement of the Indian. No doubt the giving of land to him in severalty, whether such allotment carried with it the right of alienation or not, would do much to break up the tribal condition. Perhaps it is essential that assistance shall be granted to him for some little time after his settlement on his own land; and it is reasonable to suggest that such assistance should come to him as an income from his own share of the undivided reservation hitherto given to his tribe. But a definite limit ought to be placed upon the giving of such assistance. It may be taken for granted that the Indian will always be dependent so long as he is directly helped in this or in any way. Whether he be made a citizen of the United States, therefore, or not, it should be definitely understood that personal assistance cannot be given to him in the way suggested or in any way beyond a limited time, and that thereafter the money received for his condemned reservation lands would be handed over by the general government to the territorial government which represents him, to be by such government and in accordance with the popular vote, appropriated for the benefit of his people considered as citizens of such territory. Of course this would involve his

enfranchisement and his coördination with the white race who would be his neighbors; but this is inevitable in any event, unless the Indian be kept in his tribal condition and the white man be kept by force of arms out of his reservation. The alternative is daily becoming more and more intolerable. The Indian can live in this free country only as a citizen. If, under the protection of equal laws, and under the influence of Christian teaching he cannot coexist with the whites on terms of equality, then he cannot long continue in this country at all, but through the operation of great natural and economical laws he must perish.

In view of this state of facts, there is much force in the plea made by the Bishop of Michigan in his address at the semi-Centennial Missionary Conference in Philadelphia for extending to the Indians, in larger measure, the influence and benefit of the ethical teaching of the Church. The Indian must be coördinated with the white man. Our civilization will not permit him much longer to live in this free country except as a citizen. What he needs is to be made morally equal to the responsibilities and duties of free citizenship. Unless this can be compassed for him he cannot survive amidst the competitions of our progressive life; and the agency which can be looked to most reasonably for the accomplishment of this for the Indian is the Church of this English-speaking race, whose sober, practical teaching of duty has been the most potent factor in making our civilization what it is, and has given to the world the realization of civil and religious liberty.

The same plea was made with equal force by the Bishop of Michigan, for the carrying on of a larger work by this Church among the colored people of the South. After pointing out that it was in accordance with the same tendency of our civilization that the negro was emancipated and enfranchised—since, under our civilization, the negro must exist here as a free citizen or not at all—and after alluding to the opinion entertained by many that all past efforts to make his free citizenship a reality had failed, at least, in some degree, because he has not up to this time been made morally equal to the duties and responsibilities of free citizenship, he then said that the one agency that can accomplish this for the negro is the sober, practical, ethical Christianity of the Church. There is, therefore, the most urgent need for this Church to go forward to rescue this race not only from degeneracy, but from being finally excluded from any part in the government and civilization of this free land. For the negro must be made morally equal to the duties and responsibilities of citizenship in this country, or he cannot exist in this country. The genius of our civilization will not tolerate him unless he is fit to be free.

The steady influence of our civilization and of the institutions which represent it under our free government, in conforming all the people of the land to one type, upon which the same prelate dwelt in the address

above referred to, has had a remarkable illustration in the transactions of the Hebrew Conference, which met in Pittsburgh last week. After long discussion a platform or declaration of principles was adopted, which was intended to sever "Reform Judaism" in America from the orthodox Judaism of the past, and to place it in vital relation with the thought and progress of the age. "We consider ourselves," it says, "no longer a nation, but a religious community. . . . We acknowledge that the spirit of broad humanity of our age is our ally in the fulfillment of our mission, and, therefore, we extend the hand of fellowship to all who operate with us in the establishment of the reign of truth and righteousness among men." Of this Conference and its transactions, Dr. Isaac M. Wise, who took a leading part therein, is reported to have said on his return home, "This meeting simply re-echoed and gave shape and form to public opinion, as expressed by the progressive Jews against the conservatives. Four-fifths of the Jews in America are progressive. The object of the Conference, in a single sentence, was to Americanize the Jews." When the Jew is thus Americanized, the next step, logically, for him to take will be to accept that Christianity which lies at the basis of the civilization with which the "Reform Judaism of America" has thus placed itself in harmony.

In the course of an able and interesting address on the present condition of Foreign Missions, which was made by the Bishop of Ohio, at the Missionary Conference in Philadelphia, he pointed out that a crisis had been arrived at in China and Japan, in the introduction of railways, the telegraph and other conveniences of European civilization, and the development of new forces which such progress must speedily put into active operation. Through these agencies the ancient panoply of heathenism in those lands is about to be broken in pieces, and God's providence in history is opening up the way for the introduction and extended influence of the Gospel. We may reasonably look, therefore, for a larger and more rapid success of missionary effort in the East than ever before. The strong plea made by the bishop for a renewed interest in our missions to China and Japan, was most timely. Now is the time to strengthen the hands of the Bishops of Yeddo and Shanghai, and to double our contributions for their work. From this time on events will move rapidly in those lands, and unless our missions there shall be equipped and ready to move with them, our part, at least, of the glorious work of converting those people to Christianity will be insignificant indeed.

At the opening service of the Semi-Centennial Missionary Conference at Christ's church, Philadelphia, it was a happy circumstance that the sermon was preached by the Bishop of Minnesota. Not only did he succeed to a large portion of the territory to which the "Apostolic Kemper" was sent fifty years ago, but upon no one of the Bishops of the Church, it is not invidious to say, has a larger portion of the spirit of our first missionary bishop descended. It goes

without saying that the sermon of Bishop Whipple was in all respects suitable to the occasion.

At a later service in Holy Trinity church, the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas made an address on the present state of our Domestic Missions, which was full of interest and encouragement. Among the topics which he discussed was the influence which the Church has exerted, directly and indirectly, in securing the adoption by the government at Washington of a more just and humane policy in the treatment of the Indians. He also made grateful and graceful mention of the important work done by the Woman's Auxiliary since its organization, without whose aid it would have been impossible to have kept our missionary force in the field. At the same service the rector of St. George's church, New York, made an excellent address on some aspects of the Church's missionary work in cities.

There is good authority for saying that "comparisons are odious," and we have no desire to illustrate the truth of the adage. It is useful, however, to institute comparisons occasionally, for the purpose of correcting misapprehension, as well as for the purpose of provoking one another to love and good works. We have before us the annual report of a hospital under the control of the Protestant Episcopal Church in one of our large cities; and two reports of a Roman Catholic Hospital in the same city, the one report covering the time from the beginning of 1867 to the end of 1874, and the other report covering the time from the beginning of 1875 to the end of 1880. From the report of the Protestant Episcopal hospital it appears that the expenses of the hospital were \$67,377.16, of which amount only \$1,624.12 were paid by the patients. From the first named report of the Roman Catholic hospital, the expenses of the hospital were \$128,348.21, of which sum \$115,500.00 were paid by the patients; and from the second named report of the same Roman Catholic hospital, the figures are, expenses \$73,665.06, of which \$68,631.48 were received from patients. Now we have no disposition to fault the management of the Roman Catholic hospital. We simply point out that the work which it is doing is almost entirely paid for in cash by its patients, while the Protestant Episcopal hospital is doing its work almost wholly as a matter of charity. We believe that these figures indicate the difference between the benevolent work of these two communions all over the land; and yet one constantly hears the claim made and allowed that the Roman Catholic Church excels all other religious bodies in her charities. Those who have taken pains to inform themselves do not need to be told that Rome is usually well paid in cash for all that she does in this as in all things; but there are many to whom the figures given above, and which are taken from reports that have come quite incidentally before us, will be a revelation. More light is thrown upon the same subject when it is said that of the number of patients received and treated in the Protestant Episcopal hospital referred to, almost all of whom, of course, were free, 340 were registered as Episcopalians, while 437 were registered as Romanists. By all

means let us give the Roman Church credit for all that she does, but let us cease to call much of it charity.

Before these words reach our readers the issue of the English elections will have been decided. For, although many of the constituencies will not vote till later, the result of the earlier contests will indicate the direction which political opinion will take, and will give victory to the party which takes the lead on the first polling days. More than any other people the English love the winning side. The facility with which they transfer their interest and their affections from the unsuccessful to the successful deserves to be accounted a national characteristic. Along with a good many peculiarities of more or less excellence, we have inherited a good share of this versatile disposition from our English ancestors, but our cousins beyond the sea still excel us in this as in other things. Therefore, we may look to see the lead in party success which shall be established in the first elections of this week followed by something like a "stampede" on the later days, especially in the rural districts, where most of the newly enfranchised voters are. Meantime it is sufficient to call attention to the enhanced reputation as a political leader which Lord Salisbury has made for himself, and especially to the clever way in which he has closed an unusually brilliant campaign. His final appeal to all Churchmen to rally to the support of the Establishment, and his arraignment of that particular phase of Mr. Gladstone's "opportunism," which has already been commented on in these columns, have been exceedingly effective.

The Irish elections do not take place till next week. The effect upon them of the English elections cannot fail to be great, though, to the credit of the Irish it must be said that they have more capacity for being true to a losing cause than we have learned to look for among the English. It has been evident for some days, however, that the nationalist cause has been in danger among the Irish constituencies. Mr. Gladstone's "unexpected speech" at Edinburgh has had the effect which we predicted in weakening the allegiance of many more intelligent Irish voters to the "uncrowned king" and his policy of alliance with the Tories; and, on the other hand, the Tory press of England has given a rather chilling response to Mr. Parnell's recent expressions of amity toward their party. Altogether, it is quite within the limits of possibility that the Home Rulers of Ireland may be compelled to make a retreat from some of their pretensions after the forthcoming elections.

Says Coleridge, in his life of Keble, "How little probably did those who laid their hands on Keble's head, dream, at the time, how holy a spirit, how powerful an agent for good, by God's blessing, they were enrolling among the ministers of God." And, to day, at each season of ordination, how little know they who send forth what they may be sending forth. It may not be just a Keble; it may be less than such an one; but it may be far more even. This is one of the reasons which invest the seasons of ordination with vast interest to the mind of the earnest and devout Churchman.

THE AMERICAN CHURCH BUILDING FUND COMMISSION.

The American Church Building Fund Commission has been in existence now nearly five years, doing its appointed work quietly, but as faithfully and well as the limited means at its disposal would allow. It was created chiefly as a safe channel for the Church's bounty in the building of churches and chapels, especially in the territories and new dioceses, though its operations are not restricted to these. The commission may not have accomplished all that its most sanguine friends had hoped for it, but it has at least proved very clearly the need of such an agency, and it is hoped, also, has won the confidence of the Church at large. Our fund now amounts to the very respectable sum of \$62,979.77, and has been accumulated from offerings from parishes, a few generous individual gifts, mostly from members of the commission, and legacies. Under the provisions of our charter a few donations have been received and bestowed as gifts, but the great bulk of our money is invested in loans to the following dioceses and missionary jurisdictions, namely, Springfield, Texas, Nebraska, Albany, New York, Colorado, North Dakota, Iowa, South Dakota, Minnesota, Indiana, Mississippi, Michigan, Southern Ohio, Virginia, Easton, Quincy, North Carolina, New Mexico, Missouri, Maryland, Wisconsin, Montana, Western Michigan, and Tennessee. These loans are paid back in yearly instalments, with interest added, and, as a rule, the payments are promptly and cheerfully made, so that already the same money has been used more than once in its beneficent work. It is most gratifying that thus far not a penny has been lost through careless investment or bad faith.

The commission has not been able to respond favorably to more than a fraction of the applications for aid that have come to them. They therefore venture to appeal with great confidence to the Church for largely increased gifts to meet the demands that seem most urgent and imperative. They have had the experience of five years to guide them. The machinery is nicely adjusted and in good working order. The best methods of managing the trust have been carefully matured, and the commission feel sure of their ground. They can greatly aid the work of Church extension if they are entrusted with the means. They can prevent unwise expenditure of money, and at the same time they can build up a permanent fund which shall be a blessing to the Church for generations to come.

The expenses of the commission are trifling, so that all moneys contributed are applied without diminution to the work in hand. The commission feel that they are but agents to do little or much as the Church shall determine. While they would not willingly withdraw a penny from any other organized charity, they do venture most earnestly to press their claims for greatly increased contributions both from parishes and individuals. If the Church will listen to their plea and respond generously the commission will be able to show grander results in the future.

It has taken time to demonstrate the need of their existence at all, though other Christian bodies have long since found the

use of such an agency. The commission offer their services to the Church gladly; freely, in the work for which they were appointed by the General Convention, and they pledge themselves to make the best use of the means entrusted to them, either as a part of the permanent fund, or for immediate expenditure, as the donors shall direct.

THE PLACE AND METHODS OF BIBLE STUDY IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. GEO. WM. DOUGLAS, S.T.D.

(Concluded.)

I cannot at the close of this inadequate essay, dwell as I fain would on this great truth at the points where it touches the subject before me. I can but suggest it now. In primitive days the Fathers used to find the Old Testament replete with what they called types and anticipations of the Christ to come. Just as when we go to the former home of some dear friend we recognize everywhere, even in the most trivial objects—in book and chair and toy—suggestions and mementos of him that no stranger could detect; so the Fathers noticed throughout the Bible types and allegories of Jesus which to us of laxer memories seem forced. But, as Dean Church has urged in his striking course of sermons at St. Paul's, London, this last August, on the "Discipline of the Christian Character," there is another way of looking at the Bible which, while more akin to the feeling and thinking of our time, nevertheless finds in the progressive biblical history anticipations of our Lord no less surprising and suggestive. I refer to the ethical aspect of the Old Testament. The Jewish Scriptures are here viewed as the story of the progressive evolution, under God's superintendence, of the religious character—of that character which, as we now look back upon it, may be called the Christian character—the character of the man who in all his works and ways is, as St. Paul puts it, "alive unto God," realizing his oneness with the Heavenly Father. The Old Testament manifestations of this are partial and broken; but the Incarnation of Christ is the key to them. This Christian character is the outcome of all that series of events which, beginning in the primeval world, extends to the birth of Christ, and of which the Bible is in part, but in the most important part, the Divinely preserved history. All else that we learn of God from the Bible,—be it history, or philosophy, or science, or literature—comes out incidentally. The main end in view is the portrayal of the Christian character.

First one trait of this character is exhibited in the chosen of God, then another; until at last the world is ready for the perfect ideal and antitype which could not be realized except in the Superhuman Person of the God-Man. In the Old Testament we see the chosen of mankind at schools, for that ideal. In Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, and the rest, we follow through outward changes and apparent chances the growth of that which was to issue in the character of Christ. All that was good in these came, under the superintendence of the Holy Spirit, from Christ their Lord. Only because they had seen and realized Christ's character in part, were men able to welcome in anywise the perfect

disclosure of it. Each stage of the Old Testament history marks an advance in the evolution of this character. In Abraham and the Patriarchal Dispensation we see brought out the singleness, the solitariness, the independence of the soul, as against the then prevalent disposition to view men in the aggregate. Then, under the Mosaic Dispensation, another side of the religious character is evoked. Man is single before God; but he is also social, and must live by law—moral law, religious law, ceremonial law. In the breach of that external standard he must measure his sinfulness, develop the sense of it, and thereby lay hold of the sacrificial and priestly system which culminates in Christ. Contrast the wild, bewildered, fluctuating morality of the world outside of Judaism with the ethics of Moses, and you appreciate this new side of the religious character. Then in the Psalms we have the development of the religious affections—love, hope, fear, repentance, aspiration. The soul is conscious of the sweetness, the awfulness, the personal intensity of its relations to its Creator. Notice the wide interval between the Book of Judges and the Psalms, and you measure this further trait of the religious character. In the Prophets, on the other hand, we have the awakening of the religious reason. There are problems to be solved, great principles to be applied, an experience of life to be mastered, a comparison to be made between the rise and fall of this world's kingdoms and of the kingdom of God, the spiritual essence of obedience to be contrasted with mere legality. In the Prophets we have the beginning of religious teaching. The great ideas of the Psalms are addressed to God; in the Prophets they are turned upon man. There is a vast deal more than this in the Prophets. They are more than teachers: they foretell. But the phase of the religious character which they specially exhibit is that of religious reasoning.

Finally the Word was made Flesh. That Divine Person who heretofore in parts and measures had worked out, through His Spirit, anticipations of His character among men, presents that character at last in its perfection as the Son of Mary. No change that ever was equalled that between the relative goodness manifested before, and the absolute goodness of Jesus; yet the change was wrought in such silence and reserve that it seemed continuous with the past. Nay, so intimate was the connexion between the partial life of Christ's forerunners and His own perfect life, that some of their very prayers and praises could be made His own. It was David's cry that Jesus uttered in the darkness of His Cross; and, in the Sermon on the Mount, Christ expressly states that He is come not to break with the Jewish traditions, but to fulfill them. The novelty was that He did fulfill them; and, in this exhibition, this acting out before God and man the perfect pattern of the religious child of God, without spot of sin, He accomplished the atonement for sinners. At this point, indeed, the life and work of Jesus pass beyond our ken. To all that He did for our example there is added much that man cannot fathom. Of Christ's mediatorial work Christians can frame no sufficient theory. We can but accept it as God's free gift. But along with all this sacrificial and sacramental aspect of Christ's

life, death, and resurrection, there stands out on the pages of the New Testament a vivid portrait for us to imitate,—a portrait which we have been prepared for by all in the Bible that has gone before. Because of what has gone before we can recognize the portrait as real. And the only way to gaze on that portrait is to study the Bible. We may believe in Jesus without Bible study. We may partake of the Sacraments without Bible study. We may apprehend some of the abstract principles, and obey some of the detached precepts of Christianity, without Bible study, taking them at second-hand. But without Bible study there is one thing we cannot do: we cannot derive the inimitable impression of the Lord's very self. We cannot see what Christ effected in human life. We lose the objective vision of the Christian character. We are as runners in a race who struggle for the mastery without fixing their eye on the mark.

And if once this be apprehended as the true place of Bible study in the Christian life, there is imparted to the methods of that study a distinctive tone and purpose. The Christian will avail himself of every help to the right understanding of the Scriptures; for the Bible is supernatural, but not unnatural. The Christian is committed to Christ; but when he reads the progressive Revelation of Christ, he reads it to ascertain as far as possible just where, and when, and in what measures this now known Revelation was actually imparted to mankind. Hence the Christian will be as "fearlessly philological," as accurately historical, as quick to glean from kindred literatures as the most enthusiastic devotee of the so-called "higher criticism." He will not be afraid to learn all there is of solid learning in the most destructive commentators. Bauer and Ewald and Renan and Wellhausen will have much to teach him, notwithstanding his liking for the Fathers. And this rich and ever-widening life of our race to-day, with its new disclosures and applications of the truth which yet is old—all this will be ever in his view. For it is not for naught that God has caused the sciences to flourish in those countries where Christianity is flourishing—that the scientific are the Christian nations. This progress of knowledge, this study of God's works was intended to react—as it always has reacted—on the study of God's Word. But the Christian will not be sailing the sea of modern conjectures without a compass.

In view of Dr. Wright's scholarly and fearless paper at the recent Church Congress in England on the effect of the Revised Version upon Old Testament Christology, it is safe to say that with any chronological arrangement of the Sacred Books that has yet been seriously proposed, and in spite of the most destructive criticism that can stand, the Person and Work of Jesus come out vividly throughout the Bible, anticipated in the Old Testament, realized in the New; and the Christian, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, will start with Christ already vital in his own soul to find Christ in the Bible, and to give unity, point and power to his many-sided scholarship.

Such is the ideal place of Bible study in the Christian life. In these days of hurry and distraction, merely to mention study is to revive to most of us a beautiful but fast vanishing dream. Yet whether our opportu-

nities for it be greater or less, in whatever Bible study we can accomplish we need not forget our aim. And if we often remember that whosoever we open the Scriptures the lineaments of Jesus are between the leaves, I think the vision of our thorn-crowned Master would make us more reverent, and because reverent, more scholarly.

Finally, this method of Bible study would bring it close to the issues of our day. The central problems of to-day are the personality of God the existence of man after death the necessity of religion to morality the possibility of a supernatural revelation in a sphere where law is natural; and lastly, the origin and destiny of the human race on earth, and the mutual relations of its several classes, rich and poor, governors and governed. It is with these problems that the ancient Pyrrhonism appears, wearing the borrowed mask of science, as of old the mask of metaphysics was borrowed. And because these are the foremost questions, it is frequently alleged that for the Christian scholar to spend much time upon the Bible is to attempt to defend the outworks of the fort when the citadel itself is in danger. But any discussion of these questions involves discussion of the Bible; and the only way to avail oneself of the full force of the Bible is to resort to it from the base of Christ's Work and Person as verifiable historic fact, and therefore rational, ethical, spiritual. The battle of the past hundred years between faith and skepticism has shown that the Christian is safe and strong when he takes his stand on the facts of history, as the verified expression of the wants of the human soul and the true source of their satisfaction. And whosoever this method has been pursued, there the Bible has disclosed itself as the advancing revelation of the grand central fact of the Personal God working in human history for the salvation of the world through Jesus. The Old Testament is the story of Christ's coming, and of the world's preparation for Him. The New Testament is the record of His life, and the exposition of His wisdom, informing, purifying, stimulating and regulating the minds of men.

FOREIGN MISSION.

SPECIFIC CONTRIBUTIONS NEEDED.—The meeting of the Board of Managers on November 10 had a pathetic interest, owing to the presence of the Bishop of Florida, who had risen from a sick bed to attend the meeting and plead in behalf of the Church work under his care in the Island of Cuba. The Board was so far moved by the bishop's presence, that although the condition of the treasury did not warrant an increase of appropriations, yet they voted an appropriation for three months at the rate of \$4,000 per annum, to protect the work until the bishop could issue an appeal to the Church. The bishop was so ill as to be scarcely able to speak, and was tenderly helped to and from the rooms. Five days later he was called to his long home and blessed reward by the great Bishop and Shepherd of Souls. The work in which he was so deeply interested should not be permitted to suffer, though his voice is no more heard upon earth. The husbed voice pleads forcibly with the people of God to provide the means for this work so dear to the departed bishop.

Copies of Bishop Young's report of his visitation to Cuba last spring may be obtained for distribution by sending for them to the Mission Rooms, 22 Bible House, New York.

At the same meeting of the Board of Managers the appointment of a medical missionary for Africa, requested by the new bishop, was granted upon condition that specific offerings for his support could be obtained. To furnish the equipment and send the doctor to Africa \$1,000 will be required.

We have at present no physician in the African Mission, and there is great need for one to care for the health of our own missionaries and their pupils, and also to instruct a class understood to be waiting for medical training.

Both of these cases are calls upon the Church which we hope will be heeded without diminishing the offerings for the stated appropriations.

W. M. S. LANFORD, General Secretary.

ENGLAND.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.—The Church Association held its annual Autumnal Conference on Thursday, Oct. 29. The usual speeches were made, but little that was new was advanced. The threats of prosecution against the bishops that have been made for two or three years past were repeated. Ritualism was discussed with the usual vehemence; the question of disestablishment was barely touched, one speaker going so far as to suggest that disestablishment was preferable to living with ritualists. In view of the severe speeches made, it seems like a satire to read that the subject of the opening address was "The Truth in Love." The meeting is barely mentioned in one of the Church papers, is wholly passed by in most of them, and reported in full only in the English Churchman. It is evident that the Church Association is losing what popularity it once had. The Rev. C. Jex Blake in his speech said he was astonished to see so little action taken in the country against the ritualists who are Romanizing the Church of England, and was surprised to see so few people in Protestant Liverpool gathered together at the conference.

AUSTRALIA.

CHURCH GROWTH IN MELBOURNE.—A letter from Geelong (Victoria), 1873: "This diocese of Melbourne has lately been considerably strengthened by the arrival of the Rev. Churchill Julius, as Archdeacon of Ballarat. A proposal to erect a third diocese within the colony with the sea at Sandhurst, to embrace the whole of the north of the present diocese of Melbourne, came to the front this year in our Church assembly. We are the more encouraged to attempt this from the fact that the foundation of the see of Ballarat, nine years ago, has been followed by a remarkable growth of the Church, both there and among ourselves. Our annual receipts and expenditures are 217,000 more than the total amount for the whole colony in 1874. The difficulty in the way of a third diocese is, naturally, a money difficulty; but the great increase in value of Church properties in Melbourne will enable us to deal liberally with the district proposed to be cut off in our diocese thus diminished. The colony has reached its million of inhabitants, and being as large an area as England, there is abundance of work for three bishops. Victoria will, it is hoped, be constituted a province when the new diocese is formed, and the Bishop of Melbourne will of course become a Metropolitan. But this will not interfere with the 'Primacy' of the Bishop of Sydney, who is Metropolitan of New South Wales, and also is 'Primate' by appointment of the General Synod."

JAPAN.

THE VACANT ANGLICAN BISHOPRIC.—The London Record understands that the vacant

English Bishopric of Japan has been offered to the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, the eldest son of the Bishop of Exeter. Mr. Bickersteth was head of the Cambridge University Mission to Delhi from 1877 to 1882, but was forced to return to England on account of ill-health. In 1884 he was presented by Pembroke College, Cambridge, to the valuable living of Framingham, but resigned it a few weeks since, with the intention of returning to Delhi.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

MISSIONARY WORK ON THE Isthmus.—Church Work of November 6 says:

"The work (which has been placed under the supervision of the Bishop of Jamaica) among the English gathered on the Isthmus for the making of M. Lesseppe's great canal, is of large proportions, as our nationality is the main element among the 18,000 laborers in the company's employ, scattered over a line of forty-seven miles in length. The ministrations of our Church are now, in some degree, supplied at nine stations. It may be especially mentioned that the Rev. E. B. Key has restored to use the Anglican church at Colon, and that Mr. Kerr has done much good at Monkey Hill, which had been notorious for vice. Our countrymen have been raised to a sense of their religious duties. Three or four gentlemen volunteer their services as regular lay-readers, four congregations have provided harmoniums and other adjuncts for services, and, mainly out of the hard earnings of laboring men, \$445 have been lately raised for Church purposes. The canal company itself is building three churches for our work. Two or three more clerical men are needed, as well as several catechists and school-masters. During the first year of the mission every sovereign sent from England has elicited another on the spot."

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—Archdeacon Farrar's Address on General Grant.—The original manuscript from which Archdeacon Farrar gave his impressive address on General Grant in Westminster Abbey, has passed into the possession of the Webster Historical Society. The Rev. W. C. Winslow, Chairman of the Committee on Historiography, received the valuable document from the archdeacon, and the Hon. A. H. Rice, acting president, prepared the formal acknowledgment, which was signed by Messrs. Rice, Winslow, Hyde, Young and Thayer as a committee.

BOSTON—Clerical Association.—The second meeting of this association for the year, was held on Monday, October 9, and the Church Rooms, where it was held, were filled to overflowing. The Rev. Dr. G. Z. Gray read a paper on "Disestablishment," after which, at the urgent request of all present, the Rev. H. R. Haws occupied the remainder of the time with a series of pointed and brilliant remarks and criticisms relative to the topic presented, and kindred matters.

On motion of the Rev. W. C. Winslow a resolution was unanimously adopted expressing congratulation at the simultaneous visits of Archdeacon Farrar and Mr. Haws to Boston, and at their words, which indicated the deepening of the regard and the strengthening of the ties between the Church of England and that of America.

BOSTON—Girls' Friendly Society.—There was a meeting of associates of the Girls' Friendly Society for America in the chapel of St. Paul's church, Boston, on Thursday, November 12. The Rev. A. E. Johnson presided. Lord Inbraxton made a most interesting and instructive address upon the Girls' Friendly Society in England, speaking also of the Young

Men's Friendly Society. Lady Brabazon read a paper on the "Sick Members and Homes of Rest Department" of the English Society, which was listened to with great interest. Mrs. A. T. Twing spoke of the new magazine, Church Work, and the Rev. Edward Osborne, S.S.J.E., made a few remarks on the Girls' Friendly Society for America.

FITCHBURG—Convocation.—The Central Convocation met in Christ church, Fitchburg, on Tuesday, November 17. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion, with sermon by the Rev. A. U. Stanley, in the morning. At 3 P.M. an essay was read by the Rev. G. F. Pratt on the subject, "Is there a Place for Pride in Christianity?" In the evening there was a missionary service, with addresses.

ALBANY.

MECHANICVILLE AND STILLWATER—Episcopal Visitation.—The bishop of the diocese has just made a visitation of the two parish churches in this mission (the Rev. Richmond Shreve in charge), confirmed two persons in Stillwater and six in Mechanicville, and spoke earnest words of warm encouragement to priest and people because of the continued and revived activity and life in the congregations. During the missionary's five months' service there have been 52 services, 10 celebrations of the Holy Communion, 11 baptisms, 8 confirmations, 3 marriages, and 431 parish calls.

NEW YORK.

HIGH FALLS—St. John's Church.—On the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity the Memorial Church of St. John was opened at High Falls, a village in Ulster County, in which for some years a Sunday-school and mission services have been kept up in the face of great difficulties. The whole bias of the place is toward the Dutch Reformed and Methodist systems, with a remnant of Church people and a large contingent of persons "who go nowhere." These comprehend the majority of the workers in the cement mills and the quarries. Their spiritual wants were left uncared for until the Church began her mission work among them, this being supplied from Stone Ridge, a village some two miles off, which shared with All Saints' church, Rosendale, the service of a resident priest. Thanks to the piety of others, a memorial church, dedicated to St. John, has just been completed and opened, in which will be held regular Sunday and week-day services, as well as Sunday-school. The building, which is frame, was designed by Mr. James Renwick of New York, and is in the Early English style. It consists of a nave, entered by a deep porch, painted externally in Quaker drab, with olive-green facings, the roof and bell-cot being treated in Indian red. Its dimensions are—length from east to west, forty feet, breadth twenty-one feet; height to top of walls eleven feet, from floor to open roof twenty-six feet, to top of bell-tower cross forty-one feet. The chancel is formed by a non-structural arch, eleven feet of the nave being cut off to form a sanctuary, which is approached by two steps rising twenty inches, the altar being again raised on a platform twenty inches in height, giving it a lofty elevation. Internally the open roof, panelling, and seats are finished in hard oil, the chancel is richly carpeted, the windows in the nave, by Day of New York, being of cathedral glass of various colors, with a deep orange border. The triple light at the east end is an exquisite piece of work, containing as its centre-piece a full length figure of St. John, with the eagle above his head and the chalice in his hands, flanked by the two minor lights, displaying the Rose of Sharon and the Annunciation lilies respectively. The west

end is lighted by two lancets and a rose-window, filled with stained glass. The open seats are of balm-wood, while the chancel-rails, altar-chairs, credence, reading-desk, and font (the gift of the Sunday-school children) are of black walnut, the temporary altar and pulpit being of pine, stained. The altar candlesticks, vases, cross, book-rest, and alms dish are of brass, the last being really a work of art. The vestments, frontals, antependia, (all of the proper color) and the altar linen, are all worked by ladies, and with the solid communion plate and all the furniture, are memorial offerings.

In the absence of the assistant bishop the altar and its furniture were blessed, and the opening service conducted by the Rev. Edward Ransford, priest in charge of Stone Ridge and its mission. Twenty-five persons received at the Holy Communion, and the offertory amounted to about \$29.

A night-school and young men's club will soon be opened in connection with the church. The new mission starts with a communicant roll of ten and a Sunday school of fifty.

NEW YORK—The Advent Mission.—The committee on the missions which begin to-day in this city drew up twenty Reasons therefor and published them last season, but at a time when many were leaving town for the summer. They are printed now that the people may be thoroughly informed on the subject, and, also, because time has shown that the Reasons are perfectly valid, and entitled to most earnest consideration. These Reasons are not indeed exhaustive, but they cover the main portions of the ground in an admirable manner. The case might have been put stronger and even differently in some respects, but thoughtful men will recognize the spirit of justice by which the statements are inspired. The "Object" of the Mission, a very different subject, was treated in THE CHURCHMAN May 30, in connection with the Assistant Bishop's Letter, and that matter may well be studied in this connection:

THE COMMITTEES' SPECIAL REASONS FOR A MISSION IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

1. A large class of well-to-do and refined people, who have ceased to be, or never have been, Church-goers.
2. Formal communicants.
3. The irreligion of the young men of our well-to-do families.
4. The evils in the life of men and women in fashionable society.
5. The feeble recognition on the part of masters and mistresses of the need of Church attendance by their servants, resulting largely from a want of care for the spiritual welfare of servants.
6. The evils of Class Churches.
7. The evils which come from the instability of Church connection.
8. The lack of opportunity for private prayer, consequent upon the condition of our tenements and building houses, and the fact that few churches are constantly open.
9. The want of definite, positive instruction in religious duties, and in what practical Christian living consists.
10. The lack of personal spiritual ministry to the rich.
11. The drain upon the minds, souls, and bodies of two classes: (1) of those who give themselves up to the demands of society life; (2) of those laden down with too much work—unfitting both classes for a healthful Christian life. Among the causes of this drain we specify: (a) late hours; (b) stores open late Saturday nights; (c) no Saturday half holidays.
12. The religious deprivation suffered by the large and rapidly increasing portion of the population called to labor at night, in connection with the cramped work and vicious classes abroad under cover of darkness.
13. The wrongs inflicted by employers upon their employees.
14. The lust of wealth, issuing in the manifold evils of unscrupulous competition; over-work under pay, cramped work and mutual enmity and discontent between employer and employee.
15. The immorality and irreligion caused by the

unrighteous denial to a large and increasing class of one day's rest in seven.

16. The prevalence of the sins of intemperance and impurity.
17. The special religious difficulties caused by the constant flow of immigrants.
18. The hindrance to the growth of the Christian life caused by our luxuriousness and selfishness.
19. The ostentatious display by Church-goers of all classes.
20. The want of public spirit in its bearing upon both Church and State.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—Church of the Messiah.—On Sunday evening, November 15, at this church (the Rev. Charles R. Baker, rector), a special sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance, the subject being "Christian Socialism." The sermon was one of great interest and practical value. Among measures for reconciling the interests of capital and labor, he advocated "industrial partnerships," and gave instances of certain colliery proprietors and carpet manufacturers in England, whose employees had been greatly benefited by such means. He gave also a remarkable case of co-operation on the part of laborers: "In 1854 in a manufacturing store in the North of England, twenty-eight laborers formed a conspiracy to improve their condition, which was just then well nigh desperate. They agreed to combine their means wherewith to start their scheme of distributive co-operation. Their subscription of only five cents a week slowly accumulated to \$140, on the strength of which they rented a store and began business. At first there was a struggle, and temptation to despair; but after a while profits began to show themselves, converts to their scheme increased and joined the original twenty-eight, the members numbering nine hundred at the end of ten years, while the \$140 had become \$35,860, business being done in the last year of the ten to the amount of \$166,820, the profits of that single year amounting to \$3,815. The present status and dimensions of the enterprise started by these twenty-eight poor men are indicated in the late reports. I have had access to no later than that of the Register General for 1878, from which I learn that there were then in existence in England, Scotland, and Wales 1,289 co-operative societies, the number of members 554,773, the sales \$104,863,795, and the net profits \$9,002,340. These material results of the movement are simply amazing." He then dwelt forcibly upon the moral fruits of such co-operative enterprise, seen in habits of sobriety, industry, and economy, increased intelligence, and self-respect. He believed the way out of the confusion in which the labor question is involved lies in workmen helping themselves through the strength which comes of union.

BROOKLYN—Church of the Redeemer.—This parish (the Rev. Charles R. Treat, rector.) has had under consideration for some time past the expediency of forming a surplined choir of men and boys. By action of the vestry this has finally been determined, and the choir is now in training under Professor Fitzhugh, organist and choir-leader. The cottas and casocks are also in process of preparation, and it is expected that the choir will be ready to engage in the services of the Church for the first time on Christmas Day.

The Church of the Redeemer has been steadily reducing its debt, and the parish generally are taking hold with great zeal of the work of which it is the centre. More money is freely contributed to the various interests which call for consideration than heretofore. On Sunday, November 15, in response to the sudden appeal received that morning from the Rev. S. M. Bird of Galveston, Texas, in behalf of the sufferers by the fire, forty-five dollars were contributed.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Church of the Ascension.—This parish (the Rev. Arthur Whitaker, rector,) broke ground last June for a parish house, which has now been completed sufficiently to be occupied, the plan being to leave the interior in an unfinished state until next summer. By that time the three thousand dollars needed to complete the work will have been raised. The architect is R. W. Gibson, who designed the cathedral at Albany. The building is forty-seven feet by ninety-five, three stories high, and built of brick. The first floor is a hall seventy-five feet deep, with a large platform at one end. The second floor contains a guild-room sixteen feet by thirty-two feet in area, leading off into a gallery. The third floor consists of a room twenty-five feet by fifty feet, with an ante-room of about half the size. This portion is intended for social purposes. The hall, which is from the ground to its ceiling twenty-six feet in height, will be provided with orchestra-chairs, and will be used for lectures, concerts, and other entertainments. The cost of this building, so far, has been eight thousand dollars, which amount was fully subscribed before the work was begun.

The Church of the Ascension, which stands now on a substantial footing, was started nearly forty years ago, when the Rev. Charles Reynolds, rector of Christ church, Williamsburg, conducted the first service of the Church ever held in Greenpoint, in the parlor of Mr. David Provost. Greenpoint had at that time about four hundred inhabitants. The election of the first vestry was held December 20, 1846. For several years services were held in a rented room. The early rectors were the Rev. Mr. Brown, the Rev. Robert J. Walker, and, in 1854, the Rev. E. C. Babcock, who labored with great zeal, securing the purchase of three lots on Kent street for \$1,500, and the erection of a frame building for worship and Sunday-school. The present stone edifice was erected in 1867, under the rectorship of the Rev. Francis Mansfield. The present rector, the Rev. Arthur Whitaker, took charge in December, 1879. He was graduated from the General Theological Seminary in 1871, held cures in the Diocese of Albany, and spent three years in England, on his return taking his present work. The church had then a bonded indebtedness of \$13,000, which had been standing twenty years, and a floating debt of \$2,000. At Easter, 1880, the latter was disposed of, mainly through the generosity of Mr. Thomas F. Rowland, proprietor of the Continental Iron Works, and a former parishioner, and for four years Mr. Rowland paid the interest on the mortgage, until, in 1884, he paid the principal. While this liberality was being exercised a fund was established by others to provide for the building of the parish house above described on two lots on Java street, which had been given for that purpose as early as 1863, by Mr. J. W. Valentine and Mr. T. F. Rowland. At Easter, 1884, the sum had reached \$2,000, of which all except one hundred dollars had been raised by the children of the Sunday-school. When this amount had been advanced to \$8,000, in June last, ground was broken. The property of the parish now aggregates \$40,000, and is clear of all debt.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Cateary Church.—The Rev. Cornelius L. Tving, the newly elected rector of this parish, entered upon his official duties in that relation for the first time on Sunday, November 15. The Rev. Francis Peck, for twenty-five years rector of the church and now retired, assisted in the services. The congregation was large, and was composed in part of members of De Witt Clinton Commandery of Knights Templar, of which Mr. Tving is prelate. The music, under charge of Mr. H. J. Richardson, organist, was appropriate and rendered with good effect, and

the chancel was tastefully decorated with floral offerings. The subject of discourse was based on the text, Coloss. iii. 17.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—St. Paul's Church.—The church building of this parish (the Rev. Dr. Newland Maynard, rector) was sold at auction on Wednesday, November 18, on a foreclosure order of the Supreme Court, to satisfy a mortgage of \$22,000 held by the Seaman's Bank for Savings, of New York. The property was knocked down to a representative of the bank for \$5,000.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Grace Church.—At this church (the Rev. Edwin Coan, rector,) the interest of the Festival of All Saints was greatly enhanced by the presentation of certain memorial gifts by which the sanctuary has been beautified. The altar and reredos have been decorated with gold and color, and the effect is a wonderful transformation of the former sombre appearance of the chancel into one of brightness and taste. The colors are soft and harmonious, and, with the judicious blending of gold, produce a very pleasing effect. This is the loving work and gift of a member of the vestry, who is also one of the lay-workers admitted in this parish by the bishop with a special office. A very fine altar cross of brass was presented by the junior warden, in memory of his son, who died about one year ago; and a pair of altar vases of brass, suitable companions of the cross, were presented by the senior warden, in memory of his parents. All these pieces are appropriately inscribed as memorials. Through the generosity of a lady of the parish, the vases were on this occasion filled with rare and beautiful flowers, which were afterward taken to the hospital at Flatbush, to be given to the sick. The congregation was large, and the number of communicants surpassed that of the Easter celebration.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

SYRACUSE—Church Sisterhood.—The annual meeting of the Church Sisterhood was held on Monday, November 16, at the residence of the Rev. Dr. J. M. Clark. The meeting was opened by prayer by Dr. Clark. The business meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. S. G. Fuller, and the secretary, Mrs. A. H. Hall, rendered the annual report.

In the absence of the treasurer no report was made. An urgent appeal is made to those interested in the work, of the pressing need of funds to aid the sick and destitute in our midst. If only the frequenters of the rinks and the theatres would each share a few of their pennies with them, the blessed work of caring for the suffering poor would be largely helped. Who will follow this suggestion? The Chairman of the Hospital Committee reports faithful work from that department. Mrs. E. N. Westcott, of the Shelter Committee, acknowledges seventy-five baskets received during the year. The family is unusually large at present, and contributions of unbleached cotton will be acceptable, as well as half-worn garments.

The officers for the year are as follows: president, Mrs. S. G. Fuller; vice-president, Mrs. F. D. Huntington; secretary, Mrs. F. A. May; treasurer, Mrs. G. F. Comstock, Jr.; Chairman of the Hospital Committee, Miss Malcolm; Chairman of the Committee of the Sick and Destitute, Miss Huntington.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

GENEVA—Fire at Hobart College.—At 5 A.M. on Thursday, November 19, flames were discovered issuing from the upper story of the old library building of Hobart College. The building is between the two dormitories, and there was a wild scene as the students and

professors rushed from their rooms. The college bell was on the roof of the library building, and a student had to run to the engine-house, a mile away, to give an alarm. The flames spread rapidly, and when the fire companies arrived the two upper stories were burning fiercely, and it was feared that all the college buildings would be destroyed. The students, led by the president, the Rev. Dr. E. N. Potter, rushed into the burning building and saved many valuable books and papers, but in the upper rooms thousands of old and valuable books that cannot be duplicated were burned. A marble bust of Dr. Hall, formerly president of the college, was also destroyed. Many of the college papers were removed from the library a few days ago. The total loss is \$25,000, on which there is but partial insurance. The library building, which was almost entirely ruined, was the oldest of the college buildings. It was built in 1836, and was used for a medical college until 1841. From that time until 1880 it was used for recitation purposes, and was then made into a library. The loss of the books and papers is a serious blow to the college. A new fire-proof stone building for the library is just about completed. The fire is thought to have caught from a kerosene lamp.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—Missionary Conference.—The Standing Committee of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, having arranged for a missionary conference in Philadelphia, on November 18 and 19, commemorative of the reorganization of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, in 1835, on the basis of the membership of the Church, and of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, D. D., the first Missionary Bishop, the opening service was appropriately held in Christ church upon the fiftieth anniversary of Bishop Kemper's consecration. Morning Prayer and Litany were said at 9 o'clock, by the rector, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Foggo, and the Rev. E. C. Belcher. At 11 A. M., the Presiding Bishop celebrated the Holy Eucharist, assisted by the Bishops of Ohio and Central Pennsylvania, and the Missionary Bishop of Northern Texas. The Bishop of Minnesota and the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas were also in the chancel, as well as the Rev. Drs. E. A. Foggo, T. F. Davies, R. Newton, W. S. Langford, J. H. Hopkins, and the Rev. Messrs. James H. Lamb and L. McAlpine Harding. The preacher was the Bishop of Minnesota, whose text was Isaiah xxxiii. 20: Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass. He briefly reviewed the work of planting missions in China, Commodore Perry's opening Japan, Livingstone and Stanley's work in Africa, the condition of Polynesia fifty years ago and the labors of Bishops Selwyn and Pattison. He said that the Church in America half a century ago was but a feeble vine. He referred to Bishop Kemper's family, early life, ordination and consecration; how much was expected of him as the first Missionary Bishop, and how nobly he fulfilled it; his manner of working and his giving tone to all subsequent missionary efforts in the West and Northwest. He asked why, with all our wealth, we have an impoverished treasury? Why the kingdom of Christ cannot lay tribute upon its subjects? Why it is that we are not availing of every opportunity to seize for Christ. We need the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. It needs to be impressed upon all that the field is the world, that every baptized person is a missionary, that we all need the constraining power of love, that the Church exists only to train souls for heaven. With all the prog-

that has been made we are only gleaners. Storm clouds are lowering. Labor and capital are antagonistic. Communistic principles threaten us. The one door of escape from them is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the presentation of the brotherhood of the children of one Father in Heaven. He paid a most noble tribute to the Missionary Bishops of the West, and ended by declaring that the spirit of the Synagogue of Nazareth is that which must animate all.

A public meeting was held in the evening at the Church of the Holy Trinity. A short service was said by the Rev. Drs. Wm. S. Langford and Wm. N. McVickar. Addresses were made by the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas, and the Rev. Wm. S. Rainsford. The topic of the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas was "The Present of Domestic Missions." He began by showing that the title, "Domestic Missions," was a technical one, and that it was divisible into three parts, namely, to the Indian, to the colored people, and to the whites in our Western States and territories. Through the instrumentalities of Domestic Missions the Indian has ceased to be a heath, has been given a man's heart, and has been made to stand upon his feet. He referred to the labors of Bishop Kemper, Dr. Breek, Bishop Hare, William Welsh, the Indian Hope Association, and the Niobrara League, which had elevated their condition and influenced the government, as well as creating a proper feeling towards them among the whole nation. Of the colored race he said, they were a people without a history, that we must give them the history of the Gospel, as we ourselves have it. They were more preached to than any people, such preaching as it is. They need to be preached to in the true setting forth of Christ as He is. They need a religion of morality. We must give them what we ourselves have received. Not a limited diocese, but properly educated clergy. He referred to the state of affairs in several Southern dioceses, said there was no real difference between the Bishop of North Carolina and the Assistant-Bishop of Mississippi, the one found colored men fully able to do the work of the clergy, the other found that, owing to the conditions which surrounded the colored men in his diocese, white clergy must be depended upon for the present. The problem of South Carolina would work itself out in due time, that the bishop of that diocese and his clergy were in the right and the laity in error on the question before them. The work among the whites in the West is fully organized. There is some one on whom rests the responsibility for every foot of ground west of the Mississippi. The bishops and clergy are following in Bishop Kemper's footsteps, and are doing a noble work. The Women's Auxiliary, like an army with banners flying, have come to the rescue and have done good work in making more comfortable the lonely missionary in his far off station, by their money and well-filled boxes.

The Rev. W. S. Rainsford said that the pressure of the problems of life was great, that the pity of humanity need to be felt more than it is. He urged the importance of reaching the young men who crowded our large cities, and were threatened with infidelity. A great power was in the living voice of the preacher. He pressed strongly the need of the better preparation of the clergy, and better material, as well as more directness of aim and teaching. He showed the laity the great duty they owe to the clergy to help them in their work, and that they ought to make their religion a living force in their business and in the marts of trade.

On Thursday morning at 11 o'clock another public meeting was held in the

Church of the Holy Trinity, when Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Drs. Charles R. Hale and Wm. S. Langford and the Rev. S. F. Hotchkiss. The Bishop of Ohio spoke on the Present of Foreign Missions, the lateness of the services on the night previous preventing its delivery then. He gave a hasty glance of all that was being done by all bodies in heathen lands, showing that the American Church only gave fifty cents per communicant for foreign missions last year. Missionaries have gone into all lands, they are to be found under the equator and near the poles. But missionary work among the heathen has reached a crisis. He confined himself more particularly to China and Japan, showing what dangers might arise from the material progress which they were making, though it might be God's purpose that they should be the means of opening those nations to a better reception of Christianity. The anti-Christian influence was dwelt upon, and how sometimes infidels were beaten openly in their own modes of attack. He showed the power of medical missions and spoke of the work of the Missionary Bishop of Cape Calmas and parts adjacent, how noble and far-reaching his plans are. He purposes to plant mission houses, schools, and churches at as many places as he can, and that the opening of the Congo was the opening of a great mission field which he would not be slow to occupy if the means are placed in his power. The Bishop of Ohio urged his hearers to pray and give that their gifts should go with their prayers, the one being the completion of the other.

The closing meeting of the conference was held in the evening, when, after a short service, the Bishop of Michigan made a grand address setting forth "The Future of Domestic Missions." He showed how we might rightly read the signs of the times; that which was passed showed what would be. Though immigrants were flocking in from many nations, they were fast becoming one people subject to Anglo-Saxon laws and forming a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Though made up of Celts, Teutons, Gaul, Scandinavian, and of the Latin races, they were learning the English language, thinking English thoughts, and would soon be a part of the English speaking race. So the historical English Church was impressing itself upon the whole people and ought to prevail throughout the land. This Anglo-Catholic Protestant Episcopal Church of ours from an ethnological standpoint ought to take control of and shape the destinies of our people. It is our duty to realize our mission as the Church of this land and of this people. The Church is not a sect. He urged the entering into loving relation with the Protestant bodies and to utilize all the agencies provided by the civilization around us which is our civilization. The way to make the work among the Indians a success is to treat them as we do our fellow white men. Follow out the suggestions of General Sherman, give so many acres of land to each family, invest the rest, give them homes and Anglo-American Christianity, else they will soon be wiped out. He asked why our treatment of the colored man has been a failure, and answered his own question: because we have failed to give him Anglo-Saxon Christianity and a sense of duty. If we do not make him a part of the great Anglo-Saxon race, we will either have to colonize him or cause him to secede. God has called this Church of ours to take charge of the Christian missions of this land, and she will most certainly do it.

The Rev. Dr. J. Houston Eccleston spoke of "The Future of Foreign Missions." Our divisions are the great hindrance to our growth.

While men went out to preach the Gospel, men were by the heathen's side who had gone out from our land to say that there was no truth in Christianity. If we expect to convert the nations we must have faith. None can do the work like the Church. We cannot understate our privileges and obligations. We are able to do the work laid upon us, but success will depend upon our faith at home. Just as an obstructed artery means death to our bodies, so doubt means hindrance to the true progress of missions.

Mr. Russel Sturgis, Jr., closed with an address on what a layman can do for missions.

PHILADELPHIA—Formation of a *Federate Council*.—The three Diocesan Conventions in the State of Pennsylvania, at their last meetings, elected the following deputies to form a Federate Council, of which they, with the bishops and assistant-bishops, should be members:

Diocese of Pennsylvania.—The Rev. Drs. G. E. Hare, Benjamin Watson, C. G. Currie, D. F. Warren, T. F. Davies, R. F. Alsop, W. N. McVickar, I. L. Nicholson, T. C. Vernald, D. R. Goodwin, and J. A. Harris, the Rev. Messrs. Henry Brown, J. W. Lee, S. D. McConnell, John Bolton, and J. DeW. Esry, and Messrs. M. R. Thayer, R. C. McMurtrie, P. P. Morris, B. Landreth, R. Evans, W. H. Reeves, W. W. Frezier, Jr., E. A. Price, W. H. Drayton, E. S. Buckley, H. Flanders, J. S. Biddle, M. P. Henry, C. S. Patterson, J. Ashurst, Jr., C. Spencer, L. H. Redner, A. Brown, G. C. Thomas, and J. Cadwalader.

Diocese of Pittsburgh.—The Rev. Messrs. S. Maxwell, G. A. Carstensen, H. G. Wood, Boyd Vincent, and M. Byllesby, and Messrs. F. Church, Hill Burghwin, J. B. Jackson, and H. Souter.

Diocese of Central Pennsylvania.—The Rev. Drs. J. H. Hopkins, R. J. Keely, W. C. Langdon, and C. F. Knight, the Rev. Messrs. Chandler Hare, A. M. Apel, and M. A. Tolman, and Messrs. U. Mercur, R. A. Lambertson, C. M. Conyngnam, J. G. Freese, G. E. Farquhar, and S. H. Reynolds.

The meeting on Tuesday, November 17, was preceded by a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. James's church (the Rev. Dr. H. J. Morton, rector), when the bishop was present, this being his first public act since his late severe illness. The celebrant was the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, assisted by the Bishop of Pittsburgh, the rector of the parish, the Rev. Drs. C. F. Knight and J. Andrews Harris, and the Rev. Boyd Vincent.

The council was called to order in the chapel by the bishop of the diocese, and Mr. Robert A. Lambertson elected secretary. The bishop regretted that the condition of his health precluded his bidding them welcome as he would wish, but he trusted that the Holy Spirit would be with them in their labors.

The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania presented a statement of powers similar to that adopted by the Federate Council of New York, which had received the approval of the General Convention.

Mr. Burghwin of Pittsburgh moved that a committee consisting of one bishop, one clergyman, and one layman from each diocese be appointed to prepare a constitution for the council. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins of Central Pennsylvania thought that they ought first to agree upon the powers of the council and submit them to the several dioceses before any further action was taken.

Considerable discussion was had at this point, and Mr. Burghwin presented a draft of a constitution which he had prepared. Judge M. Russell Thayer of Pennsylvania said that it was impossible to proceed without organization, and approved of Mr. Burghwin's proposi-

tion for a committee. This was agreed to, and the following committee appointed:

Pennsylvania: The bishop, the Rev. Dr. G. E. Harv, and Mr. M. Russell Thayer.

Pittsburgh: The bishop, the Rev. M. Byllesby, and Mr. Hill Burgwin.

Central Pennsylvania: The assistant-bishop, the Rev. Dr. J. H. Hopkins, and Mr. Ulysses Mercer.

Upon the reassembling of the Council at 3 o'clock the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania presided, in the absence of the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and the Bishop of Pittsburgh, in behalf of the committee, presented its report, of which the following is an abstract.

The members of the council shall consist of the bishops and assistant-bishops of the dioceses within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, one clerical and one lay deputy for each diocese, and one additional clerical deputy for every twelve clergymen entitled to seats and votes in the convention of any diocese, and one additional lay deputy for every fifteen hundred communicants in any diocese. The council shall sit as one body, the bishop of the diocese having Philadelphia for its centre being president, or, in the vacancy of that see, the presiding officer shall be the senior bishop in the order of consecration. The council shall meet annually in Philadelphia on the third Tuesday in November, unless some other time and place shall be fixed at a previous meeting. Special meetings may be called by the bishop, or on request of two bishops, or of ten clerical and ten lay members. All voting shall be per capita, except that on the call of five members the vote shall be by orders, the bishops, clergy and laity voting separately, a majority of all three orders being necessary to an affirmative action. When committees are to be appointed, having representatives from each diocese, the respective bishops, or, in their absence, the members of the deputations shall name the members from their respective dioceses.

"The powers of this Council shall be: (1). To deliberate and decide on all matters pertaining to such civil legislation as the common interests of the Church in the State of Pennsylvania may require.

"(2). To the promotion of the interests of Christian education and to the furtherance of work for the extension and prosperity of the Church.

"And the said Federal Council shall have full power to enact all regulations necessary to its organization and continuance and to the ends contemplated in the foregoing declaration, not inconsistent with or repugnant to the Constitution and Canons of the General Convention of this Church, or of any one of the dioceses, or to the Law of the Rubric as contained in the Book of Common Prayer and Offices of the Church, together with such other specified powers as this Council shall propose to exercise under resolutions duly adopted and approved by the conventions of all the dioceses and in conformity with the Constitution and Canons of the General Convention."

It was also provided that any number of members present at a regularly called meeting shall constitute a quorum, provided that the three orders shall be represented. Alterations to the constitution shall be proposed at one meeting, sent to the several dioceses for ratification and be finally adopted at the next meeting of the Council.

Considerable discussion was had when many questions of procedure and of canon law were raised. The constitution was then adopted as a whole and the following resolution passed:

Resolved, That the articles of organization shall not become of force until they shall have been submitted to and approved by the three diocesan conventions and so certified by the

secretary thereof to the Bishops of Pennsylvania, together with a list of the deputies, clerical and lay, elected by said conventions, respectively, to the next Council.

The preparation of by-laws and rules of order were referred to the Committee on Constitution to report at the next meeting of the Council.

After the meeting of the Federate Council special committees from the three dioceses met to consider the subject of marriage and divorce which had been referred to them by the several conventions.

The Committee from the diocese of Pennsylvania, having held a meeting early in November, it presented a report which was received, and the following preambles and resolution adopted:

Whereas, In the judgment of this committee, the whole system of divorce legislation, not only here, but in most of the States of the Union, is vicious, and works only to the benefit of designing knaves and to the destruction of the family constitution; and,

Whereas, The evil would seem to be on the rapid increase, as evidenced by the fact that within the last thirty years the number of divorces in proportion to marriages has in most of our Northern States more than doubled, the percentage in our own Commonwealth being about one divorce to every fifteen or twenty marriages; and

Whereas, Wise and scriptural legislation can be secured and enforced only by and through a wholesome turn of public sentiment, the creation of which is fairly within the function of the Christian Church; therefore

Resolved, That this committee recommend the formation of a committee of six (one clergyman and one layman from each of the three dioceses here represented), whose duty it shall be to be present and submit a memorial suggesting to the next Federate Council what in their opinion is the best means of remedying the evils hereinbefore set forth.

The Bishop of Pittsburgh, who presided, appointed the following committee:

Pennsylvania: The Rev. Dr. Reese F. Alsop and Mr. M. Russell Thayer.

Pittsburgh: The Rev. G. A. Carstensen and Mr. F. R. Brunot.

Central Pennsylvania: The Rev. Dr. Wm. Chauncey Langdon and Mr. T. B. Freese.

MARYLAND.

SLIGO—*Silver Spring Parish*.—The parish and mission points of the Rev. Jas. B. Averitt, at this and adjacent points have witnessed a great revival of interest. A few weeks since a mission was conducted, at which the Rev. Dr. Thomas Addison, of Washington, Rev. W. Brynshaw, and Rev. Messrs. C. B. Perry, Henry Thomas, R. T. Brown, A. C. McCabe, the rector, and others were special preachers, expounding the way of life with great vigor and earnestness. At the recent visitation of the bishop, October 20, thirty-one persons were confirmed, the greater portion of whom were the results of the late active mission.

EASTON.

SPECIAL CONVENTION.—Pursuant to the call of the Standing Committee, a Special Convention for the election of a bishop, in succession to the late Dr. Lay, was held in Christ church, Easton, on Wednesday, November 18. The Rev. Dr. T. P. Barber was elected president of the convention. Three ballots were taken, resulting, on the third ballot, in the election of the Rev. Dr. George Williamson Smith, president of Trinity College, Hartford, who received 19 out of 29 clerical, and 18 out of 33 lay votes.

MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG—*St. Mary's Chapel*.—The assistant bishop visited this (colored) chapel (the Rev. Nelson Ayres, priest in charge,) on Sunday, November 14, and confirmed six persons, two of whom had been baptized by the priest in charge the same day, and two others publicly received. It is the custom in this parish publicly to receive with the sign of the cross, and the reception in the Baptist Office, all who, having been baptized outside the Church, signify their desire of becoming her active members.

This confirmation, with the former one held in July, brings the number of those confirmed during the conciliar year up to twenty-eight.

A mission is in contemplation to begin next week, and it is confidently hoped that the fruits of the effort will bring the number of confirmed up to fifty before the meeting of the next council in the spring.

St. Mary's is in a healthy and flourishing condition. Though yet weak in numbers, it is strong in faith and zeal. The parishioners that it has are earnest, active, and energetic. The services are as frequent as circumstances will permit, and are well attended by a large, attentive, and well-behaved congregation. After the night service the assistant bishop remarked that it was "a good, hearty service."

At Evening Prayer at 3:30 P.M., which is the children's service, the assistant bishop expressed himself as much gratified at the marked familiarity with the catechism displayed by them, and their prompt and ready answers.

It is evident that this work has passed beyond the period of uncertainty and experiment to a state of assured permanence and steady growth. But it must not be forgotten that as yet St. Mary's is numerically and financially weak, and is surrounded by little opposition from the sects. The chapel is yet unfinished, and the congregation can do but little as yet for the support of the priest. The assistant bishop carries the work on his own income, and should receive help.

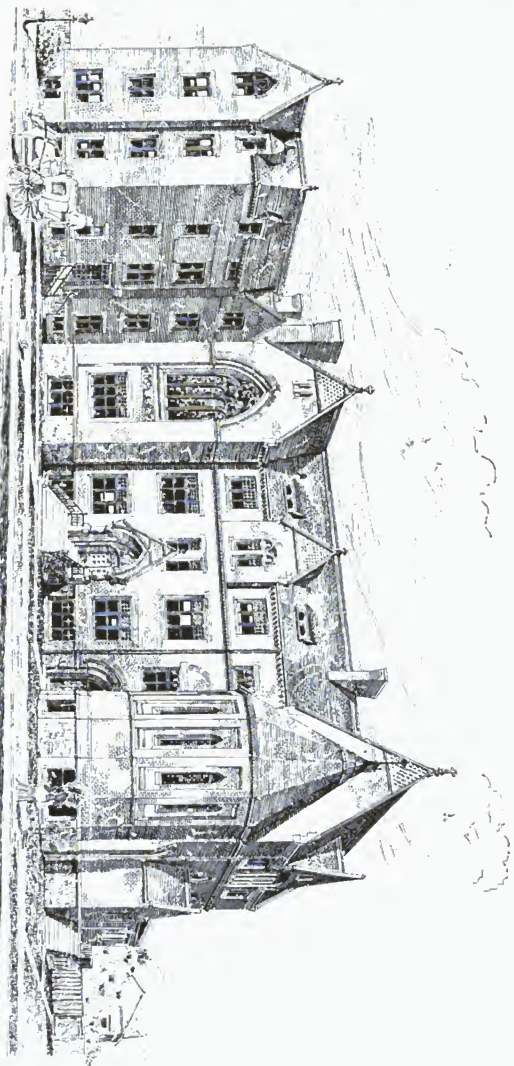
TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE—*Holy Trinity Church*.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. M. M. Moore, rector,) on the evening of Sunday, November 15, and confirmed ten persons, four of whom were from different sects, and in the morning had received hypothetical baptism. The bishop had already confirmed eighteen persons in Christ church in the morning, and nine at the Church of the Advent in the afternoon. The congregation at Holy Trinity in the evening was all the church could possibly hold, and listened to a unusually strong sermon on the authority and necessity of confirmation.

There has just been organized in this parish "The Trinity Guild," composed mainly of the young men of the parish. Besides such mutual help and Church work as it may accomplish, it will open a reading-room where its members may spend their week-day evenings and Sunday afternoons. Books, magazines, and papers are desired for this room, and may be sent to the rector.

OHIO.

EAST LIVERPOOL—*St. Stephen's Church*.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish and Wellville (both under the care of the Rev. Edmund Burke) on Sunday, November 15, and confirmed fifty-two persons. He also confirmed six persons at the Ohio City Mission School, which Mr. Burke succeeded in building last summer in that place.



WESTERN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, WARRENSBORO, BOULIYAN, OHIO.

Paul & Palfy, Architects.

A full account of these buildings was given in The Churchman of the 15th. The work is now being prepared for the press. It is a quarter of a century ago that the Rev. Dr. McKim, then a student in the Rev. Dr. McKim's class at the Theological Seminary, was invited to deliver the opening prayer at the laying of the corner-stone of this building. It is now a fact that the Rev. Dr. McKim, at the age of 84, is still active in the work of the seminary.

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PERSONALS.

The Rev. Amos Baugher's address, for the month of December, will be Nevadaville, Colorado.
 The Rev. H. B. Ensworth has accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Brownsville, Penn., and enters on his duties on Tuesday.
 The Rev. James P. Faucon's address is Brick Church, N. J.
 The Rev. J. Lloyd has accepted a position in All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, Wis. Address 322 Division street, Milwaukee, Wis.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, November 19, 1885, at noon, in St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, Va., by the pastor, the Rev. George H. Norton, D.D., the Rev. Douglas Hooper, of Suffolk, Va., to Miss Mary Douglas, daughter of the late Rev. Chandler Robbins, of Springfield, Ohio, No cards.

DIED.

Entered into rest, in Reading, Pa., at quarter past one of the afternoon of Sunday, November 22, Dr. BENJAMIN KRUI in the 61st year of age.
 At Kansas City, Mo., on Sunday, November 8, 1885, HELEN MORSE McALLISTER, aged 30 years and 29 days.
 Entered upon eternal life on November 14, 1885, LOUISA A., daughter of the Rev. Lewis and Mary T. Walker, and wife of Edwin B. Sneed, of Richmond, Va., in the 53th year of her age.
 Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

DIVID BRYDON TENNANT.

Entered his rest on the 8th day of October, 1885, at his summer villa, in the city of A. Newport, R. I., DAVID BRYDON TENNANT, of Petersburg, Va., in the 64th year of age, son of Margaret Dunlop Brydon and the late John Tennant, Esq. of Crook-shire, Ayrshire, Scotland.
 He was born at Shields, Cockburn, Ayrshire, on the 28th July, 1822. He was the eldest and most prominent one of Ayrshire, and are connected and related to many of the Scotch and English nobility. His uncle was the founder of the St. Rollox Works, in Glasgow, which are known throughout the world, and in the N.ropolis, in Glasgow, a large, handsome public monument was erected to his memory. Also one of the largest and handsomest memorial windows in the Glasgow Cathedral, in honor of his name, Sir Charles Tennant, M.P. of "The Glen," Perthshire, in his memory.
 Mr. Tennant led a life of an early age. Soon after his father's second marriage, and the death of his maternal grandparents, from whom he inherited his considerable independent fortune, he came to Ayr, being then thirteen years of age, to his mother's brother, Mr. Daniel Dunlop Brydon, then living in Petersburg, Va., which was the first place he occupied as an adopted home. During this period, however, he has, from time to time, spent several years abroad, both in the Continent, and in visiting his family in Scotland and England.
 Mr. Tennant was named for his two uncles, Mr. David Tennant, of Mohamrad, Tipperary, Ireland, who was a gentleman of great wealth and large landed estates; and for his mother's brother, Mr. David Dunlop Brydon, with whom he spent his home when he first came to Virginia. He began business at 21 years of age, in Petersburg, Va., the firm then being Dunlop & Tennant, and he was a partner. Since, the business was carried on in his own name, and, at the time of his death, was D. B. Tennant & Co. He was always successful as a business man, having amassed quite a fortune in the tobacco business, and was not only distinguished in his business relations in this country, but abroad; his being altogether a foreign trade.
 Although a man of wealth and high social position, Mr. Tennant was one of the most retiring and modest of men; a model of a true Christian gentleman. He was admired for his unassuming manner and a certain frankness and directness that won all hearts. As a host he was most to be appreciated, as it was in his own house he displayed his hospitality and his character which show the true Christian gentleman.
 It was my privilege to be present at his funeral, which took place in the city of Ayr, Scotland, and I watched the long procession of carriages, for every one told me it was one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in the city, and I can assure you it shows what that good man, or how he was appreciated by those who knew him best; but it was the sight of the hundreds of the poor, and the sick, in both colored and white, who, as far as we could see, thronged the sidewalks, following him on foot to his last resting place, that touched me most, and that his life had been that a good man, great in his goodness to the fellow man, has passed to his reward.
 For the poor, he said, and bless her, and those dear fatigued children, for the help and sympathy she has given so beautifully, through the assistance, to those around her, through distress.
 He was a peaceful Christian life, with a sweet and blissful ending, in the full assurance of His Saviour's love.
 He was a most devoted and indigent husband and father, and such a true friend, who will miss him, but they did not mourn alone. It is a city's loss. But God is good, and merciful, and He will send comfort and strength to those who are left.
 A LOVING FRIEND.

A PARTIAL LIST OF CHURCHES HAVING MISSIONS IN NEW YORK.

Calvary Church, 273 Fourth Avenue—The Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D.D., Bishop of Utah; the Rt. Rev. Robert W. B. Elliott, D.D., Bishop of Western Texas.
 Calvary Church, Twenty-third Street, near Second Avenue—The Very Rev. H. Martyn Hart and the Rev. Henry Bedinger.
 Church of the Epiphany, East Forty-seventh Street, near Lexington Avenue—The Rev. Otis A. Gagebrook of Elizabeth, N. J.
 Church of the Holy Trinity, 51 Fifth Avenue, near Forty-fifth Street—The Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., of Halifax, England.
 Church of the Holy Trinity, 313 Madison Avenue, corner Forty-second Street—The Rev. M. E. Walpole Warren of London, England.
 Church of the Holy Trinity (Harlem), Fifth Avenue, corner of West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—The Rev. Canon Du Vernet of Diocese of Montreal.
 Church of the Holy Spirit, East Sixty-sixth Street, corner Madison Avenue.
 Church of the Holy Apostles, 300 Ninth Avenue, corner Thirty-eighth Street—The Rev. Isaac M. Thompson, the Diocese of Quebec.
 Church of the Holy Communion, 334 Sixth Avenue—The Rev. Frederick Courtney, A. P., Rector of St. Philip's Church, Mulberry street, near Hecceker—The Rev. Algernon S. Traquair of Rochester, N. Y.
 Church of the Holy Comforter, 34th Street—The Rev. H. B. Jevay.
 St. Mark's Parish (Memorial chapel), Tenth Street near Second Avenue—The Rev. James Stephens of Philadelphia; the Rev. Wm. W. Newton of Pittsfield, Mass.
 Church of the Redeemer, Park Avenue and Eighty-first Street—The Rev. Charles C. Grafton of Boston; the Rev. O. K. Prescott of Hilton, Va.
 Church of the Reconciliation, near Thirty-first Street—The Rev. Campbell Fair, U.S., of Baltimore.
 St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Park—The Rev. W. H. Hartley of England; the Rev. James Stephens of England; Mrs. Crouch.
 St. Michael's Church, Tenth Avenue, near One Hundred and Third Street, East, E. 100th Street, Brooklyn.
 Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 228 West Forty-fifth Street—The Rev. Geo. C. Betts of St. Louis, the Rev. Edward A. Larabee of Chicago.
 St. Peter's Church, John Street, 292 West Eleventh Street—The Rev. A. Bunn, M. D., of Brooklyn; the Rev. Henry L. Foot of Holyoke, Mass.
 St. Paul's Church, 145 Madison Avenue—The Rev. B. B. Banford of London, England; the Rev. James Carmichael of Hamilton, Canada.
 Church of the Incarnate, 245 Madison Avenue, Mission in connection with Zion Church—The Rev. B. B. Banford of London, England; the Rev. Hartley of London, England; the Rev. H. B. Jevay.
 All the above named churches have services every evening at 8 o'clock.
 Many of our readers have been disappointed in respect to obtaining missionaries, and are obliged to give up their plans for the present. Among these may be mentioned the Churchmen of the Transfiguration and St. Ann's Church. Quite a number of parishes are prevented by various causes from holding missions, while many of the clergy have already expressed their hearty sympathy with the movement, regretting their inability to take part in the present mission.

ADVENT MISSION.

Reader: you are cordially invited to attend the Advent Mission, New York, 1885, Church of the Holy Trinity, 51st Street, near Second Avenue, from Saturday, Nov. 28 to Monday, Dec. 7. Mission preacher at all the services, the Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D., Vicar of Halifax, England, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.
 Saturday, November 28, 8 P.M., preliminary devotional meeting—reception of the mission—mission school-room.
 Sunday, December 29, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Morning Prayer and sermon; 3 P.M., short service; special address to the young; 8 P.M., Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Monday, November 30, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Bible reading—subject: I. St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans; 3 P.M., short Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Tuesday, December 1, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Bible reading; 3 P.M., short Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Wednesday, December 2, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Bible reading; 3 P.M., short service and address to women only; 8 P.M., short Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Thursday, December 3, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Bible reading; 3 P.M., short Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Friday, December 4, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Bible reading; 3 P.M., short Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Saturday, December 5, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Bible reading; 3 P.M., short Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Sunday, December 6, 8 A.M., Holy Communion and address; 11 A.M., Morning Prayer and sermon; 3 P.M., special address to men only; 8 P.M., Evening Prayer, sermon and "after-meeting."
 Monday, December 7, 11 A.M., Bible reading and Holy Communion; 8 P.M., Thanksgiving service.
 N. B.—A prayer meeting will be held (D. V.) daily, at 8 P.M., throughout the week, in the special book-rooms, No. 10, to be had at F. K. Grant's bookstore, No. 7 West Forty-second Street. The mission will be closed to see the Rev. Canon Du Vernet interview between the hours of 8 P.M. and 9 P.M. at the church. D. PARKER MORGAN.

ADVENT MISSION.

Calvary Church Mission Services every night at 8 P.M., 11 A.M., Morning Service; 4:15 P.M., service for Men; 7 P.M., 11 A.M., Devotional service and instruction; 2:30 P.M., Short Service and Address. Beginning Saturday evening, November 28.

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The American Church Missionary Society will hold its annual meeting on Monday, November 30, 1885, in the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, at half past one o'clock. Interesting business to be presented.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the fall signature of the writer.

MUSIC AMONG THE CLERGY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

A letter under the above heading, published sometime since in THE CHURCHMAN, and turning upon the matter of the musical element in a clergyman's education, as exemplified in the case of the Hartford Theological Seminary (Congregationalist), having been the means of calling out some indications of deep interest in the subject, I am encouraged to offer some account in detail of the work actually carried on at that institution. Without pretending to a knowledge of the inner workings of the faculty, it seems possible to say that there are indications of perfect harmony of action in giving to the art its proper place and its just amount of time. I cannot see that it is over-rated or under-rated. It is neither put on a footing with systematic divinity, nor superficially studied. It is not in the hands of visionary sentimentalists, or of hard headed theologians who see in the possibilities of the art nothing but a drawing-room attraction.

Back of the whole matter lies the very sensible conclusion that, as music is an acknowledged factor in the Christian service, it will some day meet the clergyman face to face, and a problem will have to be solved then and there. If the clergyman be ignorant, he will be helpless; if he be informed, he will be master. Why should not the people have the law at his mouth, "regarding music as well as other things?"

On entering the junior class of the seminary the student is examined in regard to the range and quality of his voice, and his ability to read music. The class will naturally, then, fall into two divisions—those who can read music and those who cannot. The latter members of this class are instructed in the rudiments of harmony and musical form, and begin in this connection the study of hymns, anthems, and chants. By beginning at this point the study of sight reading also, the student enters upon the practical application of what he learns theoretically, and a feature of instruction which by its exceptional advantage, to be mentioned later, is able to turn out men of actual musical experience.

Beginning with the middle class, we come to a regular course of lectures, embracing an outline history of Church music, a sufficient account is given of the art in the Bible. Early Christian music up to Palestrina needs with special attention. The era of the Reformation brings up a point of peculiar interest to these young clergymen of a non-liturgical Church in the emphasis laid upon the study of hymn tunes. The German *chorale* receives due consideration, and the contrast is made clear between the *impressive* character of Romish music and the *expressive* character of Protestant music. The peculiar part taken by congregational music in the history of the Church is fully treated, and the whole subject in its relation to rehearsals, to the choice of hymn books, and further, to the selection of hymn tunes, the congregation singing with organ, aided by a piano, and by a choir, etc., is admirably covered. The advice of the professor, in view of his own experience in all the situations he treats about must necessarily be invaluable. Then the matter of a choir considered as an organization apart is treated, its construction, balance of parts, and the necessity of a given amount of vocal voices composing it come in order, and lead naturally to the question of anthems and anthem singing, the training and placing of a choir, the construction and performance of chants, the chanting choir and chanting congregation. The organ, its construction, its use both as a solo instrument and as an accompaniment, taken up at this stage, the points made being emphasized by illustrations given in one of the churches. All the students are drilled at regular periods in singing chants and hymns, and there is an optional class in harmony which aims to give a thorough practical knowledge of the subject such as is unattainable save by giving it special attention. It were needless for any one to enlarge upon the subject, after having become acquainted with the course laid out. It speaks its own

praise. Contrived with great judgment and skill, and carried out by a gentleman of thorough ability, its good effects, it seems to me, can hardly be estimated. As I have, perhaps somewhat imperfectly, sketched it, this scheme includes a careful survey of the history of sacred music, the principles of harmony, of form, of the composition and performance of the choral body, whatever it be, under whatever circumstances placed, and however led and accompanied. The education of the mind, however, is not all; for, as if the taste were not clearly enough cultivated indirectly by this course of study, there is connected with the seminary a mixed chorus of about two hundred voices under the training and public direction of the professor of music, which render the highest class of sacred compositions, accompanied by orchestra and organ. Most of the students of the seminary are members of this chorus, and consequently have a rare opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the highest example of the art they have studied. The mind of the ear, the ear the critics school in have all been trained; and while the men who come from this school would not pretend to be skilled musicians, they certainly have been furnished with remarkably good opportunities for becoming good judges of public performances, and it is questionable whether they do not have, as far as the ear is concerned, the edge of the art in general as that possessed by great numbers of avowedly professional musicians. Among the great works done publicly and with success by this choral body have been the Messiah, the Creation, Mendelssohn's 42d and 50th Psalms, Schubert's Mass in G, Schumann's Advent Hymn, Max Bruch's Jubilate, and Handel's Utrecht oratorio, and part of Bach's Christmas Oratorio. And yet this course of study, attractive in itself, and calling one's attention by the novelty of the place it occupies, is simply in the place where it belongs, and is neither more nor less than it ought to be. To some extent, at least, it might well be copied by every theological school in the country. At the present time still more attention is being paid to sight-reading, the men who enter the seminary being as deficient in that branch as the usual run of men in general. One of the greatest helps for the building of a thoroughly good taste have been found in the Evangelical Hymnal, a work that, as yet, too good for the common use of the average congregation. Beginning with this year, the professor of music will lecture on Liturgies (in the technical sense of "the science of conducting public worship"). His lectures on musical history and on practical Church music will follow a general discussion of the whole subject of public worship, experience having shown that his views about music are but imperfectly understood, without being thus correlated with more general principles. Private lessons are offered the students in voice-building, singing, and pianoforte and organ-playing at a nominal price. The seminary has a fair two-manual organ, and Mr. Brotherhod's technique, also, has been put in, which may eventually become part of the apparatus of the institution. To the best of my knowledge, Mr. Pratt has had a somewhat unique task in laying out the scheme of work in his department, and it seems as if his pioneer work, much of which has been necessarily tentative, by the way he looked back upon, when this whole subject receives its proper consideration, as a foundation laid with rare discernment and ability.

W. C. RICHARDSON.

Hartford, Conn.

SUBSTANTIAL WORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The Church has used to beg for God's own, while her worship is unsubstantial and because it is so.

Have doctors and pastors taught that substantial worship is the only true worship for men, and do they persuade them thus to honour and serve God?

As the Children of Israel were not to leave their substance behind when they went to worship God; so all who would now give the Lord His honor must bring up offerings and come into His courts.

The Lord is mocked by bare lip service; by shadowy words or gestures. We must honour Him with our substance, and with the fruits of all our increase, or we come before Him empty. This truth must be kept before the Church which is in a covetous and unbelieving world. While we neglect the plain truth, that God's worship must be substantial, in vain are all essays on the most fitting all plans for clerical support; all lamentations over impoverished missions.

"None shall appear before me empty," was not said to men as Israelites, but to Israelites as men. All men are entrusted with substance for the acknowledgment and service of God, and we are proved by our use of it.

If a man were a spirit, then unsubstantial worship might suffice; but while he is, and is in, his flesh, he cannot serve God without using his substance for God.

"God is a spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and truth." The worship itself is the offering, and use of his substance for it, and that must not be more lifeless in form, but heartily rendered in spirit, as a living sacrifice. Can it be "in truth" if in words and gestures only? Nay, for what we regard as true, we build our substance upon. The new version has a marginal reading of Heb. xi., 1: "Faith is the giving substance."

Our worship must be substantial or it is not manly; and manly worship must be spirited and true, as unto the living God.

Substantial worship is demanded for the honor of God, and man can neither wholly trust in Him, nor fully enjoy His gifts, until he renders it.

A valiant brother writes, "The Church seems to be held in the bonds of a false system." "Until the general Church legislates upon the whole matter any attempt to change it will be regarded as singular and eccentric, and the rector adopting it would probably hurt his influence." "While the present system is maintained for it is the best, the Church by judicious legislation has been committed to a better. It is a folly to attempt a change in individual parishes." This is a sad witness and not encouraging for those whose rule is, "What saith the Scripture?"

A prominent bishop writes, "I feel at times that we ought to give up every other way, and commit the work of the Church and the support of the clergy to the one true plan of tithes and offerings." I hope the good bishop will make the next General Convention feel as he does. It will deliver many souls, and especially relieve those who practice what they know to be scriptural. Brethren of the clergy, do not let the voice of the only manly worship be substantial worship! If but ten families in a parish worshipped substantially, as the Lord prospered them, their clergymen would fare better and be more content, without any stipulated salary, than most of the clergy now are whose salaries, if raised, are not of faith, nor by grace, but by law, and the support of the work. "Prere me now herewith says the Lord."

Worship among the poor and at missions should be scriptural from the start. Offerings "according to that a man hath abundance" should be the basis of the work. "Prere me now herewith says the Lord."

Please, Mr. Editor, print the words SUBSTANTIAL WORSHIP as large as possible. We must teach it, and talk of it, and print it, until the attention of the Church is gained, for the way of our escape from the present prevailing system of "begging" for God's own is a manly, that is, in a substantial worship."

CHAS. R. BONVELL.

P. S.—A small tract on Substantial Worship may be found at Jas. Hammond's, 1234 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is there set for sale, but for distribution.

NEW BOOKS.

THE STORY OF GRECE, by Prof. James A. Harrison. Washington and Lee University, (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.) pp. 515. Price \$1.50.

We have but one fault to find with Professor Harrison's lively outline of Grecian history for the young, and that is his rather too frequent

use of slang. It is political slang withal, and that detracts from the merit of any book, which is meant to be permanent, because there is no slang which is more evanescent and utterly meaningless when the occasion for it has passed. There is no objection to using phrases consecrated by history, as "Tory" and "Whig," "Cavalier" and "Roundhead," to illustrate classic politics. These serve to bind together history, and will touch the imagination of a lively boy. But such phrases as "Jay-hawkers," "Mugwumps," which are here-to-day and gone to-morrow, are blemies, especially as they do not add to the vigor of the story. We suspect that this has come from the attempt to be over-colloquial, a fault somewhat on the right side, but which is a fault when it is excessive. The true narrative style is that of the story-teller, a sustained flow, with only just enough of variety to keep the attention. De Foë was master of that art, so was Charles Lamb. The one thing a boy wants in his reading is to "get on," to know what happened next. There are two sorts of slang, moreover, one which, like royal bastards, is presently legitimated by act of Parliament, and takes its place in the peamage of language; and another, which is of common founding origin, and is thrown upon the streets. Professor Harrison has not been sufficiently discriminating between the two. We think this a pity, for in other respects we like his book much, and we have always a good word for literature which will elevate the tone of juvenile reading. We want the taste of boys and girls raised above the very vulgar and destructive stuff of which there is altogether too much printed and sold. The "Boys' Herodotus" and the "Boys' Froissart" are capital models of what should be.

HISTORIC BOYS, Their Endavors, Their Achievements, and Their Times. By E. S. Brooks. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.] pp. 259.

There are twelve lives of boys in this collection, beginning with Marcus Aurelius, and ending with Van Rensselaer, the boy Patriot. Two at least of the series might almost be called "paw historic boys," for Bryan, of Munster, and Olaf, of Norway, can hardly be called unedulatory. At least, the greater part of their sayings and doings in these pages are purely imaginary. This, however, will apply to nearly all the characters of the volume. Accepted as "fiction founded on fact," these are graceful and well drawn sketches, and so far as we can see will give a tolerably correct idea of the times in which these various youths had their boyhood. At least it will stimulate historical and biographical reading, and that is a point very much desired. The other lives are those of William of Norway, Baldwin of Jerusalem, Frederick of Hohenstaufen, Harry of Monmouth, Giovanni of Florence, Ixtlil of Tezcuco, Louis of Bourbon, Charles of Sweden. We presume that it will be understood by most readers who these are in history, but for fear they should not be, we may add that William is William the Conqueror; Baldwin, the second king of Jerusalem; Frederick was Frederick II., Emperor of Germany; Harry of Monmouth, Henry V., of England; Giovanni, of Florence, Pope Leo the Tenth; Louis of Bourbon, Louis XIV., of France, and Charles of Sweden, the Charles, Charles XII. Ixtlil was the last reigning Aztec prince. The last history, that of the Van Rensselaer is probably much the most authentic, and has some touch of history. But as all boys need an ideal hero, it is much better to go for the same to such volumes, rather than to the dime fiction counter, and we might suggest for the benefit of our quite young readers, that it is not easy to unko a boy's life interesting or instructive without drawing a good deal upon the imagination.

THE DAYS OF MAKEMIE; or, the Vine Planted A. D. 1688-1708. With an appendix by the Rev. L. P. Bower, n. d. [Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.] pp. 326.

Dr. Bower has given here a queer hybrid between a novel and a biography. Francis Makemie was the father of Presbyterianism in the Virginia colony. Probably very few would have cared to read his story as a record of his life, so it is thrown into a novel form. This has the great advantage of allowing almost unlimited opportunities of saying the harshest things possible of Episcopalians and Quakers. If the days of Makemie are to be trusted as real days, the sole possession of a true faith and a vital piety, so far as the American colonies were concerned, must have chiefly centered in the Scotch Presbyterians filtered through Ulster, in Ireland, to this side of the Atlantic. If an Episcopalian had written this book concerning the Presbyterians, we should not hesitate to describe it as spiteful; but as it is issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, we must take it for granted that it describes the actual state of the "Establishment" in the days of Makemie, and we are thankful that in England and this country "Prelatists" have so far improved as to be obnoxious to the same degree of censure. At least Churchmen have left off "persecuting" Presbyterians as they used to do about that same date in the colony of Connecticut, when the first Presbyterian (or Congregationalist) missionary who attempted to minister in Stratford, was "boycotted" by the bigoted "Church of England men" to that degree that he had to go in an open boat to Long Island to get provisions for his family. At least something of the sort happened, though we may have possibly got the ecclesiastical relations of the parties confused. Col. Caleb Heathcote, if living, could tell something about it. But then, if one side persecuted, it was in conformity to the spirit of the age; if the other side did so, it was (to use a polite phrase) "disinterested malignity."

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS.—KANSAS: The Prelude to the War for the Union. By Leverett W. Spring. Professor in English Literature in the University of Kansas. [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.] pp. 384. Price \$1.25.

The history of Kansas is both fiery and bloody. It is not a pleasant or inspiring story. It is the record of mutual wrong and violence, of political trickery, of open disregard of law, and this with very little of counterbalancing nobility of action. That out of this confused and base struggle of "border ruffians" and jay-hawkers, has come a peaceful and intelligent community, is a remarkable testimony to the recuperative power of the American people. It is almost an argument for evolution. The State of Kansas shows to-day little trace of its origin. Twenty years have transformed it from the wildest of frontier regions, where the armed hand was the chief safeguard for life and property, into a law-abiding and industrious region. This volume says but little of the processes by which the past has become the present, it is mainly made up of the history of the early struggles out of which Kansas has emerged. Of course this has been brought about by the vast influx of a better order of citizens. Just as the San Francisco of to-day has scarcely a trace of the encampment of "Forty-nine" upon the hills of Yerba Buena, so the Kansas of 'eighty five is another land from that which was blackened and reddened by the fires and massacres of a quarter of a century ago. That the strife in Kansas was, as the title of this book declares, the prelude to the War for the Union, is fairly made out in these pages. It is so far the justification of the South, provided that the institution of slavery can be upheld as right. The great verdict of the nation, North and South alike, has recognized that the abolition of slavery was a blessing, and that out of the unquestionable

evil has come a larger good and a grander development for the whole nation than would have been possible without its untoward beginnings.

SAKOONLAL, OR THE LOST RING; An Indian drama translated into English prose and verse from the Sakuntal of Kalidasa. By Homer Williams, M. A., Professor of Sanskrit at the East India College, Haileybury, formerly Rector in the University of Oxford. [New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.] pp. 256.

Mr. Williams has done good service by this translation. It is understood that this is the best of the East Indian dramas, and it goes without saying that Mr. Williams has done all that he could to give an effective rendering. One can therefore judge of the Hindoo literature fairly from this specimen, and when we say that Mr. Williams has done good service to letters, we mean that he has pricked the bubble of Oriental reputation, which writers like Mr. Edmund Arnold and others have blown. Instead of European embroidery on Asiatic material, we get the genuine article. It is a literary curiosity, but it is no more. It is childish in its conception and execution. As a story it does not come up to the level of the fairy tales which make the folk lore of the Western nations. As a drama, it is commonplace. There is always supernatural machinery at hand to meet every emergency. The humor, which is thrown in by way of relief, is of a kind which hardly comes up to that of "Gammer Gurton's Needle." We say this advisedly, because we believe that a most unwarranted glamour has been thrown over Indian thought in the interest of a school which hopes to prove Christianity a plagiarism upon Buddhism. We can only bid our readers to put "Sakoonlal" besides the "Tempest," or the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and they can never be in much danger of supposing that India anticipated the New Testament. Having said this as a matter of duty, we can say that there is in good deal that is pretty and striking in "Sakoonlal," and as an East India drama it is interesting. It is far above what one is taught to believe the average of Asiatic performances—Chinese or Japanese.

A STRONG MINDED WOMAN; or, Two Years After. By William A. Hammond, Author of "Lal," etc. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.] pp. 308. Price \$1.50.

The readers of "Lal" will have an opportunity to know what has become of some of their old acquaintances. The scene is transferred from Colorado to New York, we think somewhat to the increase of the interest. As is usual with Dr. Hammond, the novel is made the vehicle for carrying a good many of his personal opinions on questions of the day. We do not think his ideas will satisfy the ladies who endeavored to vote at the last election, but his moderate conservatism is not far from the general opinion. He would give to woman all the privileges in the way of education that she desires. He would not encourage co-education. He would make occupations, especially medical practice, free to her as she desires it. But he sees this, and everybody except a few obstinate niggers sees it also, that woman cannot enter upon a competition with man without one of two results. Either she must give up all rights as a woman and ask no feminine favor, or she must be so protected as to give her the practical monopoly of the business whatever it is. To put the matter in a metaphorical phrase, "She wants to go a fishing, but man must dig the worms and bait the hooks—and take the fish off."

There is evidently a good deal of personal satire in this story, and we fancy one could make out a very fair case of libel by writing against the names of the personages, their representatives in society—or by publishing a "key" after the manner of the early editions of Vivian Grey." We are glad to find that Dr. Hammond stands up manfully for good

English, and insists upon it as a mark of good breeding, and that he declaims the pedagogic pedantry of abounding the usual colloquial contractions and elisions as "don't" for "do not." We think this a better story than "Lal," more natural, and more agreeable reading.

HIDDEN SWEETNESS. The Poems of Mary Bradley. The Illustrations from Drawings by Dorothy Holroyd. [Boston: Roberts Brothers.] pp. 64. Price \$1.50.

If the sweetness in these exquisite verses is "hidden" and the grace and loveliness in the illustrations invisible, so much the worse for the one who fails to see. We have had to use some scant measure of praise for many of the volumes of verse committed to us for review. We have done so with reluctance, because we know how dear to an author's heart is the work of his pen and that none can be so sensitive as he or she who has fancied the possession of the poetic gift. It is with real pleasure that we welcome a volume wherein poetic thought and poetic expression are fitly united. The authoress has found the secret of concentrated feeling without the overflow of many words. We will not say that this is *great* poetry, but that it is simply perfect in its degree. There is no declining into commonplace (the chief peril of women poets), and there is no aiming at the overstrained word-twisting which is the prevailing vice of the day. Each poem is brief enough to suffer no wasting of the leading idea, and clear enough to show just what it is. There was a lovely thing to be said, and she has said it and there stopped just at the right place. There is, too, the unmistakable tone of true feeling—nothing simulated, nothing manufactured—in this volume. One feels that it has been written out of the heart, and that a heart purified and touched by a real sorrow.

The Illustrations are lovely bits of New England nature, field, flowers, catkins, birds' nests and the like, adorned with a thorough fitness to the verses they border. We do not believe that a lovelier volume for the Christmas tide will be found on the book-counters, and we are glad to have the opportunity to say this.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

SOME NOTED PRICES, AUTHORS AND STATUSES OF OUR TIME. By Canon Farrar, James T. Field, Archibald Forbes, K. P. Whipple, James Parton, Louise Chandler Moulton, and others. Edited by James Parton. [New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.]

The names above of the illustrious people who have contributed to this volume would be a surety for its success, even were its subjects not as interesting as they are. Of course space has forbidden elaborate accounts of the principal men of our times, but much care has been bestowed upon the sketches of their lives and deeds. The accompanying illustrations are mostly excellent.

SONGS AND RHYMES FOR THE LITTLE OXEN. Compiled by Mary T. Morrison ["Jennie Wallace."] [New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

The little children who are so fortunate as to receive this volume for a Christmas present, will find an endless source of amusement between its leaves on every conceivable subject that children love to read and hear about. Dolls, cats, Bowers, birds and other little children tell pleasing stories in verse, which are illustrated by marginal pictures daintily colored. The verses have been collected from the writings of some of the best known authors in this country.

THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY. From the Rhythm of St. Bernard of Cluny. Translated by the Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D., with four illustrations by J. H. Gratecap. [New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.]

The inspired verses collected in this volume are full of the sorrows of earth, and the most exalted triumph of heaven. The illustrations are very fine reproductions of photographs, and the publishers have taken great pains in

the technical work of the volume to reproduce the "spirit" of the translator. Certainly the "setting" is all that could be desired "for a very fair jewel."

THE ANNOTATOR OF THE NURSERY. By L. T. Mead, with forty illustrations, by T. Pym. [New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.]

This is a story of the life and every-day doings of five little children, who lived and played and interested the weary hours of a little motherless boy by telling these stories. How successful they are, is only to be measured by the interest they excite in other children. Of this we can imagine no limit. Mr. Crane's illustrations add much to the charm of the stories. The cover of the book, designed by the former artist, is a "picture" in itself.

BASIC & BASIC STORIES. By Mrs. Barton Harrison, illustrated by Walter Crane. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.]

Mrs. Harrison, a versatile and pleasing writer, has gathered together a number of folk tales, legends and fairy stories of many nations. These she has clothed in her own

graceful language, and "makes believe" that the many ornaments of a very *bric-a-brac* parlor in New York, takes it upon themselves to charm, and laughed and cried in the nursery of an old English house. The incidents are illustrated by numerous charming little pictures. The book is one of the handsomest and most attractive of the holiday series.

LITERATURE.

ESTES & LATRIAT, Boston, in their reprint of Carlyle's choice works have given us in one volume "Sartor Resartus, or the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh." A new generation will read it with interest.

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CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

29. ADVENT SUNDAY.

30. ST. ANDREW.

DECEMBER.

4. Friday—Fast.

6. Second Sunday in Advent.

11. Friday—Fast.

13. Third Sunday in Advent.

16. Ember Day—Fast.

18. Ember Day—Fast.

19. Ember Day—Fast.

20. Fourth Sunday in Advent.

21. ST. THOMAS.

23. CHRISTMAS DAY.

26. ST. STEPHEN.

27. ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

28. Sunday after Christmas.

29. THE INNOCENTS DAY.

ADVENT.

BY EMILY SEAVER.

"And Enoch, also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, The Lord cometh."—JUDS. 1, 14.

On the freshness of Earth's morning,

Like some distant signal gun,

Broke th' ascending prophet's warning,

Echoing on till set of sun:

The Lord cometh!

Ran the message through the ages—

"King and prophet waited long"—

Till the shepherds and the sages

Saw the star and heard the song:

The Lord cometh!

Now the Earth is old; no longer

Hope's illusions gild her sky;

But the Church's faith grows stronger,

For she hears the distant cry:

The Lord cometh!

Nearer yet, and yet more glorious,

Soon this signal shall appear;

And th' archangel's trump victorious

Summon Heaven and Hell to hear:

The Lord cometh!

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Where are you from, Ian?" said the chief at length, in a voice broken with gladness.

All Valentine understood of the question, for it was in Gaelic, was its emotion, and he scorned a fellow to show the least sign of breaking down.

"Straight from Moscow," answered the new-comer. "How is our mother?"

"Well, Ian, thank God!"

"Then, thank God, all is well!"

"What brought you home in such haste?"

"I had a bad dream about my mother, and was a little anxious. There was more reason too, which I will tell you afterwards."

"What were you doing in Moscow! Have you got a furlough?"

"To tell the truth, I am a sort of deserter. I would have thrown up my commission, but had not a chance. In Moscow I was teaching in a school to keep out of the way of the police. But I will tell you all by and by."

The voice was low, veiled, and sad; the joy of the meeting rippled through it like a brook.

The brothers had forgotten the stranger, and stood talking till the patience of Valentine was as much exhausted as his strength.

"Are you going to stand there all night?" he said at last. "This is no doubt very interesting to you, but it is rather a bore to one who can neither see you, nor understand a word you say."

"Is the gentleman a friend of yours, Alister?" asked Ian.

"Not exactly.—But he is a Sasunnach," he concluded in English, "and we ought not to be speaking Gaelic."

"I beg his pardon," said Ian. "Will you introduce me?"

"It is impossible; I do not know his name. I never saw him, and don't see him now. But he insists on my company."

"That is a great compliment. How far?"

"To the New House."

"I paid him a shilling to carry my bag," said Valentine. "He took the shilling, and was going to walk off with my bag!"

"Well?"

"Well indeed! Not at all well! How was I to know—"

"But he didn't—did he?" said Ian, whose voice seemed now to tingle with amusement. "—Alister, you were wrong."

It was an illogical face-about, but Alister responded at once.

"I know it," he said. "The moment I heard your voice, I knew it.—How is it, Ian?"—here he fell back into Gaelic—"that when you are by me, I know what is right so much quicker? I don't understand it. I meant to do right, but—"

"But your pride got up. Alister, you always set out well—nobly—and then comes the devil's turn! Then you begin to do as if you repented! You don't carry the thing right straight out. I hate to see the devil make a fool of a man like you! Do you not know that in your own country you owe a stranger hospitality?"

"My own country!" echoed Alister with a groan.

"Yes, your own country—and perhaps more yours than it was your grandfather's! You know who said, 'The meek shall inherit the earth!' If it be not ours in God's way, I for one would not care to call it mine another way. But we must not keep the gentleman standing while we talk!"

"Thank you," said Valentine. "The fact is, I'm dead beat."

"Have you anything I could carry for you?" asked Ian.

"No, I thank you.—Yes; there! if you don't mind taking my gun?—you speak like a gentleman!"

"I will take it with pleasure," said Ian. He took the gun, and they started.

"If you choose, Alister," said his brother, again in Gaelic, "to break through conventionalities, you must not expect people to allow you to creep inside them again the moment you please."

But the young fellow's fatigue had touched Alister.

"Are you a big man?" he said, taking Valentine gently by the arm.

"Not so big as you, I'll lay you a sovereign," answered Valentine, wondering why he should ask.

"Then look here!" said Alister; "you get astride my shoulders, and I'll carry you home. I believe you're hungry, and that takes the pith out of you!—Come," he went on, perceiving some sign of reluctance

in the youth, "you'll break down if you walk much farther!—Here, Ian! you take the bag; you can manage that and the gun too!"

Valentine murmured some objection; but the brothers took the thing so much as a matter of course, and he felt so terribly exhausted—for he had lost his way, and been out since the morning—that he yielded.

Alister doubled himself on his heels; Valentine got his weary legs over his stalwart shoulders; the chief rose with him as if he had been no heavier than mistress Conal's creel, and bore him along much relieved in his aching limbs.

So little was the chief oppressed by his burden, that he and his brother kept up a stream of conversation, every now and then forgetting their manners and gliding off into Gaelic, but as often recollecting themselves, apologizing, and starting afresh upon the path of English. Long before they reached the end of their journey, Valentine, able from his perch to listen in some measure of ease, came to understand that he had to do, not with rustics, but, whatever their peculiarities, with gentlemen of a noteworthy sort.

The brothers, in the joy of their reunion, talked much of things at home and abroad, avoiding things personal and domestic as often as they spoke English; but when they saw the lights of the New House, a silence fell upon them. At the door, Alister set his burden carefully down.

"There!" he said with a laugh. "I hope I have earned my shilling!"

"Ten times over," said Valentine; "but I know better now than offer to pay you. I thank you with all my heart."

The door opened, Ian gave the gun and the bag to the butler, and the brothers bade Valentine good-night.

Valentine had a strange tale to tell. Sercombe refused to accept his conclusions; if he had offered the men half a crown apiece, he said, they would have pocketed the money.

CHAPTER VII.

Mother and Son.

The sun was shining bright, and the laird was out in his fields. His oats were nearly ready for the scythe, and he was judging where he had best begin to cut them.

His fields lay chiefly along the banks of the stream, occupying the whole breadth of the valley on the east side of the ridge where the cottage stood. On the west side of the ridge; nearly parallel to, and not many yards from it, a small brook ran to join the stream: this was a march betwixt the chief's land and Mr. Peregrine Palmer's. Their respective limits were not everywhere so well defined.

The air was clear and clean, and full of life. The wind was asleep. A consciousness of work approaching completion filled earth and air—a mood of calm expectation, as of a man who sees his end drawing nigh, and awaits the saving judgment of the Father of Spirits. There was no song of birds—only a crow from the yard, or the cry of a blackcock from the hill; the two streams were left to do all the singing, and they did their best, though their water was low. The day was of the evening of the year; in the full sunshine was present the twilight and the coming night, but there was a sense of readiness on all sides. The

fruits of the earth must be housed; that alone remained to be done.

When the laird had made up his mind, he turned toward the house—a lowly cottage, more extensive than many farm-houses, but looking no better. It was well built, with an outside wall of rough stone and lime, and another wall of turf within, lined in parts with wood, making it as warm a nest as any house of the size could be. The door, picturesque with abundant repair, opened by a latch into the kitchen.

For long years the floor of the kitchen had been an earthen one, with a fire on a hearth in the middle of it, as in all the cottages; and the smoke rose into the roof, keeping it very dry and warm, if also very sooty, and thence into the air through a hole in the middle. But some ten years before this time, Alister and Ian, mere lads, had built a chimney outside, and opening the wall, removed the hearth to it—with the smoke also, which now had its own private way to liberty. They then paved the floor with such stones as they could find, in the fields and on the hill, sufficiently flat and smooth on one side, and by sinking them according to their thickness, managed to get a tolerably even surface. Many other improvements followed; and although it was a poor place still, it would at the time of Dr. Johnson's visit to the highlands have been counted a good house, not to be despised by unambitious knight or poor baronet. Nor was the time yet over when ladies and gentlemen, of all courtesy and good breeding, might be found in such houses.

In the kitchen a deal-dresser, scoured white, stood under one of the tiny windows, giving light enough for a clean-souled cook—and what window-light would ever be enough for one of a different sort? There were only four panes in it, but it opened and closed with a button, and so was superior to many windows. There was a larger on the opposite side, which at times in the winter nights when the cold was great, they filled bodily with a barricade of turf. Here, in the kitchen, the chief takes his meals with his lady-mother. She and Ian have finished their breakfast, and gone to the other end of the house; the laird broke his fast long ago.

A fire is burning on the hearth—small, for the midday-meal is not yet on its way. Everything is tidy; the hearth is swept up, and the dishes are washed; the bare-footed girl is reaching the last of them to its place on the rack behind the dresser. She is a red-haired, blue-eyed Celt, with a pretty face, and a refinement of motion and speech rarer in some other peasantry.

The chief enters, and takes down an old-fashioned gun from the wall. He wants a bird or two, for Ian's home-coming is a great event.

"I saw a big stag last night down by the burn, sir," said the girl, "feeling as if he had been the red cow."

"I don't want him to-day, Nancy," returned her master. "Had he big horns?"

"Great horns, sir; but it was too dark to count the tines."

"When was it! Why did you not tell me?"

"I thought it was morning, sir, and when I got up it was the middle of the night. The moon was so shiny that I went to the door and looked out. Just at the narrow leap, I saw him plain."

"If you should see him again, Nancy, scare him. I don't want the Saunnachs at the New House to see him."

"Hadh't you better take him yourself, Macruadh? He would make fine hams for the winter!"

"Mind your own business, Nancy, and hold your tongue," said the chief, with a smile that took all the harshness from the words. "Don't you tell anyone you saw him. For what you know he may be the big stag!"

"Sure no one would kill him, sir!" said the girl aghast.

"I hope not. But get the stoving-pot ready, Nancy; I'm going to find a hird or too. Lest I should not succeed, have a couple of chickens at hand."

"Sir, the mistress has commanded them already."

"That is well; but do not kill them except I am not back in time."

"I understand, sir."

Macruadh knew the stag as well as the horse he rode, and that his habit had for some time been to come down at night and feed on the small border of rich grass on the south side of the burn, between it and the abrupt heathery rise of the hill. For there the burn ran so near the hill, and the ground was so covered with huge masses of gray rock, that there was hardly room for cultivation, and the bank was left in grass.

The stalking of the stag was the passion of the highlander in that part of the country. He cared little for shooting the grouse, black or red, and almost despised those whose ambition was a full bag of such game; but he dreamed day and night of killing deer. The chief, however, was in this matter more of a man without being less of a highlander. He loved the deer so much, saw them so much a part of the glory of mountain and sky, sunshine and storm, that he liked to see them living, not dead, and only now and then shot one, when the family had need of it. He felt himself indeed almost the father of the deer as well as of his clan, and mourned greatly that he could do so little now, from the limited range of his property, to protect them. His love for live creatures was not quite equal to that of St. Francis, for he could not have conceived the thought of turning wolf or fox from the error of his ways; but even the creatures that preyed upon others he killed only from a sense of duty, and with no pleasure in their death. The heartlessness of the common type of sportsman was loathsome to him. When there was not much doing on the farm, he would sometimes be out all night with his gun, it is true, but he would seldom fire it, and then only at some beast of prey; on the hill-side or in the valley he would be watching the ways and doings of the many creatures that roam the night—each with its fitting of means to ends. One of the grounds of his dislike to the new possessors of the old land was the raid he feared upon the wild animals.

The laird gone, I will take my reader into the parlor, as they called in English their one sitting-room. Shall I first tell him what the room was like, or first describe the two persons in it? Led up to a picture, I certainly should not look first at the frame; but a description is a process of painting rather than a picture; and when you cannot see the thing in one, but must take each

part by itself and in your mind get it into relation with the rest, there is an advantage, I think, in having a notion of the frame first. For one thing, you cannot see the persons without imagining their surroundings, and if those should be unfittingly imagined, they interfere with the truth of the persons, and you may not be able to get them right after.

The room, then, was about fifteen feet by twelve, and the ceiling was low. On the white walls hung a few frames, of which two or three contained water-colors—not very good, but not displeasing; several held miniature portraits—mostly in red coats, and one or two a silhouette. Opposite the door hung a target of hide, round, and bossed with brass. Alister had come upon it in the house covering a meal-barrel, to which service it had probably been put in aid of its eluding a search for arms after the battle of Culloden. Never more to cover man's food from mice, or his person from an enemy, it was raised to the *traballa* of the parlor. Under it rested, horizontally upon two nails, the sword of the chief—a long and broad *Andree Ferrarri*, with a plated basket-hilt; beside it hung a dirk—longer than usual, and fine in form, with a carved hilt in the shape of an eagle's head and neck, and its sheath, whose leather was old and flaky with age, heavily mounted in silver. Below these was a card-table of marquetry with spindle-legs, and on it a work-box of ivory, inlaid with silver and ebony. In the corner stood a harp, an Erard, a golden and gracious, not a string of it broken. In the middle of the room was a small square table, covered with a green cloth. An old-fashioned easy chair stood by the chimney; and one sat in it whom to see was to forget her surroundings.

Of middle age she was still beautiful, with the rare beauty that shines from the root of the being. Her hair was of the darkest brown, almost black; her eyes were very dark, and her skin was very fair, though the soft bloom, as of reflected sunset, was gone from her cheek, and her hair showed lines of keen silver. Her features were fine, clear, and regular—the chin a little strong perhaps, not for the size, but the fineness of the rest; her form was that of a younger woman: her hand and foot were long and delicate. A more refined and courteous presence could not have been found in the island. The dignity of her carriage nowise marred its grace, or betrayed the least consciousness; she looked dignified because she was dignified. The form of falsehood which consists in assuming the look of what one fain would be, was as much as any other, impossible to Isabel Macruadh. She wore no cap; her hair was gathered in a large knot near the top of her head. Her gown was of a dark print; she had no ornament except a ring with a single ruby. She was working a bit of net into lace.

She could speak Gaelic as well as any in the glen—perhaps better; but to her sons she always spoke English. To them indeed English was their mother-tongue, in the sense that English only came addressed to themselves from her lips. There were, she said, plenty to teach them Gaelic; she must see to their English.

The one window of the parlor, though not large, was of tolerable size, but little light entered, so shaded was it with a rose-tree in a pot on the sill. By the wall opposite was

a couch, and on the couch lay Ian with a book in his hand—a book in a strange language. His mother and he would sometimes be a whole morning together and exchange no more than a word or two, though many a look and smile. It seemed enough for each to be in the other's company. There was a quite peculiar bond between the two. Like so many of the young men of that country, Ian had been intended for the army; but there was in him this much of the spirit of the eagle he resembled, that he passionately loved freedom, and had almost a gypsy's delight in wandering. When he left college he became tutor in a Russian family of distinction; and after that accepted a commission, and served the Czar for three or four years. But wherever he went, he seemed, as he said once to his mother, almost physically aware of a line stretching between him and her, which seemed to vibrate when he grew anxious about her. The bond between him and his brother was equally strong, but in feeling different. Between Alister and him it was a cable; between his mother and him a harpstring; in the one case it was a muscle, in the other a nerve. The one retained, the other drew him. Given to roaming as he was, again and again he returned, from pure love-longing, to what he always felt as the *protection* of his mother. It was protection indeed that he often sought—protection from his own glooms, which nothing but her love seemed able to tenuate.

He was tall—if an inch above six feet be tall, but not of his brother's fine proportion. He was thin, with long slender fingers and feet like his mother's. His small, strong bones were covered with little more than hard muscle, but every motion of limb or body was grace. At times, when lost in thought and unconscious of movement, an observer might have imagined him in conversation with some one unseen, toward whom he was carrying himself with courtesy: plain it was that courtesy with him was not a graft upon the finest stock, but an essential element. His forehead was rather low, freckled, and crowned with hair of a foxy red; his eyes were of the glass-gray or green loved by our elder poets; his nose was a very eagle in itself—large and fine. He more resembled the mask of the dead Shakespeare than any other I have met, only in him the proportions were a little exaggerated; his nose was a little too large, and his mouth a little too small for the mask; but the mingled sweetness and strength in the curves of the latter prevented the impression of weakness generally given by the association of such a nose and such a mouth. On his short upper lip was a small light moustache, and on his face not a hair more. In rest his countenance wore a great calmness, but a calmness that might seem rooted in sadness.

While the mother might, more than once in a day, differ to fault-finding from her elder-born—whom she admired, notwithstanding, as well as loved, from the bottom of her heart—she was never known to say a word in opposition to the younger. It was even whispered that she was afraid of him. It was not so; but her reverence for Ian was such that, even when she felt bound not to agree with him, she seldom had the confidence that, differing from him, she was in the right. Sometimes in the middle of the

night she would slip like a ghost into the room where he lay, and sit by his bed till the black cock, the gray cock, the red cock crew. The son might be awake all the time, and the mother suspect him awake, yet no word passed between them. She would rise and go as she came. Her feeling for her younger son was like that of Hannah for her eldest—intensest love mixed with strangest reverence. But there were vast alternations and inexplicable minglings in her thoughts of him. At one moment she would regard him as gifted beyond his fellows for some great work, at another be filled with a horrible fear that he was in rebellion against the God of his life. Doubtless mothers are far too ready to think their sons above the ordinary breed of sons: self, unpossessed of God, will worship itself in its offspring; yet the sons whom *holy* mothers have regarded as born to great things and who have passed away without sign, may have gone on toward their great things. Whether this mother thought too much of her son or not, there were questions moving in his mind which she could not have understood—even then when he would creep to her bed in the morning to forget in her arms the terrible dreams of the night, or when at evening he would draw his little stool to her knee, unable or unwilling to enjoy his book anywhere but by her side.

What gave him his unconscious power over his mother, was, first, the things he said, and next, the things he did not say; for he seemed to her to dwell always in a rich silence. Yet throughout was she aware of a something between them, across which they could not meet; it was in part her distress at the seeming impossibility of effecting a spiritual union with her son, that made her so desirous of personal proximity to him; such union is by most thinking people presumed impossible without consent of opinion, and this mistake rendered her unable to feel near him, to be at home with him; if she had believed that they understood each other, that they were of like *opinion*, she would not have been half so unhappy when he went away, would not have longed half so grievously for his return. Ian on his part understood his mother, but knew she did not understand him, and was therefore troubled. Hence it resulted that always after a time came the hour—which never came to her—when he could endure proximity without oneness no longer, and would suddenly announce his departure. And after a day or two of his absence, the mother would be doubly wretched to find a sort of relief in it, and would spend wakeful nights trying to oust it as the merest fancy, persuading herself that she was miserable, and nothing but miserable, in the loss of her darling.

Naturally then she would turn more to Alister, and his love was a strengthening tonic to her sick motherhood. He was never jealous of either. Their love for each other was to him a love. He too would mourn deeply over his brother's departure, but it became at once his business to comfort his mother. And while she had no suspicion of the degree to which he suffered, it drew her with fresh love to her elder born, and gave her a renewal of the quiet satisfaction in him that was never absent, when she saw how he too missed Ian. Their mutual affection was indeed as

true and strong as a mother could desire it. "If such love," she said to herself, "had appeared in the middle of its history instead of now at its close, the transmitted affection would have been enough to bind the clan together for centuries more!"

It was with a prelusive smile that shone on the mother's heart like the opening of heaven, that Ian lowered his book to answer her question. She had said—

"Did you not feel the cold very much at St. Petersburg last winter, Ian?"

"Yes, mother, at times," he answered. "But everybody wears fur; the peasant his sheep-skin, the noble his silver fox. They have to fight the cold! Nose and toes are in constant danger. Did I never tell you what happened to me once in that way? I don't think I ever did!"

"You never tell me anything, Ian!" said his mother, looking at him with a loving sadness.

"I was suddenly stopped in the street by what I took for an unheard-of insult: I actually thought my great proboscis was being pulled! If I had been as fiery as Alister, the man would have found his back, and I should have lost my nose. Without the least warning a handful of snow was thrust in my face, and my nose had not even a chance of smothering with indignation, it found itself so twisted in every direction at once! But I have a way, in any sudden occurrence, of feeling perplexed enough to want to be sure before doing anything, and if it has sometimes kept me from what was expedient, it has often saved me from what was wrong: it took but another instant to understand that it was the promptitude of a fellow Christian to preserve to me my nose, already whitening in frosty death: he was rubbing it hard with snow, the orthodox remedy! My whole face presently sharpened into one burning spot, and taking off my hat, I thanked the man for his most kind attention. He pointed out that any time spent in explaining to me the condition of my nose, would have been pure loss: as the danger was pressing, he attacked it at once! I was indeed entirely unconscious of the state of my beak—the worst symptom of any!"

"I trust, Ian, you will not go back to Russia!" said his mother, after a little more talk about frost-biting. "Surely there is work for you at home!"

"What can I do at home, mother? You have no money to buy me a commission, and I am not much good at farm-work. Alister says I am not worth a horseman's wages!"

"You could find teaching at home: or you could go into the Church. We might manage that, for you would only have to attend the divinity classes."

"Mother! would you put me into one of the priests' offices that I may eat a piece of bread? As for teaching, there are too many hungry students ready for that: I could not take the bread out of their mouths! And in truth, mother, I could not endure it—except it were required of me. I can live on as little as any, but it must be with some liberty. I have surely inherited the spirit of some old sea-rover, it is so difficult for me to rest! I am a very thistle-down for wandering! I must know how my fellow-beings live! I should like to be one man after another—each for an hour or two!"

"Your father used to say there was much Norse blood in the family."

"There it is, mother! I cannot help it!"

"I don't like you holding the Czar's commission, Ian—somehow I don't like it. He is a tyrant."

"I am going to throw it up, mother."

"I am glad of that! How did you ever get it?"

"Oddly enough, through the man that pulled my nose. I had a chance afterwards of doing him a good turn, which he was most generous in acknowledging; and as he belonged to the court, I had the offer of a lieutenant's commission. The Scotch are in favor."

A deep cloud had settled on the face of the young man. The lady looked at him for a moment with keenest mother-eyes, suppressed a deep sigh, and betook herself again to her work. Ere she thought how he might take it, another question broke from her lips.

"What sort of church have you to go to in St. Petersburg, Ian?" she said.

Ian was silent a moment, thinking how to be true, and not hurt her more than could be helped.

"There are a thousand places of worship there, mother," he returned, with a curious smile.

"Any Presbyterian place?" she asked.

"I believe so," he replied.

"Ian, you haven't given up praying?"

"If ever I prayed, mother, I certainly have not given it up."

"Ever prayed, Ian! When a mere child you prayed like an aged Christian!"

"Ah, mother, that was a sad pity! I asked for things of which I had no need! I was a hypocrite! I ought to have prayed like a little child."

The mother was silent; she it was who had taught him to pray thus—making him pray aloud in her hearing, and this was the result. The premature blossom had withered, she said to herself. But it was no blossom, only a musliu flower.

"Then you don't go to church," she said, at length.

"Not often, mother dear," he answered.

"When I do go, I like to go to the church of the country I happen to be in. Going to church and praying to God are not the same thing."

"Then you do say your prayers? Oh, do not tell me you never bow down before your maker."

"Shall I tell you where I think I did once pray to God, mother?" he said, after a little pause, anxious to soothe her suffering. "At least I did think, then, that I prayed," he added.

"It was not this morning then, before you left your chamber?"

"No, mother," answered Ian; "I did not pray this morning, and I never say prayers."

The mother gave a gasp, but said nothing. Ian went on again.

"I should like to tell you, mother, about that time when I am almost sure I prayed!"

"I should like to hear about it," she answered, with strangest minglings of emotion. At one and the same instant she felt parted from her son by a gulf into which she must cast herself to find him, and that he stood on a height of sacred experience which she never could hope to climb. "Oh

for his father to talk to him!" she said to herself. He was a power on her soul which she almost feared. If he were to put forth his power, might he not drag her down into unbelief?

It was the first time they had come so close in their talk. The moment his mother spoke out, Ian had responded. He was anxious to be open with her so far as he could, and forced his natural taciturnity, the prime cause of which was his thoughtfulness; it was hard to talk where there was so much thinking to be done, so little time to do it in, and so little progress made by it. But wherever he could keep his mother company, there he would not leave her. Just as he opened his mouth, however, to begin his narration, the door of the room also opened, flung wide by the small red hand of Nancy, and two young ladies entered.

(To be continued.)

ADVENT MORNING.

BY GEORGE T. PACKARD.

Behold, He comes!

The shadowed home in Bethany grows bright;
A brother's grave, astonished, yields its trust.

Lord, break again a sepulchre's dread night,
Call back to life the vows which are as dust.

Behold, He comes!

Through fear-shut doors, to hopes like withered grass,
He moves with promised haste, nor stays to chide.

Through doubts, my fear-clad doors, Lord quickly pass;
Utter Thy peace, and show Thy smitten ease.

Behold, He comes!

The mist-veiled shore repeats His "Come and dine;"
And wistful fibers wonder as they eat.

Through storms and mists that mock Thy Advent sign,
Lord, draw me shoreward, to Thy waiting feet.

ON THE USE OF THE CHANCEL.

A feature which strikes an American Churchman at once on visiting the old churches in England is the great depth of the chancel. I looked in yesterday at the beautiful old Norman church of St. Peter's, Northampton, which is open all day, and I found the chancel and choir were nearly forty feet long, and the rest of the church not more than fifty. This is an extreme proportion, but it is very usual to find the chancel quite half the length of the remainder of the church.

In the finest American churches the chancel is very short. In Trinity church, New York, it is small; in Grace church it is less; whilst in the noble Cathedral in Long Island, it was to me the one great disappointing feature of this wonderful and exquisite work of art.

It is plain, however, that the use of the chancel has never been realized in our American churches. The proper idea of the chancel is that those who lead the service should sit there: the eastern or extreme end is fenced off by the communion rails for the holy table and the special eucharistic service, but the rest of the chancel is occupied by the

choir seats or stalls facing each other on opposite sides. Now it is an error to suppose that the duty of the choir thus seated, and often surpliced, is to sing only: no; they repeat the prayers also in a loud distinct voice, and so assist the devotions of the congregation also.

When the old parson and clerk *duel* gradually gave way to a more general interest, and the people about the church began to respond aloud, it was thought better to give tone and direction to the responses by thus employing those who sang the hymns to read also on one low convenient note. The choir from the elevated position which they occupy in the chancel are able to lead the prayers with more force and effect, and so the whole service, the reading as well the chanting and singing, is offered with a dignity and volume of sound which makes it a hearty and cheerful act of worship.

Thus are the large chancels utilized, and are in fact necessary to give a suitable position to the choir, and the wisdom of the builders of our ancient churches has reasserted itself after a long period of disuse.

I commend this idea to the consideration of church builders, and hope that in the future we shall see more ample chancels.

There is another point which I cannot forbear mentioning in connection with the churches of England. I observe that they all point to the East. If there are exceptions, I do not remember a solitary instance. Just as the dead are buried with their feet to the East, and their faces are turned toward that quarter whence they expect the rising of the Son of Righteousness, when He shall come to call men forth, so is this eastward aspect of the chancel the established mark of the old Church.

As our faith has come down from the beginning, so it is edifying to see in new countries the old type of our churches reproduced in interior arrangement where there is no insuperable obstacle. I plead that this feeling is no empty sentiment, but is connected with a great truth, viz.: the continuity of the Church.

The choirs in England are composed of men and boys, and as the latter lose their voices they retire into the congregation and make room for younger ones, and so gradually there is diffused through the congregation a body of worshippers perfectly familiar by long habit, with the Psalms and Hymns and responses, and with their aid the service through the whole building becomes every year more hearty and congregational, and in a few years the Common Prayer of the Church will be offered up in a way unknown before. The spread of education helps a responsive mode of service, for whereas, fifty years ago few of the poor people could read and Prayer Books were scarce, now as all can read and books are cheap, the worship of the Church has assumed a volume of tone and of heartiness all through the country villages even, which is perfectly wonderful to those who can remember the "duet" services of former days. I do not say that people attend church better now than then, but the revived use of the chancel with its choir, has given an immense impulse to worship, which may be usefully imitated in many of the churches in America. G. G.

THE choicest flowers are those which we cause to grow in the homes of others.—G. A. Rose.

THE REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

Dr. Pigou, of whom we give a portrait, was born in 1831, at Baden-Baden, Germany, but was of English descent, his father being a military officer and his mother the daughter of the rector of Marston, in Yorkshire. After an attendance at schools on the Rhine, in England and Scotland, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1853. He began his ministerial life as curate of Stoke Talmage, in Oxfordshire. After a brief service there he became chaplain of the Marboeuf chapel in Paris, where he not only ministered to the English residents and visitors, but took special work in asylums, hospitals, and prisons. After some three years of this service he again took a curacy, first of Vere Street chapel, London, and then of Kensington parish church. Two years later Dr. Pigou became incumbent of St. Philips, Regent street, where he had a very large and influential congregation, among whom were to be frequently found members of Parliament, the Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Teck, and other persons of prominence. Such was his activity, that the duties of his parish did not fill all his time, and he was associated with many of the leading London charities, such as Charing Cross Hospital, King's College Hospital, etc., and for two of the eleven years during which he remained at St. Philip's he was chaplain to St. John's House Sisterhood for training nurses. Meanwhile the Archbishop of York had had his eye upon Dr. Pigou, and in 1869 he promoted him to the important Vicarage of Doncaster, and later, so marked had been the character of his labors, the Crown appointed him Vicar of Halifax. Here, also, as at Doncaster, he was rural dean. The position gave him an assured income of some \$10,000 yearly, and he had

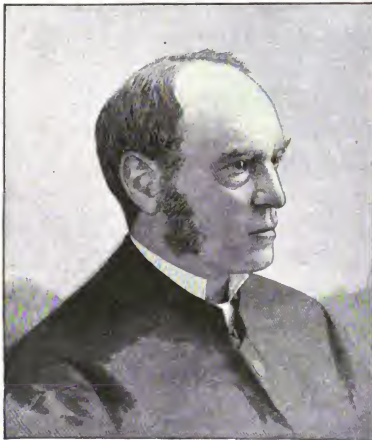
not less than thirty-two livings in his gift, being in this respect better provided than are some, not to say many, English bishops. The vicarage is a most important one. There has always been an abundance of labor, but with a zealous staff of curates, Dr. Pigou worthily meets his responsibilities, and the parish church, restored at a cost of \$100,000, is one of the fruits of his toil. He was made a Doctor in Divinity by his own college, and in 1871 became Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, and in 1874 Chaplain in Ordinary. Of late years Dr. Pigou has devoted much time and labor to parochial missions in various parts of England, and with great success, and he has been much sought after to conduct "retreats," or quiet days. As an author he has published "Faith and Practice," a volume of sermons, "Unostentatious Piety" and "Private Prayer," two sermons preached before the queen, and "Addresses at Holy Communion." The latter have been delivered

at many missions. Dr. Pigou is now in this city, and will conduct the Advent Mission at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, the Rev. Dr. Howland, rector. A man more competent to the task, and with a larger experience in this peculiar work could hardly have been selected. He is an earnest preacher, with great tenderness of spirit, a strong believer in the "mission," and from his labors we may look for the best results.

PATIENCE—THE LESSON OF ADVENT.

BY C. M. LYTTON.

Perhaps there is no season in the Church whose fruits are as scant as those of Advent. Solomon says: "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting;" and we all know that gayety is



THE REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

not the corner-stone of works of self-renouncing merit. Christmas merry-making—often harmless in itself—has almost obliterated the solemn, the holy associations, which should cluster around the first weeks of the Christian year. A time of preparation is usually a time of diverse, unsettled occupations, too heavy with multifarious cares and diversions to leave large space for intellectual or spiritual activity; and, so, it may be, that in Advent the word itself, "coming," half explains, undoubtedly simplifies the problem that vexes experience. Christ is coming—Advent is the only season in the calendar of the Church in which He is not personally present. Christmas points us to His birth; Lent, to His self-renunciation on earth; Easter to His glorious resurrection that secures our own; Ascension, to the sure joys of heaven; Pentecost, to the sending of the Holy Ghost, by whose sanctifying power we are made "meet partakers of His precious promises;"

Trinity invites the love of the Father, the sacrifice of the Son, and the presence of the Holy Spirit into a triple guardian of our daily lives, and a triple shelter from our daily trials. Advent, alone, turns us back to the days when the Man Christ Jesus was still the Messiah, and figuratively, and, alas! sometimes, we fear, literally, suspends responsibility to the law of self-denying love and chaste humility, that, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, was made flesh in the stable of Bethlehem. Nearly nineteen hundred years since the shepherds saw "The light that never was on sea or land," and heard the heavenly host praising God and singing, "Peace on earth, good-will to all mankind;" nearly nineteen hundred years since the wise men, having seen His star, came to worship Him; nearly nineteen hundred years since the Incarnate God, made manifest to man, disowned His kingly state, and leaning down from heaven took up the burden of the "sin of the world." There are few souls so sluggish that they do not thrill to the strains which tell of the rush and fire of battle, the perils of the forlorn hope, the heroes of the Alamo. But the hearts that kindle under the magnetic touch of the heroic in man lie cold and unresponsive under the heroism with which this Advent season is quick. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love to us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

You who worship at the shrine of self-abnegating friendship, I summon to an altar upon which Infinite Love is self-slain for His enemies; you who burn the incense of your creed in the censer of unrelenting, uncomplaining labor, turn your faces to the odorous blossoms of a Life whose watch-word was, "The

might cometh when no man can work;" you who vaunt humility, enter with me a carpenter's shop in Nazareth, and set your feet toward Jerusalem, where reviled, buffeted, and spat upon, the Son of Man opened not His mouth; you who lift on high the white cross of purity, search every record of a blameless Life, and read how even His judges found "no evil in Him;" you whose motto is self-renunciation, keep silent while from Gethsemane and Calvary there breaks two cries: "If it be Thy will let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." "This day shall thou be with me in Paradise;" you hero-worshippers, vainly seeking a glorious ideal of strength, and courage, and wisdom, raise your eyes to the malfactor who died for His enemies and forgave His persecutors; you whose Advent is passing in restless work or restless pleasure, pause for one reverent moment while the throng press on to Bethlehem, pause, or,

rather, kneel and pray, for the Lord girls up His might, and the first step has been taken in the blood-stained path that leads to Calvary. Kneel and pray, and on your knees learn the lesson of Patience, strong to wait, brave to work, and tender to succor. So learning, you will forge for yourselves armor more invulnerable than that of Achilles, and bind upon your forehead a crown more imperishable than the bay or the olive; so learning, you will in a higher sense than any dreamed of by the great artist, engrave upon your lives in golden characters the "Open Sesame" to victory, and pour into torn hearts healing dew distilled from the Perfect Flower Whose seed was sown in this holy tide.

Take from Christ's birth, life, and death a single attendant circumstance, and the symmetry of the whole is destroyed.

Any other way of redemption might have been as effectual—could any have been as generous in its conditions, as comprehensive in its teachings, as full of help to the sinful, as abounding in comfort to the sorrowful!

Have you ever watched a picture grow under the brush of an artist, or marble develop into form and beauty under the sculptor's chisel, or a rose swell from bud to blossom? Did you marvel at the magic that transformed the bare canvas and coarse colors into harmonious beauty? Behold, the word which epitomizes our Advent lesson transfigures the waiting of those long months from the angel's "Hail, Mary," to the birth-night in Bethlehem into a vision radiant with the fair colors of humility and love. Did you bow before the genius that wrought beauty, grace, expression out of the cold, unshapely marble? Lo, the hard, inharmonious granite of difficult life grows plastic under the chisel that carved out of apparent inactivity the grand conception of invincible patience.

Did you steep your senses in the fragrance of the rose, and question the mysteries of the color, texture, and confirmation of each delicate petal? There opens before you to-day a flower whose fragrance will refresh the wearied senses that ever cried for rest and upon whose spotless petals are scored symbols that solve the mysteries of life and death.

"Endurance without murmuring—constancy in toil or labor," are the Advent links in the chain that binds Trinity to Christmas Day—the notes that round into rhythm and melody the first chords of the exultant chorus sung by the angels in the hill country roundabout Judea. "Endurance without murmuring—constancy in toil and labor." Blessed Lord, knowing that Gethsemane and Calvary press close upon the glory and the bliss of Christmas Day, knowing that sunshine sharpens the north winds which follow, knowing Thy children's needs and pitying Thy children's weakness, Thou, even Thou, in those weary months of waiting didst fashion for them a staff to guide their uncertain feet and support their failing frames.

"Endurance without murmuring—constancy in toil or labor," fit countersigns for a season holy with the Incarnation, and pulsating with the approach of Him "Who shall come in great glory to judge the world."

"Endurance without murmuring—constancy in toil or labor." Harken, men and women, to their echoes ringing from Beth-

lehem, Nazareth, Gethsemane and Calvary! They mingle with the Advent chimes; they call us from idle pleasure, from self-indulgence, from the allurements of fast living, from haunts of vice; they bid us arm for the conflict awaiting those who bear the sign manual of Christ; they bridge, with an everlasting arch over which youth may worthily pass, and under which old age may securely rest, the chasm that separates time from eternity.

GUILDS AS EMBRACING ALL PAROCHIAL AGENCIES.*

BY MRS. W. W. SILVESTER.

Perhaps the most practical way to touch the subject I have been asked to write upon is to give a brief account of a guild which embraces all parochial agencies for charitable work.

The organization of which I write drew its members largely from a parish aid society, already in existence, and by no means an inefficient one; but it was felt by the clergy, and those most interested, that a broader organization would more effectively accomplish the works of piety and charity, which were before them to do. At a meeting of the Parish Aid Society, the proposed guild was explained by one of the clergy, and after a form of by-laws, which had previously been drawn, was submitted, and at later meetings was accepted. The by-laws were as follows:

I. This organization shall be known as

II. There shall be a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer, and honorary members.

III. The duty of the vice-president shall be to preside at the meeting in the absence of the president, and to call meetings of the Guild.

IV. The president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and heads of branches, shall constitute the executive committee.

V. Five shall constitute a quorum.

VI. Officers shall be elected yearly. The meetings for such purposes shall take place at ten o'clock, on the Friday morning after October 15, or at the call of the president.

VII. Each branch of the Guild shall be authorized to elect its own adjutants, collect money from its own department, transact all business relating to its own particular work, and report the same at the monthly meetings.

VIII. The unauthorized bills shall be paid by the president.

IX. The regular meetings shall be held in the parish rooms, every Friday morning at half-past nine o'clock. The first Friday in the month shall be a business meeting, when the reports from each branch shall be read.

Article VII, of the by-laws, speaks of different branches of the Guild. The work is divided into different departments, each under an efficient head. As this is the chief advantage of the Guild, it may be well to enter a little into debate in regard to the branches, and give a brief account of each.

1st. THE DORCAS BRANCH.—Composed of young married and unmarried society wo-

men, who are not found ordinarily engaged in Church work. The head is an elderly lady, of high social position. The meetings, every Wednesday morning from ten o'clock until one, are held at her house, and are for missionary or other work furnished by the Guild for them to do.

2d. THE ORPHANS' HOME.—The duty of this branch is to collect money for the home, make needful garments, provide homes, etc., for the orphans. The orphanage is a Church institution, supported by all the families in the city.

3d. THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY, is charged with the missionary interests of the Guild. Preparing boxes, collecting money for scholarships, insurances, etc., for our missionaries. Working under our diocesan branch of the Woman's Auxiliary in New York.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL.—Under this head work is done for our Church hospital, which is in charge of the Diocesan Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd. The members of this branch hold themselves ready to make clothing for indigent patients, surgical pads, or render any other aid the sisters may ask.

CARE OF CHURCH.—This branch is to attend to general cleanliness of the church—over-looking the sexton, and women who are hired to sweep and keep it clean, and to see that all things are done decently and in order.

CARE OF ALTAR BRANCH.—To attend to the careful cleanliness of chancel and altar, keeping the holy vessels bright and clean, the vases on the re-table supplied with flowers, altar cloths and hangings changed at the proper seasons, keeping in good repair the vestments, and doing all the nice details of Holy of Holies.

PARISH AID, which attends to the temporal and spiritual needs of the very poor. This branch, after investigating each applicant's case, holds itself ready to supply fuel, food and clothing; in some cases paying the rent, besides visiting and showing a Christ-like spirit of kindness.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—Meets every Saturday, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. Poor children are taught to sew and make garments for themselves. This branch is particularly encouraging, having from eight to nearly forty members during the past year.

THE GLEANERS is composed of girls from ten to seventeen years old. They meet every Friday afternoon at the house of the assistant minister. Last winter they interested themselves in a little struggling mission of the diocese. Sending them a Christmas box containing a gift for each Sunday-school scholar, besides furnishing the chapel a cabinet organ. There is also a "Young Men's League" in connection with the Guild, but as that hardly comes under the head of women's work it is not necessary to give an account of it here.

It has seemed necessary thus to give briefly some account of each branch of the guild that a clearer idea might be had of its designs and operations.

It has been found that a greater interest among a larger number of the members of the parish has been the result of the guild with its many branches, and a thoroughness in each branch of the work which is no other way could have been attained. The members of the guild were thus enabled to sustain a work much more far reaching than could have been accomplished by work-

* Read at Wisconsin Conference of Churchwomen.

ing individually. As this organization has now stood the test of two years, we feel that it is no longer an experiment. It is an assured fact that a guild can be made effectively to embrace all parochial work. It is however desirable to find at the outset the right person for the heads of the different branches, persons with interest and enthusiasm each in their own particular work. Each branch reports at the meeting on the first Friday of the month. This is a point to be insisted upon, as by it the whole guild is kept *en rapport* and knows all that is going on in each branch of the guild, thus preserving the unity of the guild. The honorary members mentioned in the by-laws are persons whose charitable work in the parish in time passed are in this way recognized. Persons who by their works and means have shown their interest in the welfare of the Church—our blessed Lord's visible kingdom on earth. The motto of the guild is "Go, work in my vineyard," and it felt that each member of the parish ought to do some Christian work, and labor for Christ and His Church faithfully and perseveringly organized. Methods are included in all the departments of the guild. If one is disinclined to work for missions, the immediate demands of the parish are offered as a substitute instead. There is certainly something for every one to do, and the guild with its different departments offers in definite shape, something to each member of the parish.

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints."—ROMANS XII, 12 and 13.

And is thy life no longer worth the having
Because its light thus early knows a cloud?
Dost thou, ere noon, resign all hope of saving
The remnant of thy day? Cry not aloud
That God hath ceased to mark the sparrows'
falling,
And heareth not its note of sore distress.
Look up in faith, poor heart, and while thou'rt
calling,
Thy Father hath compassion, and will bless.
No words hast thou for prayer, save "Help
me, Father."
Stern conscience smites thee e'en as thou
dost kneel,
Saying, "Oh, thankless one, thou should'st
far rather
Pour out before the throne thy meek appeal
For pardon, and with fervent adoration
Praise Him who thus far hath not left thee
fall,
But even in the midst of tribulation
Hath promised to regard thy feeblest call.
"And when thy prayers and thanks have
swiftly ascended,
And in thy heart remains a tender thought,
Think not thy work in life thus soon is
ended,
Remember that the Christ thy time hath
bought.
Look down in pity on His loved ones toiling,
Oppressed and wretched 'midst a thousand
wrongs,
And think no unclean thing thy hand is soiling
When thou canst change their groans to
joyous songs.
"This done, thy earthly day may yet be
clouded,
And evening shadows fall ere yet 'tis noon,
But when the night of death thy life hath
shrouded,
Thou wilt not ask for light of stars or moon.
For then in Heaven shalt thou find consolation,
The Saviour with swift healing shall arise,
And as thou look'st up on Him in supplication,
He'll gently wipe the tear-drops from thy
eyes."

CHILDREN'S SOCIETIES.*

BY MARGARET T. EMERY.

If a children's society is to meet with any measure of success, it is absolutely necessary that it have for its guiding spirit a woman who is, in the first place, deeply and sincerely in love with children. She must not simply be "fond" of them; she must not simply find them amusing; she must love them from the depths of her holy heart, and see in each little one the Holy Child Whose Blessed Name it bears. She must earnestly desire to do her part in bringing out and perfecting the Divine Image in each, and so have patience with its waywardness, and sympathy with all its moods. She must have wisdom to direct, and gentleness to guide. She must have a certain degree of ingenuity, and a boundless supply of tact; and she must ever be on her guard, lest, in a careless moment, she "cause one of these little ones to stumble."

And next, she must be truly interested in the object for which the society is formed. The more enthusiasm she can bring to it, the better. However successfully half-heartedness may be disguised from their elders, children discover it at a glance; and the zeal with which they follow their leader is strictly proportioned to the zeal with which they are led.

So, if a children's branch of the Church Temperance Society is to be formed, let its leader be one who is really alive to the evils of intemperance, and deeply anxious to see the children of God preserved from every form of excess. If it is to be an association for missionary work, let its leader thoroughly believe in missions, and have a burning desire to speed the time when all the peoples of the world shall be made one in the Kingdom of God. If it be a guild for parish work, let the leader believe that every child should take a loving pride in its own Church home, and do what it can to beautify the house of God and the grounds in which it stands.

That this enthusiasm should be tempered with the soundest good sense, so that its own particular object may be properly adjusted to all the other equally important works of the parish, it is hardly necessary to add. The children's society, like the children themselves, should take its place modestly in the background of parochial life; but well managed and faithfully worked, it may unconsciously become a pattern to the elder organizations, as a gentle, devout and loving child often reads, all unknown to itself, a lesson to those among whom its quiet days are spent.

If we realized the double good that children's societies achieve, it is quite certain that we should not rest satisfied until such an association had been formed in every parish. The work they accomplish is great, and the service they render to the Church is very real, while the good that reacts upon the souls of the children themselves is incalculable. These girls, meeting every week to sew for their Christmas or Easter box; these boys who keep the church grounds tidy, and are ready to respond to any call of rector or Sunday-school teacher,—all are getting practical lessons in their duty to the Church of which they are members, and in the reality of their union with their fellow-

members, which will last them all their lives. And having learned their lesson, the little "Willing Workers" and tiny "Helping Hands" of to-day will be the strong and willing workers, and the helpful hands of many a parish and mission, far it may be from home, in the years that are to come. Many of our later lessons fade from our minds, more easily still from our hearts, but those that are instilled when mind and heart alike are "wax to receive and marble to retain," remain with us for ever. It is our duty to see that the Church is supplied with intelligent and loving workers when those who now do her work are gone; and so surely as we teach our children to love and serve her, shall her supply of faithful servants never fail.

The smallest and most original society with which I have any acquaintance is composed of a number of little girls who are banded together to work both for their own parish and for missions. These children meet once a week, to manufacture from scraps rescued from the rag-bag, pocket-pin-cushions, needle-books and pen-wipers, which they sell for pins. A small pin-ball is valued at ten pins; more elaborate articles bring a better price. When the society has amassed three hundred and sixty-five pins (the usual number in a paper) they are sold for ten cents. Occasionally articles are made whose intrinsic value warrants their being sold for pennies instead of pins. The first year of its existence this unique society made eleven dollars, with a part of which a Prayer Book and Hymnal were bought for the chance that had recently been added to the parish church.

The rules of this society are, first: That if any child is angry or cross during working hours, or on the way home from a meeting, she shall pay a fine of ten pins. Second, if any member is absent from a meeting she shall pay a fine of five pins. Third, every member shall do her best to dispose of articles for the objects of the society. Fourth, every member shall bring all the pins she has collected during the week, to be counted and added to the general fund.

The patient, ingenious and loving head of the society bears this testimony to its members: "They are always interested and untiring in their zeal and industry; very regular in attendance; kind, unselfish and thoughtful; very polite and well-behaved, and very anxious for the chapel for which they work."

In a little mission in Central New York, that has been maintained for years chiefly through the efforts of one good woman, there is an association called the Daisy Guild, in which six young girls are being trained to do just such work as their leader does, in the same consecrated spirit. These girls take care of the little chapel; they sweep and dust it; they attend to the floral decorations, finding, gathering, begging, bringing flowers, plants, ferns, leaves, mosses, for every service; except in the depths of winter, when they gather evergreens, and twine them for Christmas. When their leader is away from home, she entrusts the key of the chapel to one of the members of the guild, who has charge also of the Communion service; and this little twelve-year-old girl, aided by another of the same age, marks and distributes the envelopes in which are gathered contributions for the current expenses of the mission.

* Read at the Wisconsin Conference of Churchwomen, September 28, 1885.—(From Church Work.)

Another member, fourteen years of age, plays the organ when the regular organist is absent; and all are gladly ready to do any work for the Church which may be demanded of them.

Such societies as these may be found already in many of our parishes and missions, and might well be established in all. Beside these parochial organizations, there are other associations, both diocesan and general, which band together numbers of children for a certain work. Among these the Children's Twenty Minutes' Society and St. Mark's Friendly League are the largest.

The Children's Twenty Minutes Society, a branch of the well-known Twenty Minutes Society, has nearly five hundred members in twenty dioceses and missionary jurisdictions, and has for its object the providing of boxes of gifts for Christmas and Easter, for our domestic missionary schools. Each child pledges itself to say a prayer daily for the society; to contribute ten cents a year toward its expenses; to devote twenty minutes a week to missionary work, and to give one book each year, not necessarily new, to be added to the boxes.

St. Mark's Friendly League also numbers nearly five hundred members. It was organized some years ago, to support a scholarship in St. Mark's School, Salt Lake City; but as it has increased in membership, its work has been largely extended. The headquarters of the league are in Washington, where the greater number of its members are to be found.

In forming parochial societies for girls and boys, the children should be made to feel, as much as possible, the responsibility of their society, while, at the same time, they are never permitted to forget that they are under authority. The secretary and treasurer should be chosen from among their own number, and they should form their own committees. In some very successful societies the leader holds no office, but is a sort of advisory committee to whom all refer.

The rules should be few and simple, but they should be strictly observed; and the great object of the society, for whatever special object it may be formed, should be constantly kept before its members. *The Glory of God*, this and this only, should be the aim and end of the association; and the society will have done its best work when it has taught each little member that every effort of hand and heart, whatever its purpose, should be begun, continued, and ended in God's Holy Name, and dedicated to the Blessed Maker in Whose service it is that they are engaged.

AN EVENING WITH CHINESE SCHOLARS IN NEW YORK.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

It has been said that when women give themselves to a work, that work is pretty sure to be a success.

Perhaps this is the one cause of the great and beautiful results which have been accomplished among the Chinese in our land.

It is largely the work of women, and it gladdens one's heart to know, that here in this great city, the centre of fashion and frivolity, where woman is called loudly, on every side, to join in this or that gaiety, to seek that diversion or amusement which is

considered most "the thing" in society, there are those who willingly give their time and talents to caring for these poor heathen who have wandered to our shores.

Surely, every one must rejoice, and find it a token for good, when he sees, as we saw, a few evenings since, the beautiful parlors of a lady's house filled with these Chinese "boys," and their teachers; and hears the sweet voice of woman mingling with the broken utterance of the foreigners as they repeat together, the Creed and the Lord's Prayer.

It is no fanciful sketch. It is a beautiful reality. More ladies than one have thrown open the doors of their homes to these poor men, who have come to, our country to learn, we trust, *respect for women*, as well as to learn to know the one True God and Saviour.

And on this evening of which we speak, their courtesy, and gentle manners, their eagerness to assist, and the dexterity with which they performed many little offices, usually the work of our own gentlemen, gave cause, certainly, for much satisfaction to those who had labored so faithfully among them.

We noticed how pleased they were to offer any little service to the gentle lady of the house; and how they were watchful to do just what she desired.

Certainly, we said, as we noted the quiet demeanor, the modest manliness of these Chinamen—no truer gentlemen ever sat in this lady's parlor!

These faithful women may count it a nobler conquest than any which American society ever accorded them, that they have won the reverence and regard of these men whose religion never taught them respect for the other sex. It is the first step for them towards a true heart-religion, and a worship of the One God who cares for all alike.

Most touching of all, was it to hear these "boys" following the lady, as she uttered slowly and distinctly, the words of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. One could see just how the gentle persuasions and praises of these women had encouraged them to try, to overcome their natural backwardness, and to feel no hesitation in speaking the hard words of our language, as well as they could.

Scarcely any but women, with their tact and wisdom, could have done this as well.

Some of these boys have made wonderful progress in the language. They read parts of various chapters in the Bible, gave recitations, and sang hymns, with a clearness and understanding which surprised us, and which certainly reflects much credit upon their faithful teachers. Several also recited from a Church catechism, with much spirit and emphasis.

The work is growing. It is a beautiful work; and the Church is bearing her part in it nobly.

I rejoice to feel that God has put this work so largely into the hands of women.

As I looked around at the fair faces that evening, beauty and youth and gentleness side by side with the dark-visaged sons of China, I thought that never had beautiful womanhood such a setting before—never shone it with such radiance, as in the midst of these heathen wanderers whom it had drawn, magnet-like, to itself, and unto whom it had given the precious things of God.

Oh, my sisters, sit not with folded hands while this blessed work is on every side, and God has called you to do it!

ADVENT.

Blackness, and darkness, and tempest,
Were round about;
Lightnings, and thunders, and voices,
On Sinai's mount.

Smoke in vast clouds upward rolling;
Red glaring flame;
Such was His manifestation
When first the Lord came.

The tents were so high to the mountain,
Each Israelite saw,
The women, the very young children,
They trembled with awe.

The peal of the thunder incessant,
The lightning's sharp glare,
The blaze of the tempest,—they wakened
Fear, terror, despair.

He cometh again! yea, He cometh,
In clouds of the sky.
In the snow-blakened heavens His radiance
Will draw every eye.

Every eye shall behold Him descending,
Earth shivering away,
No refuge remaining. Oh! who, then,
Abideth that day!

Star, moon, and sunlight departed,
All eyes shall behold
The King, in His beauty, appearing,
As prophets foretold.

Coming, with all His bright angels,
To gather His own—
The patient, the meek, and the humble,
The loving—alone.

His mansion's prepared—O, He longeth
To give them their rest;
The spirits of those who have served Him
To clasp to His breast.

Fulfilled is the time of the selfish,
The lover of ease,
The scornful of the proud, the unloving,—
He knoweth not these.

The "lowly in heart," and the pure one's
Who trusted through all,
The tramp may alarm; but God's angels
Will gather them all.

TOIL AND REST.—Remember always toil is the condition of our being. Our sentence is to labor from the cradle to the grave. But there are Sabbaths allowed for the mind as well as the body, when the intellect is stilled and the emotions alone perform their gentle and involuntary functions.

No wonder that a generous, self-denying, earnest woman declared that she would not give any more money to the "society for the increase of the ministry," but would, if she could, subscribe towards one for the decrease until the quality should improve.

If Christ our Lord should now walk upon this earth, in New York City, for instance, with His train of disciples, the fishermen, the publican, Lazarus, Martha, and Mary, where would He find a Christian minister's home simple and humble enough to receive Him and His lowly followers? And how would some of our *fashiony* young preachers and pompous old ones know how to demean themselves in His presence? How many could say, "Lo, we have left all and followed Thee?"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THEM THAT ARE ASLEEP.

BY MRS. E. B. SANFORD.

"Father is coming—dear papa! Oh, little Maddy, how glad we will be!"

"Papa coming?" Maddy stopped dangling her dolly and looked up earnestly at her brother. "To-morrow, Willy?"

"Oh, not to-morrow, is he, Willy?" asked another child eagerly.

"Why no; at least I don't suppose he can be here so soon.

But that's just where it is, Ellinor, we don't know when he will come; Uncle Arthur said he might surprise us any day."

Ellinor clasped her hands together and looked pleased and excited, but she did not jump and caper about as some little girls would have done on hearing such good news.

The reason of this was that Ellinor scarcely remembered her father. Willy was older when he went away, and had a clear recollection of his looks, words, and ways; he well remembered the dear mother, too, who was called away from her little ones a few months before. But Maddy was a baby then, and Ellinor had thought of both parents in the same dreamy way—the mother who could never return to them, and the father who had been kept away from them so very, very long, on the other side of this great world.

"You see," Willy went on, "we'd better be all ready for him, for they can't tell just when the ship will get to port. I know he will come to us just as quick as he can, after he lands!" and Willy's eyes sparkled with joy at the thought.

"What can we do? How must we get ready, Willy?" asked Ellinor anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know; you must ask Aunt Katharine about your part; I only thought we'd like to be all right, you know! For one thing, I would have had a better school report this week, if I'd known of this! You may believe, I'll try to be perfect next week!"

"We don't get 'perfects' in our room," said Ellinor, "we only have tickets. I've

got a ticket every day this week. But, Willy, do you suppose father will care?"

"Why, of course he will! He cares all about us—more than Uncle Arthur does, even, I guess."

"Oh, not more than Uncle Arthur! I don't believe he could. Why, Willy, he has not seen us for ever so long!"

"But he has kept on loving us, Ellinor," said Willy, earnestly, "I am sure he has. And he has wanted Uncle and Auntie to write about us in every single letter. Yes, I am sure that father cares; and now he is coming—coming!"

first thing in the morning and the last at night, almost, she talked of it in her own pretty way, and never failed to ask, "Will papa come to-morrow?"

Nearly two weeks had gone by, and nothing had been heard of the ship. The older children were growing weary of watching and waiting; and they both laughed a little when Maddy said one morning: "Papa coming to-day?"

"I guess that's all you know about it, you little pet!" said Willy, and he gave her a hug and a kiss as he started for school. His lessons were harder than usual, and Willy

came near losing his "perfect" more than once that day; but somehow Maddy's words seemed to ring in his ears, and he worked with all his might.

Ellinor, too, had given over her dusting, for two or three days. "What's the use!" she had said to herself. But that day she ran upstairs the minute she came home from school, and dusted all the furniture carefully, and arranged the toilet articles as prettily as she could.

And what was Maddy doing all day?

Trot, trot, went the little feet, to and fro, and busily the child worked, all for the dear father whose name she had learned to love. She carried up wood, one stick at a time, for the open fire that was to be lighted in his room when he came; she rubbed each spoon and fork with a soft cloth, after Aunt Katharine had washed them, so that they would be "shining bright"

when papa came; and she took the greatest pains to keep her own little white apron, and hands and face, as clean as a new pin.

"Maddy mustn't be dirty when papa comes!" she said.

So busy had the little one been that she grew tired, even before dusk of the grey November day.

"Come, Dolly," she said, "Maddy get up in this chair, so can see 'way down street! Wait! Here's a shawl! Maddy see papa coming; put on shawl and run. Wait; here's auntie's shawl too; so auntie can run! And here's my new ball, to show papa!"

So she prattled while settling herself in the chair; but she had not watched very



"THE WATCHER WAS FAST ASLEEP."

"Coming!" repeated little Maddy, rocking back and forth in her little chair. "Papa coming! Willy glad! Maddy glad, too!"

Ellinor at once consulted Aunt Katharine as to what she could do to be ready for her father's coming. To please the little girl, her Auntie gave her leave to dust his room every day, and see that it was all fresh and in order.

"But, darling," she said, "the best way to be ready for him is to be a good, faithful little girl every single day, at school and at home; then, dear, papa will surely be pleased with you, whenever he comes."

But no one seemed to think more of the father's coming than did little Maddy. The

long before the ball fell to the floor; dolly slipped out of her lap; and the tired head rested on one fat little arm; the watcher was fast asleep.

Aunt Katharine laid aside her work as the light grew dim, and Willy and Ellinor came lovingly to her side.

"Do see dear Maddy, auntie! Isn't it strange that she has been so sure papa would come to-day?"

"Hark, Willy!"

A carriage was stopping at the door. The children looked at each other, and then sprang up and rushed into the hall; Aunt Katharine followed them, trembling with excitement.

Uncle Arthur was just entering; who was that with him? In a moment Aunt Katharine threw her arms around his neck, crying: "Brother!" And then came Ellinor and Willy's turn. Ah, the little girl did not doubt her father's love, now, as he pressed them close to him, whispering: "My precious children!"

Then the father looked up at his sister anxiously, saying:

"Where is my little Madeline?"

She smiled, and led him into the room.

"She has been watching for you!" auntie said.

Dear little Maddy—her mother's namesake—was caught up in her papa's arms, and kissed again and again. The child nestled close to him, murmuring: "Papa!" Then she opened her eyes and gazed at him in a startled way.

"It is papa; oh Maddy, it is papa!" cried Willy.

She smiled contentedly, and laid her head again on his breast, saying:

"Papa come; Maddy glad!"

Oh how full of joy were the next few days! The children never tired of sitting on their father's knee, or standing by his side, and gazing in his face.

Sunday came; the very happiest day of all, they thought; it was so pleasant to go to church with their own dear papa—and uncle and auntie too.

It was Advent Sunday; and in the afternoon they had a little talk about the sermon which they had heard in the morning, and the collect for the day.

The clergyman had preached on this text: "Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." He spoke so plainly about being ready for the coming of our Lord, that any child might understand; and Willy and Ellinor had seemed to be listening, their father thought; so now he asked them about it.

"Yes, papa, I know Mr. Wood meant when Christ shall come to judge the world; and what he said about being ready made me think of last week."

"So did I think of it," said Ellinor, shyly.

"What about last week, darling? Tell me!"

"Why you know, papa, we didn't know what day you would come, and so we tried to be ready for you all the time!"

"Yes, and then we got almost tired of watching," said Willy, "and dear little Maddy put us in mind of it again; she was so sure you would come."

"Wasn't it a pity that she fell asleep before you came, papa dear? She had been watching and keeping ready all day!"

Papa did not answer for a moment; he then he asked:

"Do you not think, Ellie, that the darling felt happy and satisfied when she waked in my arms?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" said both children, smiling as they remembered her look.

"Well, dear children, here is another thought for us about The Coming. We need not be sorry for those who have fallen asleep while they were making ready to meet the Lord; for 'them that sleep in Jesus will be living with Him; and they shall be satisfied.'"

Willy and Ellinor were very still, for they knew that their father was thinking of the dear mamma who was laid to rest. The children never forgot this sweet Advent lesson.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

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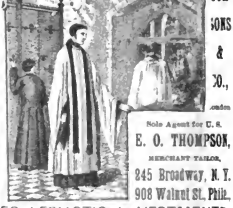
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DESIGNERS' PATTERNS LETTERS and PLATES

The Churchman.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

The heavy loss sustained by Hobart College in the loss of its very valuable library by fire, should elicit the active sympathy of many a Churchman. Hobart is doing an excellent work, and the crippling of its usefulness would be a great misfortune.

The Church is kneeling on the threshold of the Christian year, and crying: "Almighty God, give us grace, give us grace, give us grace." They are the first words she utters, and they are the continual undertone of all her prayers through all the year. She is gazing up into the heavens, expectant of her Lord. While He still sitteth at the right hand of the Father, she prays ever for, she relies wholly upon, His grace, upon the influence of the Holy Spirit, whose presence and work on earth are the fulfillment of the Saviour's promise that He would not leave His Church uncared for.

Trinity College, we are glad to be able to state, has escaped the very serious loss which threatened it by the election of its president, Dr. Williamson Smith, to the Bishopric of Easton. We certainly wish only the highest good to that diocese, bereaved of so saintly and learned a bishop as the late Dr. Lay. But we cannot avoid the thought that the Church's colleges should be held worthy of the services of the very best men in the Church. Dr. Smith's administration in the affairs of Trinity College has been most admirable, and its present prosperity is an unanswerable claim for his continuance in the presidency.

The parochial mission in a large number of the churches in New York began very auspiciously. On Friday morning, November 27, a service was held chiefly for the clergy, at which the assistant-bishop made a most forcible and most helpful address. The attendance at the first service was very large, and there was every promise of the accomplishment of much good. One thing which is noteworthy is the enormous amount of preparatory work done by the rectors and their lay co-workers. In all the parishes visits have been made by men and women of the best standing, who have gone about making calls, giving notices of the meetings to be held, leaving tracts, and in all ways showing a kindly Christian interest in those whom they visited. In some parishes thousands of such visits have been made.

In the death of the Vice-President of the United States, the nation is called to mourn the loss of a distinguished citizen, and the Church to write on her diptychs the name of a devout and good man. The estimates which will be formed of the value of his public and patriotic services will naturally be various; but all who have known him bear willing testimony to his high Christian character and his blameless and upright life. For many years he had been a devout communicant of the Church, and he represented the Diocese of Indiana in the last General Convention. Widely as many of the public

men of the day differed with him in regard to political and civic questions, all respected him as an honorable and high-minded Christian man; and it is pleasant to make grateful mention of the fact that all unite in ascribing to his upright and loving Christian character the vast influence which he wielded over his fellow-men.

It is to be feared that Archdeacon Farrar has been for the most part, while in this country, in the hands of the Philistines, who have worked him and led him about for their own advantage as well as for the delectation of the people. It is to be hoped, on the other hand, that the disinterested and cordial attention which Churchmen have extended to him when they have had opportunity has made some amends for the Philistinism which has overtaken the weary lecturer. One could wish that the visit of the distinguished scholar and divine had been made under different auspices; but in projecting their visits to this land, the dignitaries of the mother Church do not always place themselves, in the first instance, in communication with American Churchmen. No doubt the Archdeacon of Westminster has learned the usual lesson, and will profit by it on the occasion of his next visit, which, it is to be hoped, will not be long deferred. Meantime, grateful mention should be made of the wide influence for good which he has undoubtedly accomplished by means of his lectures. One does not need to consider whether or not he is an orator, or what faults of elocution or delivery he may be charged with. The spell of his undoubted power lies in his lofty conception of his theme, in his glowing language, and in the noble purpose which animates and sustains him. His lectures on Dante and Browning have been blessings to all who have heard them.

The course predicted in these columns last week has actually been taken by the English elections. Slight Conservative gains on the first day were followed by larger gains on the succeeding days, in the midst of great enthusiasm among the Tories and corresponding depression among the Liberals. Though the final result has not been ascertained at the time of this writing, it is certain that the strength of the Liberal party is shattered, and the prestige of its great leader obscured. For this result Mr. Gladstone is largely responsible, no doubt, since it has been his lack of candor which has forfeited the support which multitudes of Liberal Churchmen would gladly have given to his party. Nevertheless, it is fair to admit that it has been Mr. Chamberlain's excess of candor even more than Mr. Gladstone's lack of it that has injured the Liberal cause. In the enthusiasm of his newly-found leadership at the beginning of the campaign, and with the prospect before him of unrivalled personal popularity and power, he laid aside the caution of the party chief, and spoke with the zeal of a true Radical. As a disserter it was natural, of course, that he should desire disestablishment; but as a politician it was expected that he would dissemble, or, at least, not proclaim his desire. Mr. Chamberlain was not to be depended

on, however. With more zeal than discretion he precipitated the issue of disestablishment, and the wary Tories were not slow to take it up. With consummate skill Lord Salisbury made the most of the opportunity that the over-candid Radical leader thus presented to him, and the result is likely to save the Established Church from spoliation for at least another Parliamentary session.

The death of the King of Spain brings a life of romantic interest and a reign of undoubted prosperity to an untimely close. During the whole of his official career he has been surrounded by difficulties which he inherited with his crown, and has been constantly menaced by a pretender to his throne on the one hand, and by an organized socialistic proletariat on the other. It can hardly be claimed that the young king was endowed with such abilities as were required to cope with the dangers which beset him. Though he was bred with the prospect of certainly succeeding to his royal estate, and the utmost care was lavished upon his education, yet he was not much helped by his training. It is almost pitiful to read of the weary labor to which his tutors subjected him, under which, no doubt, his health greatly suffered. Nevertheless, by his devotion to his duties, as he understood them, and by his sympathy with his people, he contrived in times of great difficulty, to approve himself one of the best kings Spain has ever had. With singular courage and faithfulness he visited the plague-stricken districts of his kingdom during the recent pestilence of cholera, in spite of the opposition of his ministers, and acquitted himself in so kingly a fashion as to deserve and receive the enthusiastic gratitude of his people. For himself he could not have died at a better time, though for Spain his early death seems to be a great misfortune.

The encyclical letter of the Bishop of Rome has at length been set forth by authority in this country. A careful study of it confirms the impressions of its teaching and tendency which have already been set forth in these columns. Indeed it may be said that the letter as a whole goes much further than was then supposed. Though it professes to provide a *modus vivendi* between the Roman Church and the civilization of the age, and especially between the Church and popular government, a brief examination of it is quite sufficient to show that no papal definition or decree has ever gone to greater lengths in claiming for the Church the virtual control of the civil power. A wordy show of toleration for all kinds of government is made, but all through the lengthy letter it is taught that a government, in order to be entitled to the support of Roman Catholics, must be in accord with and foster the religion of the Roman See. For instance, speaking of the duties of rulers and of governments, it says: "It is clear that a State constituted on this basis is altogether bound to satisfy by the public profession of religion the very many and great duties which bring it into relation with God," etc.; and again it says that the chief of the duties of

the State is "that attention should be paid to a holy and inviolate preservation of religion, by the duties of which man is united to God." It then goes on to declare, with the usual emphasis, that the only religion to be thus respected and preserved is that of the Roman obedience. And a little later it declares that the "Church of Christ is the true teacher of morals. From the decisions of the popes it is clearly to be understood that the origin of public power is to be sought from God Himself, and not from the multitude . . . that it is a crime for private individuals and a crime for States to observe nowhere the duties of religion, or to treat in the same way different kinds of religion; that the uncontrollable right of thinking and publicly proclaiming one's thoughts is not inherent in the rights of citizens, nor in any sense to be placed among those things which are worthy of favor or patronage." When to these declarations are added the injunctions that Roman Catholics should use public institutions as far as can be for the advantage of their religion, that they should embrace every branch of public administration with their attention and care, and that, in order rightly to exercise their influence over political affairs, "concord of wills should be preserved, and a likeness of things to be done sought for, and each will be attained the best if all shall consider the admonition of the Apostolic See as a law of conduct," it will be seen how completely this letter is in conflict with our free institutions, and what a menace it offers to the liberties of our people. Indeed it may be said that the encyclical *Immortali Dei* is an unmistakable proclamation of war against the whole theory of civil society upon which our government is founded, and that it commands all Roman Catholics in this country to unite politically for accomplishing its subversion. Not only so, but it declares that the object to be aimed at by such united political effort shall be nothing less than the exclusive establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, the acknowledgment of the supreme authority of the See of Rome in all matters relating to it—which means all matters of human conduct—and the utter suppression of free speech and free thought in this as in every land. No intelligent Protestant has needed to be told, of course, since the publication of the syllabus of Pius IX., that the undivided allegiance of no Roman Catholic to his government is possible. This encyclical letter makes it evident to all who take the pains to study its meaning and drift that it is intended from this time on that the political and civic purposes of the Roman Catholics of this country shall be determined in effect by the Roman See. From this time it will not be possible for a devout Romanist to be a loyal citizen of our republic, or to cease to strive for its practical subversion in bringing it into subjection to the Roman pontiff.

The General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor, with Master Workman Powderly at their head, have been in St. Louis; and although their proceedings while there were secret, it is understood that they made some sort of inquisition into the recent street-railway strike in that city, and the dynamite outrages connected with it. The purpose of the investigation appears to have been to determine whether the "Cleve-

land Assembly" of the Knights of Labor, to which the accused dynamiters belong, was directly implicated in the conspiracy to destroy life or property; and it is said that the inquiry exonerated the local body of such complicity. In an interview reported in the daily press, Mr. Powderly disclaimed having made any formal investigation of this matter, but expressed the opinion that nothing had been done by the Cleveland Assembly that would implicate that organization. He declined to express any opinion of the guilt or innocence of the accused dynamiters, but said that if there is a possibility of establishing their innocence, "there should be no stone left unturned to do it," though a defence fund for that purpose would have to be supplied by individuals, and not by the Knights of Labor as an organization. Mr. Powderly also took occasion, in the same interview, to denounce the use of dynamite, to deprecate all strikes, and to condemn the particular street-railway strike of St. Louis as untimely, and as "a mistake from beginning to end." It is encouraging to note that the official head of the Knights of Labor is aware of the grave impeachment which this whole business of the strike in St. Louis has made against his order, though the defence that he makes or implies is altogether inadequate. Though he and every official connected with it should continue to denounce all ill-advised strikes and the crimes attending them, yet, so long as the members of his organization shall continue to engage in such strikes, and to commit such crimes, just so long will the Knights of Labor be justly responsible for them. It is not enough to say, either officially or otherwise, that whatever young member does, he does as an individual, and that, as such individual, he is amenable to the law of the land. In the case of the St. Louis dynamiters, and others of like character, the intent of the wrong-doers was to further the ends which the Knights of Labor exist to serve, that is, the promotion and conservation of the supposed rights of laborers as a class; and since the Knights of Labor, by the very fact of their secret combination and organization, go outside of the law for the serving of those ends, they are responsible for all the lawlessness which this leads to among their own members. It has been pointed out already in these columns, but it cannot too much be insisted on, that the very existence of such a secret body as the Knights of Labor, appealing as they do to class prejudices, devoted to alleged class interests, and working secretly and in concert, through a wide-spread organization, and under a despotic and irresponsible head, for the advancement of the objects which they choose to foster, is a menace to public order and public liberty. Nor should the members of that body be allowed to forget that in continuing in such an organization they renounce their own liberty, and surrender their own manhood to a despotism which is yet powerless to protect them from responsibility for the excesses of its worst adherents.

A communication made by the aged Primate of the Church of Ireland, a short time since, to the synod of his Diocese of Armagh, called attention to the somewhat anomalous arrangement, under the existing statutes of the Church, for the choice of a primate. As matters now stand, on the

death of the Archbishop of Armagh, who is primate in right of his see, the Synod of Armagh would meet and "elect a bishop, who would bear the *ad interim* title of Bishop of Armagh. The bishops would then meet to elect a primate, and if their choice fell on some other bishop, the newly-elected Bishop of Armagh and the primate-elect would have to effect a change of dioceses." The question of altering the statutes in regard to the primacy is being agitated, the object being to provide some way for allowing the Church at large to choose the primate, and at the same time permit the Diocese of Armagh to elect its own bishop. Manifestly, so long as the primacy goes with Armagh, this will be impracticable, except in the case of the choice for the primate and the bishop happening to fall on the same person. Otherwise, it will be the "Church at large" which will choose the Diocesan for Armagh, for which the only compensation to the diocese will be the privilege of choosing a bishop for some other diocese. From this dilemma there seems to be no practicable escape, since the making of the primacy ambulatory, and thus abandoning the title of "Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland," would probably involve grave legal difficulties. It is desirable, for many reasons, that Armagh should continue to be the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland; but, in order to retain this dignity, it must be willing to hand over to the Church at large the right to select its bishop.

True, there are fashions in theology, and there are not wanting those who claim that each new age may, and should, have its new theories, the same in religion, as in science. But, theory is one thing; and "a faith once delivered" another. Popular theology is as full of fashion plates as the show window of a merchant tailor. But, back of men's opinions, lie God's facts, just as back of the nebular hypothesis, lie the stars in their orbits. Men may come and men may go, and there will ever go with them their tastes and their views; but fundamental doctrines change not, they are the "fixed stars" of the firmament, and while we have historic facts and the "faith once (for all) delivered," we may let theory be as popular as it may; and only ask of those who carry it, what we ask of the Italian bandit and his stiletto—that he, please be as careful as he can how he wears it.

"To-day," wrote Keble to his friend George Cornish, in 1827, "I have been to an ordination, for the first time since I was ordained myself, and I have almost made a vow to be present at one every year. I think it would do me good; like going back to one's native air after a long interval." And there is much in it. We have known of clergy who read over the ordination service on recurring days of their own ordination. One went into the chancel and read it aloud. Perhaps many peruse it on each anniversary. Would not a re-reading of baptismal and confirmation promises be a valuable drill to those who have made them? The mind is affected by recurring events and periods of time. Old lessons may be learned anew, and early impressions kept alive, or re-awakened, and indeed, should they not be?

THE REVISION.

I desire to offer, in a spirit of great respect, a few criticisms on the proposed amendments to the Prayer Book, as adopted by the last General Convention. Two things will, I think, be generally admitted: first, that the amendments, although good in the main, are yet not quite all that they should be; and secondly, that it is desirable to have them as nearly perfect as possible before they are finally adopted. The subject naturally takes the two divisions of Liturgical Enrichment and greater flexibility of use. And first, of Liturgical Enrichment.

1. The most objectionable feature of the whole work is the large number of Occasional Prayers that have been added. I am not the first person to call attention to this. Dr. Dix, in an article in the American Church Review for January, 1883, observed that when, as might often be the case, several of these prayers were used, the service would be greatly lengthened thereby. He suggested—what the revisers have made—the addition to the Prayer for all Conditions of Men, and the General Thanksgiving, of the special clauses now in the English Prayer Book, and expressed the wish that the people would be satisfied with such general mention of their individual wants. It is to be hoped that this matter will not be overlooked by the next convention, and that the number of Occasional Prayers will be lessened instead of enlarged. The same reasoning applies to the Occasional Thanksgivings. It should be borne in mind that the services exist less for the people as individuals than for the people as a whole, and less for the people as a whole than for the glory of God; and that, therefore, we should each and all of us, upon occasions of public worship, suppress ourselves as far as possible, and by no means lengthen the service by unnecessary reference to our personal wants.

2. The possession of three sets of Canticles for Morning and Evening Prayer, with a fourth set for use at Evening Prayer during Lent, cannot, in my opinion, do otherwise than lead to confusion. There is little enough system in the alternative use of the Canticles which we now have, and to add more can only make matters worse. The restoration of the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, and the latter part of the *Benedictus*, and the putting all three in the place of honor, were to be expected, and were eminently proper; and it seems to me that when the revisers had gone so far, they should have thrown out our present second set of evening Canticles, and added no new ones whatever. This arrangement would have made our morning and evening Canticles (with a few verbal differences which amount to nothing) exactly the same as those of the English Prayer Book.

There is, moreover, an element of doctrine in the case, to which this arrangement would give suitable prominence. The *Benedictus* and the *Magnificat* have been for centuries the morning and evening memorials of the Incarnation. The evident intention of the Church of England, from the Reformation down to the present time, is to set forth the doctrine of the Incarnation, by making these hymns the chief Canticles of morning and evening service, and the Psalms which follow them alternatives only. This is shown both by the posi-

tion of the hymns, which are in the first place, or, as I have called it, the place of honor, and by the rubric before the *Benedictus*, which directs that it shall be used except when it is "read in the chapter for the day, or for the gospel on St. John Baptist's Day." By analogy a similar use should obtain as to the *Magnificat* and also the *Nunc Dimittis*, which is another hymn in honor of the Incarnation, and takes place along with the *Magnificat*.

We are thankful for the proposed restoration of these hymns to our own Prayer Book; but it cannot be denied that with respect to one of them the revisers have fallen short of their duty. I allude to their treatment of the *Benedictus*. They have, it is true, printed the hymn entire; but by the strange rubric which they have prefixed to it, they and the convention after them have recorded themselves as at least consenting to its continued mutilation. This rubric requires the hymn to be used as a whole only during the season of Advent! We have here the singular spectacle of two mistakes of exactly opposite character in close connection with each other. While the revisers have enriched too much by adding an unnecessary third Canticle, they have enriched too little by not requiring that the *Benedictus* when used shall be used entire. It is to be hoped that the next convention will correct this also.

3. Additional selections of Psalms to be used instead of the Psalter for the day seem to me objectionable, as tending to break up the regular order of the Psalms, as we read them day by day through the month. The English Prayer Book contains no selections; and I have known rectors in this country who would never use those that we have except on very special occasions, and not even then unless the Psalms for the day of the month happened to be positively unsuitable. The best way to keep in mind any series of things is to use the series in regular order; and as the lessons follow a regular order, with only necessary exceptions, it seems best that the Psalter should do likewise, the necessary exceptions being the Proper Psalms for particular days. As these are now considerably increased in number, I can see no need of any other selections.

4. Inasmuch as the revisers have amplified our Ash Wednesday service, one wonders why they have done nothing in the way of a special service for Good Friday. It is a day unlike any other in the Christian year. The great festivals have something in common; one does not so far overshadow the others as to lose all likeness to them; but the Great Fast stands by itself, absolutely and awfully unique. It would seem fitting that the day have a special service of its own. The nucleus of such a service can be found in what are known as the Reproaches, and are sung in some churches on Good Friday. I cannot say whether their use is limited to "advanced" churches; but I recollect seeing a statement in the newspapers two or three years ago, to the effect that the present Bishop of Lichfield (Dr. Maclagan) chanted the Reproaches in his own cathedral on Good Friday. If this statement was correct, it would seem that such a service was perfectly safe.

5. The revision follows the usage of the Mother Church in having a petition for the President not only in the Morning and Even-

ing Prayer, but in the Litany also. It would be well that the Communion Service should contain a similar petition. The proper place would be in the Prayer for the Church Militant, where it could be easily inserted by adding after the clause ending "all Christian rulers" the words "especially thy servant the President of the United States." All the English Prayer Books, from the first of Edward VI. down, contain a petition of this kind; and by adding it to our own book, our four principal services would be made to agree in this respect not only with the English book, but with each other. There is another reason why this addition is more desirable now than it once was; which is, that in these days the celebration of the Holy Communion as a service by itself is becoming more and more common.

And here I wish to object, in the strongest manner, to the introduction into the Prayer Book of any special petitions, of whatsoever kind, for the governor or legislature of any State. The Church does not wish to neglect these officials; she well knows that they need praying for; but they are already sufficiently noticed in the expression "all others in authority;" and, besides, it should be remembered, that if we are to become, as we hope, the National Church, we must, in our public worship at any rate, know no such thing as State lines. It is proper to notice the President, as such, for he alone represents us all. He alone is the embodiment, in his person, of our common citizenship.

I now come to the second division of the subject—that of greater Flexibility of Use. This is, of course, largely brought about by rubrical directions. I desire to call attention to the fact that most of the new rubrics simply give permission to do what many of us have been doing for several years without permission. Such are those relating to an anthem after the Collect for Grace (this is practically the same as a "Litany Hymn"), the omission of the Litany on Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday; the use of an Offertory anthem; the use of an anthem, followed by Creed and prayers, after the Lesson in the Burial Service; and the use, "under shelter of the Church," of the portion of that service appointed to be said at the grave.

Now, I do not mention these cases of permission after the fact as an objection to the new rubrics, but rather in commendation of them. They are useful, because they give a recognition to certain customs perfectly proper in themselves, and which have grown up in the course of years. My complaint is that this sort of permission does not go far enough. There are two important particulars in which, I think, it ought to be extended.

1. The first is the recognition of a very old custom, indeed—the singing of the Nicene Creed in the Communion Service. Here I must do the Committee of Revision the justice to say that their rubric, prefixed to the Creed, directed that it should be "sung or said;" but the convention would not accept it in that form, and struck out the permission to sing. Now, I am entirely satisfied in my own mind of the legality of singing the Creed, and shall, therefore, say nothing on that point; but the permission, plainly stated in the rubric, would be a justification and an encouragement to those timid persons who never dare do or omit anything unless they find the authorization

therefor in the letter of the rubric, and a fitting rebuke to those "men of factious, peevish, and perverse spirits," who will not construe rubrics, or anything else, in the light of history, and reason, and common sense. It is well known that the English Prayer Book directs that the Creed shall be "sung or said;" and I think that, using the above-mentioned light, the variations of our own book, in this as in some other respects, can be understood by bearing in mind the condition, toward the close of the last century, of the Church in both countries; the indifference in the mother country, and the weakness in this, and the improbability at that time that, in this country, certain observances could ever be carried out.

2. The other particular which I wish to mention is one of practical convenience. I think that the permission given, on Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday, to begin Morning Prayer with the Lord's Prayer, and end it with the Collect for Grace, should be extended so as to include any day when the entire Communion Service is to follow immediately. Morning Prayer, thus shortened, would not be, especially if rendered with simple music, a disagreeably long prelude to the Communion Service; and as the number of churches is large, especially in cities, where there is a celebration every Sunday, immediately after Morning Prayer, I am inclined to think that this arrangement, once adopted, would become general. The Litany would then, under the new rubrics, be said after Evening Prayer, except, perhaps, on one Sunday in the month, or oftener, if the rector should think proper, when it would be, not added to, but substituted for Morning Prayer. Thus each of the services would be kept independent of the others, and none would be habitually disused. It is also to be hoped that this arrangement would induce a portion of the multitude who now go out after the Offertory to stay in the church until the end of the service.

I may say here that the office of Morning Prayer, shortened as above described, becomes practically what it was in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. And this leads me to add that it would be a great gain if we could get rid of the Exhortation altogether. The obvious purpose of that instrument is to give the *raison d'être* of the service—a thing wholly unnecessary, since the service is its own *raison d'être*. A congregation of Christian people, who come together Sunday after Sunday to worship God, do not need to be told of that fact at the beginning of the service. They know it well enough before coming, else why did they come? There is, also, as it seems to me, another strong argument in favor of removal. As a literary composition, the Exhortation is greatly inferior to the rest of the Prayer Book. It is the one poor thing where all else is rich, the one weak point of an otherwise strong work, the one fit subject for ridicule amid surrounding grandeur, the one blot upon what Churchmen and Dissenters alike call "a noble Liturgy." All this is hardly to be wondered at, considering its origin; but it does not make the Exhortation any better, nor excuse its presence in the Prayer Book. We ought to serve God with only the best of our literature, as with only the best of our architecture; and we shall do neither so long as we continue to build plaster vaults in our churches, and

deface our service book with this amazing medley of tautological inelegance.
CLARENCE C. EDGERTON.

ENGLAND.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC ON TITHES.—Mr. Langdale, a member of an old and staunch Roman Catholic family of Market Wroughton, in his address to the electors, writes:

"I am afraid I cannot complete what I have undertaken without saying something about Disestablishment, which you know is very delicate ground for me to tread on, because I object to the teaching of the Church of England as much as or more than any of you possibly can. But this, notwithstanding, I will say at once, that if it depended upon me, I would not disestablish the Church of England. I have lived now a good many years in the country, and the conclusion I come to is, that in far the greatest number of villages, and I believe the same thing may be said of towns, the clergymen of the Church of England act as true Christian ministers should do, and that the poor and sick would feel their loss exceedingly. But what about the Tithes? Well, I pay a considerable sum yearly in Tithes myself, and though I find it hard sometimes, I am not so foolish as to believe that, if I did not pay it to the parson, I should not have to pay it at all. That being so, I may sincerely say that I can hardly imagine how the hundred or two a year, or whatever it may be I have to pay, would do more good to the people of the neighborhood than it does by being paid in Tithes as it is at present."

THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.—The telegraphic reports of the Parliamentary elections in England indicate unexpected and surprising Conservative gains, and equally unexpected Liberal losses. The defection of the Liberal Churchmen has had much to do with the result, and undoubtedly the election has hinged very much, if not mainly, on the question of disestablishment. This has been postponed, if not altogether set aside, by the results of the election. It is not at all improbable that the Conservatives will be able to hold control of the House of Commons without regard to the Irish vote.

IRELAND.

SYNOD OF MEATH.—The new Bishop of Meath presided at his first Diocesan Synod on Wednesday, November 4. A resolution was passed, with the approval of the bishop, refusing to accept the resolution of the General Synod, abolishing the ancient precedence of the Bishop of Meath as Premier Bishop of Ireland.

MAINE.

MOUNT DESERT.—St. Mary's-by-the-Sea.—The many good friends of St. Mary's who are scattered throughout the country at their winter homes will be interested to know that the changes in the chapel for which they contributed so generously last summer have been made. The plans were drawn by Mr. Moffette, the original architect of the building. The addition is in the form of an aisle extending along the southern side of the building, with a porch at the western end. It is separated from the nave by a movable partition, which can be taken away in summer. The capacity of the chapel will thus be considerably increased, while the difficulty of heating it in winter will, it is hoped, be less than before. The work is now finished, except the making of the seats, and all is made ready for the severities of the winter. The services are hearty and well attended. Nearly all the people of the neighborhood come regularly to them. The Church has plainly taken a hold of the people of the island.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MISSION WORK IN THE DIOCESE.—The treasurer of the Diocesan Board of Missions reports the receipts from May 5 to Nov. 5 as \$3,619.95, and the expenditures during the same period as \$5,570.65, leaving a deficiency of nearly \$2,000, but as many of the parishes have not yet made their semi-annual offerings the financial exhibit will be better later on in the year.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY.—Student Missionaries in the Berkshire Hills.—Last summer two students from the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Messrs. Grant and Addison, spent the month of August calling upon nearly every family in most of the townships in Berkshire county, distributing religious papers and Prayer Books. They presented a report of their work to the Western Convocation, and it has recently been printed.

BOSTON.—Woman's Auxiliary.—The eighth annual meeting of the Massachusetts Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, held in Boston on Wednesday, November 18, was an occasion of much pleasure and encouragement to the friends of missionary enterprise. There were present as guests the Missionary Bishop of Montana, Miss Emery, secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. A. T. Twing, Miss Helen Beach, of the Niagara League, and representatives of the Connecticut, Virginia, and Ohio branches. Delegates from sixty parishes and members of parochial missionary societies filled the chapel of St. Paul's church to its utmost seating capacity. The reports of the diocesan secretary and treasurer, and the secretaries of the several departments indicate vigor and growth in the diocesan branch, and bear kindly testimony to the increasing confidence and co-operation of the rectors of the diocese. Addresses from Miss Emery and Miss Beach, full of sympathy, Christian fellowship, and practical suggestion, were followed by words of congratulation and gratitude from the Missionary Bishop of Montana.

The total offerings of the year in money, boxes, etc., fall but little short of \$19,000, and the secretary reported among "specials" the Sunday-school Penny Collection, the Lucy Lee Chickering Fund, the payment of insurance dues of four foreign missionaries, the support of five free hospital beds, two or three missionaries, and forty seven scholarships.

NEWTON.—The Massachusetts Altar Society.—An organization of ladies in this diocese, under the presidency of Miss Clara V. Parker of Newton, aims to supply surplices, altar linen, and the like to needy mission stations. It gathers funds for the purpose by working for parishes able to pay for the work ordered by them, using thus the proceeds of paid work in gifts to those unable to pay.

EASTHAMPTON.—St. Philip's Church.—After services had been held in this manufacturing town for a few years a lot was secured at a cost of \$2,500, and now a chapel is in process of erection. It is of brick, and will constitute the chancel and parish rooms of a church to be built at some future time. The plans are by Mr. S. S. Woodcock, of Boston, and are a practical illustration of "building by sections and finishing by degrees."

The services of the church in this place are in charge of the Rev. H. N. Cunningham, who also has charge of the work at Westfield, thirteen miles distant.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.—The St. Elizabeth Home.—An interesting service was held on Thursday, November 19, at the St. Elizabeth Home, in this city. This institution is a free hospital and home for incurable patients and con-

resents among the respectable poor. The officers and members of its corporation are chosen from communicants of the Church, and the bishop of the diocese is president *ex-officio*, but in the admission of inmates form of belief is not considered. The home was opened in the spring of 1882, in a small house; but the number of applications for admission made it necessary to find a large one, and to this removal was made in the early fall of the same year. This house is now filled to its utmost capacity, and a large addition has become a necessity. As soon as this change was decided upon a strong desire was expressed by the board of officers and other friends of the work that this additional building should be given as a memorial of one whose sympathy and interest in this home were so well known, the late wife of the beloved bishop of the diocese.

On St. Elizabeth's Day, November 19, services appropriate to the laying of the cornerstone of the Caroline Clark Memorial Building were held. The bishop and a large number of the clergy of the diocese were present, and many of the friends of the home. The musical part of the service was led by a boy-choir from St. Stephen's church. After the laying of the cornerstone by the bishop, brief and appropriate addresses were made by the Rev. Drs. C. A. L. Richards and D. H. Greer, and the Rev. H. Bassett.

It is hoped that the building will be ready for use by the end of the spring. The design for the addition provides for twenty-four new dormitories, a chapel, etc. The designs were furnished gratuitously by Messrs. Stone and Carpenter, architects, of Providence.

CONNECTICUT.

GUILFORD—Christ Church.—The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Rector Emeritus of this parish, the Rev. Dr. L. T. Bennett, was observed on Friday, November 20. There was a large number of people present, including the rector of the parish (the Rev. W. G. Andrews), the Rev. Drs. E. E. Beardsley, A. G. Shears, and W. E. Vibbert, the Rev. Messrs. D. L. Sanford, E. G. Lines, G. M. Wilkins, J. H. Fitzgerald, M. K. Bailey, and E. W. Babcock, Dr. J. B. Robertson, and Mr. A. L. Kidder. The Rev. Dr. Beardsley made a few congratulatory remarks, and the rector read a poem written by the Rev. Dr. Shears. In the evening the house was completely filled with Guilford people of all religious names. Addresses were made by the rector for the present and former parishioners of the parish, and the Rev. Mr. Banks of the Congregational Society for the whole community. Dr. Bennett made a grateful and touching reply.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—The Advent Mission.—The work of the Advent Mission was begun in this city on Saturday, November 28. After the opening service the rector of each church, in a brief statement, delivered it to the charge of the missionary. The missionaries include the bishops and prominent clergymen of many dioceses who have been invited to New York to conduct the services. The conspicuous characteristics of the mission are prayerful and united effort, to preach more directly and more constantly, with more earnestness of prayer and heartiness of worship. Services are hearty, musical, devotional, and congregational.

At Calvary church the rector (the Rev. Dr. H. Y. Satterlee) delivered the parish into the hands of the Missionary Bishop of Utah and Idaho and the Missionary Bishop of Western Texas. At the Church of the Reconciliation

(the Rev. Newton Perkins, rector,) the Rev. Dr. Campbell Fair of Baltimore has charge as missionary. At the Church of the Heavenly Rest (the Rev. Dr. R. S. Howland, rector,) the mission is conducted by the Rev. Dr. Francis Figou, vicar of Halifax, England. At the Church of St. Mary the Virgin (the Rev. T. M. Brown, rector,) the Rev. George C. Betts of St. Louis conducts the services and mission, assisted by the Rev. E. A. Larrabee of Chicago.

At St. George's church (the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector,) the mission was opened with a reception of the missionaries in the chapel, to introduce the workers to one another and to the congregation. The missionaries here are the Rev. Messrs. W. Hay Aitken and James Stephens, both of whom are well known in mission work. At the Church of the Holy Communion (the Rev. H. Mottet, rector,) the Rev. Dr. F. Courtney of Boston is missionary. At the Church of the Holy Spirit (the Rev. E. Guilbert, rector,) the mission is conducted by the Rev. S. W. Young of England. At the Church of the Holy Apostles (the Rev. Dr. B. E. Baekus, rector,) the Rev. I. M. Thompson of Canada is the missionary, and began his work on Saturday morning.

The Church of the Incarnation (the Rev. Arthur Brooks, rector,) and Zion church (the Rev. Dr. C. C. Tiffany, rector,) hold a united mission, holding services alternately at each church. The missionaries are the Rev. R. B. Ransford of England and the Rev. Harvey Carmichael of Canada. At St. Philip's church (the Rev. G. G. Hepburn in charge,) the Rev. A. S. Crapey is the missionary. At the Church of the Epiphany (the Rev. A. A. Butler, rector,) the missionary, the Rev. Otis A. Glazebrook of Elizabeth, N. J., conducts the services and the mission.

The mission in these and other parishes has opened very satisfactorily, and great grounds are afforded for confidence that great and general good will result.

NEW YORK—Church Temperance Society.—The fourth annual convention of the Church Temperance Society was held in the Hall of Grace chapel, New York, on Monday and Tuesday, November 16 and 17. Previous to the convention, and by request of the twelve bishops whose jurisdictions lie in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, sermons were preached in at least five hundred churches in these States on Sunday, November 8.

The Bishop of Northern New Jersey presided at the first session. The annual report showed successful work along each of the secretary's lines of action, and the balance sheet showed the payment of all the yearly expenses, \$7,051, and of the deficit of \$1,661.49, with which the society began the year.

After an address by the Rev. J. F. Steen the constitution and ritual of the Knights of Temperance were heartily and unanimously endorsed.

The second session was held in Steinway Hall, the Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim presiding. Speeches were made by the Rev. E. W. Donald, on "The Position of the Church on the Temperance Question;" the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, on "Our New Excise Bill;" the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, on "High License;" the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, on "The Liquor Traffic and its Influence on City Government;" and the Rev. E. Osborne, on "Rescue Work in New York."

The third session was held in Grace chapel on Tuesday morning, the Bishop of Long Island presiding, who said he endorsed the society's Christian basis, believed in its objects, and admired its methods. He had for a year past desired to say publicly and emphatically that to Mr. Graham, the secretary, the

society owed its success. He had the large faculty of ranging himself alongside the best minds of the community and had largely influenced public opinion with regard to city government. He earnestly urged upon him to make this land his home, and complete what he had so ably begun.

Literature with special reference to the "Outlook" was fully and warmly discussed by the Rev. Dr. McKim, the Rev. Messrs. Donald and Osborne, Mr. Graham and others, and resolutions for its enlargement and improvement were referred to a committee.

Metropolitan Organization was introduced by the Rev. Dr. H. Y. Satterlee and enlisted the warmest interest. With a new Excise Bill to urge before the Legislature at Albany, with immanent and necessary changes in the personnel of the Excise Board of New York, it was urged that we should have a representation to-day in this and other cities whose influence would be felt in urging (1) an improvement on the present law, and (2) its more honest and official enforcement. It was resolved, "That in view of the pressing need of special work for the promotion of temperance in the large cities of our country, it is expedient that metropolitan organizations be formed in each of such cities, composed of delegates from parochial branches or parishes; that the rectors of all parishes in large cities be requested to bring this matter before their people, and to take action in it, either by the formation of parochial societies, or the appointment of delegates in any other convenient way."

It was urged by the secretary that without central offices and a hall of meeting, it was impossible to carry out one of the main objects of the society, namely, personal rescue work. Through the kindness of Mr. J. Noble Stearns such work had been done during the past summer, and before the first of May next it was necessary to raise \$2,500 to secure Anaex Hall and make it permanent. The matter was referred to the Committee on Metropolitan Organization.

The fourth session was held on Tuesday evening, ex-Governor Chamberlain presiding, and was a public discussion of High License vs. Prohibition. The room was packed. Judge Aroux and Mr. W. C. Beecher were leading speakers for High License, and Professor A. A. Hopkins and the Rev. W. H. Boole, for Prohibition. The debate was able and spirited on both sides, and a larger number of cards from volunteer speakers were received than could be accommodated. The two leading speakers gave a five minute *resumé*, and Gov. Chamberlain ably and impartially summed up.

The results of the convention may be summed up as demonstrating three things: (1) That the broad basis of the society is emphatically endorsed by the Church, and increasingly so by the community. (2) That public opinion is ripe for a condensation of diffuse and contradictory Excise Laws, and for the insertion of a High License clause. (3) That the Church Temperance Society leads in an intelligent appreciation of the difficulties in the way of honest city government, and has carefully weighed and measured the liquor traffic in its relation thereto.

CLIFTON—Convocation.—The first meeting of the Convocation of Staten Island met in St. John's church, Clifton, (the Rev. Dr. J. C. Eccleston, rector,) on Monday, November 23, in response to an invitation from the assistant bishop. The clergy of the island, with lay delegates from the several parishes, were present. For some years the island parishes have felt the great need of better mutual acquaintance and more effective and aggressive work. In his address the assistant-bishop called attention to the importance of a more

united Church life and work upon the island. It could not be possible for a section so near New York, with her two million inhabitants, to remain in its present condition. The scheme of rapid transit, not to mention other causes, must produce a change far greater than anything known in the past, and lead to a largely increased population. It becomes, therefore, a very imperative question, what is to be done? For the consideration of this and other matters, he had requested the clergy and lay delegates to meet him, in the belief that such a conference would be of great benefit in drawing together the scattered parishes in one common interest.

There was a celebration of the Holy Communion, after which a meeting was held in the parish-house, for discussion and organization. The convocation was organized with the assistant-bishop as acting dean, the Rev. G. D. Johnson as secretary, and Mr. Huntington as treasurer. The assistant-bishop stated his desire to hear from those present some report of their work and the condition of things about them.

St. John's, Clifton, (the Rev. Dr. J. C. Eccleston, rector,) has carried on for some years a mission school in the region known as Dutch Farms, or Concord. This place is rather interior and at some distance from the east shore. The school is very promising, numbering about two hundred scholars. The other parishes do not seem to have taken up any such work as this. But it was one of the objects in view to see if something could not be done elsewhere. For instance, in St. Paul's parish, Tomkinsville, (the Rev. H. N. Wayne, rector,) there is a very large population of Germans, for whom there exists no proper services. They are not attracted to the English service. The Rev. Mr. Wayne made a proposition looking toward the establishment of a mission with all the appointments of a separate service and church life. It was felt that it ought not to be impossible that a German parish should be thus very soon established. The Rev. Johannes Roeskrohn, who is familiar with this part of the island, fully corroborated this opinion. Christ church (the Rev. G. D. Johnson, rector,) might also start a mission to be worked in connection with St. Simon's Mission in Dutch Farms, placing its own chapel nearer New Brighton. The town of Northfield lies to the north and west, and is under the jurisdiction of St. Andrew's parish. This section is supplied by the three churches, St. Andrew's, Richmond (the Rev. Dr. T. S. Yocum, rector;) St. Mary's, Castleton (the Rev. A. G. Mortimer, rector;) and the Ascension, West New Brighton (the Rev. P. P. Harrover, rector.) The latter parish was started as a chapel of ease to old St. Andrew's, and has at present between thirty and forty families living within the jurisdiction of St. Andrew's, in the villages of Port Richmond and Mariner's Harbor, and others in the hamlet of Graniteville and New Springville, lying in the interior. These sections are almost entirely undeveloped, so far as mission work is concerned. They are, in some measure, supplied with other religious privileges; but there is no doubt that much could and ought to be done by the Church. The work at Rosville, under the care of the Rev. William Wardlaw, has been almost newly created. He found the parish scattered and disheartened, but has gathered it again, and it is continually growing in strength.

NEWBURGH—*Western Convocation.*—A meeting of this convocation was held in St. Paul's church, Newburgh (the Rev. R. Emery, rector,) on Wednesday, November 18. There was a large attendance, and much interest was manifested throughout. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion, preceded

by Morning Prayer. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward Ransford, from Psalms ix. 1.

After the service the clergy and other guests were entertained by the ladies of the parish at the rectory.

The business meeting was held at 2 P. M., the Rev. Dr. O. Applegate, dean, presiding. The report of the treasurer, Mr. A. S. Ring, showed that the contributions for the past year had been \$624.14; there had been given to Grace church, Post Jervis, \$205, and to West Park, Highland, Callicoon and Marlboro, each, \$100; and a balance remained of \$163.90. The reports of the missionaries were very encouraging as to the work done, and the success their efforts had met in their several fields of labor. The officers of the convocation were all re-elected for the coming year.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—*Church of the Messiah.*—At this church (the Rev. Charles R. Baker, rector,) a series of lectures on Sunday evenings is in progress. In this course the Rev. E. Winchester Donald delivered on November 22 a discourse on "Obstacles and Helps to Christian Living in Cities," the text being Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3. After showing that life is neither better nor worse in cities than in the country, but different, he took up as the first great obstacle to Christian living in cities the exciting side, which wickedness is at pains and great cost to show. The next which he presented was the development in our souls of wicked desires by the open displays of opportunities for doing wicked things. The temptations to vice, and dishonesty, and sinful show were pictured in many striking examples. As to help he said: "City life brings out in sharp and wholesome distinctness the certain penalty of wrong doing. Nowhere is there so sure a mark of the suffering and punishment of the sin as is set upon the forehead of a great city. Thus the city has attractions with which a parent may entertain and instruct his children, in whose happiness and progress he is led to take interest. The city offers opportunity for this as the country never can. Excessive devotion to business, in which many allow themselves, is an obstacle to this Christian home-life and proper nurture of the young. But the churches, again, are a help to it. The city is full of churches, and in them a voice is heard against wickedness, and pleading for righteousness, purity, and truth.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—*Christ Church.*—This church (the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington, rector,) has been open for private prayer every day in the week, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. since the early part of October. Many have availed themselves of the privilege.

A sewing school has been started by the rector, in the Partridge Memorial chapel, and among the managers is the wife of the late Rev. William B. Cooper, who was, until his death, chaplain of St. Phebe's Mission and Diocesan Missionary, in the Fourteenth Ward, along the river front.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

BELLEVILLE—*Christ Church.*—This parish (the Rev. C. S. Abbott, rector,) celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization on Wednesday, November 18, when there was a most pleasant reunion of old friends. Addresses were made by the bishop of the diocese, the dean of the Newark convocation (the Rev. J. N. Stansbury), and the Rev. Messrs. J. B. Falkner and S. W. Sayres, the two former rectors. The present incumbent left what he had to say for an historical sermon, which was delivered on the following Sunday. There was a shortened evening service, conducted by

the Rev. A. L. Wood, of St. John's, Newark, and the Rev. W. R. Nairn, of Grace, Franklin, both of which parishes were formed out of this older one. There were present besides those mentioned the Rev. Dr. E. B. Boggs and the Rev. Messrs. W. J. Roberts, Charles Douglas, B. Falkner, and E. B. Russell.

Though this is but the fiftieth anniversary of the parochial organization of Christ Church, the Church itself in Belleville dates as far back as 1752, so that in fact, but not in name, this is an ante-revolutionary parish. Originally it was part of Trinity parish, Newark, whose charter from George II., given in 1746, made it embrace a large territory, of which Belleville was a part, and required one warden and five vestrymen to be selected by and from the portion of the congregation in this part of the parish. As a chapel from 1752 and a parish from 1835 the Church has been maintained here. It has had some very distinguished clergymen ministering at its altar, of whom the late Bishop Whittingham, the Rev. Dr. Berian, afterward of Trinity, New York, the Rev. Dr. Chapman, and the Rev. Dr. S. L. Southard, afterward of Calvary, New York, will be familiar to most Churchmen. By death and removal, and the formation of new parishes, it has lost much of its former material strength, when Mr. Peter G. Stuyvesant was a vestryman, and the Rutherford family were active workers in the parish, together with the Kingdlands and Schuylers, who are still represented. But what it has lost in financial ability it has more than made up in spiritual vitality, numbering, as it does to day, more communicants, and showing more of the spirit of the Master, than ever before.

PATERSON—*St. Paul's Church.*—Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in this church (the Rev. E. B. Russell, rector,) by a union service of all the parishes. The Rev. Dr. J. I. Moberly and the Rev. Messrs. E. B. Russell, T. S. Cartwright, Frederick Greaves and J. C. Hall officiated. The sermon was preached by the Rev. T. S. Cartwright. The chancel was tastefully decorated with flowers, fruits and sheaves of wheat. The music by the chorus choir was very hearty, and a very large congregation was present.

ENGLEWOOD—*St. Paul's Church.*—On Sunday, November 22, the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, the bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. C. W. Ward, rector.) At 9:30 A. M. Morning Prayer was said, at which the rector baptized six adults. The Litany was said at 11 A. M., after which the bishop celebrated the Holy Communion. The sermon was by the bishop, and was immediately followed by the confirmation of twenty-nine persons, the largest number confirmed in the history of the parish.

The present rector has had charge of the parish since Easter, and one of the best parts of his work has been the thorough preparation of the candidates for confirmation.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

LOCKPORT—*Christ Church.*—The bishop of the diocese made his annual visitation of this parish (the Rev. G. W. Southwell, rector,) on the evening of Monday, November 23. There were present and assisting at the services the Rev. Messrs. F. S. Dunham, C. W. Camp, and S. Wilbur. The bishop preached, and confirmed eight persons, making sixty-one confirmations during the rectorship of the present incumbent. A large and attentive congregation was present.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*Church of the Saviour.*—The dedication of the new Farr Memorial Parish Building of this church (the Rev. Dr.

W. H. Meade, rector,) took place on Wednesday evening, November 24, with appropriate services before a large congregation in the new lecture-room. The service was said by the Rev. Dr. T. C. Yarnall and the Rev. Messrs. H. Allan Griffith, R. N. Thomas, C. W. Duane, and the Sentence of Donation was pronounced by the Rector. Mr. George C. Thomas made an address, in which he dwelt upon the purity, thoughtfulness and consecration which characterized the life of the late Rev. Dr. Wm. W. Farr, some time rector of the parish, and an address was also made by the rector.

The new parish building, which is joined to the church building on the rear, fronts on Ludlow street, and extends about 80 feet southwardly toward Chestnut street. It was constructed and furnished at a cost of over \$11,000. The architect was C. B. F. Jefferys, who is also superintendent of the Sunday-school. There is a basement and second floor, both of which are divided into rooms for Sunday-school and church purposes, and apartments for the various industrial and charitable societies of the parish. The first floor entrance to which is had from Ludlow street on the north, and from Thirty-eighth street, south of the church building, on the west, contains a large infant class-room, which the children will enter from Thirty-eighth street; a library and class-room which are lighted by windows looking towards each other in a V-shaped arrangement of the eastern building walls, and two large class rooms which extend to Ludlow street. These rooms communicate with each other and the main Sunday-school room, in the basement of the church. On the second floor there is a large room overlooking Ludlow street, which is intended for the Young Men's Guild and other societies, and back of it is the lecture-room. There are two doors on this floor which lead to the church proper. The vestry-room is located at the southeast corner of the church and looks out upon Thirty-eighth street. The new building is provided with toilet rooms and other conveniences and has been comfortably furnished. The main schoolroom has also been refurnished, in a manner becoming the other improvements. In addition to the uses to be made of the new building on Sunday, it is said it will be open on Friday evenings for the convenience of those who receive instructions in shorthand, under the auspices of the Young Men's Guild; in needlework, under the direction of the Young Lady's Society, and in singing, under the direction of Colonel Boobyshell.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Clement's Church.—A week of services incident to the observance of the Dedication festival was begun in this church (the Rev. W. B. Maturin, rector,) on Sunday evening, November 22. After evening service and processions the Bishop of Central New York preached the sermon. On St. Clement's Day there were celebrations at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 A.M., the latter choral, with a sermon by the Rev. Dr. G. W. Douglas. In the evening there was the annual procession of the guilds. The preacher was the Rev. W. S. Rainsford.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Beloved Disciple.—A missionary meeting was held in this church (the Rev. H. T. Widdemer, rector,) on Sunday evening, Nov. 22, under the auspices of the Northwest Convocation of Philadelphia. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. G. H. Kinsolving, J. P. Hnblard, and C. J. Mason.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Nativity.—There was a missionary meeting in this church (the Rev. Wm. M. Jefferis, rector,) on Sunday evening, November 22, when addresses were delivered by the Missionary Bishops of Northern Texas and Western Texas, and the rector.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Messrs. G. T. Bowen, of Barbadoes, and Jeremiah Karcher. The offerings were for the missionary jurisdictions of Northern and Western Texas.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Ascension.—The last Sunday service in the old Church of the Ascension (the Rev. G. Woolsey Hodge, rector,) was held on Sunday, November 15. There were celebrations of the Holy Communion at 7:30 A.M. and 11 A.M., Litany and instruction to children at 8:30 P.M., and Evening Prayer and sermon at 7:30 P.M. The services were conducted by the rector and his assistant, the Rev. Henry O. Du Bois. At the eleven o'clock service the rector gave an account of the chief events in the history of the parish since 1834, when it was organized by the members of St. Peter's parish.

The corner stone was laid April 10, 1834, and the church consecrated September 27, 1836, by Bishop Onderdonk. The rectors were: The Rev. Dr. Robert Piggott, now rector of a parish in Louisiana, from 1834 to 1835; the Rev. John B. Clemons, from January, 1836, to October, 1841; the Rev. N. Sayres Harris, from 1841 to July, 1842; the Rev. Frederick Ogilby, from October, 1842, to 1855; the Rev. Mr. Dabell, from September, 1855, to April, 1857; the Rev. Samuel Cox, from June, 1857, to Easter, 1861; the Rev. Dr. Mark A. DeW. Howe, as rector of St. Luke's church, the Church of the Ascension becoming a chapel of St. Luke's parish from 1861 to 1867; the Rev. John A. Childs, assistant in charge, from 1861 to 1862; the Rev. William Hobart Hare (now Bishop of South Dakota) assistant in charge and afterward rector, from 1864 to 1870; the Rev. Henry M. Stuart, from 1871 to 1878; and the Rev. G. Woolsey Hodge, from 1880 until the present time. The history of the parish for forty years, Mr. Hodge said, had been one of efforts to remove the church to some better location, the very site now chosen (on Broad street) having been made some years ago.

At the evening service the rector gave some statistical information relative to the work of the parish.

The congregation took formal possession of the new parish building on Sunday, November 22. There were celebrations of the Holy Communion at 7:30 and at 11 A.M. The lot upon which the new church stands, the foundations of which only are at present laid, but which will be pushed to a completion, has a front of one hundred and thirty feet on Broad street, and is ninety feet deep at the deepest part, it is irregular in shape. The church will be erected lengthwise on Broad street, and will be one hundred feet long, will seat six hundred. The parish building, the upper floor of which forms the chapel, is built on the back of the lot. Space is reserved on the south of the lot for a rectory.

PHILADELPHIA—Church of the Advent.—An interesting Thanksgiving service for the Sunday-school of this church (the Rev. R. B. Shepherd, rector,) was held on the afternoon of the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity. The school entered the church in procession, and occupied the seats designated by the class banners. After a short service, interspersed with hymns and Thanksgiving collects, and an appropriate address by the rector, the names of the classes were called, and each scholar advanced and presented a gift. These consisted of articles of diet and fruits, which were afterward distributed to the poor of the parish, and to the Episcopal Hospital, Sheltering Arms, and other charitable institutions, by committees selected from the several classes. The money offerings were presented to the Home of Our Merciful Saviour for Crippled Children, in West Philadelphia. The lesson in

practical charity cannot fail to beget in the children a hearty desire to do good; and there can be no better method of teaching them to be "ready to give and glad to distribute," than bringing them in direct contact with the objects of their charity.

PHILADELPHIA—City Mission.—On Tuesday, November 17, a reception was given by the Protestant Episcopal City Mission of Philadelphia to Miss C. Biddle. It was her sixtieth birthday, and the twenty-second anniversary of her connection with the mission. Not only her class of men which she has instructed during these years, but other friends of the mission, wished to show their love and affection by recognizing her faithful services. Miss Biddle was the recipient of a beautiful basket of flowers from the members of her class.

WESTCHESTER—Church of the Holy Trinity.—The semi-centennial of this parish (the Rev. John Bolton, rector,) was observed on Sunday and Monday, November 22 and 23. On the morning of Sunday the rector preached an historical sermon. In the evening a musical service was given by the choir of Christ church, Philadelphia. On Monday morning the service was said by Drs. Richard Newton and J. B. Clemons, and the Rev. Messrs. S. D. McConnell, M. T. Jefferis, and R. F. Innes. The Rev. Dr. C. G. Currie preached the historical sermon at the celebration of the Holy Communion. In the afternoon there were addresses by a number of the clergy, and a sermon to the children by the Rev. R. Newton.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

MONTOURVILLE—A Parochial Tioqa.—The Rev. Percy C. Webber of Tioqa, Pa., has conducted a most successful mission in the parish church at Montourville, near Williamsport. It began on the afternoon of Monday, November 16, and closed on Saturday. There were no less than thirty-five services, including daily celebrations, Morning and Evening Prayer, addresses to workers, children's service, service for women only and for men only, instructions, and after-meetings—all being besides the chief service in the evening. Questions were also answered—given anonymously in writing. No such series of services was ever known in Montourville before. The opening congregation was good, and the attendance steadily increased. At the service for men only the church was filled with men. At the closing evening service Mr. Webber held the unflinching attention of the people for nearly three hours—the church being filled to its utmost capacity, seats being brought in for the aisles and other open spaces, the society being filled, many standing throughout, and at least a hundred being unable to enter at all. Great numbers attended throughout who had never entered one of our churches before. The utmost satisfaction was expressed by the energetic and devoted rector of the parish, the Rev. C. J. Kilgour, as well as by all who took part in these interesting services. Mr. Webber has certainly rare gifts for this kind of work.

H.

PITTSBURGH.

BRADFORD—Church of the Ascension.—On Monday, Oct. 26, a service was held in this church in memory of the Rev. David Buchanan Willson, late rector, and Mr. Lyman Curtice Blakeslee, late senior warden of the parish. The chancel had been appropriately draped, the altar had black covering with white emblems; the dossal was also black with white trimmings, the vases on the r-table and the font were filled with white flowers. The rector's chair was draped in black with a

wreath of flowers over it: all the work of loving hands. There were present the bishop of the diocese, the rector elect (the Rev. A. D. Day), the Rev. Drs. William White and A. W. Ryan, and the Rev. Messrs. J. H. Burton, G. A. Carstensen, S. P. Kelly, E. D. Irvine, F. W. White, H. L. Yewens, A. B. Putnam (the first rector of the parish), L. B. Van Dyke, J. W. Ashton, and Sydney A. Dealy. The bishop and clergy entered the church singing the professional, Hymn 317. Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. E. D. Irvine and J. H. Burton, the Burial Anthem being sung instead of the Psalter. Addresses were made by the bishop and the Rev. Messrs. A. B. Putnam, S. P. Kelly, G. A. Carstensen and H. L. Yewens. The bishop then used an adaptation of the committal portion of the Burial Office.

The next day, Tuesday, Oct. 27, was the day appointed for the consecration of the church and the institution of the rector-elect. The bishop and clergy were met at the church porch by the wardens and vestry, and the request to consecrate was read by Mr. A. P. Tanner. The procession then advanced to the chancel, where the Sentence of Consecration was read by the Rev. A. B. Putnam. Morning Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. L. B. Van Dyke, G. A. Carstensen and S. A. Dealy. After Morning Prayer the rector-elect, the Rev. A. D. Day, was instituted by the bishop. The bishop then proceeded with the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the rector, the sermon being preached by the Rev. A. B. Putnam.

In the evening Evening Prayer was said by the Rev. Messrs. S. P. Kelly, H. L. Yewens, J. H. Burton, and F. W. White. The bishop preached the sermon, and then confirmed nine persons, whom the new rector presented as the fruit of the labors of the late rector.

UNIONTOWN—Consecration of St. Peter's Church.—This church (the Rev. R. S. Smith, rector,) was consecrated on Thursday, November 19. The church was crowded, the glad parishioners crowding there before the first peal of the bell. The new church is built of a creamy-tinted stone, the inner wall being constructed of the bricks of the old church. The design is a happy blending of Norman and Gothic architecture, and bears the features of solid and dignified simplicity. The chancel is apsidal and polygonal, and from the nave is partitioned off a two-story section containing sebooroom and chapel. The floor of the aisles and chancel are of colored tiles. The chancel furniture is all memorial, as are also the windows. The chancel window of nine lancets, grouped in threes, is a memorial of the late Bishop Kerfoot, and the windows of the nave are memorials of parishioners. A tribute of a beautiful floral altar cross, from Mr. Murdoch, should be mentioned here.

The bishop and clergy were met at the door by the wardens and vestry; and the senior warden, Mr. Alfred Howell, read the request to consecrate. The bishop and clergy then advanced to the chancel, where the sentence of consecration was read by the Rev. R. J. Coster. Morning Prayer was said by the rector, assisted by the Rev. Dr. J. C. White, and the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Maxwell and S. P. Kelly. The bishop then proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the Rev. Drs. W. F. Brand and William White. The sermon was preached by the bishop, from 2 St. Peter, l. 15. The application of the text to the beloved rector of the parish was an affectionate and well-timed tribute.

There were present, besides the bishop and rector, the Rev. Drs. William White, W. F. Brand, and J. C. White, and the Rev. Messrs. Samuel Maxwell, R. J. Coster, J. L. Taylor, S. P. Kelly, H. Q. Miller, T. J. Danner, H. G. Schorr, and J. B. Williams.

SEWICKLEY—St. Stephen's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. R. A. Benton, rector,) on Sunday, November 15. At the celebration of the Holy Communion a set of altar linen, beautifully embroidered by the ladies of the parish, was used for the first time. In the afternoon the bishop catechized the Sunday-school, and in the evening he confirmed three persons. An earnest address, by Miss Sybil Carter, has lately aroused new interest in missionary work, and steps have been taken to associate the Ladies' Guild with the Woman's Auxiliary. A Chancel Society has been begun, to take charge of the vestments and ornaments of the church. Since Easter this parish has paid off a small debt, besides expending considerable money in refitting the rectory and roofing the chapel. Within a few weeks, with the help of some kind friends outside the parish (to whom the rector and vestry here make public acknowledgement), some very necessary improvements have been made in the rectory, greatly increasing its comfort and convenience.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the Ascension.—On November 4 the Parish Ladies' Association held its annual meeting at this church (the Rev. Dr. J. H. Elliott, rector). The general treasurer reported receipts for the year as being \$2,413.97; of this amount \$2,345.00 had been appropriated toward the extinguishment of the debt on the church. All the sums due the Bishop Pinkney Scholarship Fund were reported paid. The Relief Committee has expended \$345; nearly one thousand pounds of groceries have been distributed; 396 garments have been cut, made and distributed, and 238 yards of material furnished the Industrial school. The relief committee, in addition to its regular work, has just organized a woman's sewing club, for the purpose of reaching more of the very poor and helpless, and of instructing them in habits of domestic usefulness. The Missionary Committee report the value of the boxes lately sent out by them to be some \$463. But \$20.68 has been expended during the year past by the Decoration Committee, in its work at the greater festivals—an economy to be heartily commended to those who waste money in flowers and stint missions. The aggregate of moneys realized by the Parish Ladies Association for the year last past is the large and gratifying one of \$3,383.68.

St. Peter's Colored Mission having been for a time abandoned, and the chapel being at the disposal of the bishop, the assistant of the Ascension parish, the Rev. G. Shackelford on November 8 reopened the chapel with an attendance of six teachers and fifty-five pupils. The bell will be purchased at a cost of \$40. The chapel is furnished, and a good field exists for active and aggressive work for the Church among the freedmen of the neighborhood.

The whole sum necessary for paying off the debt upon the large and elegant Church of the Ascension is in hand, but the lender of the money refusing to accept it so long before the maturity of the notes of hand, it has been secretly invested at the same rate of interest as the debt, ready for payment in the spring, at which time the building will be consecrated as the Bishop Pinkney Memorial. A parish library of some 200 volumes has been established in this parish. The Rev. Mr. Shackelford's Friday evening lectures at this church command increasing congregations.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Convocation.—The semi-annual meeting of the Convocation of Washington was held in Trinity Church, Washington, (the Rev. Dr. T. G. Addison, rector,) on Tuesday, November 17, with a large attendance of clerical and lay members.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. S. H. Giesey, from Eph. ii. 22.

On Wednesday, after Morning Prayer, the bishop proceeded to the celebration of the Holy Communion, assisted by the Dean of Convocation, the Rev. Dr. Meyer Lewin. The address was by the Rev. W. C. Butler.

At the business meeting the Rev. Dr. Meyer Lewin was elected dean; the Rev. C. D. Andrews, secretary; and Mr. L. J. Davis, treasurer, for the ensuing year. The dean reported favorable progress at all the mission stations within the deanery. The Rev. Dr. Addison tendered the bishop the use of the vestry-room of Trinity church (on the corner of Third and C streets) as his Washington office. [After December 1 the office days and hours of the bishop, in Washington, will be Mondays, from 1.30 to 4 P.M.] Resolutions of respect for the late Rev. J. H. Chew, and of sympathy with the Rev. W. A. Harris, detained at home by painful and dangerous illness, were adopted. The bishop made a stirring address on the subjects of clerical support and diocesan missions.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Church of the Incarnation.—The late quarterly report of the Finance Committee of the vestry of this parish (the Rev. I. L. Townsend, rector,) shows that if the income of the parish for the fourth quarter continues to grow in the same proportion as that of the preceding quarters of this year, the regular income of the parish will be about \$500 in excess of the income for 1884. Weekly pledges for meeting the interest and principal of the church debt now realize \$300 per year.

St. Peter's colored mission has been abandoned, and the chapel turned over to the bishop, to be disposed of as he may determine. Though withdrawing from the colored work at St. Peter's, the rector warmly commends that of St. Luke's (the Rev. Dr. Alexander Crummell, rector,) to the liberality of his congregation.

BALTIMORE—Convocation.—The Convocation of Baltimore met on November 16 in St. Mark's church, Baltimore, holding interesting sessions on Monday and Tuesday. On Monday evening the Rev. W. H. H. Powers delivered the sermon, on Tuesday morning the Rev. Dr. B. B. Griswold. The Holy Communion was celebrated on Tuesday by the bishop of the diocese. About fifty-five clergy were present, at one time or another, during the services. Much discussion arose upon topics mostly of local interest. An elegant lunch was spread by the ladies of the congregation of St. Mark's, and a supper, each of which was heartily enjoyed by the visitors. The Rev. A. J. Rich of Reisterstown is the dean of this convocation, besides being rector of the parish at that city and head of the Hannah More Academy, the diocesan school for girls and young ladies.

CUMBERLAND—Emmanuel Church.—On August 13, last, an excursion train from Mount Savage was struck by the express on the Pittsburgh and Connellsville Railroad. None of the passengers were injured, though by the testimony of all present and the verdict of experts, the entire party, numbering about thirty persons, had a narrow escape from a horrible death. A majority of those thus preserved purchased and presented to Emmanuel church (the Rev. F. N. Meade, rector,) a book-rest of polished brass, beautifully carved, together with a copy of services, handsomely bound in red morocco and printed in large clear type. Both the volume and the stand are engraved with the inscription: "To the Glory of God, and in loving Recollection of a Merciful Rescue from Death, August 13th, 1885." The formal offering was made after the Litany on Sunday, November 8, by Mr. Louis M. Hamilton, on behalf of the contributors. The rector accepted the same in fitting

terms, and after pronouncing a sentence of dedication, placed the gifts in position on the altar.

EASTON.

THE VACANT BISHOPRIC.—The Rev. Dr. George Williamson Smith, President of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., who was elected Bishop of Easton, at the late special convention, has declined the election.

VIRGINIA.

LAWRENCEVILLE—Episcopal Visitation.—The assistant-bishop of the diocese visited the three parishes under the charge of the Rev. J. S. Russell, and confirmed sixty-six persons. He was highly pleased with the result of the missionary's work, and the hand of the Lord has certainly been with it.

Now that the rectory at Lawrenceville has been completed (with the exception of painting), the missionary in charge earnestly appeals to the friends of the colored work for three hundred dollars (\$300), which amount is needed for painting the rectory, to pay off all indebtedness on the same, to build a stable, and make the necessary improvements about the yard. He extends his thanks to those who have already contributed to this worthy object. The assistant bishop "cordially endorses" this appeal.

ALABAMA.

ANNISTON—Church Progress.—Anniston is a beautiful young city, full of life and energy. Fifteen years ago there was not a building, not even a depot there—now there are six thousand people and a city of furnaces, elegant streets, gas, electricity, water-works, and every modern convenience and comfort. The Church has kept pace with the upgrowth, and a new stone edifice of beautiful design is nearing completion, all paid for: and a chapel for the operatives under full headway. To the Rev. Wallace Carnahan, with lay co-operation, must be awarded the praise for this great work. Anniston is in the convocation bounds of which the Rev. T. J. Beard, of Birmingham, is the deau. This is a live convocation—none equal to it in the diocese. All the parishes within its limits are prospering; and the mission work, under the Rev. J. F. Smith, is a great success. The new church at Tuscaloosa, the new mission churches at White Plains, and Briarfield, and Montevallo, with the anxious promise of a grand church building to be ere long erected in Birmingham, "the Magic City," altogether corroborate the statement made as to the character of the convocation referred to.

TENNESSEE.

SEWANEE—University of the South.—The news of the sudden death of the Bishop of Florida cast a shadow of sadness over the university, of which he was a trustee. He will be greatly missed, both in the councils of the Board of Trustees, and in the Theological Department, where he was Lecturer in Liturgics and Hymnology. He spent the past summer on the mountain here, busily engaged in the compilation of a scholarly work on Hymnology, embodying the results of his rare taste and extensive research in the liturgies and writings of the early Church. That this work is left incomplete will be a great loss, as few men combine the judgment in selection, taste in music, and knowledge of original hymns possessed by Bishop Young.

At a meeting of officers and faculty resolutions of condolence and sympathy with the bereaved family of the late Bishop of Florida were passed, and it was ordered that his Episcopal Chair in the university chapel should

be draped in mourning for the remainder of the term.

Trinity term, now drawing to a close, has been the most successful in the history of the university. It has witnessed many improvements in buildings and equipment, and has been marked in the harmonious and efficient work done in every department.

Dr. J. W. S. Arnold has assumed duty as Professor of Chemistry. He is well known in scientific circles as lately an eminent professor and lecturer in some of New York's leading institutions. Under his directions the laboratory is refitting, and, when finished, will be one of the most complete in the South.

Sixty new students, and numerous applications for admission next term, together with many inquiries for catalogues, etc., give an indication of the substantial and healthy growth of the university. Every year is demonstrating the wisdom of having the executive office conducted on business principles. The university owes everything to the rare executive ability and sound judgment of its Vice-Chancellor.

NASHVILLE—Mission Services.—During the first and third weeks of the Advent season it is proposed by the clergy of this city to hold a series of meetings in the several churches with a view to deepen and broaden interest in Church work. The subjects to be presented are various, but all of a practical character. The meetings will be held as follows: Monday night, Holy Trinity church; Tuesday night, Church of the Advent; Wednesday night, Christ church; Thursday night, St. Peter's church; Friday night, St. Ann's church.

NASHVILLE—Ordination.—On Wednesday, November 25, the bishop of the diocese advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Messrs. M. Cabell Martin and Theodore Foote, in St. Ann's church (the Rev. T. F. Martin, rector.) Morning service was said by the Rev. M. M. Moore; the sermon was preached by the bishop, and the candidates were presented by the Rev. Dr. W. Graham.

NASHVILLE—St. Ann's Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. T. F. Martin, rector,) on the evening of Wednesday, November 25, preached, and confirmed six persons.

NASHVILLE—St. Peter's Church.—On the evening of Thursday, November 26, Thanksgiving Day, the bishop visited this mission (the Rev. H. Cabell Martin in charge) preached, and confirmed twelve persons. This is the second confirmation in this parish since February 1, and the prospect seems to be fair for this mission soon to become an independent and self-supporting parish.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT—Emmanuel Church.—The Rev. J. W. Ashman entered on the rectorship of this parish in October, 1884. The congregations have increased to such an extent that it was soon found necessary to enlarge the church. A parish meeting was called and authority given to the vestry, under which the work of enlargement was entered on. By September, 1885, the seating capacity of the church had been increased from four hundred and seventy-five to seven hundred, at a total cost of about \$5,000.

On Sunday, November 8, the Rev. J. W. Ashman was instituted into the rectorship by the bishop of the diocese, the Rev. P. B. Lightner preaching the sermon. In the evening the Bishop of Nebraska preached an eloquent and powerful discourse.

WISCONSIN.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—The journal of the thirty-ninth annual council gives statistics

as follows—clergy, including the bishop, 70; candidates for orders and postulants, 12; lay readers, 44; ordinations, 8; parishes and missions, 108; baptisms, 503; confirmations, 409; communicants, 5,000; Sunday-school scholars, 2,870; parish-school scholars, 74; offerings, \$92,078.47; value of church property, \$671,645.00. The address of the bishop is devoted to the diocese and its institutions.

FOND DU LAC.

FOND DU LAC—Laying of the Cathedral Corner-Stone.—The corner-stone of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul was laid on St. Simon and St. Jude's Day. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the service was conducted without any curtailment of the order arranged. At 10:30 a.m., the Bishop of Wisconsin celebrated the Holy Eucharist in the cathedral chapel, assisted by the Rev. Dr. L. A. Kemper and the Rev. William Dafter, the bishop of the diocese making a short address. At noon the procession of Sunday-school children, members of the congregation, chorists, students of Nashotah, clergy and bishops, proceeded to the corner-stone, which was duly laid by the Bishop of Fond du Lac, and then, singing appropriate hymns, passed around the walls and foundations, being dismissed at the chapel porch.

The plan of the projected cathedral is a simple, graceful enlargement of the former building, adding transepts, chapel and chancel. The outside measurement is one hundred and eighty feet in length; nave, forty feet broad, transepts eighty feet in length. Seatings will be provided for about one thousand worshippers. Gray, rough-faced limestone is used for the walls. Mr. R. M. Upjohn, of New York, is the architect. The loss by fire of the former building was a severe blow to the congregation, but they are beginning the new work courageously, and doubtless will be prospered in doing it.

GREEN BAY—Orphan's Home.—The bishop of the diocese has announced that the Northwestern Orphan's Home has been put under his jurisdiction and care as a part of the work of the diocese. This institution occupies a beautiful house and site on Astor Heights, overlooking the Fox River. It was organized by an able and benevolent Lutheran minister, the Rev. Karl E. G. Oppen, and his estimable wife. It shelters at present twenty-four orphans of different nationalities and creeds. The Rev. Mr. Oppen has just been received into the Church, and with his wife and family confirmed. He will become a candidate for Holy Orders, remaining, however, in charge of the orphanage. It is understood that the bishop has in mind for the Rev. Mr. Oppen special and important work among the Germans.

GREEN BAY—Christ Church.—On the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity the Rev. H. C. E. Costelle was instituted as rector of this parish by the bishop of the diocese.

COLORADO.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS.—We gather the following statistics from the journal of the twelfth annual convocation—clergy, including the bishop, 20; candidates for orders and postulants, 3; parishes and missions, 85; baptisms, 427; confirmations, 189; communicants, 2,000; Sunday-school scholars, 1,599; offerings, \$36,867.43; value of church property, \$278,085.00. The bishops address is confined to matters pertaining to the jurisdiction. There is in the journal no separate summary of diocesan statistics other than the abstract of the parochial reports and the report of the Committee on the State of the Church.

PARAGRAPHIC.

A CHURCH in Newark, every day in the week, has a sign upon it, inviting passers-by to rest and pray. Trinity and St. George's of this city are always open with the same invitation, and there may be others beside them.

It is curious how extremes meet. The Roman Catholics believe that infants dying unbaptized are incapable of salvation, and they invented the *limbo patrum* as their final resting place. The Presbyterians have only the elect infants.

A DENOMINATIONAL paper says that the five points of ritualism, the eastward position, altar lights, vestments, wafer bread, and mixed chalice, are neither of them mentioned by St. Paul or St. Peter, or St. John. It might have pointedly added that neither do they mention the five points of Calvinism.

THE Evangelist of this city is desirous of seeing the words, "Elect infants dying in infancy are saved," expunged from the Confession of Faith. It admits the implication that non-elect infants are not saved, which it says no one now believes. In Confessions of Faith it holds there should be honesty and truth.

AMONG the most noticeable displays at the last Chrystiancton Show was one by Mr. James R. Fitcher. Some of his latest seedlings are named after clergymen. The Revs. D. Parker Morgan, F. L. Humphreys, and N. Barrows, are among those chosen. No mention is made, however, of the color and variety he thus seeks to distinguish.

WILLIAM M. DUCKER, of Brooklyn, has received a prize of \$1,000 and the decoration of the Order of the Red Cross, from the Empress of Germany, for a portable field hospital exhibited at Antwerp. It was 34 feet long, 17 feet wide, 6-12 feet high at the side walls, and 10-14 feet high at the ridge pole. The advantages claimed for it are simplicity, stability, strength, lightness, cheapness, convenience, ease of transportation, facility of erection and removal, adaptability and superiority of heating and ventilation. It will accommodate twelve beds with twelve cubic metres to each bed.

THE following resolution, referred by the last to the next Presbyterian Synod of this city relates to a grave subject, and one worthy of the attention of all Christian people:

"Resolved, that the Presbyterian Synod of New York, believing that the lessons of history and the traditions of American liberty forbid the union of Church and State, discriminates between sectarianism and religion, and affirms that, so far as public education is concerned, the sanctions of an enduring morality must be found, not in policy, nor in social custom, nor in public opinion, but in those fundamental truths of religion which are common to all sects and distinctive of none. It, therefore, urges upon its pastors and people the important duty of opposing the attitude of indifference to religion which appears in our public school manuals and in the educational work of our reformatories, and, at the same time, of using every proper influence to secure the incorporation with the course of study and national instruction, of the following religious truths as a basis for national morality, namely:

1. The existence of a personal God.
2. The responsibility of every human being to God.
3. The deathlessness of the human soul, as made in the image of God and after the power of an endless life.
4. The reality of a future spiritual state beyond the grave, in which every soul shall give account for itself before God, and shall reap that which it has sown.

PERSONALS.

The Rev. Edward Bradley's address during December will be 20 Highland Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.

The Rev. Dr. J. R. Davenport's address is "Drexel Hayes & Co. Paris, France."

The Rev. J. B. Gray has returned to Gainesville, Fla. Address accordingly.

The Rev. J. McAlpine Herding will enter upon the pastorate of St. Paul's church, Trenton, N. J., on January 1, 1886. Address accordingly after that date.

The Rev. E. P. Kendall's address is Hamilton, Ill.

The Rev. Henry Lubbeck has entered on the pastorate of Grace church, Lyons, Pa.

The Rev. Edward M. McGuffey has resigned the pastorate of the Church of the Epiphany, Irisha, Ohio, and become assistant in St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Address 166 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. George B. Pratt has resigned the pastorate of St. Luke's church, Hastings, Minn., and become rector of Grace church, Oak Point, Ill. Address accordingly.

The Rev. T. L. Randolph's address is Alameda, Cal.

The Rev. M. H. Throp, Jr., has entered upon his duties as assistant in St. James' parish, Chicago, Ill. Address 679 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Rev. A. E. Tortat has resigned the parochial work of the mission at Gettysburg, Pa., but continues to collect memorial stones, etc., for the Church of the Prince of Peace, Address Newton Square, Delaware County, Pa.

The Rev. J. P. Tustin's address is St. George Hotel, Philadelphia.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Ordinary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and obituary notices, for the *Register*, non-accepted (or Three Cents a Word), prepaid.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, November 25, at Oyster Bay, L. I., by the Right Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, Bishop of Long Island, John D. Cusvava and GEORGETTE WALTON, daughter of the late Thomas F. Youngs.

On Tuesday, November 24, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, by the Rev. William S. Lee, D. D., LIZEN W. COOK, daughter of the late James B. Cook, of Philadelphia, to JAMES CONSTABLE, JR., of Conestogville, N. Y.

In Baltimore, Nov. 25, 1885, by the Rev. Dr. CHARLES B. BROWNE, rector of Grace church, CLAUDE, daughter of George B. Granger, of Baltimore, to AUGUST H. son of Aaron J. Vanderpool, of New York.

In this city, Nov. 25, 1885, by the Rev. Dr. C. E. Swope, of Trinity chapel, MARIÉ LOUISE, daughter of Mr. L. Finck, to HARRY STANLEY.

At the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, L. I., on Nov. 25, 1885, M. M. deuchter, M. M. deuchter, to Admiral MARION S. COOPER.

On Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1885, at midday, in the Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour, at Fairbairn, Minn., by the Rev. Geo. B. Whipple, MARY WOODGREEN, daughter of Jos. D. Greene, and grand-daughter of Amos Kendall, to the Rev. EDWARD HUBBARD CLARK, of Wells, Minn.

In St. John's church, Marietta, Pa., on Monday November 23, 1885, by the Rev. A. T. Sharpe, S. T. H. HENRY S. STAUFFER, of Mount Joy, Pa., to FRANCES HENNING, daughter of the late Prof. S. K. Hademan, of Chickley, Pa.

On Wednesday evening, November 25, 1885, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Henry Motter, MARY, daughter of John T. Lockman, to FREDERICK, All of New York.

On Tuesday, November 24, 1885, at St. John's church, Elizabeth, N. J., by the Rev. William S. Langford, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Otis A. Gazeau, D. D. WALTER, to ALICE HALEY, daughter of William Keating Clero. Both of Elizabeth.

DIED.

Entered into rest, Nov. 18, 1885, at the residence of her son-in-law, Charles B. Hatch, at Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. MARY LEFFINGWELL CLARK, widow of Charles B. Clark, of East End, N. Y., in the seventieth year of her age. The funeral was held at St. Luke's church, at Brockport, N. Y., on Saturday, Nov. 21, 1885.

Suddenly, on Friday evening, Nov. 18, in the eighty-first year of her age, ESTER K. R., widow of the late John Leverett.

THOMAS A. HERRICKS, Vice-President of the Board of Christian Education, as mentioned at the meeting at Ind., at 4:35 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 25, 1885, aged sixty-six years, one month and eight days. The funeral services were held on Tuesday, Dec. 1, in St. Peter's Cathedral, Indianapolis.

At her home, 50 First Place, Brooklyn, on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 21, DIANA S., wife of TACKER H. MARVIN.

At Salisbury, Conn., Nov. 19, HARRIET EMMA, wife of HERV. H. GEORGE, and daughter of the late Rev. D. F. Sanford, D. D., aged 80 years.

THE REV. JOHN BAYLEY.

Entered into rest, on the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, St. Luke's Day, in his home, in Ctica, N. Y., the Rev. JOHN BAYLEY, aged 73 years and 8 months.

The death of this faithful priest of the Church deserves a more extended notice than has yet appeared in the Church papers. Mr. Bayley has been a member of the clergy since 1812, and for some time, but in the years of his health, he was one of our most active, successful and laborious clergymen. He was a member of the Synod of the Diocese of the Churches at Oswego, Lowville and Fayetteville were all built under his rectorship. His influence and power of character were such a part of his life, that he raised the Episcopal Fund of Central New York. All who knew Mr. Bayley felt that he was a pure and good spirit had a heart that was always courteous, dignified, yet a cheerful and pleasant companion. His soul has quietly left the bodily tabernacle, and passed to the companionship of loved ones gone before, into the presence of the dear Lord whom he served so many years. "Blessed be the power by which they shall see God."

THE REV. HENRY F. HARTMAN, PH. D.

The Rev. HENRY F. HARTMAN, Ph. D., whose death at Cologne, Germany, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, is reported, was a native of Germany. He came to the new world while a young man, immediately after having received his degree from Heidelberg University, and for some years was a minister of the German Reformed church. He was prominently identified with the rise of the "Mercersburg School of Theology." In January, 1857, he was appointed to the pastorate of the Holy Innocent church, advanced to the priesthood, by the Rev. John B. Kerfoot, Bishop of Pittsburgh. He remained in that office until 1871, when he came to Hoboken, N. J., and organized the Parish of the Church of the Holy Innocent in that city. Shortly after his arrival, the chaplaincy of the English Church in Cologne, Germany, was appointed to the post under a special licence from the Bishop of London, which position he held until his death. His only wife, E. A. Hartman, was a rector of the Church at Daneseburgh, N. Y.

MRS. THAYER.

Entered into rest, at Gratton, W. Va., on the morning of Nov. 25, VIRGINIA LOVE, beloved wife of Dr. A. Thayer.

Born in Virginia, Mrs. THAYER removed to Gratton with her parents in her childhood. She was educated at the West Hill Female Seminary. In her youth, she gave her heart to God, committing herself to His service. She was prominently identified with the services of our Church, where she was established in Gratton she was confirmed. Her husband was a prominent member of the same, and his gentle spirit and unselfishness shed a blessed light in her home. Eight months of suffering were all that she had to endure, but she passed peacefully into the presence of the Pure and Holy One. The strong arms of earthy love would fail have kept her here. Death took her embrace, and so now "underneath her are the Everlasting Arms" of Christening Love.

And yet, those whose hearts are made desolate, the same blessed Hand will surely lead us on.

"Till the morning is gone."
And with me the morning comes, and I am left.
Which we have loved long and will love still."
W. H. H. P.

APPEALS.

The first of November completed the second year of the existence of the Church Home for Infants and Aged Colored People in Brunswick County, Virginia, the only asylum that has ever been built by the Church to alleviate the physical sufferings of the unfortunate people; the only Home ever provided for the old, worn-out slaves of the past. This second year has been a peculiarly trying one. It has nearly every patient had typhoid fever. She recovered, but the fever was so severe that she nearly every patient had had it, and all the summer has been spent in caring for her duties. The matron was unable to attend to her duties. A very anxious summer! On the lonely hillside, where we bury our dead, are many rest, see some graves.

I have increased the number of beds from the original number, and could easily do more for thirty, if I only had the means to support them. For the first time since my work commenced, I am glad and perhaps the only one, to have the means to sustain it. Most earnestly I beg my friends to help me. The fearful responsibility of such work, its unnumbered sorrows, are greater than you can imagine. If I have any money care be superadded to these, the burden will be heavier than I can bear. Boxes are sent most generously to the school, but need money, too, to defray the necessary expenses. One hundred dollars yearly, for each bed, will cover all expenditures. One hundred dollars, also, to teach the children, physicians, nurses, medicine, everything. I could not well support the school and home, if I had more than \$1000. The school has reopened this fall with a fuller attendance than we have ever had at this season of the year. The improvement of the children is marked and most encouraging. During the fall and winter terms, I have also taught the children, and many of our young men who have to work during the day.

With all the strength and wisdom God has given me, I have so little, so often, I cannot tell what is right. I grope in the dark. Most keenly, most

deeply, each day. I feel my own deficiencies, my want of judgment, my deplorable ignorance of business details. But earnestly and trying to make this work a permanent blessing to those negroes. I appeal to the dear friends He hath raised up for me to uphold, and strengthen, and help.

PATTIE BUFORD.

Laurelville, Va., Nov 9, 1885.

NABOTHAH MISION.

It has not pleased the Lord to endow Nabothah, the great and good work entrusted to her, and requires, as it times past, the offerings of His people.

Offerings are solicited: Nabothah Mission is the oldest theological seminary north and west of the State of Ohio.

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THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY aids young men who are preparing for the Ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It needs a large amount for the work of the present year.

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SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITTELEY, Corresponding secretary, 47 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The treasurer of the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples acknowledges the receipt of the following sums for the aid couple for whom an appeal was made. The Churchman, to enable them to enter the Home. The entire amount required has been contributed:

- Mrs. Elizabeth H. Williams, \$25; A Friend, per Mrs. Williams, \$30; Mrs. W. Atwell, \$50; Cash, \$30; C. Tiffany, per Mrs. W. Atwell, \$45; Cash, \$10; E. Van Remondet, \$10; Mrs. J. J. Kane, \$10; C. E. Draper, \$10; Mrs. Gerry, per Mrs. Ogden, \$10; Miss Ellen Kambie, per Mrs. de Poyster, \$10; Mrs. Bryson, \$25; Mrs. J. J. Kane, \$15; Mrs. Hummelway, per Mrs. Bryson, \$10; Mrs. W. C. Sehermerborn, per Mrs. J. J. Kane, \$10; Miss Kate Nelson, \$10; Miss Williams, per Mrs. Williams, \$10; Mrs. de Poyster, \$5; A Friend, per Miss A. Williams, \$5; Mrs. Dutill, \$10; A Friend, per Mrs. Dutill, \$10; A Friend, per Mrs. W. Atwell, \$10; Cash, \$50. Total, \$500. HERMAN H. CAMMANN, Treasurer, 4 Pine St.

The undersigned, in behalf of Nabothah Mission, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following amount during the month of September and October, 1885:

- For Daily Reading—Geo. C. Shattuck, M.D., \$40; a Friend, \$2; Mrs. Alice Seibert, \$2; Chapel alma bog, \$7.92; St. George's, Newburgh, N. Y., \$40; Mrs. A. C. & Co., \$30; Mrs. D. B. Waterman, \$5; Mrs. C. Chickinson, \$10; Chapel of Norway, \$10.85; St. Mary's Guild, South Portsmouth, \$7; S. S., St. Mary's, South Portsmouth, \$1; R. "Tithe," Trinity Church, Hartford, Conn., \$10; Mrs. J. J. Kane, \$10; A Poor Church Woman \$1; Mrs. E. E. Dimock, \$5; A Friend of Nabothah in Wisconsin, \$1.00; A Friend of Nabothah in Chapel, \$10; A Friend of Nabothah in New York, \$25.50.

WILLIAM ADAMS, President, 47 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

The Editor of THE CHURCHMAN gladly acknowledges the receipt of the following sums: For Board of Domestic Missions, "Contents of Mite Chests, 1885 and 1886," \$94.98. For "Missionary needing a horse," from Member of Church of the Ascension, Baltimore, Md., \$5; from "A. S. B.," Boston, Mass., \$10; from Miss M. Chapman, Farmington, Conn., \$5. For Mrs. Buford's work, from "A Reader of THE CHURCHMAN," \$5.

A PARTIAL LIST OF CHURCHES SERVING MISSIONS IN NEW YORK.

- Calvary Church, 373 Fourth Avenue—The Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, n.d., Bishop of Utah; the Rt. Rev. Robert W. Elliott, n.d., Bishop of New York; the Rev. Calvary Chapel, Twenty-third Street, near Second Avenue—The Very Rev. H. Martyn Hart and the Very Rev. Henry Bedell; the Rev. Henry Bedell, Church of the Epiphany, East Forty-seventh Street, near Lexington Avenue—The Rev. Otis A. Church, of Elizabeth, N. J.; the Rev. J. J. Kane, Church of the Heavenly Rest, 51 Fifth Avenue, near Forty-fifth Street—The Rev. Francis Pison, n.d., of Hales, England; the Rev. J. J. Kane, Church of Holy Trinity, 319 Madison Avenue, corner Forty-second Street—The Rev. Mr. E. Walpole Warren, of London, England; the Rev. J. J. Kane, Church of the Holy Trinity (Harlem), Fifth Avenue, corner of West one Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—The Rev. Canon Du Vernet of Diocese of Montreal; the Rev. J. J. Kane, Church of the Holy Spirit, East Sixty-sixth Street, corner Madison Avenue; the Rev. J. J. Kane, Church of the Holy Apostles, 300 Ninth Avenue, corner Thirty-eighth Street—The Rev. Isaac M. Church, of the Diocese of Quebec; the Rev. J. J. Kane, Church of the Holy Communion, 301 Sixth Avenue—The Rev. Frederick Crozier, s.t.d., Rector of St. Paul's, n.d.; the Rev. J. J. Kane, St. Philip's Church, Mulberry street, near Bleeker—The Rev. Argemone S. Crassey, of Rochester, N. Y.; the Rev. J. J. Kane, St. Comfort, 341 West Street—The Rev. W. B. Jervoy; the Rev. Mark's Parish (Memorial chapel), Tenth Street, near Second Avenue—The Rev. Richard Newton,

n.d., of Philadelphia; the Rev. Wm. W. Newton of Pittsfield, Mass.

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Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 226 West Forty-fifth Street—The Rev. Geo. C. Betts of St. Louis, the Rev. Edward A. Larrabee of Chicago.

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Church of the Holy Spirit, 345 Madison Avenue—The Rev. R. B. Hansford, of London, England; the Rev. James Carmichael of Hamilton, Canada.

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All the above named churches have services every evening at 8 o'clock.

A number of parishes have been disappointed in receiving missionaries, and are obliged to give up their plans for the present. Among these are mentioned the Church of the Transfiguration and the Church of the Holy Spirit. Quite a number of parishes are prevented by various causes from receiving missionaries, while many of the clergy have already expressed their hearty sympathy with the movement, regretting their inability to take part in the present mission.

WANTS.

Advertisements under Wants from persons not subscribers must be accompanied by the endorsement of a subscriber.

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A VACANCY is to be filled in the office of a Church publisher & book-keeper. Experience in book-keeping and stenography and a general knowledge of business required. Address, naming references and salary expected, to B. & A. CUTCHMAN office.

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WANTED—By a lady of experience, a position as home-keeper, companion, or the care of a family of married children. Best of references. Address, Box 42, Waterbury, Conn.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE PAPAL ENCYCLICAL AND THE FREEDOM OF WORSHIP BILL.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The mandement of Leo XIII. as to the conduct of the Roman Catholic voters with regard to civil and municipal affairs will not be without its influence on both non-Roman and their constituents so far as the Freedom of Worship Bill is concerned. One vote more last session and that mischievous bill would have passed into law, and the Jesuits would have scored another point. So far as the voting went, many strong Republicans went over to the side of the Roman priesthood and voted for the measure—some of those thus casting their votes being adherents of the Dutch Reformed persuasion, and, therefore, presumably sturdy Protestants in the strongest, if not the best, sense of the word. The principles, however, for which their forefathers sacrificed their very lives they remorselessly cast to the winds, and preferred to play into the hands of a non-American and a diabolical faction, lest they should fail of being returned this November. Several have paid the penalty of this their political malfeasance, but many others have been returned by the votes of non-Roman electors without having been even catinched as to their intentions with respect to the bill. In fact, it is doubtful if more than one assemblyman has been returned to Albany this November from New York State on the distinct understanding that he is to vote against the Freedom of Worship Bill. That has been the case in this section, though even here many of the Dutch Reformed voters seemed to think it was of much higher importance that personal spite should be gratified, or that the Prohibitionist candidates should be returned, even at the risk of seeing men seat to the assembly whose votes they knew in every way inimical to freedom of worship and unjust to the interests of those waifs and strays of humanity whom the Roman Church engorges so greedily, and brings up at the public expense as her zealous henchmen of the future. Should as the non-Roman assemblymen be distinctly instructed by their constituents of the non-Roman stripe—at least by those belonging to the Church—as to what is expected from them when the bill comes up for discussion?

ED. RANSFORD.

High Falls, N. Y.

LET RUBRICS BE KEPT.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Before the Church finally considers the adoption in part or as a whole of the proposed amendments and enrichments of our Common Prayer, a layman asks for some assurance that its provisions and rubrics will be strictly regarded and complied with when such adoption is consummated. With the individual liberties taken by some of our parish clergy with the Book in morning or adopting the rubrics to suit an emotion or convenience, it is not encouraging to give lay sanction to further rubrics, which may be subject to like temporary adaptations. Let us abide and rest on our present formulae without giving more opportunity for the laity to be taught disrespect and unconcern for the rubrics. To us parish clergymen is given the right of private interpretation, and the layman justly is entitled to have the Prayer Book followed when he enters in good faith on public worship. One rector on a Sunday asks his people to repeat with him the General Thanksgiving, as it seems "proper"—to him. Another Sunday he asks his people to join with him in the opening sentences of the Litany, instead of responding as prescribed, as it seems "suitable"—to him. Another omits the Exhortation in his week-day services, and when asked why, responds it is "unnecessary." Another has formed the habit of reading his parish and other notices immediately after the Litany, instead of in the prescribed place, because to him it is more seemly.

And thus it goes on, in one way and another, the layman holding his Common Prayer in

hand, and in time wondering what all these rubrics mean, when in one parish or another he sees the rubrics handled at the will of the rector. Are the parish clergy aware of the education they are giving the laity toward a disregard, if not disrespect, of our Common Prayer and its prescribed directions for public service?

THOS. H. MONTGOMERY.

Ardrossan.

HOBART COLLEGE LIBRARY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Hobart College has met with a very serious loss in the destruction of the greater part of its library by fire, and we shall be greatly indebted to you if you will give the enclosed a place in your columns, with such editorial notice as you may deem appropriate.

CHAR. D. VAIL,
Librarian.

Geneva, N. Y.

Long before dawn the college was roused by the cry of fire; the fire department of Geneva were reported overtaxed by a fire in the town the night previous. Before the arrival of a sufficient force the old college building, containing, among other things, its library, was burned. With the aid of brave students we were able to extinguish the flames on Trinity Hall dormitory; and for this and the fact that no lives were lost, we give thanks. But the most valuable and indispensable possession of the college, its choice collection of books, representing the toil, and sacrifice, and care of more than half a century, is swept away. The nearly completed new and long-looked-for fire-proof library building stands empty, and with a sadly appealing look. The small insurance which the meagre funds of the college permitted will suffice to re-build and replace but comparatively few volumes, while valuable sets of books are hopelessly broken, and thousands are lost by fire or ruined by water.

Distant, as we are, from the greatest centres of wealth and influence, still we devoutly trust that there may be those of our own people, or of religious bodies committed to higher education, who will be touched by the tragic fate of the Hobart College library, and by the crippled condition of faculty and students, deprived of it and of the old college hall. Those moved to help the college properly for the library or other purposes, with contributions of money or books, will kindly address: Alex. L. Clew, treasurer, or Dr. Hamilton L. Smith, senior professor, or E. N. Potter, president, Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

WHO ARE COMMUNICANTS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

It will be observed by those who study Church statistics that the returns from the Diocese of Western New York show a decrease of about fourteen hundred in the number of communicants. Let it be inquired that this indicates a retrograde movement, and in order that the loss may be rightly accounted for, I call attention to a new diocesan canon which during this present year has gone into effect throughout the Diocese of Western New York:

"Of the Registration of Communicants.—Forasmuch as it is requisite that every communicant should receive the Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ at the Feast of Easter, it is hereby ordered that the number of communicants in any parish or mission shall be reckoned only according to those actually communicated at Easter, with such as give good and sufficient reasons for failure. And to this end, all clergy is enjoined to annually correct their list of communicants during the Paschal season, giving due notice of the operation of this canon to their congregations. But the name thus omitted of any communicant who shall appear at the Holy Table between Easter and Pentecost, inclusive, may be restored to the list aforesaid. And the clergy shall not fail to admonish those whose names are thus omitted, in case they delay and prolong the time of their neglect."

EDW. WM. WORTHINGTON.

IS THE INFLUENCE OF THE MINISTRY WANING?

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

This subject has been a good deal discussed in your columns of late.

I will not attempt to decide the question, but will ask another.

Why do so many young men hang around the large cities instead of taking work on the frontier, where older men with families cannot be supported?

The Methodists can find plenty of men for such work.

I know a young Methodist minister who travels thousands of miles every year, in all sorts of ways, through Arizona, on a salary of \$600 a year.

I will guarantee twice as much for the right sort of man for Tucson, Phoenix and Prescott.

The climate is unsurpassed, as I would have him work in Prescott—altitude over 500 feet—during the hot months, and in Tucson and Phoenix—altitude about 2,500 feet—the rest of the year.

One who has failed elsewhere will not do here, but for a man of fair ability, and not afraid to work, I hardly know a more hopeful field.

I will be glad to correspond with any unarmored clergyman who desires to undertake the work.

GEO. K. DEXTER.

SUFFERERS AT GALVESTON.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Will you kindly announce that I will publish in THE CHURCHMAN, at an early day, a full list of the generous donors who have so promptly responded to my appeal for help. The sufferers from the great fire which swept away so many hundred homes in my parish join with me in loving thanks to my brethren everywhere. To the Rev. Dr. Charles Hall of Brooklyn, and Dr. Morgan of St. Thomas' church, New York, we would return our special recognition.

These venerable brethren, whom I shall always remember with grateful affection, threw themselves into the sad cause which I had presented to them with an enthusiasm and devotion as if the cry had been at their own doors, and not two thousand miles distant from them. To them and others who have remembered us in our affliction we extend the assurances of our Christian fellowship and gratitude.

S. M. BIRD,
Rector of Trinity church,
Galveston, Texas.

NEW BOOKS.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE: Being the Story of the Fourth Crusade. By Edwin Pears, LL.B. Barrister at Law, Late President of the European Bar at Constantinople, and Knight of the Green Order of the Saviour. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] pp. 422.

It hardly needed that Mr. Pears should write himself "barrister-at-law" on his title-page. The advocate's habit is shown throughout these pages. It is as if he held a brief for the Greek Empire and against the Venetian Republic. Yet we do not mean by this that he is an unfair historian. On the contrary, he writes with the moderation of a man conscious that he has an excellent case, and cautious not to spoil it by over statement. But the style is the style of the bar. There are repetitions which strike one as the fashions of a jurist-lawyer who is afraid lest his facts should slip the memory of his hearers; there are arrangements which exemplify the skill of one who presents a case, rather than of the placid follower of the track of history. But in spite of these peculiarities Mr. Pears has written a remarkably interesting volume. He has striven to show that the Eastern Empire was the great bulwark of Europe against Asia, and that, while the Crusades were spasmodic and abortive sallies, the real battle was maintained under the fortress walls of Constantinople by a steady resistance to the almost exhaustless surges of the waves of Tartar migration. The

Fourth Crusade was, to use Fouché's famous dictum, "worse than a crime, it was a blunder." It so weakened the resisting power of the empire that it fell at last under the Ottoman invasion. It was a crime, for it was brought about by the perjury of the Crusaders themselves. It was a blunder, for it missed the last favorable chance for the conquest of Egypt and Syria. It was a crime, for it violated the leading principle of the Crusades, that no Christian was to suffer violence at the hands of one who bore the cross on his shoulder. It was a blunder, for it played the cat's-paw to the avaricious Venetian State, and wrecked the commercial prospects of the other Italian commonwealths.

It was both crime and blunder in that it really lent itself to the wiles of Saracen diplomacy and opened the way for all the mischief which Turkish rule has done and is still doing in Europe. Mr. Pears brings strongly out this great feature of the Turkish character, that no faith is to be kept with the infidel, except under pressure of necessity. It is this which makes the problem of European diplomacy at this present moment, it is this which, as we write, is really setting at odds the Great Powers—viz., the conviction that it is no use to trust the Turk to look for reforms or to expect amelioration.

It is well brought out in these pages that the relation of the Christian and the Moslem is an impossible one so long as the latter is dominant. There is but one condition under which foreign residents can inhabit Constantinople, and that is under treaty concessions, by which they remain under the jurisdiction and protection of their own governments.

LALA BOKER: An Oriental Romance. By Thomas Moore. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1885.] pp. 378. Quarto.

Among holiday publications this exquisitely illustrated volume must remain unique, since the poem stands out quite alone as an expression of Oriental imagination, thoroughly saturated with sensuous beauty; while the spirit and quality of illustration seems almost an aesthetic outgrowth of the melodious and richly colored lines. Often the common type illustration adds little to the text, and often may be dispensed with, leaving the volume unimpaired.

But here we have this dream-land idyl "set" to fantasy and picturesque suggestion, very much as it might have been "set" to music by Mendelssohn. And these illustrations henceforth will cling to the verses, as if they had shared a common conception and production. So the "Midsummers' Nights' Dream" music is become a part of the text to modern culture. The verse brings the music and the music brings the text. This much may very naturally become true of this weird conjunction of picture and poetry. There are one hundred and twenty-five photo-etchings, having mostly the freedom and breadth of aquarelles, but the higher interest lies in the wealth of imagination and fancy among the artists themselves, who are generally recognized as foremost in American art. The plates are monochromatic, ranging through many tones of subdued tint. Paper, printing and binding are unexceptionable.

RELIGION IN HISTORY AND IN THE LIFE OF TO-DAY. By A. S. Fairbairn, D. D., Principal of Alfreton College, Bradford. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., pp. 128. Price 75c.)

We regard Principal Fairbairn's work as decidedly valuable. It is an attempt to approach the working class upon a matter which deeply concerns them, and in a new and perhaps effective way. At the same time, it is our opinion that, unless the workmen of Bradford are of a different class and with a different habit of reading from anything this side of the water can show, these lectures must have gone in part far above their heads. The

most defective part of the book is the part concerning the Church. It is only a bigoted independent who is capable of asserting the absence of anything like a hierarchy in the primitive Church. It is absurd to suppose an Oriental society of any sort capable of existing with a measured rule and order of internal government. It is preposterous to suppose a vast affiliation, such as the Christian Church became in a very short time after it grew out of Jerusalem and Judea, could have lived for a day without organization. The New Testament is full of the indications of this, and the absence of precise directions, when coupled with innumerable allusions, is the strongest proof that a completed system, at least in its main parts, preceded the writing of the very earliest of the New Testament Scriptures. But, regarded as an answer to the infidel and agnostic writings, which, more or less, reach the workmen of Great Britain, we ought to say that this should be a very useful volume. The thought is clear, if the language is little too elevated. For instance, "objective" and "subjective" are fine algebraic formulas, very convenient when one knows their meaning, utterly bewildering unless one knows them. The same may be said of many other philosophic terms. Unless Principal Fairbairn knew aright the capacity of his hearers, he should not have used them.

LECTURES ON TEACHING Delivered in the University of Cambridge During the Lent Term, 1885. By J. G. Fitch, M. A., Assistant Commissioner to the late Endowed School Commission and one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. New Edition, with a Preface by an American Normal Teacher. [New York: McMillan & Co., pp. 308. Price \$1.00.]

There is a thoroughness in the whole tone of these lectures which commends itself very decidedly to the reader. There will always be differences of methods resulting from differences of character. Teaching is like preaching; there is no royal road to it, nor infallible method by which success is insured. Men or women with a natural gift will develop ways of their own which go in the face of all rules previously laid down. Nevertheless rules are good, and in general, teaching requires method and is founded on principles widely applicable. We commend this book as one in which the best teachers may find something to be learned and the poorest will be likely to get some help.

The last eight lectures, especially the one on the modes of teaching different branches, language, arithmetic, history, geography, etc., are particularly to be studied. Like all sensible men Mr. Fitch sees the absurdity of teaching English grammar; the real thing to be taught being the English language, and the grammar a mere engraving of the Latin grammatical system upon a tongue of which one-half has no relation whatever to Latin roots. When we speak of this as a book for teachers to study, we do not mean for them only. It is a book for learners to read, and especially when teaching is so much controlled by the State it is useful for those who have to do citizen's duty in the management of school committees, etc., to know something about teaching. Most men in middle-life are only competent to remember and like (or dislike) the way in which they were themselves taught and their whole judgment is based on these methods.

BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS: SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE KNICKERBOCKER WRITERS. By James Grant Wilson. Author of "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," "Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck," etc. [New York: Forde, Howard & Buttrick,] pp. 42.

Gen. Wilson has given a series of slight biographical sketches of Bryant, Paulding, Irving, Dana, Cooper, Halleck, Drake, Willis, Poe and Bayard Taylor, and thereafter brief notices of some twenty-one other authors, under the head of the Knickerbocker Writers.

We can only say that this makes a volume of the sort which a friend is wont to describe

as "dipping," which, we take it, means a nice book to have on a table at hand and to catch up in odd moments. These sketches are pleasantly written, with little bits of personal reminiscence here and there, with letters hitherto unpublished and the like. We should like to have more, though Gen. Wilson, as the son of a publisher, probably knows by instinct how much is safe to venture. There are nice portraits of Bryant, Paulding and Halleck, and manuscript facsimiles of most of the other authors, all tending to show that literary success and good handwriting are man and wife. Horace Greeley to the contrary notwithstanding. We do not absolutely share Gen. Wilson's high estimate of Bryant as a poet, though we admire him, but as a rule we can say that the literary criticisms of the book are just and fair.

HYPERAESTHESIA: A Novel. By Mary Cruger. [New York: Forde, Howard & Buttrick,] pp. 400.

Hyperaesthesia is a medical term for a state of physical nervous sensibility which causes acute suffering to the patient. It has a correspondent psychical state in which the soul has the same experience. This novel turns on the fates of two ladies, one married and one single—sisters-in-law—the matron has the physical form of the trouble and the maiden, who is killing herself by waiting on her sister, has the psychical infirmity.

Ester on the scene a young doctor who happily effects the cure of both. This is certainly a new variety of fiction, but we do not see but what it is permissible. There is a good deal of shrewd common-sense inculcated in the pages of this book, and some very good talk about flirtation. It is rather curious to see how large a drift there is of the latest American novel writing against this practice. It is as if there were a sudden waking up of the national conscience on the subject, and a discovery that the American principle of unlimited freedom of choice by young people was not without its perils.

We can say that on the whole this is a good novel and that oddly enough it will pay for the perusal by qualities quite apart from its character as fiction. The intimation of a possible cure for "Hyperaesthesia" is well worth considering.

FROM SHAKESPEARE TO POPE. An Inquiry into the Causes and Phenomena of the Rise of Classical Poetry in England. By Edmund Gosse, Clerk, Lecturer in English Literature at the University of Cambridge. [New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.,] pp. 242.

Mr. Gosse prepared these lectures for the Lowell Institute in Boston, and afterwards delivered them at Johns Hopkins University, and at Yale, and at his own University of Cambridge (England). This is enough to raise a fair presumption that they are above the ordinary standard, and this presumption will be turned to certainty on a perusal of these pages. Their object is not so much criticism of particular authors, as it is the inquiry into the vast change of literary style from that of the Elizabethan age to that of the age of Anne. He has considered poetry as an art, and has shown in a very masterly way the characteristics of the two schools, the classic and the romantic, as well as the causes which led to the choice of each. It is rare that so much is compressed into a volume of this size, and a literary purpose so strictly maintained from first to last. With this there is shown a graceful and masterly handling of the topic which is in marked contrast to the usual dilatory and desultory way in which such questions are discussed. We trust the reader will not overlook the graceful lines of dedication to Mr. W. D. Howells, verses which certainly establish Mr. Gosse's claim to criticize poetry by quite another title than that of the famous dictum of St. Beuve.

THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS. By Robert Stowell Ball, LL.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of London, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Honorary Member of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy, Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, and Royal Astronomer of Ireland, With Coloured Plates and Numerous Illustrations. [New York: Cassell & Company,] pp. 351.

The titles of Dr. Ball above given are a sufficient warrant for the correctness of the facts told in these pages. Of his merits as an astronomer we do not, of course, pretend to judge. Our business is with his work as an author, and we can safely say that he has known how to tell the "Story of the Heavens" most entertainingly, so that the unscientific reader can both understand and enjoy it. There is that happy mixture of abstruse science and familiar illustration which leads one on into learning at least something of the magnitude of the study, the most fascinating and laborious to which the human mind can give itself. It is evident that there is no room for any rivalry of astronomical study and other sciences; it has enough to absorb the entire devotion of a life. This work brings astronomy down to the latest times, treats of the possible intra-mercurial planet Vulcan, of the satellites of Mars, of the spectroscopic and its revelations, and much more that in the old school books was undreamt of.

POEMS, together with Brother Jacob, and The Lifted Veil. By George Eliot. Harper's Literary edition. [New York: Harper & Brothers,] pp. 280. Price 25c.

George Eliot's fame as a prose writer has stood in the way of her poetical reputation. But we can say that many volumes of verse come in our way which do not show a tittle of the original power and beauty of the verses in this volume. The longest poem is the drama of the Spanish Gipsy, which is, we presume, too well known to the reading public to require extended notice. Of the other shorter poems, "How Lida Loved the King," "Agatha," "A Minor Prophet," and "The Death of Moses," are admirable. It is noteworthy that George Eliot's verses exhibit little of the free philosophy of her prose. There is, too, a vigor and concentration in her poetry which is by no means a feminine characteristic. We think, if she had written nothing but these verses, she would have attained a high place among bards, while she now will be known mainly as the novelist.

THE LAST MARYING. A Story. By Brander Matthews. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons,] pp. 208. Price 25c.

This is distinctly a society novel of New York. The action does not move away from the charmed circle between Washington Square and the Central Park. It is a story in which the names are merely veiled titles of living persons, with the exception, perhaps, of the chief actors. Some of the veils are of the thinnest sort, and it is well that the story is a good-natured one throughout, or the book would give room for a dozen libel suits, to say the least. It is a good-natured book, with no more of the tragic element than is needed to make a good story, and the villainy is all imported villany. The dialogue is light and sparkling—in fact, we doubt much whether the actual New Yorker hears so many good things said in anything like the space of time covered by these pages. But this should be said for Mr. Matthews, that it is thoroughly in the style of New York, and "si non e vero" is certainly "ben trovato."

BIBLE READINGS, selected from the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. By the Rev. J. A. Cross. [London and New York: Macmillan & Co.,] pp. 284. Price 60c.

The idea of this is to give the historical parts of the portions of the Old Testament above mentioned in such a way as to afford a continuous view of it—in other words, to break up the formal chapter and verse arrangement,

which is such a hindrance to the Bible study of many readers. We can see no possible objection to this, and it seems to us that, if successful, it will be of great use. There are no notes or comments.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUILD: With Plans and Sketches of Cottages and City Houses, Schools, Churches, Theaters, Apartment Houses, etc. [New York: Hubert, Frazon & Co.]

The title sufficiently indicates the general purpose of the volume. The first twenty pages are taken up with a valuable treatise covering most practical matters in which house-builders are interested. A varied series of plates, with ample explanatory notes, provides numberless hints and suggestions. These gentlemen have been long identified with rural and suburban architecture.

AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Hamilton. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons,] pp. 210.

Mr. Hamilton seems to have considerable facility in verse, and to understand the use of various metres. His poetry is very much in one key and the sentiments he puts in verse, while very praiseworthy, do not strike us as particularly new or original.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE LAST LEAF. Poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith. [Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Riverside Press, 1888.] Quarto.

The admirers of Dr. Holmes, and they are everywhere, will welcome this costly and elaborate illustration of perhaps his most widely read poem, consisting of only five unpretending stanzas, which cling tenaciously, however, when once read. Here an autograph copy bearing the dates 1832 and 1885 follows the tables of contents, itself not the least interesting among them. Mr. Edwards takes the figure and Mr. Smith the landscape subjects. The former are in the quaint, dainty feeling of Abbey's early-English studies, and show conscientious study and a tender perception of old New England days and ways. Necessarily a quiet monotone of sentiment runs through the pages; and sometimes there is a conscious effort in illustrating that which furnishes little or no inspiration. But there is enough creditable work in this somewhat attenuated picturesque accompaniment to awaken and retain popular interest. Opposite page 10, Mr. Smith's engraver has hit upon an excellent Corot effect, and again upon page 44. The burden of the volume lies in a charming sketch of the growth and history of the verses from the pen of Dr. Holmes. The publishers have dealt lavishly in the production of this luxurious and finely appointed volume.

RECENT AMERICAN ENGRAVINGS. Original Plates. Text by J. B. Hitchcock. [New York: White, Stokes & Allen, 1885.]

This collection evidently grows out of the brilliant success of last year's group of etchings. There are ten plates of unequal merit, some of them brilliant and touching the level of our best native productions, a few are commonplace and unimpressive. Among the former may be mentioned Mr. King's "Breton Courtyard"—a strong impression of sunlight; "A Sea-side Residence," by Henry Farrer; "A Morning Walk," by Hamilton Hamilton, full of delicate, wintry feeling and wintry air, with a beautifully-drawn figure; Mr. Volkmar's "Duck's Paradise," very rich and mellow in tone; "An Idyl of Shanty-Town," in Mr. Monk's plate of clambering goats; Mr. Van Elten's "Beach at Gloucester, Mass.," and Mr. Calahan's very spirited plate of Fortny's celebrated "Mandolin Player."

Mr. Hitchcock provides an excellent sketch of the rise and progress of etching among American artists, with genial, explanatory notes for each plate. The collection is published in several editions of "Artists Proofs,"

of course severely limited, with appropriate and costly portfolios.

TOMAS CRUIER. By William D. Howells. With Illustrations from Drawings and Etchings by Joseph Pennell and others. [Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.]

To the cultivated reader who is denied the privilege of foreign travel, such a mentor as Mr. Howells is inestimably valuable. Few writers travel with such highly trained perceptions and that indefinable gift of selection and discrimination which makes sure of the best results and never passes off chaff for wheat. He is stereoscopic, philosophic, poetical, and learned, by turns, as mood and occasion warrant. He travels, like Goethe, gathering the cream of finest experiences by an unerring instinct. If you have read Howells intelligently, you have gone more thoroughly and wisely through his journey than many perhaps who bore him company. The letterpress has already appeared in magazine literature; the illustrations are graphic and spirited.

THE TRAVELER'S INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn. PHOTOTYPE SOUVENIR.

This is a generous welcome to its friends and patrons, from this enterprising association. It presents a valuable series of phototype views of this capital city, old and new; giving spirited views of the many important civic, educational, charitable and commercial structures which have grown up during the last generation, together with welcome glimpses of many celebrated homes, spoken of throughout the literary world. Here is the symmetrical and commanding State House, the new Trinity College, Bushnell Park, portraits of the literary colony, and the face and home of the energetic man who created and yet controls this beneficent corporation.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. POET LAUREATE. Complete Edition, from the Author's Text. Illustrated by Church, Dillman, Fredericks, Fourn, Murray, and other eminent artists. [New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.]

A stout, thick volume, on good paper, distinct print, with a delicate, renaissance page-binding, presenting the complete works of the laureate, and a so serviceable publication, especially where good books are wanted while but few can be afforded. The illustrations are far above the average found in similar publications, are never objectionable, and are frequently admirable.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. Vol. VIII. [London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., limited, 1888.]

Here, in graceful binding, is gathered a year's monthly parts of this sterling monthly. It abounds in delightful miscellany, spirited illustration, and a valuable range of art literature. It hardly needs further mention in this journal, which so often and heartily calls for public attention to its many excellencies.

THE EMERSON CALENDAR. [Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.] **THE WATTSLEY CALENDAR.** From the same house.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY CALENDAR. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

These compilations of daily leaflets, from the best writers, serve a modest yet by no means insignificant purpose. Often a true "word for the day" comes when most needed. They are produced in tasteful and attractive forms.

LITERATURE.

CUTPLER, UPHAM & Co. publish Literature, a series of essays upon modern writers, by Hermann Grimm.

C. N. CASPAR, Milwaukee, has published a "Directory of Antiquarian Booksellers," which should be useful.

"The Guileless Man and Minister" is the title of Bishop Gillespie's memorial sermon for the Rev. John A. Wilson, D.D.

THE Rev. Samuel W. Dike has a second paper on "The Divorce Question" in the November Homiletic Review, a subject upon which he has thought and written much.

IMMORTALITY, a paper by the Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland, read before the Concord School of Philosophy, is reprinted by D. Appleton & Co., from the Journal of Speculative Philosophy.

"EVERY Christian's Every-Day Book," by the Rev. T. H. Leary, published by Frederick Warne & Co., contains admirable selections for daily reading on the duties and doctrines of Christianity.

THE November North American Review has nine papers besides a symposium and notes and comments. "Statecraft and Priestcraft" is by Dr. Schaff, and "Slang in America" by Walt Whitman.

HENRY HOLY & Co. will present issue Oblivion, by Miss M. G. McClelland, of Norwood, Va. The scene is laid in the mountains of North Carolina, made familiar to us by Miss Murfree and Mr. Warner.

The first article in Good Housekeeping for November 14, begins a story entitled "Ten Dollars Enough," which is to illustrate how ten dollars is sufficient for a week's housekeeping. The number is filled with good reading and practical sense.

"A NOVEMBER STUDY," by Bruce Crane, is reproduced in the Art Interchange as the colored supplement for November 5, it being specially drawn for the number, which contains a large variety of other designs in the various departments of art.

IN the Old Time Classic Series, G. P. Putnam's Sons give us in two volumes each, with many illustrations, "Plutarch's Lives" and "Herodotus," selected and edited by John S. White, LL.D. They will be welcomed by scholars young and old, storing the minds of the former and refreshing the memories of the latter.

TOWNSEND MACCOCKIN has in press a complete ARND or lexicon of the Targum, Talmud and Midrash, by Dr. Alexander Kohut, a learned Rabbi of this city, formerly of Vienna, Austria. It will consist of eight quarto volumes in half binding. The lecture of Canon Farrar on the Talmud has excited an interest in the subject.

THE Homiletic Magazine is divided into four parts, the homiletic, theological, expository and miscellaneous sections, some of which are also subdivided. They are filled by able contributors who represent all shades of evangelical thought. In the October number "Is Salvation Possible After Death?" is the subject of the symposium.

A VERY interesting article in the November Lippincott is "The Peabody Museum of American Archaeology," by Ernest Ingersoll. There is also a paper on "Queen Anne or Free Classic Architecture," which should interest many readers. It is by George C. Mason, Jr. There is much other pleasant reading in the number.

THE November Decorator and Furnisher has an unusual number of designs in stained glass, wall paper, stencils, etc., some of them Japanese and Byzantine. It also reproduces the various yacht cups of which there has been so much talk recently. Every page of the number is full of interest.

WITH the January number the Spirit of Missions will take a new departure and possess added interest. The annual reports will be published separately, and not as a part of the magazine. It will be free to the clergy who in their parishes represent the board, and will

be furnished to the laity at \$1. per year. It ought to be found in all our families.

THE November Andover Review opens with a paper on "The New Education," by Prof. Palmer. An article to attract attention is "The Conquest of Utah," by the Rev. D. L. Leonard. Editorially, the series of Progressive Orthodoxy has for its subject The Scriptures. Under Archaeology, the Rev. Dr. Merrill, Consul at Jerusalem, discusses "The Site of Calvary." There are other papers in the number, which is one of great interest.

THE November Art Amateur has six supplement designs, one of which is devoted to altar frontal centres and an altar covering. The extra supplement is the study of a cat, which presents a back much raised as if seeing a near antagonist; the frontpiece reproduces some studies of cherubs from paintings by the old masters. The number contains a sketch of Henry Mosler with some figure studies by him, and also a double page design, elaborate and rich, for panel decorations. Full directions are given for treatment of the designs in oil and colors, and altogether the number is one of unusual merit.

THE Church Review for October closes the forty-sixth volume, and each of its numbers might make a volume in itself, and one highly creditable to the literature of the Church. In this number there are twenty papers, besides the current literature and editorial articles. There are three papers on Liturgies and one on Centennial Statistics. Bishop Williams has a paper on the Seabury Centenary, and Dr. Richey one on Bishop Littlejohn's Christian Ministry. The Revision of the Old Testament is considered by Prof. Gardiner, the Late Convention in South Carolina by Rev. John Kershaw, and the Rev. E. P. Gray has a prize essay on the question, "Did Christ Rise from the Dead on the First Day of the Week?" There are other able papers which we have not space even to name.

ART:

The fifth annual festival of the Choir Guild of the Diocese of New Jersey was celebrated in Christ church, Elizabeth, on Tuesday, Nov. 9th. This organization serves a devout purpose so admirably that the Church at large is interested in a more explicit knowledge of its operation. It consists in a confederation of six suppressed choirs—of St. Mary's, Burlington; Christ church, Elizabeth; Christ church, Bordenstown; Trinity church, Princeton; Christ church, South Amboy; and St. James, Long Branch. A seventh, Trinity church, Trenton, while in sympathy with the Guild and its work, has recently withdrawn on account of practical difficulties in the way of attendance. The officers are a superior, secretary, treasurer, and precentor, who shapes the musical work and training. The Rev. Mr. Oberly, of Christ church, Elizabeth, has filled this position for several terms, and in discharge of his stipulated duties visits and drills each choir of the Guild once each year. In this way a common "use" and a community of interest are sustained, and under the direction of the accomplished and devoted precentor the happiest results are secured.

The Guild never rehearses its programme together, and its musical success at the Annual Festival expresses, in conjunction with the precentor's efficiency, the industry and intelligence of each choirmaster's individual training. Those who were fortunate enough to attend this recent Festival were certainly impressed with the great value and importance of the movement. For it was shown that such choirs are practicable, that they bring groups of lads and young men under churchly influences, in relations rich with spiritual promise. They are comparatively inexpensive, and, what is of far

deeper consequence, purely religious music is secured for religious worship.

At the same time, all rivalries are shut out, and a fine spirit of fellowship displaces the old-time clamor and heart-burnings. More than one hundred and twenty choristers mustered on that beautiful day, in that picturesque and beautifully appointed church. About twenty-five of the clergy were in attendance. There was a choral celebration, without sermon, in the morning, at which the effectiveness of those massed chorists was very reverently manifested. This sublime office was not done in a corner, and the showing forth of the Lord's death, assumed a new and profounder significance to many who had never before participated in the Divine Office under such a concentration of ritualistic solemnities. Indeed the spiritual reciprocities between the Catholic faith, Catholic architecture, and the Catholic ritual were tenderly and irresistibly brought home to the hearts of multitudes. The Processional was "Daily, daily sing the praises," set to a lovely tune by the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard.

The anthem—an Introit and Antiphon—written in Mr. Messier's best spirit—had for the text "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary," with *Laetatus Sum*, Psalm cxlii, sung in unison to the 7th tone, 1st ending. At the music for the Holy Communion the precentor set a most desirable precedent by providing an unbroken office by the same composer, thus securing an impressive unity of feeling otherwise out of reach. W. H. Monk's Communion in C is easily produced, free from technical difficulties, and, on this occasion proved, very effective. The Recessional was "Angel voices ever singing," to Sullivan's exquisite setting. After a few hours, refreshed by the lavish hospitalities of the parish ladies, spirited games in the adjacent grounds, and quiet strolling through the broad, embowered avenues of this quaint old town, Evensong at four o'clock found the church overfull, and most of the worshippers were provided with the libretto and music of the festival in lieu of Prayer Books, so that the responsive and choral passages were almost tumultuous in volume and heartiness. As a spectacle, nothing could be more inspiring, or more eloquently symbolize the greater worship of the invisible Church. Entering with the hymn, "Rejoice ye pure in heart" (Mr. Messier's best tune), the interminable choir, in Decal and Cantoris, gave the best illustration we recall of the inapproachable majesty and solemnity of the Plain Song for the Psalter. After the lessons were sung *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, admirably set by Ferris Tozer. It is not the function of this column to particularize sermons, but the festival sermon, for all such festivals, now-a-days, was preached by Dr. Dix, who was in perfect tune with the occasion, and literally "in the spirit" for rejoicing, for exhortation, for counsel, and withal, for wholesome criticism. For the whole choral movement in the American Church lies within the experience of the preacher. After the hymn, "The Day of Praise is Done," Stainer's "Te Deum," in b, gave complete and joyful expression to the gathering delights and spiritual refreshments of the festival; the choir departing with the hymn, "O Mother, Dear Jerusalem," tune by S. A. Ward, in rhythm and melody most felicitous.

There was not a salaried nor "professional" singer, nor an "artist" in the great choir. There was not a trace of individualism or irreverence. There was an absence of "artistic" varnish and finish, which on the whole was not to be regretted in the prevalent seriousness and unmistakable religiousness. The choirs came with their best, and the cause they represent is henceforth edified and the better for their festival service.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

6. Second Sunday in Advent.
11. Friday—Fast.
13. Third Sunday in Advent.
16. Ember Day—Fast.
18. Ember Day—Fast.
19. Ember Day—Fast.
20. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
21. ST. THOMAS.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY.
26. ST. STEPHEN.
27. (ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
Sunday after Christmas.
28. THE INNOCENTS DAY.

THE SHEPHERD.

Tenderly by Jesus led,
By His constant kindness fed,
Might I walk in pasture sweet,
Weary, lay me at Thy feet !

O forgive that on this day
Far from Thee Thy lamb did stray,
Now by briars and brambles torn
In the wilderness forlorn.

Hear my cries, O Jesus mild !
Comfort Thon Thy pleading child,
Let me always hear Thy voice,
And therewith my heart rejoice.
Though my eyes no path can see
Ever would I follow Thee.

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Morning Call.

Had Valentine known who the brothers were, or where they lived, he would before now have called to thank them again for their kindness to him, but he imagined they had some distance to go after depositing him, and had not yet discovered his mistake. The visit now paid had nothing to do with him.

The two elder girls, curious about the pretty cottage, had come wandering down the spur or hill-toe, as far as its precincts,—if precincts they may be called where was no fence, only a little grove and a less garden. Beside the door stood a milk-pail and a churn, set out to be sweetened by the sun and wind. It was very rural, they thought, and very homely, but not so attractive as some cottages in the south—it indicated a rusticity honored by the most unceremonious visit from its superiors ! Thus without hesitation concluding, Christina, followed by Mercy, walked in at the open door, found a barefooted girl in the kitchen, and spoke pleasantly to her. She, in simple hospitality, forgetting herself, made answer in Gaelic; and, never doubting the ladies had come to call upon her mistress, led the way, and the girls, without thinking, followed her to the parlor.

As they came, they had been talking. Had they been in any degree truly educated, they would have been quite capable of an opinion of their own, for they had good enough faculties; but they had never been really taught to read; therefore, with the

utmost confidence, they had been passing judgment upon a book from which they had not gathered the slightest notion as to the idea or intention of the writer. Christina was of that humorous class of readers, who, if you show one thing better or worse than another, will without hesitation report that you love the one and hate the other. If you say, for instance, that it is a worse and yet more shameful thing for a man to break his wife's heart by systematic neglect, than to strike her and be sorry for it, such readers give out that you approve of wife-beating, and perhaps write to expostulate with you on your brutality. If you express pleasure that a poor man should have succeeded in escaping from the door of death from his haunting demon, they accuse you of advocating suicide. Mercy was not yet afloat on the sea of essential *lie* whereon Christina swung to every wave.

The question they had been discussing was, whether the hero of the story was worthy the name of lover, seeing he deferred offering his hand to the girl because she told her mother a *fib* to account for her being with him in the garden after dark. "It was cowardly and unfair," said Christina: "was it not for *his* sake she did it?" Mercy did not think to say "Was *it*?" as she well might. "Don't you see, Chrissy," she said, "he reasoned this way: 'If she tell her mother a lie, she may tell me a lie some day too!'" So indeed the youth did reason; but it occurred to neither of his critics to note the fact that he would not have minded the girl's telling her mother the lie, if he could have been certain she would never tell *him* one! In regard to her hiding from him certain passages with another gentleman, occurring between this event and his proposal, Christina judged he had no right to know them, and if he had, their concealment was what he deserved.

When the girl, who would have thought it rude to ask their names—if I mistake not it was a point in highland hospitality to entertain without such inquiry—led the way to the parlor, they followed, expecting they did not know what: they had heard of the cow-house, the stable, and even the pigsty, being under the same roof in these parts! When the opening door disclosed "lady" Macraugh, every inch a chieftain's widow, their conventional breeding failed them a little; incapable of recognizing a refinement beyond their own, they were not incapable of feeling its influence; and though they had not yet learned how to be rude with propriety in unproved circumstances—still less how to be gracious without a moment's notice. But when a young man sprang from a couch, and the stately lady rose and advanced to receive them, it was too late to retreat, and for a moment they stood abashed, feeling, I am glad to say, like intruders. The behavior of the lady and gentleman, however, speedily set them partially at ease. The latter, with movements more than graceful, for they were gracious, and altogether free of scroll-pattern or Polonius-flourish, placed chairs, and invited them to be seated, and the former began to talk as if their entrance were the least unexpected thing in the world. Leaving them to explain their visit or not as they saw fit, she spoke of the weather, the harvest, the shooting; feared the gentlemen would be disappointed: the birds were quite healthy, but not numerous—they had too many enemies

to multiply! asked if they had seen the view from such and such a point—in short, carried herself as one to whom courtesy to strangers was a duty. But she was not taken with them. Her order of civilization was higher than theirs; and the simplicity as well as old-fashioned finish of her consciousness recoiled a little—though she had not experience enough of a certain kind to be able at once to say what it was in the manner and expression of the young ladies that did not please her.

Mammon, gaining more and more of the upper hand in all social relations, has done much to lower the *petite* as well as the *grande morale* of the country—the good breeding as well as the honesty. Unmanliness with the completest self-possession is a poor substitute for stiffness, a poorer for courtesy. Respect and graciousness from each to each is of the very essence of Christianity, independently of rank, or possession, or relation. A certain roughness and rudeness have usurped upon the intercourse of the century. It comes of the spread of imagined greatness; true greatness, unconscious of itself, cannot find expression other than gracious. In the presence of another, a man of true breeding is but faintly aware of his own self, and keenly aware of the other's self. Before the human—that bush which, however trodden and peeled, yet burns with the Divine Presence—the man who thinks of the homage due to him, and not of the homage owing by him, is essentially rude. Mammon is slowly stifling and desiccating Rank; both are miserable duties, but the one is yet meaner than the other. Unrefined families with money are received with open arms and honors paid, in circles where a better breeding than theirs has hitherto prevailed: this, working along with the natural law of corruption where is no aspiration, has gradually caused the deterioration of which I speak. Courtesy will never regain her former position, but she will be raised to a much higher; like Duty, she will be known as a daughter of the living God, "the first stocke father of gentleness;" for in his neighbor every man will see a revelation of the Most High.

Without being able to recognize the superiority of a woman who lived in a cottage, the young ladies felt and disliked it; the matron felt the commonness of the girls, without knowing what exactly it was. The girls, on the other hand, were interested in the young man; he looked like a gentleman. Ian was interested in the young women; he thought they were *shy*, when they were only "put out," and wished to make them comfortable—in which he quickly succeeded. His unconsciously commanding air in the midst of his great courtesy, roused their admiration, and they had not been many minutes in his company ere they were satisfied that, however it was to be accounted for, the young man was in truth very much of a gentleman. It was an unexpected discovery of northern produce, and "the estate" gathered interest in their eyes. Christina did the greater part of the talking, but both did their best to be agreeable.

Ian saw quite as well as his mother what ordinary girls they were, but, accustomed to the never moles in manner and speech, though uncorrupted by them, he was not shocked by movements and phrases that annoyed her. The mother apprehended

fascination, and was uneasy, though far from showing it.

When they rose, Ian attended them to the door, leaving his mother anxious, for he would accompany them home she feared. Till he returned, she did not resume her seat.

The girls took their way along the ridge in silence, till the ruin was between them and the cottage, when they burst into laughter. They were ladies enough not to laugh till out of sight, but not ladies enough to see there was nothing to laugh at.

"A harp, too," said Christina. "Mercy, I believe we are on the top of Mount Ararat, and have this very moment left the real Noah's ark, patched into a cottage! Who can they be?"

"Gentlefolk, evidently," said Mercy; "perhaps old-fashioned people from Inverness."

"The young man must have been to college!—In the north, you know," continued Christina, thinking with pride that her brother was at Oxford, "nothing is easier than to get an education, such as it is! It costs in fact next to nothing. Plowmen send their sons to St. Andrew's and Aberdeen to make gentlemen of them! Fancy!"

"You must allow that in this case they have succeeded!"

"I didn't mean his father was a plowman! That is impossible. Besides, I heard him call that very respectable person mother! She is not a plowman's wife, but evidently a lady of the middle class."

Christina did not reckon herself or her people to belong to the middle class. How it was it is not quite easy to say—perhaps the tone of implied contempt with which her father spoke of the lower classes, and the quiet negation with which her mother would allude to shopkeepers, may have had to do with it—but the young people of the family all imagined themselves to belong to the upper classes! It was a pity that there was no title in it; but any one of them might well marry a coronet! There were indeed higher than they; a duke was higher; the queen was higher—but that was pleasant! It was nice to have some to look up to!

On anyone living in a humble house, not to say a poor cottage, they looked down, as the case might be, with indifference or patronage; they little dreamed how, had she known all about them, the respectable person in the cottage would have looked down upon them! At the same time the laugh in which they now indulged was not altogether one of amusement; it was in part an effort to avenge themselves of a certain uncomfortable feeling of rebuke.

"I will tell you my theory, Mercy!" Christina went on. "The lady is the widow of an Indian officer—perhaps a colonel. Some of their widows are left very poor, though, their husbands having been in the service of their country, they think no small beer of themselves! The young man has a military air which he may have got from his father; or he may be an officer himself; young officers are always poor; that's what makes them so nice to flirt with. I wonder whether he really is an officer! We've actually called upon the people, and come away too, without knowing their names!"

"I suppose they're from the New House?" said Ian, returning after he had bowed the

ladies from the threshold, rewarded with a bewitching smile from the elder, and a shy glance from the younger.

"Where else could they be from?" returned his mother;—"come to make our country yet poorer!"

"They're not English!"

"Not they!—vulgar people from Glasgow!"

"I think you are too hard on them, mother! They were not exactly vulgar. I thought, indeed, there was a sort of gentleness about them you do not often meet in Scotch girls!"

"In the lowlands, I grant, Ian; but the daughter of the poorest tacksman of the Macruadh has a manner and an modesty I have seen in no Sasunnach girl yet. These girls are bold!"

"Self-possessed, perhaps!" said Ian.

Upon the awkwardness he took for shyness, had followed a reaction. It was with the young ladies a part of good breeding, whatever mistake they made, not to look otherwise than contented with themselves; having for a moment failed in this principle they were eager to make up for it.

"Girls are different from what they used to be, I fancy, mother?" added Ian thoughtfully.

"The world changes very fast," said the mother sadly. She was thinking, like Rebecca, if her sons took a fancy to these who were not daughters of the land, what good would her life do her.

"Ah, mother, dear," said Ian, "I have never—and as he spoke the cloud deepened on his forehead—"seen more than one woman whose ways and manners reminded me of you!"

"And what was she?" the mother asked, in pleased alarum.

But she almost repented the question when she saw how low the cloud descended on his countenance.

"A princess, mother. She is dead," he answered, and turning walked so gently from the room that it was impossible for his mother to detain him.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Scramble.

The next morning, soon after sunrise, the laird began to cut his barley. Ian would gladly have helped, but Alister had a notion that such labor was not fit for him.

"I had a comical interview this morning," he said, entering the kitchen at dinner-time. "I was out before my people, and was standing by the burn-side near the foot-bridge, when I heard somebody shouting, and looked up. There was a big English fellow in gray on the top of the ridge, with his gun on his shoulder, hollering. I knew he was English by his hollering. It was plain it was to me, but not choosing to be at his beck and call, I took no heed. 'Hullo, you there! wake up!' he said. 'What should I wake up for?' I returned. 'To carry my bag. You don't seem to have anything to do! I'll give you five shillings.'"

"You see to what you expose yourself by your unconventionalities, Alister!" said his brother, with mock gravity.

"It was not the fellow we carried home the other night, Ian; it was one twice his size. It would have taken all I had to carry him home!"

"The other must have pointed you out to him!"

"It was much too dark for him to know me again."

"You forgot the hall-lamp!" said Ian.

"Ah, yes, to be sure! I had forgotten!" answered Alister. "To tell the truth, I thought, when I took his shilling, he would never know me from Nebuchadnezzar: that is the one thing I am ashamed of—I did in the dark what perhaps I should not have done in the daylight!—I don't mean I would not have carried him and his bag too! It's only the shilling? Now of course I will hold my face to it; but I thought it better to be short with a fellow like that."

"Well?"

"You'll want prepayment, no doubt!" he went on, putting his hand into his pocket. Those Sasunnach fellows think any highlandman keen as a hawk after their dirty money?"

"They have too good reason in some parts!" said his mother. "It is not so bad here yet, but there is a great difference in that respect. The old breed is fast disappearing. What with the difficulty of living by the hardest work, and the occasional chance of earning a shilling easily, many have turned both idle and greedy."

"That's you and your shilling, Alister!" said Ian.

"I confess," returned Alister, "if I had foreseen what an idea of the gentlemen of the country I might give, I should have hesitated. But I haven't begun to be ashamed yet!"

"Ashamed, Alister!" cried Ian. "What does it matter what a fellow like that thinks of you?"

"And mistress Conal has her shilling!" said the mother.

"If the thing was right," pursued Ian, "no harm can come of it; if it was not right, no end of harm may come. Are you sure it was good for mistress Conal to have that shilling, Alister? What if it be drawing away her heart from him who is watching his old child in her turf-put? What if the devil be grinning at her from that shilling?"

"Ian! if God had not meant her to have that shilling, He would not have let Alister earn it."

"Certainly God can take care of her from a shilling!" said Ian, with one of his strangely sweet smiles.

"I was only trying Alister, mother."

"I confess I did not like the thought of it at first," resumed Mrs. Macruadh; "but it was mere pride; for when I thought of your father, I knew he would have been pleased with it."

"Then, mother, I am glad; and I don't care what Ian or any Sasunnach under the sun may think of me."

"But you haven't told us," said Ian, "how the thing ended."

"I said to the fellow," resumed Alister, "that I had my shearing to do, and hadn't the time to go with him. 'Is this your season for sheep-shearing?' said he. 'We call cutting the corn shearing,' I answered, 'because in these parts we use the reaping-hook.' 'That is a great waste of labor!' he returned. I did not tell him that some of our land would smash his machines like toys. 'How?' I asked. 'It costs so much more,' he said, 'but it feeds so many more!' I replied. 'Oh yes, of course, if

you don't want the farmer to make a living? 'I manage to make a living,' I said. 'Then you are the farmer?' 'So it would appear.' 'I beg your pardon; I thought——' 'You thought I was an idle fellow, glad of an easy job to keep the life in me?' 'They tell me you were deuced glad of a job the other night.' 'So I was. I wanted a shilling for a poor woman, and hadn't one to give her without going home a mile and a half for it.' By this time he had come down, and I had gone a few steps to meet him; I did not want to seem unfriendly. 'Upon my word, it was very good of you! The old lady ought to be grateful,' he said. 'So ought we all,' I answered.—'I to your friend for the shilling, and he to me for taking his bag. He did me one good turn for my poor woman, and I did him another for his poor legs?' 'So you're quits?' said he. 'Not at all,' I answered; 'on the contrary, we are under mutual obligation.' 'I don't see the difference!—Hillo, there's a hare!' And up went his gun to his shoulder. 'None of that!' I cried, and knocked up the barrel. 'What do you mean?' he roared, looking furious. 'Get out of the way, or I'll shoot you.' 'There will be murder then as well as poaching!' I said. 'Poaching?' he shouted, with a scornful laugh. 'That rabbit is mine,' I said; 'I will not have it killed.' 'Cool!—on Mr. Palmer's land!' said he. 'The land is mine, and I am my own gamekeeper!' I rejoined. 'You look like it!' he returned. 'You put your gun on half-cock, and go after your birds!—not in this direction though,' I said, and turned and left him."

"That was not just the right way," said Ian.

"I did lose my temper rather."

"There was no occasion. It was a mistake on his part."

"I almost expected to hear him fire after I left him, for there was the rabbit he took for a hare lurching slowly away in full view! I'm glad he didn't: I always feel bad after a row!"

"Is the conscience getting fastidious, do you think, Alistair?" said Ian.

"How is anybody to know that when he's got to obey it?"

"True—so long as we suspect no mistake!"

"So long as it agrees with the Bible, Ian!" said the mother.

"The Bible is a big book, mother, and the things in it are of many sorts," returned Ian. "The Lord did not approve of every thing in it."

"Ian! Ian! I am shocked to hear you!"

"It is the truth, mother."

"What would your father have said?"

"'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.'"

Ian rose from the table, knelt by his mother, and laid his head on her shoulder.

She was silent, pained by his words, and put her arm round him as if to shield him from the evil one. Homage to will and word of the Master, apart from the acceptance of certain doctrines concerning him, was in her eyes not merely defective but dangerous. To love the Lord with the love of truest obedience; to believe him the Son of God and the savior of man with absolute acceptance of the heart, was far from enough! It was but sentimental affection!

A certain young preacher in Scotland some years ago, accused by an old lady of

preaching works, took refuge in the Lord's Sermon on the Mount: "Ow ay?" answered the partisan, "but he was a varra young man when he preach that sermon!"

Alistair rose and went: there was to him something specially sacred in the communion of his mother and brother. Heartily he held with Ian, but shrank from any difference with his mother. For her sake he received Sunday after Sunday in silence what was to him a bushel of dust with here and there a bit of mouldy bread in it; but the mother did not imagine any great coincidence of opinion between her and Alistair any more than between her and Ian. She had not the faintest notion how much genuine faith both of them had, or how it surpassed her own in vitality.

But while Ian seemed to his brother, who knew him best, hardly touched with earthly stain, Alistair, notwithstanding his large and dominant humanity, was still in the troublesome condition of one trying to do right against a powerful fermentation of pride. He held noblest principles; but the sediment of generations was too easily stirred up to cloud them. He was not quite honest in his attitude towards some of his ancestors, judging them far more leniently than he would have judged others. He loved his neighbor, but his neighbor was mostly of his own family or his own clan. He might have been unjust for the sake of his own—a small fault in the eyes of the world, but a great fault indeed in a nature like his, capable of being so much beyond it. For, while the faults of a good man cannot be such evil things as the faults of a bad man, they are more blameworthy, and greater faults than the same would be in a bad man; we must not confuse the guilt of the person with the abstract evil of the thing.

Ian was one of those blessed few who doubt in virtue of a larger faith. While its roots were seeking a deeper soil, it could not show so fast a growth above ground. He doubted most about the things he loved best, while he devoted the energies of a mind whose keenness almost masked its power, to discover possible ways of believing them. To the wise his doubts would have been his best credentials; they were wrong tenfold the faith of most. It was truth, and higher truth, he was always seeking. The sadness which colored his deepest individuality, only one thing could ever remove—the conscious presence of the Eternal. This is true of all sadness, but Ian knew it.

He overtook Alistair on his way to the barley-field.

"I have been trying to find out wherein lay the faleness of the position in which you found yourself this morning," said he. "There could be nothing wrong in doing a small thing for its reward any more than a great one; where I think you went wrong was in assuming your social position afterwards—you should have waited for its being accorded you. There was no occasion to be offended with the man. You ought to have seen how you must look to him, and given him time. I don't perceive why you should be so gracious to old mistress Connal, and so hard upon him. Certainly you would not speak as he did to any man, but he has been brought up differently; he is not such a gentleman as you cannot help being. In a word, you ought to have

treated him as an inferior, and been more polite to him."

CHAPTER X.

The Plow-bull.

Partly, it may be, from such incidents at the outset of their acquaintance, there was for some time no further meeting betwixt any of the chief's family and that of the new laird. There was indeed, little to draw them together, except common isolation. Valentine would have been pleased to show gratitude to his helpers on that stormy night, but after his sister's account of their call, he felt not only ashamed, which was right, but ashamed to show his shame, which was a fresh shame. The girls on their part made so much of what they counted the ridiculous elements of their "adventure," that, natural vengeance for their untruthfulness, they came themselves to see in it almost only what was ridiculous. In the same spirit Mr. Sercombe recounted his adventure with Alistair, which annoyed his host, who had but little acquaintance with the boundaries of his land. From the additional servants they had hired in the vicinity, the people of the New House gathered correct information concerning those at the cottage, but the honor in which they were held only added to the ridicule they associated with them. On the other side also there was little inclination towards a pursuit of intercourse. Mrs. Macrae, from Nancy's account and the behavior of the girls, divined the explanation of their visit; and, as their mother did not follow it up, took no notice of it. In the mind of Mercy, however, lurked a little thorn, with the bluntest possible sting of suspicion, every time she joined in a laugh at the people of the cottage, that she was not quite just to them.

The shooting, such as it was, went on, the sleeping and the eating, the walking and the talking. Long letters were written from the New House to female friends—letters with the flourishes if not the matter of wit, and funny tales concerning the natives, whom, because of their poor houses and unintelligibility, they represented as semi-savages. The young men went back to Oxford: and the time for the return of the family to civilization seemed drawing nigh.

It happened about this time, however, that a certain speculation in which Mr. Peregrine Palmer was very materially interested failed utterly, depriving him of the consciousness of a good many thousands, and producing in him the feeling of a lady of moderate means when she loses her purse; he must save it off something! For though he spent freely, he placed a great value on money—as well he might, seeing it gave him all the distinction which before everything else he prized. He did not know what a poor thing it was to be distinguished among men, therefore did not like losing his thousands. Having by failure sinned against Mammon, he must do something to ease the money-conscience that ruled his conduct: and the first thing that occurred to him was, to leave his wife and daughters where they were for the winter. None of them were in the least delicate, his wife professed herself fond of a country life; it would give the girls a good opportunity for practice, drawing and study generally, and he would find them a suitable

governess! He talked the matter over with Mrs. Palmer. She did not mind much and would not object. He would bring Christmas with them, he said, and send down Christian, and perhaps Mr. Sercombe.

The girls did not like the idea. It was so cold in the country in winter, and the snow would be so deep! they would be starved to death! But, of course—if the governor had made up his mind to be cruel!

The thing was settled. It was only for one winter! It would be a new experience for them, and they would enjoy their next season all the more! The governor had promised to send them down new furs, and a great boxful of novels! He did not apprise them that he meant to sell their horses. Their horses were his! He was an indulgent father and did not stint them, but he was not going to ask their leave! At the same time he had not the courage to tell them.

He took his wife with him as far as Inverness for a day or two, that she might lay in a good stock of everything antagonistic to cold.

When father and mother were gone from the house, the girls felt larky. They had no wish to do anything they would not do if their parents were at home, but they had some sense of relief in the thought that they could do whatever they liked. A more sympathetic historian might say, and I am nowise inclined to contradict him, that it was only the reaction from the pain of parting, and the instinct to make the best of their loneliness. However it was, the elder girls resolved on a walk to the village, to see what might be seen, and in particular the woman at the shop, of whom they had heard their brother and Mr. Sercombe speak with admiration, qualified with the remark that she was so proper they could hardly get a civil word out of her. She was in fact too scrupulously polite for their taste.

It was a bright, pleasant, frosty morning, perfectly still, with an air like wine. The harvest had vanished from the fields. The sun shone on millions of tiny dew-suns, threaded on forsaken spider-webs. A few small, white, frozen clouds flecked the sky. The purple heather was not yet gone, and not any snow had yet fallen in the valley. The burn was large, for there had been a good deal of rain, but it was not much darker than its usual brown of smoke-crystal. They tripped gayly along. If they had little spiritual, they had much innocent animal life, which no great disappointments or keen twinges of conscience had yet damped. They were but human kittens—and not of the finest breed.

As they crossed the root of the spur, and looked down on the autumn fields to the east of it, they spied something going on which they did not understand. Stopping, and gazing more intently, they beheld what seemed a contest between man and beast, but its nature they could not yet distinguish. Gradually it grew plain that two of the cattle of the country, wild and shaggy, were rebelling against control. They were in fact two young bulls, of the small black highland breed, accustomed to gallop over the rough hills, jumping like goats, which Alister had set himself the task of breaking to the plough—by no means an easy one, or to be accomplished single-handed by any but a man of some strength, and both persistence and patience. In the summer he

had lost a horse, which he could ill afford to replace: if he could make these bulls work, they would save him the price of the horse, would cost less to keep, and require less attention! He bridled them by the nose, not with rings through the gristle, but with nose-bands of iron, bluntly spiked inside, against which they could not pull hard without pain, and though he had made some progress could by no means trust them yet: every now and then a fit of mingled wildness and stubbornness would seize them, and the contest would appear about to begin again from the beginning; but they seldom now held out very long. The nose-band of one of them had come off, Alister had him by a horn in each hand, and a fierce struggle was going on between them, while the other was pulling away from his companion, as if determined to take to the hills. It was a good thing for them that share and coulter were pretty deep in the ground, so the help of their master; for had they got away, they would have killed, or at least disabled themselves. Presently, however, he had the nose-band on, and by force and persuasion together got the better of them; the staggly little furries gave in; and quickly gathering up his reins, he went back to the plough-stilts, each hand holding at once a handle and a rein. With energetic obedience the little animals began to pull—so vigorously that it took nearly all the chief's strength to hold at once his plough and his team.

It was something of a sight to the girls after a long dearth of events. Many things indeed upon which they scarce cast an eye when they came, they were now capable of regarding with a little feeble interest. Nor, although ignorant of everything agricultural, were they quite unused to animals; having horses they called their own, they would not unfrequently go to the stables to give their orders, or see that they were carried out.

They waited for some time hoping the fight would begin again, and drew a little nearer; then, as by common consent, left the road, passed the ruin, ran down the steep side of the ridge, and began to toll through the stubble toward the ploughman. A sharp straw would every now and then go through a delicate stocking, and the damp soil gathered in great lumps on their shoes, but they plodded on, laughing merrily as they went.

The Macruadh was meditating the power of the frost to break up the clods of the field, when he saw the girls close to him. He pulled in his cattle, and taking off his bonnet with one hand while the other held both reins—

"Excuse me, ladies," he said; "my animals are young, and not quite broken."

They were not a little surprised at such a reception, and were driven to conclude that the man must be the laird himself. They had heard that he cultivated his own land, but had not therefore imagined him laboring in his own person.

In spite of the blindness produced by their conventional training, vulgarly called education, they could not fail to perceive something in the man worthy of their regard. Before them, on the alert towards his cattle, but full of courtesy, stood a dark, handsome, weather-browned man, with an eagle air, not so pronounced as his brother's.

His hair was long, and almost black,—in thick, soft curls over a small, well-set head. His glance had the flash that comes of victorious effort, and his free carriage was that of one of whom labor has nowise subdued, whose every muscle is instinct with ready life. True even in trifles, he wore the dark beard that nature had given him; disordered by the struggle with his bulls, it imparted a certain wild look that contrasted with his speech. Christina forgot that the man was a laborer like any other, and noted that he did not manifest the least embarrassment in their presence, or any consciousness of a superfluity of favor in their approach: she did not know that neither would his hired servant, or the poorest member of his clan. It was said of a certain Sutherland clan that they were all gentlemen, and of a certain Argyll clan that they were all poets; of the Macruadhs it was said they were both. As to Mercy, the first glance of the chief's hazel eyes, looking straight into hers with genial respect, went deeper than any look had yet penetrated.

(To be continued.)

THE HILL SCHOOL AT ATHENS

At a late meeting of the American Philological Association, Prof. W. W. Goodwin, Harvard College, spoke in the warmest terms of the late Dr. and Mrs. Hill and their work at Athens.

What he said was based upon what he saw and heard while residing in Athens for a year, at the head of the American School, so-called.

We reprint it here both as a tribute to those noble persons and because it may help the securing of money now needed to put the school which they left into a condition in which it may still continue its good work:

"The modern city of Athens, apart from its wealth of ruins and the material beauty of its surroundings, has in itself little to attract a traveller. It is now hardly fifty-four years old, and the oldest inhabitant a year ago (1854) was an American lady, the venerable Mrs. Hill, who came with her husband in 1831 to the desolate waste left by the departing Turks where Athens had once been, but where then not a house was standing.

"These two noble-hearted Americans, who may almost be called the founders of modern Athens, came from home (by a journey longer than that of Ceopros from Egypt) on an errand of the most enlightened charity, to educate the children of the poor Athenians who were returning from exile after the Greek revolution, to find homes laid waste and their city in ruins, as wretched and yet as hopeful as their ancestors returned from Salamis and Argolis, twenty-three centuries before, to occupy the deserted city after the retreat of the Persians.

"The little school then planted by Dr. and Mrs. Hill in the basement of a Turkish tower, twelve feet square, which served them also for a dwelling, has supplied every part of Greece with educated teachers, and is everywhere recognized as an institution to which the whole country owes a debt of the deepest gratitude, and is one of the many bonds of union between the Greeks of to-day and our own countrymen."

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

The Rev. William S. Rainsford, the present rector of St. George's church, New York, was born in Ireland in 1850. Very early in life his health failed, and, to recover it, he travelled extensively abroad. Since then he has become distinguished for athletic vigor, taking the lead at the university in many sports, and spending his summer vacations, every year now, shooting in the Rocky Mountains. After suitable preparation, he entered Cambridge University, England, and was graduated in 1872. He became curate at St. Giles's, Norwich, England, from which work he came to this country to help the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., continuing in this duty four months. For two years thereafter he took missions in various parts of this country and Canada, at the close of this period becoming senior-assistant in St. James's cathedral, Toronto, where, when the old dean, the Rev. Dr. Grasette's health failed, he took sole charge. After the death of the dean, Mr. Rainsford's succession to the rectorship was desired by the people, but his appointment was not favored by the bishop, and was not made. It was at this juncture that he received an election to the rectorship of St. George's church, New York, in January, 1883.

St. George's had already a noble history, through the labors of the sainted Milnor, the energy and influence of Dr. Tyng, and the devoted faithfulness of the Rev. Dr. W. W. Williams. During the ministry of Dr. Tyng, the location in Beekman street was abandoned, and the present one on Stuyvesant Square chosen, where for a long while the congregation was large, fashionable, and wealthy. But, at the time Mr. Rainsford was elected, all this had changed. Fashion, to a large degree, had left the neighborhood, and the congregation, from this and other causes, had dwindled to an insignificant figure. There had been only chance supplies for a year and a half, and the outlook was very discouraging.

Mr. Rainsford accepted the election on condition that the pew system be given up, and the church made free. This was done, and the result has proved a very great success, the income of the parish the first year being over forty-eight thousand dollars, and the exhibit of total offerings during the last year showing the sum of \$57,870.33. The choir was enlarged, and removed from its high gallery, and congregational singing introduced, and early celebrations were established.

The congregations at once began to be large, and they rapidly increased until, for a long while past, the church has overflowed with worshippers. All classes are represented, and a very great many of those who attend are persons from the highest circles of culture and wealth. These are enlisted with a delightful earnestness in a great variety of benevolent work. Mission effort of the most practical character is going forward in the large territory of which St. George's is now the religious centre. An enumeration of the societies, clubs, missions,

schools, and other organizations which are now formed to carry on these labors effectively, would make a very long list. The efforts which are made reach out after and win the roughest class of boys, also factory girls, shop girls, and street loiterers, and minister to the poor, sick, and friendless. In the summer, about five thousand poor people are given trips to the sea, and some three or four hundred are sent to the seaside for a week or a fortnight. The Sunday-schoolers number one thousand four hundred. In a very bad quarter of the city, in Avenue A, a whole house, known as Jefferson Hall, is occupied for mission work, a reading-room being there maintained, and once a week a musical and literary entertainment of a high class is given, at an admission charge of five cents. When this was first undertaken by young gentlemen of the parish, they were pelted with stones and mud by the roughs; but their work is now

parish. In every large city church, he thinks there should be several deacons training for the full service of the ministry, rendering a duty which will be of highest benefit to the parish they work in, to the whole Church, and to themselves. The other point is the importance of having deaconesses. These should be solemnly set apart, before the Church, receiving a certificate from the bishop. And after labor under a rector, responsibly to him, if it be necessary for them to engage similarly in another parish, he would have them transferred formally, as a deacon is transferred. These direct and systematized labors he would supplement with volunteer work, which would give all, if possible, a share in the evangelistic enterprises of a parish.

The Rev. Mr. W. H. Aitken promised to hold a mission in St. George's as much as two years ago, but was then prevented from coming, as he was also from rendering assistance to Mr. Rainsford in Toronto, according to a promise then made. A mission is now being held in St. George's, in which the clergy of the parish receive aid from Mr. Aitken, especially, and other of the English missionaries, who are engaged in their work in Brooklyn and New York.

RETREATS FOR THE CLERGY.

Before leaving the subject of spiritual progress, I must record one fact with special thankfulness, namely, the retreat that was held last autumn in this college and cathedral under the auspices of our much respected provost and dean. It was from the first, I believe, his wish that such a retreat should take place annually, and I now hope this will be the case henceforward.

The retreat conducted for us last year by my dear friend and brother in Christ, Mr. Mackenzie, was in fact the third that we have had here, and at the conclusion of this synod we hope to commence a fourth, Mr. Wylde, the vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds, having kindly consented to act as conductor, for the second time in Scotland.

I can hardly overstate the importance of such spiritual retreats. I think we have only to realize what we are, and what we have to do, in order to see how important, how, I might almost say, essential, they are, for every priest who desires to be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, and to save both his own soul, and the souls of those who hear him.

For what have we to do? We have not only as priests to offer sacrifice at God's altar, to administer the sacraments to his people, and to recite day by day, as in solemn duty bound, our appointed morning and evening offices: we have to fulfil other functions, which must depend very much on our own personal fitness, on our own personal religion. Every priest who exactly follows the directions of the Church can in one sense equally well baptize, celebrate the Holy Eucharist, absolve, bless, and



THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

understood, and proceeds without molestation.

A clergy-house, situated in the rear of the church and rectory and connected with them, was given, a year or two ago, by ladies of the parish, who personally raised the sum needed to secure it. This building, by means of which the clergy are all practically under one roof, has greatly promoted the efficiency of the work, and facilitated it in many ways. Mr. Rainsford attributes his success largely to the able help he has had from the Rev. Lindsay Parker, and the Rev. Henry Wilson, p.d., assistant-ministers of St. George's. But he especially traces the rehabilitation of the parish and its present flourishing condition to the hearty support and confidence he has received from the vestry, who have rendered him absolute assistance, and have reposed in him absolute confidence. His own idea of Church work embraces two points. He believes in a small school of the prophets as a fitting adjunct of a

administer the other rites committed to him. For, in all these functions, he is acting rather in his official character as a representative of Christ than as a private individual. But there are many other duties of his ministry in which his own individuality must, of necessity, make itself felt. The priest must be a teacher. How can he teach if he has not been himself taught of God? And as he must not only instruct the heads of his people, but also reach their hearts, his own heart must have been first enlightened by the Holy Spirit. How can he teach his people to repent and confess their sins, if he does not himself know what it is to have a broken and contrite heart, to have confessed his own sins, and by the ministry of reconciliation to have received pardon and peace, through the Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ? How, again, can the pastor of souls lead his people to conversion, if he does not himself know something of that change of heart, so needful for us all (notwithstanding our new and heavenly birth in baptism)—that change of heart, I say, which must be granted to each of us if we are ever to see the Lord, and rejoice in Him.

Such spiritual experiences must be sought for, and, if granted, must be deepened, by earnest waiting upon God in prayer, by self-examination, by retirement from the bustle of the world, and by seeking to be alone with Jesus. How difficult all this is in ordinary clerical life, we most of us know. On the other hand, I think I may appeal to those here present who have prayerfully followed out the spiritual exercises of our Retreats to bear witness to the benefits which such seasons bring, through the opportunities they afford for retirement, and for the contemplation of the things of the world to come.

Retreats, in short, are intended to make us religious men—men whose hearts, having been changed from their natural condition by the converting influence of the Holy Spirit, are seeking to follow Jesus, our Great High Priest, in the way of holiness and unworldliness. So long as we all, to a greater or less extent, fall short of the standard required by our high calling—still more, so long as there are irreligious men among the ranks of the clergy—so long Retreats will be necessary, both for the perfection of the priestly character in those who are striving to do their Master's work, and also for the conversion of those who, though called to save the souls of others, must know that they have not yet sought in earnest to make their own salvation sure, or who, perhaps, have even lived ungodly lives, in spite of their holy calling.

And O, let us realize the terrible condition of an irreligious priest! If it were ever lawful to indulge in feelings of hatred or contempt towards any of our fellow-creatures and fellow-sinners, such feelings would be lawful with regard to the ungodly or worldly among the clergy. Such men, if any, must be hateful in the sight of Christ our Lord, because they are the murderers of souls for whom He died. Such men must be con-

temptible also, even judging them by a worldly standard, as being the betrayers of the sacred trust that was committed to them at their ordination, when they declared their conviction that they were "truly called according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ to the order and ministry of Priesthood." For such priests, spiritual writers often remind us, in terrible language, a far sorer condemnation is prepared in hell, than will fall to the lot of those who have shunned the responsibilities which they so rashly have taken upon them.

But what have we to do with judging others? Let us look to ourselves. May you, my revered brethren, and I, though laden with sins, and liable to condemnation on account of many acts of unfaithfulness, seek and find cleansing through the Sacred Passion and Death of our Lord Jesus Christ; and through the Grace of the Holy Spirit, may our hearts be changed, and that more

tired to a small property belonging to him in the Isle of Man, where he became the subject of a great spiritual change that completely revolutionized his character and career. He at once began to preach the Gospel wherever a door opened, but in those days doors did not open freely in the Church, so that his evangelizing work, which was gladly welcomed by the Wesleyans, was carried on largely among them. He, however, never formally joined them, but for twelve years his services were in demand all over England, chiefly in Wesleyan chapels, but latterly in above a dozen hallings of his own, which he erected in various large towns.

About the year 1840 Mr. Robert Aitken became much interested in the Oxford movement, known as the Tractarian discussion, which seemed to him to hold out promise of supplying what he found wanting in the sectarian circles within which he had been working. He felt the need of the sacramental system as expounded by the Rev. John Henry Newman, with whom he was in correspondence. This led to his returning to Church orders and receiving a license from the Bishop of Chester, both for himself and for Hope Hall, Liverpool, which took the name of St. John's chapel. There his son William Hay was born.

Subsequently Mr. Aitken removed to St. James's, London, at the invitation of Dr. Hook, who invited him with the hope that he might reach the degraded masses around that church. During his ministry now he combined along with evangelical doctrine the inculcation of the importance of sacramental grace, of the frequent use of the Holy Communion, and the value of Church order and discipline. In 1849 he accepted mission work in the district of Pendle, Cornwall, a desolate waste, where there were neither church, vicarage nor schools, and not a dozen Church people in a population of three thousand. Within two years a church, vicarage, and a building for school purposes were erected, and the church had crowded congregations and a large number of communicants. It was

in this remote section of England that Mr. William Hay Aitken's early years were passed in the midst of active religious growth. Although his preparatory education was poorly provided for, he was matriculated in 1839 at Wadham College, Oxford, where, after four years, he took his degree with honors. Before beginning his university course he had already entered upon his present line of work. His uncle, a Scotch laird, Hay Macdowall Grant of Amdilly, who was a prominent lay preacher in England and Scotland, invited young Mr. Aitken, in 1839, to make an evangelizing tour through Scotland at its northern extremity. There Mr. Aitken came to realize that he had a call to this especial work. Again in 1865, just before his admission to Holy Orders, he had similar work with his uncle in Scotland, with results of the same encouraging character. His first official position was the curacy of St. Jude's, Islington, of which the late Rev. William Pennyfeather was vicar.



THE REV. W. H. M. H. AITKEN.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

and more. Then year by year, that spiritual growth which Retreats are designed to foster, will manifest itself among us, and real progress will follow—not an outward progress merely, but an advancement in the way of inward and vital religion. In short, men will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.—*Bishop of Argyle and the Isles.*

REV. W. H. M. H. AITKEN, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND PAROCHIAL MISSION SOCIETY.

William Hay Macdowall Hunter Aitken was born Sept. 21, 1841, at Liverpool, England, where his father was then officiating in Hope Hall, which had been built by him, and was then licensed as St. John's Episcopal chapel. His father, Mr. Robert Aitken, was ordained in the year 1823, but not feeling much interest in clerical work, he re-

He remained there until the end of 1870. In 1869 was held the Twelve Days London Mission, originated largely through the instrumentality of the present Bishop of Truro, with whom Mr. Aitken was on intimate terms. By him and by the present Bishop of Lichfield he was allowed to take part in the mission. From that time invitations to work of this kind have been constant. This Twelve Days Mission was undertaken by the Bishop of Truro, through the knowledge he had of Mr. Aitken's father's eminent success, and through the direct influence of Father Benson of Cowley.

In 1871 Mr. Aitken was appointed by the Messrs. Horsfall, of Liverpool, to the incumbency of Christ church, Everton, which was situated in the midst of a very dense population, there being thirteen thousand people in a district covering thirty-six acres. He continued to labor here with several curates under him, at the same time taking missions in various places—five a year. During his charge of this parish, school mission buildings were erected costing over \$35,000.

In 1873 he was much interested in Mr. Moody's work, and when the latter left Liverpool Mr. Aitken continued the special services. It became apparent that removal was necessary on account of Mrs. Aitken's health; accordingly he withdrew from his field in Liverpool and for six years lived in a country home in Derbyshire, provided by a friend. There his wife regained her health, and thence at intervals he went to engage in missions, and to put into effective operation the Church of England Parochial Mission Society. This was originally started in 1876, as a fund in memory of his father, who died suddenly in 1873 of heart disease. In its eight years' of active work it has conducted 1,400 missions. Mr. Aitken is general superintendent. About thirty clergy take part in the work; a few are supported by the society, others receive grants of aid which enable them to get a curate by which they themselves are set free at intervals to conduct missions. The usual custom is for a clergyman to conduct five missions a year.

In 1881, Mr. Aitken removed to Bedford, in order to provide better facilities for the education of his sons. This is now his home when in England. He is the author of twelve volumes, consisting of sermons, and addresses and treatises on mission work and kindred topics.

THE NATURE OF WORSHIP.

WORSHIP is, or should be, expressive. Its purpose is to express to Almighty God the thoughts and intents of the worshippers. It is not for the worshipper, therefore, to speak of his worship as impressive. The impression which he seeks to make by the expression of his thoughts and his desires is, so to speak, to be made upon God. Plainly, it is impertinent, therefore, for the worshipper to pronounce his worship impressive. It is possible that onlookers may be impressed with the public services of the Church, but this is an accidental and illegitimate result of the worship. It is practically a looking upon worship as if it were a theatrical representation. It is a mere spectacle to the looker-on, and he is impressed by it as by a spectacle in

any other place, a spectacle made solely for the purpose of affecting the spectators. Just so far as this effect is produced by the presence of non-worshippers, and just so far as the possibility of this effect shapes the character of the services, so far the presence of spectators is both undesirable and harmful.

If the grand principle is kept in view, that the sole purpose of worship is the expression of the longings of the soul, we can at once determine whether the various methods used in worship are real or unreal, legitimate or illegitimate. It is right for man to use the utmost skill of art in offering prayer and praise to Almighty God. It is necessarily right, therefore, and to be desired, that he should employ the best music in His praises. But the music should always be the vehicle of his thoughts. It should never be employed for his own gratification, as if it were addressed to himself, nor should it be employed as an attraction for those without.

The only modification, in however small a degree, of this principle comes from the fact that those who desire to worship, naturally seek those services which seem to them best suited for their expressions of prayer and praise.

Surplised choirs are rapidly taking their places in all the larger churches of the land. They are thoroughly to be commended in themselves, yet surplised choirs can adopt such music that the congregation cannot join with them. They can, indeed, carry their performances to such a point, that, instead of leading the congregation in its praise, they shall turn churches into concert halls, as certainly as quartette choirs with full chorus can do it.

So, too, with reference to the position of the officiating minister. As he is the leader of the congregation in worship, in its prayers and in its praises, his natural position is with his face in the same direction as that of the people themselves. He is their leader, and, except when addressing them in the words of Almighty God, or as God's accredited agent, he stands and kneels, as it were, among or of the people. Yet this Eastern position, as it is commonly called, which seems to subordinate the priest, may be turned into a method of impressing as truly as may that of the minister in non-liturgical services.

He who thinks of impressing the people with the gorgeousness of the embroideries upon the back of his chasuble, and with his genuflections, with his face turned from them, differs not a whit in principle of worship or in fact from him who stands before the people and prays at them.

The discussion at the late Church Congress upon "Aestheticism in Worship" showed not only by the leanings of the speakers, but by the acclamations of the hearers, that the present tendency in the American Church is not only toward more ornate churches, but also toward more ornate services. In other words, it may be said, that as art is fostered, as the taste of the people is cultivated, as indeed the earth and the air fix the dispositions and the tempers of the nation, so the nation itself will come to have some peculiarities in its forms of worship. There was a reason once for the stern worship of New Englanders. Equally true there is reason now for more majestic and more beautiful services.

SEWING-SCHOOLS.*

Looking over the field of the world "White unto the harvest," hearing the Macedonian cry "Come over and help us," from China, from Japan, from the isles of the sea, from the boundless prairies of the West, and the burning fields of the South, from souls hungering for the "Bread of Life," in remote hamlets, and dying by the thousands unfed in the crowded tenements of the cities, our hearts are appalled at the magnitude of the work to be done for the Lord with the apparently small means at command, and we are inclined to sink into a state of inactivity, thinking that we can do nothing to hasten the coming of the Lord's Kingdom. Ah, do we forget the twelve lowly men who went forth from Jerusalem, with no warrior's sword, no statesman's lore, and brought cultured Greece, warlike Rome, remote India, and the barbaric North at the foot of the Cross? In that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call her, each woman can find her work to do in advancing God's Kingdom. In no branch of work can we look for such sure and far-reaching results as in the training of the young. While we must continue to hope, and pray, and labor that the wicked may be turned and softened, the careless and indifferent aroused, the fallen recovered, and the heathen converted, yet the fruits seen in older lives and hardened hearts will seem a scanty harvest until faith and zeal akin to that of the apostles bring down anew the Pentecostal fires. But we can mould the young hearts within our reach to such purity of life and earnestness of purpose, that they will never stray from the paths of the righteous, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

In many places, both large and small a sewing-school may be made a very effective agent in the Church's work. It will afford work to many a woman who does not find her niche in the Sunday-school or the Sewing Society, or the other branches of the Parish Guild, and it will help many a child for a life of usefulness. It is something very easily begun, and carried on with few appliances, and at a very small cost in money. Indeed its chief capital is patient, faithful labor, its rewards I will leave the workers to find out for themselves, in the satisfaction of seeing cleaner faces, tidier dress, gentler manners, growing deftness with the needle, all the nameless advances that will make better women, better homes here, and souls more fitted for the eternal Home hereafter.

Feeling that there are children who need your aid, gather a few together in a suitable room, and begin in the way that seems best to you, knowing that the work will be upon you, and experience teach you what things to alter and improve. It will probably be necessary for you to have your school on Saturday, in order not to interfere with the day-schools—a very busy day for house-keepers, but with a little planning and extra work on Friday, a day for the Church-daughters to practise self-denial and fasting, will enable one to give two hours on Saturday. It is scarcely necessary to say that the school should open with a brief service, the children being taught that no work

*A paper read by Mrs. H. E. Whitney at the W. Conference of Churchwomen.

should be begun without asking God's help and His blessing upon it.

A suitable hymn, the Apostle's Creed, that grand confession of the Faith, which every child can be taught it is a blessed privilege to repeat, the Lord's Prayer, and a collect or two, make a service of sufficient length. If the clergyman can open the school, so much the better, but if he be not present, the superintendent should never omit the service.

The work will be best done if the school be well graded, so that each teacher has but one kind of sewing to teach, and pupils are promoted as soon as proficient in that kind. When children have learned the different kinds of sewing (usually taught on pieces of cloth) garments can be given them to make.

It is usually well to have classes in knitting and crocheting useful garments, darning and patching, and it may be practicable to teach the use of the sewing-machine and the simpler kind of embroidery. It is often necessary to furnish a wash-basin, soap, and towel for the use of the pupils, that we may insist on the cleanliness we desire. There should be a brief and interesting catechizing or talk before the school closes with the singing of a hymn. In a parish in a neighboring diocese they have successfully combined two branches of work, which we feel it best to keep separate. They gather together the children of the rich and the poor, those who need to be taught to sew, and those who wish to give the work of their own hands to the Church's needs. After some months of faithful labor they offer for sale the articles made, and send the proceeds to some missionary. This plan might work well in other places. An excellent way to support the sewing-school, is to solicit small monthly pledges from individuals interested in the work. These can be collected by a treasurer, and can ordinarily be made sufficient for all needs, special contributions be asked for festivals, such as Christmas and Easter.

If you will give your heart to this work you will find as time goes by that it is not so dull as you fancied. Your interest will grow as your prayers and your labors abound.

You will feel that it is not a little thing to stamp your influence on the life of a dozen or more growing girls for two or three times most impressive years; to teach them neatness and order; to fit them to earn their own livings, to make their own homes and their future homes better, to lead them, perhaps into the Sunday-school, the confirmation class, and to the Lord's table, to have them look upon them in future years of trials and sorrow, as the friend and teacher who led them along earthly paths of usefulness to heavenly crowns of joy. You may not know this. You must be content to patiently sow the seed, watering it with your prayers, trusting to God for the increase, remembering that the final reward will be to have the Judge say: "Inasmuch."

ABSALOM who was a fool, wished himself a judge; Solomon, who was a wise man, trembles at the undertaking, and suspects his fitness for it. The more knowing and considerate men are, the better they are acquainted with their own weakness, and the more jealous of themselves.—Henry.

AN ADMIRABLE PLAN.

An important experiment in lay work is about to be tried in the diocese of Manchester, England. It is nothing less than the setting apart of a district to be worked entirely by laymen. For some years a mission service has been conducted during the winter months in the Drayton-street school, Hulme, by one of the curates of St. Mary's church. It appears that the rector, the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, M.A., has now placed the district in the charge of laymen, who have thoroughly organized a complete scheme of mission work. The Sunday evening service will be conducted entirely by laymen. An efficient choir has been formed, and will undertake a full choral service. The addresses will always be delivered by a layman. On Wednesday evenings there will be meetings of the residents in the district for instruction and recreation. Under the auspices of the Manchester Sanitary Association, lectures on health will be given fortnightly, and the following gentlemen have promised their services: Dr. Emrys-Jones, Mr. J. Corbett, C.E., Mr. J. Priestly, M.R.C.S., Dr. Simpson, Dr. Ramsome, and Dr. Edge. On the intervening Wednesday evenings concerts will be given. A singing class in connection with the Manchester Tonic Sol-fa Association has been formed preparatory to the establishment of a choral society. In connection with the mission, a system of window gardening is being organized, and it is proposed to hold a flower show next year. The Sunday-school is thoroughly efficient, and the attendance is so large that the superintendent is compelled to refuse further admissions. A clothing club is well supported by the children, and it is intended to extend this to adults, and also to establish a branch of the Penny Savings Bank. A Band of Mercy and a Band of Hope are in course of formation.

ALL SOULS' DAY AND ITS OCTAVE IN ROME.

BY SHAKSPERE WOOD.

To your right hand as you approach the Farnese Palace is a street at the end of which you see an untidy-looking old church, whose front has not been cleaned or painted for years. It is at the end of the Via Giulia nearest the Ponte Sisto, and is the Church of St. Mary of Death, belonging to a confraternity so-called, who make it their duty to go out into the Campagna and take the bodies for burial of any poor persons who may have been murdered, or have died in consequence of an accident, or of fever. This confraternity was founded in 1575. The church was that in which the devotion of the Forty Hours was first instituted in or about 1560, and there was a covered cemetery attached to it, used for burying the bodies found in the country, and for any members of the confraternity who chose to be buried there, until intra-mural interments were prohibited in the early years of Pius IX. Until 1870 it was the custom of this confraternity to celebrate the day and octave of All Souls' by a wax-work exhibition in the cemetery beneath their church of a scriptural death scene—death of Jacob, raising of Lazarus, and other solemn scenes, taken either from the Old or New Testament. Sometimes it would be a death of a saint in more modern times. I remember

seeing one of these representations in 1869 at another church, when the subject was the death of Cardinal Altieri, who fell a victim to cholera at Albano in 1867.

For fifteen years there had been a cessation of these lugubrious representations; but on the present sad commemoration of the departed, the Confraternity of Death announced that their cemetery was again to be thrown open for the week of the dead, and a representation of the Prophet Ezekiel in the valley of dry bones to be exhibited.

Much curiosity was excited, and many have been the visitors, especially such persons as had not seen the like before. I went there on Thursday morning, but stayed as short a time as possible, overcome with repugnance at the horrible and most unedifying spectacle. A long corridor on the level of the church leads to an equally long flight of stairs, ending at a door through which you enter the first chamber of horrors, the walls and ceiling of which are profusely decorated with arabesques formed of human bones and skulls. A headless skeleton adorns the holy-water basin, one bony hand dipping into it. Three skeletons stand in niches formed of bones and skulls. One of them bears the inscription that in life she was a pilgrim from northern lands, murdered in the Campagna on her way to the Apostles' Tomb. Another brandishes the scythe and holds out with threatening mien the hour-glass. Panels on the walls are ornamented with skulls in pyramids, purposely arranged so that the hollow cavities of the eyes produce the most dreadful effect. Candelabra formed of bones hang from the ceilings; everywhere you turn your eye meets these horribly grotesque decorations, and you have a confused impression of rifed sepulchres, patiently minute labor spent upon profaned materials, perhaps a fearful penance imposed for secret crimes which have escaped the tribunal of civil judgment. With a shrinking sensation of taking part in the profanation of the grave, one enters the second chamber or ghastly theatre. The stage is draped with black; the scenery a wild and desolate Eastern cemetery with opening tombs from which peer more skeletons large and small; a woman and child are already clothed in flesh and awakening; a wax statue of Ezekiel, rapt in ecstasy, stands in the midst. But a glance is enough; one hurries away half stifled with the close atmosphere of the crowd and the flaring lamps; the black-robed brethren swing their bags for chance contributions; you are afraid of stumbling over more bones, and hurry upstairs again, glad to get into the air, although the rain is pouring. In the church there is the brilliantly-lighted shrine and the Sacrament on high for the Forty Hours' devotion; but it is impossible to raise the soul then and there from the dust to which it is involuntarily depressed.

So much for an exhibition, originally intended, perhaps, for a good purpose, in rousing thoughtless sinners to a sense of the shortness of time and the need for repentance. But it is inopportune just now and generally disapproved of. On the contrary, the dedication of the second of November to the memory of the departed is more universally observed than ever. From early morning people might be seen carrying wreaths to the great city necropolis of San Lorenzo. Crowds streamed thither: on

foot, in omnibuses, cabs, carriages. Lamps were lighted at the graves, flowers arranged, and sometimes even bread or cakes laid upon them, according to a custom older than Christianity. The spacious field of the poor at San Lorenzo presents a curious appearance toward the evening of this day, from the *pinetto*, or higher part of the cemetery, where the rich make their graves. Innumerable little lamps glimmer in the grass among the cypresses, and seem to say in the words of the *Requiem*: "Let perpetual light shine upon them," there where poor and rich alike share the glory of the Heavenly King!

Masses for the repose of the departed have been celebrated as usual in all the churches and basilicas. By day in every street memorial wreaths with inscriptions at every step reminded the passer-by of vanished friends. Some of these garlands of artificial flowers are very beautiful, others quaint and curious. The small yellow immortelles hold their own, and fresh chrysanthemums of every shade are especially sought for the graves. During the night the convent bells tolled at intervals, rousing the inmates for the offices.

Pope Leo XIII. celebrated mass for departed popes in his private chapel at the Vatican. Formerly there used to be a grand function in the Sistine Chapel, to which strangers were admitted by ticket. On that occasion the pope wore a dark crimson dalmatica and mitre of the same color.

The Church of Rome maintains that in the Jewish Church prayer was made for the dead, quoting the Second Book of Maccabees (chap. 12), which although not in the canon of inspired books, has always been reckoned an authentic historical record:

"Besides that noble Judas (V. 42) exhorted the people to keep themselves from sin, forasmuch as they saw before their eyes the things that came to pass for the sins of those that were slain. And when he had made a gathering throughout the company to the sum of two thousand drachms of silver, he sent it to Jerusalem to offer a sin-offering, doing therein very well and honestly, in that he was mindful of the reurrection: For if he had not hoped that they that were slain should have risen again, it had been superfluous and vain to pray for the dead. And also in that he perceived that there was great favor laid up for those that died godly, it was an holy and good thought. Whereupon he made a reconciliation for the dead, that they might be delivered from sin." Cyril of Jerusalem, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, St. Augustine, are all quoted for having mentioned the remembrance of the departed as usual in the liturgies of the Church from the earliest time. Hence the desire of emperors, kings, and great persons to be buried in the vestibules of churches. More than this, the foundations of churches, monasteries, colleges, etc., *pro redemptione animarum suarum*, prove that from Constantine downwards, the practice of praying for the dead was general in the Church, and especially in the English Church.

In a council of bishops subject to the See of Canterbury, in A.D. 816, it was ordained that after the death of a bishop, prayers should be made for him, and alms distributed. The same devotions for heads of families departed, and speedily grew into use. At last a day was established specially consecrated to the memory of the dead, and

fixed for the second of November. Odilone, Abbot of Cluny, in 998, instituted this day of commemoration in all the monasteries of his order, and it was without delay sanctioned by the pope; whether Sylvester II. or John XVI. seems uncertain. The Council of Oxford, in 1222, declared All Souls' Day a holy day of the second class, upon which only works of necessity were to be done.

The persuasion is general among the common people and country folks that the "poveri morti" (our poor dead) of each family are aware of the remembrance of the survivors, and in return pray for them in their troubles and difficulties. In Sicily they are believed to revisit at this time the places they dwelt in in life. At Palermo the children receive their presents on All Souls' Day, instead of at Christmas; the "dear dead" bring the gifts: they are in the corners of the rooms—they know which child has been naughty, which deserves to be rewarded. The children sing this chant on the vigil:

"Armi santi, armi santi,
In sogno vani e vani sitti tenti,
Mentre sognate 'stra stu munnu di guai
Con di morti mittitiminai assai!"

Rendered into English: Holy souls, holy souls, I am one and ye are many, whilst I am in this world of woe things of the dead (presents) give me plenty!

In some parts of Sicily, as at Acireale and Mount Etna, the departed are supposed to pass in shadowy procession, with lighted tapers in their hands, and singing the litanies, each stopping at his former abode, and leaving a blessing. The little ones leave their shoes on the window-sills or in the balconies, and, of course, find something in them or beside them next morning, as their little Northern contemporaries find their stockings full on Christmas morning.

Not so thick is the throng of visitors to another Roman cemetery at this time, but not less deep and hallowed the memories we bear to it, when we, strangers and pilgrims from foreign lands, also carry wreaths to lay upon our darlings who sleep by the gate of St. Paul the sleep of peace. The birds are always singing there in the cypresses, and flowers blooming about the graves. May those dear resting-places never be ransacked to furnish forth material for such a revel of mortality as Rome has seen during the past week!

RELIGION AND THE DAILY LIFE.

In one of his sonnets Milton desired to live "as ever in my great Taskmaster's eye." St. Paul gave utterance to the same sentiment when he tells us that God is to be all and in all, and that whatever we do, whether we eat or drink, we are to do it to His glory. Centuries earlier still the royal Psalmist said, "I have set God always before me." The apostle did not mean that it is ever a Christian's duty to be always on his knees saying prayers. To comply with his injunction it is not necessary to neglect the business of life, or always, when we speak, to be uttering pious things, which would seem more of cant than of true piety. When rightly considered, our whole life, every act of it, one as much as another, is a part of our religion and is to be filled with its spirit; we live unto God. Here is a danger against which we should especially guard, that of separating Christianity from our daily life and re-

garding it as something to be practiced or talked about at set times. Under all circumstances and at all times we are the children of God and acting by and for Him. All our acts and thoughts are to be imbued with the influence of His Spirit. It should be in them all a pervading presence, like the perfume that fills the air and lends its savor to all surrounding objects.

John Wesley was once asked if he could be made certain that he would die in a given time, say in two days, how he would spend the intervening period. His answer was, that he should spend it precisely as he intended to do without that knowledge. He would make no alteration whatever, for his Bible and Prayer Book had taught him always to live in such a state as never to be afraid to die. His religion was his daily, hourly companion, sanctifying all his thoughts and acts, and not something to be put on and off with his Sunday clothes. It is something of the same spirit that is needed now, to understand that it is not the doing or not doing of certain specific acts that either makes or keeps us Christians, but it is the pervading influence of our whole lives. All our acts are religious or irreligious, if they are lawful at all, according to the motive that prompts them. To go to church, to say prayers, to partake of sacraments may or may not be acts of religion, though they are ordained of God; it depends largely upon the doer, but they are none the more ordained of God than are a thousand other acts of our lives, and are none the more a part of our religion; the Lord was no more present in the Mount of Transfiguration than He was at the wedding at Cana. The same God who said, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, also said, six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do. The two rest upon the same authority, and are a part of the same command, and the labor is as much a part of our religious life as the rest. It is a duty to pray, it is no less a duty to eat, and both are to be done alike to the glory of God—we can not separate our religion from our daily life.

"ONLY A PAUPER."

BY THE REV. CHARLES HOLLAND KIDDER.

Only a tenement-dweller,
Fallen in life's weary race,
There, in that damp, reeking cellar,
Lying with cold, ghastly face.

Vainly she sought for existence,
Toiling by night and by day,
Scorning to beg for assistance,
Wasting her strength for scant pay.

Worldly one, pampered with fashion,
Calling thyself "child of God,"
Who was the Christ-like compassion
Which would have lightened her rod!

Thou, in thy brown-stone front mansion!
She in that basement immured,
Shut out from heaven's expansion,
Hath every hardship endured.

There is a reckoning coming,
When, on that last, dreadful day,
Making each life's final summing,
Christ shall to such as thou say:

"False ones, ye stand here detected!
Claim not My servants to be!
When this poor soul was neglected
Then did ye it unto Me!"

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

CHARLIE'S FRIENDS.

"Oh, dear, how I wish I had something to do," and poor Charlie, with a dismal groan, tossed restlessly from one side of the bed to the other, upsetting the pillows that his mother had just carefully arranged for his comfort, and letting the dissected map with which he had been trying to amuse himself fall to the floor with a crash.

"Look at the window-sill and see your little visitor, Charlie," said his mother, as she quietly gathered up the pieces of the map, and re-arranged his pillows. Charlie's face brightened as he caught sight of a little bird, perched upon the window-sill, peering fearlessly into the room with his bright black eyes.

"Oh, what a pretty little bird!" he exclaimed. "Mamma, I do believe she is going to build a nest right on that branch in front of the window. How I wish she would, and then I could amuse myself watching her."

Much to Charlie's delight his hopes were fulfilled, for little Mrs. Jenny Wren selected a place at the end of a long, slender branch to build her nest, and she soon set vigorously to work.

Backward and forward she flew, collecting her materials, and Charlie, who was much interested in her proceedings, begged his mother to put some tiny bits of cotton wool on the window-sill, where they would be near at hand to line the little nest with.

Such a neat, pretty little nest as busy Mrs. Wren made, and out of such a variety of materials! Twigs, bits of twine, tiny tufts of wool that she found on the hedges, hay, horse-hairs, and a bit of red calico that had been almost too heavy for her to carry, and that had taken great patience to weave in and out, and a soft lining of cotton for the little birds to nestle in.

A happier pair of birds were never seen than Mr. and Mrs. Wren, when their little home was all complete, and Charlie forgot his impatience and restlessness while he watched them.

By the time Mrs. Wren was patiently sitting upon five little eggs, Charlie was well again, and he almost forgot his little bird friends who had cheered his loneliness while he had been sick.

One bright morning, instead of five little eggs, there were five little birds in the nest. Such ugly little birds, without any feathers, and with big heads and gaping yellow beaks that were always open and clamoring for something to eat; but Mr. and Mrs. Wren thought they were just the prettiest nestlings in the whole wide world, so they flew patiently backward and forward all day long, bringing fine fat worms and slugs for the hungry little ones, and scarcely ever stopping to get a meal for themselves.

Charlie was very anxious to get a peep into the nest, but his father forbid his venturing out on the slender limb, lest it should not be strong enough to bear his weight, so he had to content himself with such glimpses as he could get from his bed-room window.

One night there was a heavy storm. The wind swept through the trees and blew the branches backward and forward with such force that some were snapped off and fell upon the ground. Early in the morning, when Charlie woke up and looked out of the window, he saw the little nest lying on the ground and the half-fledged birds lying beside it.

"Oh, mamma, the poor little birds are dead!" he exclaimed, as he hastened out to the scene of the disaster. The parent birds were flying about uttering sharp cries of distress, and Charlie's kind heart was filled with pity for their evident sorrow over the loss of their home and nestlings.

Two of the little birds were dead, but the other three were still alive, although chilled from lying on the wet grass. Charlie picked them up carefully, and replacing them in the nest, which was uninjured, notwithstanding its fall, he brought them into the warm kitchen.



CHARLIE'S FRIENDS.

"These three are all right, mamma," he said joyfully. "I wonder if I couldn't fasten the nest up in the tree again so the old birds would come and feed them again. They must be awfully hungry, they chirp so loud and open their beaks so wide."

"I think you could put the nest back again in the tree," said mamma, pausing to look at the little birds. "You might try, at any rate."

"Oh, I have the best idea!" exclaimed Charlie, eagerly. "There's an old iron kettle out in the wood-shed, and I know it isn't good for anything, for it's all rusty and full of holes. May I have it for something?"

"Why, what do you want to do with it?" said his mother, smiling at his eagerness.

"I want to fasten it up in the tree so that it can't blow down, and put the nest in it. Then it will be safe from the wind and the rain, and it will make such a cozy warm house for the little birds. Please let me, mamma."

He scarcely waited to obtain his mother's consent before he hastened away in search

of the kettle. He soon brought it back to the house in great triumph, and was so anxious to establish the birds in their new home that his mother had hard work persuading him to eat his breakfast first.

"Well, I must put the baby birds where they will get something to eat," he exclaimed, as he reluctantly obeyed his mother's call, and climbing up he put the nest on a high shelf, outside the kitchen door, where the cat could not reach it, but where the old birds could feed their little ones.

After breakfast he climbed up into the tree, drawing the kettle up after him by the rope which he had tied to it, and before very long he had securely fastened it so that it could not be blown down by the hardest gust of wind. Then he carefully put the nest in it, and descended the tree to watch the old birds and see how they approved of their new quarters.

At first they were rather suspicious of it, and fluttered around it without daring to alight upon its edge, but the shrill cries of the little birds soon induced them to trust themselves within it, and they soon made themselves quite at home.

"I guess they think they've got a better house than any other bird ever had," said Charlie, surveying his work with great satisfaction. "Now, if it rains they will be just as dry as if they had an umbrella over their heads."

Mr. and Mrs. Wren seemed to enjoy their strange home just as much as Charlie had hoped that they would, and I know no birds ever had a safer shelter from storms than they had in the depths of the iron kettle.

Every year they built their nest there, and Charlie came to regard them as his especial friends. His interest in them made him more considerate toward other birds, and he never robbed their nests nor stole their eggs for his own selfish gratification, as too many boys do.

If boys only stopped to think of the suffering they cause by robbing birds of their homes or their little ones, I do not think they would be cruel enough to wantonly inflict

such pain, but they are too apt to forget everything else in their desire to gratify their love of sport, and so through mere thoughtlessness they take away a life which man, with all his wisdom, cannot restore.

SAMUEL heard the voice of the Lord as he rested at night in the Lord's house. Every child can make his nightly rest like that of Samuel in the house of the Lord, if he goes to rest as he did, with his thoughts and temper such as God loves and approves. And it is always to such that the voice of God comes. There is no better time than this Advent season for little children to begin to try and make their minds, by God's help, such as the child Samuel carried to his rest. Good temper, pure thoughts, and holy desires not only make the rest sweet, but the training of oneself to these makes the mind fit always for thoughts of God, and where these are there is no room for the enemy to sow those evil seeds which in later life yield so sad a crop.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

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The Churchman.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1885.

The noon-day meetings in Trinity church, held as a part of the Advent Mission in this city, were simply wonderful. All the seats, in pew and aisle, were filled, and the standing-room in the aisles was crowded to the doors. This vast assemblage was made up almost wholly of the best and the busiest men in New York. They came to the church with rapid steps, and at the last moment, as if they were keeping a business appointment. But they came. They left their earthly business, they quitted their Stock Exchange to gather in the Lord's house upon their business still, but business more lasting and more real than that they left behind. They rose up from the cares, and the worries, and the failures of money-gathering, and sought for and gained rest and peace in the contemplation of the sure, and certain, and steadfast hope of eternity.

These gatherings in Trinity church refuted most thoroughly the oft-repeated saying that the pulpit is losing, has lost its influence. Never, perhaps, was there a grander spectacle in all the history of preaching and preachers, than the upturned faces,

intelligent, thoughtful, and self-possessed, of this vast assemblage of men, of all ages, awayed and visibly affected by the words of one of the simplest and plainest of preachers. These gatherings, too, refuted the common saying that religion has come to be of interest to women only. Here was an immense building positively packed with men as earnest, as eager to lay hold on the truths and the peace of Christianity, as they had been, a little before, to seek the surest information of the markets. It is not true that men care nothing for religion. They do care for it. They do respect it. They do more than that,—they long for its uplifting, its exaltation. Many a face, each day of these meetings, grew glad with the rest that came from the contemplation of things eternal, and from resolutions to lead a better life.

Another thought that came to members of these assemblages was the uselessness of divisions in the Church. Here were men, sitting or standing side by side, of all the divisions of Christians, and all finding in the words of the preacher the same truths to which they are accustomed to listen, Sunday by Sunday. There was unity of thought, there was unity of hope, there was the unity of love for Christ. Why should they any longer give themselves denomination? Why should they magnify their little differences. Why should they develop their differentiations? Nay, rather, why should they not strive to labor together—showing themselves to be one fold, under one Shepherd.

Further, these meetings justified the existence of Trinity church itself. It becomes apparent that after all it is not only the most beautiful, it is also the most important edifice, on a "quiet street." Its atmosphere is that of quietness and peace—there is no turmoil within its walls—but its business is the most real business that goes on in all its neighborhood. Standing rightly at the head of Wall Street, it invites men to come up, and affords them a place in which they may transact the business of their souls. How many men, on these days, found the gains of that single hour within these hallowed walls greater than the gains of all the other hours! Of all the values which can absorb the minds of men, there is none more important than that of themselves—of their own life, and that life is not worth even the living of it, except for that holy religion, which has its representative inside the doors of Trinity church, and speaks from the last resting places of the sainted dead within the loving shadow of her walls.

The Advent Missions bring to notice the relative positions of worship and preaching. These preaching meetings have shown clearly the great value of preaching, as well as the strong desire for preaching, among the men and women of to-day. The great truths of Christianity are not outworn, the old, old story is still as dear as ever, the needs and longings of the human heart are just as urgent as ever. So immense congregations have listened for two hours together to words of instruction, meditation, and exhor-

tion. Therefore, preaching must have its full place in the Church's work. If it has lost that place, it must have it restored again. This may mean, that the present union of services and preaching must be loosened. And this, too, may be in the interest of the services as well as the preaching. Liturgically, for instance, the preaching should precede the worship, as preparing the heart and mind of the intending worshipper for approaching his heavenly Father. Thus its place is appointed for the beginning of the Liturgy, though this has become obscured by the prefixing of the Daily Prayer to the Communion Service. Following that analogy, it might be well, at times, for the clergy to preach before beginning Morning or Evening Prayer. How often would it be the case, that a well-directed address should shape the thoughts, and exalt the souls of the hearers into a fitting condition for the momentous joy of meeting their Lord and their God.

It is gratifying to note that the policy advocated by this journal of giving the Indians their lands in severalty and investing them at the earliest possible date, with the rights and responsibilities of citizenship, is constantly growing in favor. Attention has already been directed to the utterances of the President and the Secretary of the Interior on this subject, and to the report and recommendations of the Lieutenant-General of the Army. In his annual report which is just published, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs urges the same policy, and supports it by some considerations of great importance. He points out with much clearness and force the function of agriculture in conducing to civilization, and says that the large increase of acreage in farming and the growing interest in it are among the most hopeful signs of Indian progress and development. He declares that "it should be industriously and gravely impressed upon the Indians that they must abandon their tribal relations, and take lands in severalty as the corner-stone of their complete success in agriculture, which means self-support, personal independence and material thrift." He then goes on to recommend the maintenance of a protectorate over them by the government for twenty-five years, the government holding their lands for them in trust, but issuing trust patents to such as take lands in severalty; and the purchase of the surplus lands by the government, the proceeds to be invested for their benefit and used for fostering education, and promoting in other ways their civilization and material progress. He adds, "when the farm and school have become familiar institutions among the Indians, and a reasonable time has intervened for the transition from barbarism to civilization, then will the Indian be prepared to take on himself the higher and more responsible duty and privileges which appertain to American citizenship." Certainly there is abundant evidence that our government is about to enter upon a more rational and just as well as a more humane policy in its treatment of the Indians. To this there is no sort of doubt that the Protestant Episcopal Church has materially

contributed in many ways. It is to be hoped that the one thing needed to make the proposed plan, or any plan, for the betterment of the Indian, successful, namely, genuine, ethical, Christian training, will also be supplied in more generous measure.

It is understood that the President reluctantly yielded his purpose to attend the funeral of the Vice-President last week, in response to the urgent solicitation of his advisers and friends, and especially because of the expressed wish to that effect of the family of Mr. Hendricks. The feeling is general that in doing this the President was well advised, and no criticism of his conduct in so doing has emanated from any respectable source in either party. The unfavorable comment, therefore, which the London Standard is reported to have made on President Cleveland's "allowing himself to be deterred from attending the funeral of his colleague by a risk so infinitesimally small as that of a railway accident on the way" will find no echo in this country. The comparison which that journal makes between the conduct of the late King of Spain, who, "having no male heir, went among his cholera stricken subjects," and that of the President of the United States remaining at Washington, is altogether lacking in fairness. In the first place it is one thing to incur a risk in the discharge of a duty to the suffering, by means of which the afflicted might be relieved, and the failing courage of the whole people be revived; and it is quite another thing to incur risk in the paying of a tribute of respect to a deceased associate, which, however appropriate and grateful, could hardly be called a matter of necessity or mercy.

An illustration of the extremely shallow and silly stuff that occasionally finds its way into the editorial and other columns of the daily press, is to be seen in the editorial comment which one of the New York daily newspapers made on an address by the Rev. Mr. Aitken at Trinity church. It is perfectly evident to any one who reads the article in question that the writer did not know and did not care, so far as his purpose in writing was concerned, what the preacher said or did not say. He simply took the subject of the address, "Is Life Worth Living?," wrote down at the head of his editorial his arcular condemnation of it as "A Silly Question," and then proceeded to descant upon the extreme silliness of asking such a question of a church full of "living men and women, all anxious to keep death off as long as possible." The great dailies of our large cities are generally conducted with fairness and conspicuous ability. Some of the best considered and most thoughtful writing of the day is to be found in their columns. To this fact is due the vast influence which they undoubtedly wield. It is easy to see, however, that along with the honest, thoughtful, manly thinking which they publish, there is a good deal of "stuff and nonsense." As "padding" it may be harmless enough, as a rule, though it always lowers the tone of the paper printing it. But when such writing undertakes by a phrase or an innuendo to condemn what the writer does not even take the pains to inquire into or understand, it becomes altogether unworthy of a place in the columns of a great newspaper.

Instances of successful and partially successful attempts at wife-murder and suicide are getting to be fearfully common in different parts of the country. There is no need to make special mention of any particular case. The lesson that all such cases teach is the same, and it is one that deserves to be seriously pondered. The evil effects of selfishness among husbands, and of vanity and worldliness among wives, in loosening the ties of the family and home, and letting evil into the sanctuary of domestic life, are being seen in the horrible crimes which have almost ceased to be startling because they are so common. It may be that in some particular case there is grievous guilt and wrong on one side only; but in most cases neglect on one side provokes or allows guilt on the other; and in all cases there has been something radically wrong in the domestic economy and in the social atmosphere in which the unhappy parties have moved. For the dreadful condition of social life which these crimes disclose there are many remedial agencies that ought to be invoked; but the one all-embracing remedy must be the revival of family religion. For the lack of this, society is being demoralized; and unless the one remedy be faithfully and timely applied the whole fabric will tumble. It is time to speak plainly, and to warn the men of this land that if they would keep the home inviolate they must introduce and foster piety around the hearthstone. And this not merely for their own sakes and the sakes of their wives and their children, but for the sake of our civilization and our country. For no people can long survive the banishment of religion from the home.

We are informed by journalists that Leo XIII. took extraordinary pains with his late "Encyclical," writing it many times over and over again. We can readily credit it. When one wishes to "patter in a double sense" he must be careful in the construction of his ambiguities.

This is what it amounts to: "The Papal Church is the friend of progress, of free-thought, of science, of well-regulated freedom, of republicanism, of United Italy, of toleration, of religious equality. Of progress, for there are Spain, and Mexico, and other Papal countries to prove it; of free-thought, for has not Leo XIII. permitted us all to examine Thomas Aquinas? of science, for is not the Ptolemaic astronomy a dogma of the Vatican since Galileo's day? of well-regulated freedom, for is he not prepared to regulate it? of republicanism, for, were not the Papal states a model republic? of United Italy, for who was Garibaldi but a son of the Church? of toleration, for does he not say that governments may properly tolerate when they can not do otherwise; and finally, of religious equality, wherever that means a lion's share for the *parti prêtre*, and a free hand in "the spoils." To this end, his people, everywhere, must patronize politics by taking every opportunity to bring all nations under the pontifical slipper, and making them as enlightened as Papal Italy was under *Pio Nono* and his predecessors. Our schools must be made as good as theirs, which left a large majority of the people unable to read; and then it will follow that no Bibles will be wanted, for, who denies that not a copy of the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was ever

published in Rome, till Victor Immanuel became king of Italy?

The "Holy Father," who calls on the Universe to help him into the throne of that sovereignty, is equally kind to the United States, and proposes to make himself our sovereign, as well. Who can be so unreasonable as not to admit, that with all these "concessions" to modern feeling and modern thought, we ought to welcome the pope to the autocracy he covets; and how can we make a more significant beginning than by voting for "The Freedom of Worship Bill."

Another revolution has broken out in Mexico, this time in the State of Nueva Leon, where the governor has abandoned his capital, leaving the commonwealth in the hands of the insurgents. The telegraphic reports that appear in the daily press, reveal a singular state of affairs in that unhappy country. It is alleged that the insurrection is instigated from the city of Mexico by the federal Secretary of State, Senor Rolo, who is the father-in-law of President Diaz, and who is a candidate for the presidency of the republic. The object of the uprising in Nueva Leon, it is said, is the overthrow of the existing State government and the appointment of a military government in its stead, which movement is secretly countenanced by President Diaz in the interest of the candidacy of his father-in-law. The same movement is likely to be encouraged in other States, it is said, for the same purpose. That such things could be done or even attempted is but another proof of the confusion and corruption which disgrace Mexican politics. It is perfectly evident that a people who will tolerate such a state of affairs are not fit to be free. Nor can they be made fit for freedom and capable of self-government, until they are rescued from the religious tyranny which keeps them what they are, and brought under the influence of that Ethical Christianity which alone can prepare a people for the duties and responsibilities of free citizenship. Hitherto the internal condition of Mexico has not been a matter of much concern to the United States; but now the more intimate commercial relations which are about to be established with that country, and the large investments which our people are making and seeking to make there, make the order and security of Mexican civil society a matter of recognized importance. It is not too soon, therefore, to urge the revival and enlargement of the work of the Church of Jesus in Mexico. No matter what mistakes may hitherto have been made in its administration and management, the need of such a religious reform as that Church alone can accomplish in that country, is most manifest, as is the manifold interest that we as a people have in its success. It is time for renewed effort in behalf of the evangelization of Mexico.

In one of the leading New York newspapers there is a letter from Rome, written by a Roman Catholic priest, which undertakes to defend the late Encyclical letter of the pope against certain assaults that are being made upon it by the public press in France and Italy. The defence which this correspondent makes is too general in its terms, and therefore too weak and inconclusive to deserve consideration in this place.

What does deserve to be pointed out, however, is the confession which is made of the severe criticism which the Encyclical is receiving at the hands of all the leaders of public opinion in France, and especially in Italy. In reply to this the writer, after the traditional manner of Romish controversialists, charges his opponents with all manner of religious and political unsoundness and damnable heresy, alleging that in France and especially in Italy the masses of the people are not only ignorant of the truth, but devoid of all religion, and filled with contempt for the teachings of the Holy See. To all this the reply is obvious. It cannot be denied that for this state of affairs the Roman Catholic Church alone is responsible. For centuries it alone has had control of all the religious and educational influences which have made the Italian people what they are. There is no pretense that Protestantism has had any voice or been able in any appreciable degree to reach and influence the masses in that country. Whatever infidelity and scepticism there are, therefore, and whatever immorality and impiety, they are the immediate result of the teaching and policy of the Roman See. The defenders of the papacy being the witnesses, the worst impeachment of Romanism that can be urged is to be found in the present condition of the Italian people—a condition for which the Church of Rome alone is responsible. It is thus demonstrated that Romanism has been an utter failure in the country and among the people where its influence as a religious system has been unchecked and undisputed. By its fruits it is judged and condemned.

A significant story comes from Detroit, of rioting and much disorder in a Polish Roman Catholic church. From the telegraphic report, which is given at length in the daily press, it seems that the Polish priest, under whom St. Albertus church had been built, and a congregation of several thousand Poles had been gathered, was removed by the Roman Catholic bishop of that city, and another priest appointed in his place in spite of the earnest protest of the congregation. When, on a recent morning, the new priest entered the church to celebrate mass, he was told by those present that it would not be allowed. A call was made upon the congregation to put him out, whereupon "the whole assembly instantly rose to their feet, and made a rush at the clergyman." "Out with him, we want only our own priest," was the cry. "The result is declared to have been that "for five hours the greatest excitement prevailed. A mob of more than twelve hundred women filled the streets, bore defiance to the police, and were only dispersed after a sharp struggle." On the following morning, the newly appointed priest again undertook to celebrate mass, being escorted thither by a squad of police. After one or two futile attempts they succeeded in gaining the inside of the church, when the priest proceeded with his function in the midst of the most riotous disorder on the part of the congregation. The account at hand says that "the policemen guarded the aisles, but the men and women clambered over the pews, and made a rush not only to the altar rail, but even inside the holy space, until the priests fled into the vestry-room in dismay." Twenty-five additional policemen, however, succeeded in restoring such order that the

obnoxious priests were able to go through with the service after a fashion; but on retiring they were again pelted with stones and missiles. The same account reports the utmost dissatisfaction, not only in that congregation but in others in the same city, at what is considered the arbitrary and tyrannical conduct of the Roman bishop, who is accused of desiring to give the management of affairs into the hands of the Jesuits and Franciscans, to the detriment of the interests and rights of the local parishes. From all this, and from other like occurrences, which are not uncommon, it is plainly to be seen that the boasted peace and concord of the Roman domination are a delusion. There is not less discord and division, but more, rather, in it than in the denominations whose differences are more talked about. It is true that the despotic and arbitrary Romish government is able, for the most part, to suppress the evidences of discord, and to maintain an external submission that looks like peace; but beneath this outward show of tranquillity there are more unrest and discontent than are dreamed of by those who see merely the outside; and these elements of disorder are liable at any time to break out into open confusion and every evil work. As time goes on, moreover, and its people realize their liberty more and more under the influence of our free institutions, they become more impatient of the tyranny which is ruthlessly exercised over them from abroad. Multitudes of the young and prosperous emancipate themselves from it altogether. Others, like the riotous congregation of St. Albertus, rise now and then in fruitless insurrection; but at last they are forced to make an abject submission to a despotism that is unchanging and inexorable.

IMPRESSIONS AMONG THE ADVENT MISSIONS IN NEW YORK.

The purposes of these various missions are identical; their modes of working, various and strongly contrasted, as we shall see by studying the progress of the work in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, the Holy Trinity and St. George's, where missionaries from the Mother Church in England, trained and experienced in this latter-day field of parochial evangelization, have, at no little sacrifice of personal considerations, entered unreservedly into the work. It seems that each missionary falls into or develops a method of his own, which becomes in a degree characteristic in the development of his work. Every successful missionary is presumably a man of generous intellectual gifts as well as mature spiritual culture. In the existing methods of work it is inconceivable that a superficial, unsound, or feeble man should survive the severe ordeal of this species of ministrations. For a single masterpiece, or a second or a third in the pulpit counts for little or nothing where all effort is subordinated, and looks forward to the crowning result. The summing up of the fortnight's work measures and stamps the capacity and staying power of the missionary. He must concentrate, hold, and mature the entire movement through his own penetrating and prevailing individuality.

These English missionaries are all tested men, each with an admirable record, and yet they are thoroughly unlike and work in independent and original ways.

The Rev. Dr. Pigou, missionary at the Heavenly Rest, already introduced to the readers of THE CHURCHMAN, undertakes his work quite unassisted. Indeed, he lays his hand on extra

ministerial duties. He travels, so to speak, with his own army. He brings his hymns and tunes with him, such as have taken root in his own experience on the field. He discards the church choir and organ. He sits down at the keyboard of a little cabinet organ, and accompanies the plaintive and pathetic tunes which have gained his affection. The Rev. D. Parker Morgan assists in the services and opening prayers; but all the preaching, lecturing, Bible-readings, and mission sermons are the missionary's work, and so are mainly the informal ministrations among inquirers and those specially drawn into the work.

There are three assemblies daily—at 8 A. M., Holy Communion and an address; at 11, Bible Reading, and at 8 P. M., short Evening Prayer, sermon, and after-meeting. There are also special addresses to men and to the young.

There is neither scholastic nor liturgical grand plan in Dr. Pigou's work. It is neither catechetical nor homiletic. It is profoundly scriptural, practical, and subjective. His imperturbable quiet and tranquility differentiate him from all his brother missionaries. To the superficial observer he passes for a man with little religious emotion or enthusiasm. Only to one who looks closely and catches the play of the facial muscles, the hesitating conscientiousness and reticence of speech, and the occasional involuntary throb in the voice, does the preacher disclose himself.

Given sound learning, profound convictions, and a devoted spirit, the words spoken by such a man and in such a way have a specific weight and power of their own. The preacher takes no one by storm, exercises no fascinations, and throws himself upon the inherent power as he conceives and presents it for fruitfulness in his work. Indeed he distrusts, if he does not discredit, the intervention of all religious stimulants of art and symbolism and ritual in the prosecution of his ministry. He does not hesitate to caution his hearers against them as unsafe adjuncts in the religious life. There is almost a Quakerish severity and asceticism in this direction. So his delivery is without passion either in gesture or intonation. There is the deep gravity of the scientist or jurist in unfolding his line of thought. The voice keeps near a monotone, save an inflection to a lower and deep note at long intervals.

His exegetical use of the Holy Scripture is peculiarly searching in his practical applications; and his spiritual insight in the analysis of motive and character, and in determining the main-springs of moral determinations is keen and penetrating. He ploughs deeply and with the patient energy of a stout-hearted husbandman. He loses the buoyancy and enthusiasm developed in general mission work, but his ministry will suffer less from the after-chill, and blight, and blast. There may be an apparent scarcity of fruitage, but it will be mainly sound, and of "good keeping quality." Our popular mis-directions and predilections as to mission and revival methods are not unlikely to lead people to undervalue the sterling and thorough-going quality of Mr. Pigou's work. But those who have caught the secret of it will get strength and refreshment. Here the work is thoroughly organized and systematized. The entrances are furnished with attentive ushers, eager to impart information, and such visible welcome as gather and hold a congregation. The missionary has unconsciously sacrificed one element of immediate influence by overlooking the congregational efficiency of familiar hymns and tunes, and depending upon selections, which, however stirring they may have proved in his own experience, are quite unknown and unfamiliar at the Heavenly Rest.

The missionaries and revivalists meet widely and deeply felt in evangelistic ministrations

have invariably recognized the necessary element of hymns and melodies thoroughly popularized.

At the Church of the Holy Trinity another English missioner is at work, and single-handed—the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Lambeth, London. Here the great dimensions of the edifice, with its interminable amphitheatre galleries, implies a great congregation, and a commensurate body of missioners. But the work is intelligently organized, and that incessant whirl and bedlam confusion of the Grand Central Depot region neither bushes nor hinders. Here a Christian mission, with its spiritual sanctions and energies, is pitted against the fiercest, strongest current of the great world-life in this great metropolis. Elsewhere it is worldliness, luxury, voluptuousness; here it is the incessant ebb and flow of incoming and outgoing thousands, the din of great express lines, interminable street cars and a shifting hotel population.

In such a conjunction, a highly gifted personality, magnetic, sympathetic, ardent, and master of forensic fascinations, seems indispensable in the missioner, and such a missioner is Mr. Warren. He is a cosmopolitan man, used to great congregations, and the exigencies of extended mission work. The assured confidence of a well grounded and successful experience places him directly at ease in his new congregation, and the perfect understanding is reached at once.

He is eminently persuasive in his preaching—touches with great firmness, yet unerring tact, the infirmities, sins, and spiritual exigencies of daily life among real men and women. And he is at home among the widest ranges of social conditions. The world, or under world of the Jerry McAuley's Mission would hear his voice and recognize him as their evangelist, no less than the refined and fastidious worshippers at Holy Trinity. So he utilizes a wide range of illustration. He opens up the experiences of all sorts and conditions of sinning and repenting people. He is intensely and always humane, brotherly, helpful, hopeful. He arouses no misgiving or apprehension without the finest remedial provisions. And yet he stands in wide contrast with the old-fashioned stock revivalist, for his methods are purely constructive and so conservative no man's emotions will run away with his sober second judgment, the missioner consenting; and there will be few unintelligent, blindfold conversions. His personal influence is already marked and established, and the rector of the church has already arranged for a continuance of the mission under the same missioner for a supplemental week. Mr. Warren is liturgic in use and feeling—not ritualistic—uses the Prayer Book constantly as the fluctuations of the work suggest, resorts often but briefly and cogently to extempore prayer, is without a trace of cant or extravagance, and an atmosphere of healthy, churchly evangelism pervades the meetings, all of which follow the conventional type. And here it may be noted that at each and all these missions under notice, the Holy Communion is celebrated at least once each day. The advance in sacramental life of the whole Church may be read at a glance in such a statement. The order observed at Holy Trinity is, on week days, at 8 A.M., Holy Communion with a short address, at 11 A.M., short service and instruction on the Spiritual Life (each day, with Holy Communion on Thursday); at 8 P.M., the Mission Service, sermon and after meeting. Services are also held specially for men, boys, and girls. It is observable, as a homiletic trait immediately interesting our own clergy who are studying mission work, that these English missioners very generally resort to historical passages of the Old Testa-

ment, after the manner of an allegoric instruction or object lesson; often avowedly pushing analogies and types beyond the confines of strict interpretation, thus subordinating the narrative strictly to the purposes of illustration and enforcement, and by this expedient helping a great number of listeners who are easily wearied with abstract or doctrinal subjects to a living interest in the discourse. Thousands keep track of an instruction thread—along an Old Testament story who otherwise would wander into inextricable confusion.

In the matter of extempore preaching, these gentlemen prove valuable examples. There is fluency without verbosity or redundancy. Things are put often in a strikingly crisp, epigrammatic way. There is a freedom of handling, but no wandering discursiveness. Every man sticks to his text, and is never tempted by rhetorical or declamatory opportunities to jump the track of his premeditated discourse. Scholarship, learning, culture, theology, all are put in work-day harness. There is a prevalent realism; an absence of mere elegance and pedantry. These gentlemen, too, are perfectly versed in those practical matters whose successful administration has much to do with the immediate and ultimate success of a mission—the multitude of seemingly unimportant particulars which might escape the notice of the most devoted and capable missioner. The success of Mr. Moody's missions, it is clearly recognized, has been not a little due to his masterly conduct of precisely this line of incidentals.

The mission of St. George's, Stuyvesant Square may be taken for a good type of the mission. For the rector himself is, by temperament, experience, and choice, always a missioner; and his spirited group of assistants constitute an inimitable staff of fellow-workers. The parish was already enthused and ripe for the sickle. In immediate preparation the population between Nineteenth and Twelfth streets, and Fifth Avenue and the East River, had been closely canvassed by thousands of pastoral letters and personal visitations. Then the most experienced and perhaps the most gifted missioner of his school in the Mother Church—the Rev. Wm. Hay Aitken—was secured for the work. With him is associated the Rev. James Stephens, a missioner on the staff of the Church of England Parochial Mission Society. Mrs. Crouch also holds women's meetings in the chapel daily at 3 P.M. The daily round of mission work is, with a few exceptions, at 8 A.M. Holy Communion, a second celebration on Thursdays; at 10:30 a short service, with address on "The Christian Life" by Mr. Aitken; at 3 P.M. women's meeting in the chapel by Mrs. Crouch; at 3:30 children's service in church, Mr. Stephens; and at 8 mission service in church. At noon Mr. Aitken preaches to men in Trinity church. Here are three separate sermons or discourses daily, besides the constant succession of personal interviews concerning spiritual interests daily growing out of the ministrations. With devoted co-workers at every possible point, ready for any office or duty, Mr. Aitken never releases himself from the main burden of the mission. No detail of practical administration escapes his vigilance. If the singing weakens or the time slackens, his ringing voice comes to the rescue, or his hand plays the part unconsciously of a metronome. He pauses in his speech to look after the comfortable seating of the people. He "handles" his coming and going multitudes as easily and rapidly as a captain his files of soldiers; yet all without noise or visible effort. He is a natural leader, and the people quickly learn to interpret the language of his glances and gestures. Perhaps no preacher with a cosmopolitan reputation

has fewer eccentricities or hints of meretricious or *ad captivandum* expedients. To the hasty or superficial observer, here lies one of the hidden paradoxes of the missioner's drawing and holding power. For such direct, ascetic methods in the pulpit, as a rule, do not win and hold congregations. Yet Mr. Aitken both draws and holds the people, and with a hand stronger and firmer as the days go on. For, almost at any hour you shall find the church where he is at work swarming with people; not merely professional church-goers, and that morbid strain of Christians who literally stimulate on sermons, but throngs of strangers to any and every church—people who are awakened perhaps to their first experience of spiritual responsibility while listening to the strange preacher.

At half past ten there is literally a great congregation, day after day; so there is at Trinity, at noon, where hundreds are sometimes unable to gain entrance, and then at the Evening Mission Service, St. George's is again often strained for sitting and even standing room. From early Communion until half past ten at night, when the after-meeting is dismissed, the lines of the old hymn find illustration, for "Here congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end." With all this there is surprising naturalness and repose in the religious atmosphere. One breathes freely and in a normal way. There is an absence of strain, of intensity, of that merely social excitement of the occasion, which invariably follows the popular revivalist. On the contrary there is no quieter more restful heaven for a jaded, shelter-seeking soul in New York to-day than a seat at St. George's at any stage of any service.

Mr. Aitken is a perpetual worker, yet he never betrays weariness. His voice holds its resonance and his attitudes their elastic vigor, until the last of the after-meetings. The public never catch a suggestion of physical or spiritual declension. Studied as a preacher, Mr. Aitken is an example no earnest student can afford to neglect.

His preaching is penetrated with a wide range of outlying learning; scientific, classical and literary suggestion are everywhere in solution. There is rapidity without haste, and climatic development without visible or sensible effort. The logic is clear, swift and above board, for he presumes on no man's ignorance or credulity. There is, also, a spontaneous undercurrent of exegesis which here and there floods a word or a clause or a verse with sudden and wonderful radiance. And yet the man of scholarship and the hard-handed laborer listen with equal and parallel edification—not on the same plane, it is true, but the degree and quality of the edification may be very much the same.

Few preachers dwell upon the larger truths and mysteries of religion without immediate betrayal or feebleness or inadequacy of grasp. Mr. Aitken dwells upon the duration and significance of eternity, the unspeakable gift of everlasting life, of immortality, of redemption, the ineffable mercy of the Cross, the exceeding sinfulness of sin, until the mind approaches an overwhelming conception of these outlying verities of the spiritual life and world. During this mission he will have preached and lectured—and a lecture and a sermon are much alike with him—more than forty times, that is between November 29 and December 13, and there is no reason to anticipate any declination in the vigor and impressiveness of his work.

It may be well said, in this connection, however, that great missioners are workers in a severely limited field—that their opportunities are so narrowed as to narrow and deepen the channel of their preaching which thereby gains

intensity and penetrative force. Besides a small field may illustrate the superiority of high gardening or high farming over the desultory tillage of a wider range. It's not unlike the results of conservatory culture; while yet the staples of our social and religious life must depend on the open air and the vicissitudes of the seasons. Such work as Mr. Aitken's and his brother missionaries is special, and supplemental to liturgical ministrations in parish life. They build up by timely and the most salutary reinforcement. Above all, they constitute the aggressive element which seeks conversions, and carries the war well over into hostile territory. Each mission for the most part repeats itself, and the missionary fills his brief yet intense cycles of duty, one after another, with a concentrated, convergent round of labors all pointing to a strongly localized result.

The "after meeting" has abundantly tested the health and integrity of this work. Here the gifted preacher might naturally enough fall short; for it's only a short step to rant and the offensive extravagance of the incendiary. But Mr. Aitken is very strong at the heart, as well as at the head. His great urgency of appeal, one minute to his flock and the next to his Lord, stirs many hearts that have long been sluggish and untried in the Church fellowship itself.

The Church of St. Mary the Virgin is a quiet, somewhat out-of-the-way little church, built for the Liturgy "use" of Salisbury and the theological cultus of that "use." It calls to mind the frontispiece in the "Directorium Anglicanum." This is its first mission. The parish clergy have, without reserve, handed over the spiritualities of the parish for the time being to the Rev. George C. Betts, of St. Louis, and the Rev. Edward A. Larrabee, of Chicago, while acting in conjunction with, and under the direction of the missionaries. There is perfect congruity among them. No shocks or surprises will break or mar the spiritual struggle now going on. Days and hours are crowded to the full. Daily, there are four celebrations; at 6:30; at 7:30, followed by a short instruction; at 8:30, and at 9:30, followed by a meditation; Evening Prayer at 4 P.M., with sermon, and at 8 the mission sermon—the central point of present interest. On Sundays, the leading features are preserved adding a children's celebration and sermon at nine A.M., and a children's service at half-past two P.M.

For hardly eight hours out of the twenty-four is there pause; only an occasional lull in the work, and these chinks and corners of spare minutes are much taken up with the indirect and out-of-sight labors of the mission.

The missionaries assume a stated part of the public ministrations, Mr. Betts giving the "meditation" in the morning, daily; an address to women on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to men on the other days, at 3 P.M.; and also preaching the mission sermons at 8 o'clock. Mr. Larrabee gives the morning instruction, preaches at 4 P.M., and immediately before the mission service and sermon answers inquiries and questions of a religious, practical character which have been dropped in a box for their reception at the door.

The parochial clergy in cassocks and beretas are at hand to welcome strangers, impart information, distribute mission tracts and manuals of worship, representing a hospitality which would be the making of almost any church, anywhere. At other times they are found helping the missionaries in the numerous personal ministrations growing out of a thoroughly worked mission. The instruction, it should be borne in mind, is clearly and sharply doctrinal teaching concerning the sacraments and Creed, reduced to its simplest

and most luminous form, while the meditation is quite as decidedly practical in substance, and directed to reach the emotional and subjective experience of the people. Nothing can be simpler, more direct, or less liturgic than a mission service and sermon. Here a large congregation, most of them strangers, are waiting in devout silence. Mr. Betts enters the chancel, a number of requests for intercessory prayer are read, and the people are hidden to labor with the missionary in supplication, which continues for a few minutes of silence, closed by a collect. Then a familiar "Revised Hymn," is sung heartily with an organ accompaniment, when, kneeling, he offers a short, stirring prayer, reciting in conclusion, *Veni Creator Spiritus—Come Holy Ghost* our souls inspire—in which the people join. Then another people's hymn, "I need Thee every hour," is sung with stirring fervor, after which the preacher enters the pulpit, and after the Invocation, gives out his text. He grasps again and again the congregation with his searching glances, as he slowly, and with almost judicial solemnity, announces his text—"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after that the judgment."

There is deliberation, not for thought or word, but of crisis and eagerness and solicitude. It almost approached dryness and literalness at first. Not a breath or word was given away to rhetoric or conscious oratory. The missionary was "sent," and the visible burden of his message was on his lips and his heart. An orderly, face-to-face meditation on death held the people in profound attention; familiar scenes of domestic bereavement suddenly grew afresh in many hearts. The sermon gained in volume and vehemence momentarily, yet without loss of penetrative energy. The tremendous realities of these "last things" seemed projected upon the immediate present, while pungent and impassioned appeals to sinful, evil-living souls, as well as to spiritual loiterers, and deserters from Christ's fold and flock, brought the discourse to a ripe climacteric, when the preacher paused, and remained kneeling in prayer, while the people sang, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." Resuming his discourse, the speaker developed the mediæval theology of the intermediate state in its practical bearings—the charity and efficacy of prayers and eucharistic celebrations for the departed in the Lord, all in a spirit of most resolute faith—not as a theological situation, but as a revealed disclosure of the great hidden life, concluding with an unfolding of the general judgment in its relations to each individual life, with a vehemence that seemed to sweep through the congregation almost oppressively. After a brief prayer, partly extempore, and another hymn, the preacher laid aside his surplice and opened what is called the after meeting, in which he clenches the nail driven home by the sermon. He moves freely up and down the aisle among the people, discussing informally the great spiritual crisis in our lives, the emergency of responsibilities, the sacramental mediation of the Church, waiting to forgive, absolve, and bless in the Master's name and place, elucidating the doctrine of priestly abolition, and the efficacy and wholeness of confession, with its contrition and absolution—anticipating and answering cavils and objections until the mission work, for that day seemed fully ripe. With much tenderness inviting those troubled in conscience to avail themselves of the personal ministry of any of the clergy, the people were dismissed and sent away.

The clergy move in a friendly way among the people as they separate; counsel is offered, encouragement given, and kind, helpful words abound.

The Church of the Redeemer, Eighty-second

Street and Park Avenue, Rev. Dr. Shackelford, rector, occupies a small but interiorly attractive edifice, and here a first mission is in progress. Again there is a pair of missionaries, the Reverends C. C. Grafton of Boston, and O. S. Prescott of the Diocese of Wisconsin. Here early English preaching goes with early English Liturgy; and here, as at St. Mary the Virgin, the missionaries assume and prearrange shares of the work, and command the cooperation of the rector at their pleasure. In both these churches, the mission keeps in parallel lines with the sacramental and ecclesiastical system of the Church as Anglican "Catholics" apprehend it. Appeals to emotional and subjective experiences are altogether secondary and occasional.

Here is outlined an exacting and comprehensive line of ministrations. There are celebrations at 7 and 7:45, with an intervening meditation, an instruction on the Christian life, at 4 P.M.; a children's service and address at 5 P.M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; an office of praise at 7:30; a preparatory address at 7:50; and the mission sermon (except Saturdays) at 8 o'clock. On Sundays there is an additional celebration at 11, with a mission sermon.

Father Grafton, for so he is commonly spoken, is the chief speaker, and gives all the mission sermons. These sermons present a remarkable series and sequence of teachings, all sharply converging upon this mission in this church—and here lies one of the secrets of efficiency in mission work. These clergymen, one and all, begin upon a thoroughly elaborate plan of battle, for such it is held to be, against the spiritual foes of the flock. There are no blank cartridges; no stretches of fancy or diversions, rhetorical or declamatory. The mission means consecutive, hard, unremitting work, and a minute cannot be wasted from its immediate furtherance. So there is a noticeable absence of merely edifying, entertaining preaching.

The Church of the Reconciliation, the Rev. Newton Perkins, rector, has its house of worship in East Thirty-first Street, near the Second Avenue, in a quarter of the city where it meets the spiritual wants of a plain, industrious class of people. The edifice is a substantial building, unpretending in appearance, and attached to it is a parish house, that greatly facilitates the charitable activities of the congregation. One use to which this latter building is put is to afford room for a Day Nursery, which accommodates a large number of children, the admissions for October being eleven hundred. The applications are increasing so rapidly, and the space is so limited, that it is hoped that means will soon be obtained to rent a small house in addition in which to carry on the work that is practically one of the best helps to the industrial poor.

On All Saints' Day a beautiful marble font was placed in the Church, a gift from Miss Pulling in memory of her father, the late Mr. A. C. Pulling, who for many years was warmly interested in this parish, and contributed liberally to the support of its work. The font is of dove colored marble, quarried in Vermont, and made by Geissler. The bowl is octagonal, supported on a round polished column with ornamental base and capital, and around the bowl is the legend, "One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism."

This parish was early enlisted in securing the benefits of the Advent Mission, engaging the Rev. Campbell Fair, D.D., of Baltimore, to be missionary, and preparing for the work by much vigorous effort. The result has been highly gratifying, and Dr. Fair has adapted himself remarkably well to the wants of this field. His addresses were marked by great simplicity and plainness, only familiar terms

being used, and every point was warmly urged with directness. Using no notes he spoke fluently without rapidity.

As an instance of his manner of popular instruction: On Friday evening, December 4, a congregation well filling the house of worship was addressed by him from the text, Acts II, 37. The whole passage in connection was read, relating the effects of St. Peter's sermon. It is remarkable, he began, that people, who at the commencement of the hour were mockers, were at the close penitent and believing people, ready to be baptized, and were baptized at the hands of the very men whom they had just reviled. First, then, the change was sudden. If at that time such a sudden change was made, why not now! The change can be just as sudden and as real now as then. Secondly, it was an expressive change. By this I mean, that as soon as the feeling came they expressed it in words, spoke out as they felt. This Dr. Fair made the basis for urging confidential relations between pastor and people, who should open their minds freely to their spiritual guide, tell him their sorrows and difficulties and seek his advice and prayerful help. He showed that to express feelings in words is to deepen the impression and render more definite and firm the resolutions and convictions which are formed. Again, thirdly, this change was practical and permanent. "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" these convicted persons asked. They were baptized, became Communicants, gave of their property to support the Church. Things went on with them as with us, the Sacraments were observed, the ordinances administered, the worship was carried on, and the work of the Church was taken up. This is always the Scriptural mode which is set before us. In Holy Scripture there is no instance given of a person being saved who has lived and remained entirely outside the Church, and has partaken in no way of its Sacramental privileges. That this change, which is recorded in the book of the Acts, was permanent is evident from the fact that these newly believing and baptized people continued in the doctrine and fellowship of the apostles, just as now regularly received Christian people go on in a Christian life.

Personal appeal was then made in a direct and affectionate manner, after which the missionary offered an extemporized prayer. At the "after-meeting," to which most of the congregation remained, the prayers offered were interesting, presenting subjects mentioned in requests which had been sent in. There were many requests, for were thus remembered in special prayers, for one in sorrow, for one desiring more Christian light, for an interperate person, for certain persons using profane language, for one accused of wrong doing, for a family desiring a better ordered Christian home, and for others. A separate prayer was offered for each request, the congregation continuing in a kneeling position during all this after-meeting.

ENGLAND.

ENGLISH CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.—In these days, when disestablishment and disendowment is so prominent a factor in English politics, it is pleasant to learn that at least an attempt has been made to give the public an idea of the truth as to the English Church endowments. It is a very common occurrence to hear it said that the English Church was endowed by the State, or that the State supports it. A list has recently been published which gives some idea of the proportion of private endowments of religious houses compared with royal gifts. It must be remembered also that the royal gifts were generally merely

restored gifts from lapsed religious donations. The footing-up reads curiously. From the reign of William I. to that of Henry VIII, previous to his plunder of the religious houses, the private endowments were 1,162, and the royal gifts were 62.

The parish churches arose after the sacking of monastic churches by the Danes, though, of the Conquest, there were one hundred well-endowed abbays. In the "Domesday Survey" of 1083, there are mentioned 1,700 churches and chapels, and 995 priests. But none of these were ever given by the State.

DEPARTURE OF BISHOP SELWYN.—On Wednesday, November 11, a service was held in Lichfield Cathedral for the purpose of taking leave of Bishop John Richardson Selwyn, on his return to his diocese of Melanesia. The bishop has been in England during the past six months, much engaged in active Church work, particularly on behalf of missions. He has received the distinction of Doctor in Divinity from his university, in recognition of his zeal and services as a missionary bishop. He has married a lady of New South Wales, and returns as a married man to the scene of his labors. There was a large congregation present at the services, in which the Bishop of Lichfield and the dean took part. After a shortened service, Bishop MacLagan addressed Bishop Selwyn in earnest words, to which the latter made a touching reply.

RESTORATION OF A PRIVILEGE.—It is stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury has resolved to restore to the clergy of his diocese the privilege of electing their rural deans.

GERMANY.

A GENERAL GATHERING.—At the consecration of the English Church at Leipzig, on Sunday, November 1, the congregation of five or six hundred who crowded the church included not only different nationalities, but different confessions. Ministers of nearly every denomination in Leipzig were present, including fourteen Lutherans, the Archimandrite of the Greek church, and the Chief Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue. The Roman Catholic clergy would not have been wanting from the list, had not their duties in their own church prevented their attendance. The civil institutions of the city, and the University and Royal Conservatorium of Music, were officially represented.

INDIA.

HINDU CONCEPTION OF GOD.—The Indian Witness says that a curious point was made by a missionary preaching at a meeting in Beadon Square, London, on Sunday, November 15. He said that we have become so accustomed to bear Hindus, whether conservative idolaters or not, speak of the Supreme Being as the perfection of holiness, justice, goodness, and truth, that we forget that the conception of God has been adopted by them from Christianity. No such god is found in the Hindu pantheon. The Supreme Being of orthodox Hinduism is *nirguna*, that is, destitute of every attribute and faculty, being, in fact, nothing but breath. As it is well known, all their inferior gods are hideous and malevolent demons.

ALBANY.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Bethesda Church.—The rector of this parish (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Carey) entered on the thirteenth year of his rectorship on Advent Sunday. During the past year there have been fifty six baptisms, thirty two confirmations, nineteen marriages, and fifty-six burials. There have been celebrations of the Holy Communion, public and

private, 73; public services, 446, and pastoral calls, 1,700. During the twelve years there have been 768 baptisms, 598 confirmations, 105 marriages, 304 burials, 506 celebrations of the Holy Communion, 4,367 public services and 16,309 pastoral calls.

In the afternoon of the same day the Sunday-school of the parish held its anniversary exercises. The attendance was large and the exercises were interesting. After a brief service the rector made a few remarks with regard to Advent, and extended a hearty greeting to all. He then made a report of the Home of the Good Shepherd. Number of meals served at the Home during the year, 16,309; given at the door, 2,545; quarts of soup given out last winter, 438; garments given to the needy, 525. He thanked the lady managers, the trustees, and all those contributing. The Mission School reported: Whole number in attendance during the year, 161; average attendance, 70; regular teachers, 10; temporary, 8; library, 225 volumes. The Treasurer reported: Balance at beginning of year, \$13.56; collections, \$71.33; total, \$84.89; disbursements, \$62.55; balance, \$22.34. Value of property, \$10,000.

The main school reported: Teachers, 40; officers, 9; scholars, 540; average attendance of teachers, 29; officers, 7; scholars, 192. The library contains 748 volumes. Twenty scholars were confirmed during the year. The Treasurer reported, total amount received, \$1,020.14; disbursed, \$900.65; balance, \$119.46.

The rector presented a handsome card to each of the regular attendants.

BALSTON SPA.—Christ Church.—The work of repairing, altering, and improving the chapel and Sunday-school building of this parish (the Rev. Charles Pelletreau, rector), has just been completed under the supervision of the rector. The edifice, which is a substantial brick structure, was formerly a State armory, and was purchased by the vestry twelve years ago for \$6,000. The corner-lot on which it is situated is almost opposite the church, and was considered a very valuable acquisition to the parish property; but the building was poorly arranged in its internal appointments for the purpose to which it was put. Some of the present changes are very radical. The introduction of a broad and handsome staircase in ash, leading from the first floor into the chapel room above, tinted cathedral glass in all the windows, a new floor in hard wood, the decoration of ceiling and side walls in neutral tints, a new robing-room, a rich chancel carpet, and handsome gas-fixtures are some of the more noticeable features in the chapel. The room is warmed by a hot-air furnace from below. The parish school has been thoroughly renovated, and the work-room or kitchen provided with the necessary equipments for parish work and social entertainments. The outside of the building has been neatly painted. A pretty gable, capped with a gilded cross and iron cresting has taken the place of an armorial decoration. The completed work is very satisfactory in all its details. In response to an appeal from the rector funds sufficient to cover all expenses were subscribed, and all bills were promptly paid. On the evening of Tuesday, November 10, the rector held an informal reception in the chapel for the parishioners and other friends, who expressed their appreciation of the many improvements.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK.—Church of the Holy Communion.—The mission which was begun on Nov. 28, and is in progress in this parish (the Rev. Henry Mottet, rector) is under the care of the Rev. Dr. Frederick Courtney of Boston. The par-

ish has been preparing by much especial work and prayer for this season of grace, and the evident interest which at once was manifest is a grateful sign that the field is a fruitful one. The congregations of Sunday were overflowing. Again on Monday evening, Nov. 30, long before the hour for the service to begin, the congregation assembled, filling the Church and gallery, and the seats in the aisles. Some who came were aged people, and a few were clergy and devout life of eminence, but most were evidently of the middle ranks of life, clerks, porters, young women from stores and factories, mechanics, and others of the working classes. The crowded assembly had a great many men in it. The bearing of all was quiet and reverent in a marked degree.

The service began with a hymn, a copy of "Gospel Hymns," prepared under the sanction of the assistant-bishop, having been handed to each person on entering. Then appropriate prayers from the Prayer Book were offered, followed by Hymn 104, sung by the choir (not surpliced) standing, and the people, by request of Dr. Courtney, sitting. This hymn, not one of praise, beginning, "Oh, turn ye, Oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?" as read, and as thus sung was very impressive and touching. Many were evidently affected by it.

The Rev. Dr. Courtney, occupying the pulpit, then said: I am not going to take a text to-night, but I am going to ask a few plain questions and give a few plain answers. The first question is one which many are asking, Does it really matter if I commit sin? Their reply is that it doesn't matter, and the reason they give is that they are lost in the crowd. A man may indeed be well lost in the crowd in a great city like this, but it is a mistake for you to think that you are lost in the crowd so far as God is concerned. God's discriminative eye does keep every individual person separate from every other on the face of the globe. The speaker aptly illustrated this by citing the example of Cain, and more fully by the story of Achan's sin. He continued: But you may say I am not Achan, yet remember that God singles you out by conscience. The lot is not needed, conscience brings the sin into view. So it does matter whether you commit sin.

My second question, he went on, is, What does it matter? Let me define sin. Sin is doing what one knows or believes to be wrong. You were not born to be a sinner; you were made to be good. You have a feeling that you ought to be good. If, then, I ask, What does it matter if I commit sin? my reply must be, It makes me a sinner. And that is a great matter. Punishment comes with that, great suffering and trouble are upon the sinner. I know how men find fault with God because of His punishment of sin, but it would be a cruel wrong for Him not to punish. In reality the sin brings its own punishment. Every sin I commit deadens my sense of the particular virtue against which I sin. I put before you the virtue of truth. In a crowd of people, not one of whom may in practice care whether they themselves are truthful or false, if a little child stands forth with blanched cheek, fearful lest it tell not the truth, every one in that crowd will revere the majesty of truth. I put before you the beauty of the virtue of sobriety. The preacher drew a picture of the decay of this sense through the sin of drunkenness. I put before you the beauty of the virtue of chastity. Here he rose to impassioned and fervid eloquence, using very carefully chosen words and beautiful figures, and weaving in very tender allusions to home and family, to wife and mother, and sweetheart and sister. His pathetic tones, and portrayal of the fall of men, as well as women, from purity into sen-

sualism by sin against chastity, profoundly moved every hearer.

I put before you, he continued, the beauty of pure kindness. There is a great beauty in this, and it is not so common as some think. Men sin against it until they make themselves intensely cruel and fiend-like. I ask you to look at the beauty of forbearance. When one sins against forbearance by indulging the sin of resentment, he comes at length to be implacable. You cannot get such a one to forego his rights under any circumstances.

Similarly he illustrated transgressions against love, humility, and the virtue of bountifulness. Then, coming back to the question What does it matter if I sin? his answer was, It makes me an enemy of God. What, makes God my enemy? No, I didn't say that; I said It makes you an enemy of God. Your sin doesn't alter God, but it does alter you. And when your sin has gone on you won't make a full confession. You are ready with excuses, and say that there were extenuating circumstances, and claim that you were in the hands of so many companions.

It matters, again, if I sin, because it helps drag other people down. No one lives alone. His life touches others, what he does affects them for good or evil. Oh, the writhing agony of a man dying and remembering in that hour those whom he taught to sin, who were young and innocent until he corrupted them.

It matters if I sin because it helps to make an evil place. There are spots in this city that are evil. As you go along parts of the city you pass streets, and houses, and quarters that are evil. Men's sins have made them so. It was sin made Solomon an abomination.

In conclusion, the reverend speaker drew a graphic picture of Jesus in the hour of His trial and crucifixion, the pure and good One in a world of sin, and made a very pathetic appeal as he thus held up to view the Lamb of God as the hope of the sinner.

The prayer that followed was in part from the Litany and in part extemporized, followed by a few impressive moments of silent prayer by the hushed and solemn congregation. During the singing of the closing hymn opportunity was given to those who did not wish to remain to the after meeting to retire, but nearly all remained.

At this after meeting Dr. Courtney spoke informally, urging in a very simple way two points: That Satan tries to persuade men that sin is nothing in reality, and then when they have been led on by him to commit sin, he tries to persuade them that God is implacable and will not possibly forgive.

Invitation was now given to any who wished further help and counsel, to stay until the rest of the congregation had dispersed and come to the clergy in the vestry or sit in the seats and the clergy would come to them. A considerable number waited for this opportunity to have spiritual direction.

The moment you look at society you discern that it may be divided into two classes: The self-helpful, those competent to care for themselves; and the helpless.

EPISCOPAL VISITATION.—The assistant-bishop of the diocese held a service on Tuesday, November 24, at 3 P. M., the rector and his assistant reading a short special service, and the bishop delivering a very felicitous address, in which he said:

What has human wisdom, apart from the religion of the New Testament, to say to the atter of these! In effect this: "Accept your fate, and acquiesce in it. The law of life is the survival of the fittest."

Over against such a philosophy stands the figure of Christ. He "took little children into His arms." He commissioned men to teach, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and "Ye

that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

It is this that explains our presence here today. Of all helpless ones the most so are (a) the aged, (b) the babes.

But how shall we care for them?

The moment that the gospel enters the world it calls woman up from her inferiority, her almost serfdom, and gives her ministry.

Read the salutations at the end of the Epistle to the Romans, see how St. Paul speaks of Phoebe of Cenebra. For the first time in the history of the race woman is called to take her place of service in the kingdom of God. Thus here, on one hand is the Home for the Aged, on the other for infants, and hiding the two together in the links of a loving ministry is the Sisters' House.

My brethren, we talk of a living Church. What is a living Church? Not stately structures, not splendid services, not eloquent preaching, not emotional feeling, but service, loving, unselfish, and out-reaching. In such a service this Church has from the beginning been rich. May God make it, more and more, a power for good! But if this is to be, our relation to it who are here to-day must be something more than congratulating.

There is a place for each of us, if we will seek it. One may pray and another may give and a third may help in other and more active ways. But the true "God speed" is one that turns the prayer of the lips into the service of the hands and feet and purse. Be it ours to render it in the Master's strength and for the Master's sake.

The assistant bishop afterwards reopened the Sisters' House and the Home for Aged Women, which had been closed for several months and thoroughly renovated, and also dedicated the Babies' Shelter, No. 118 West 21st Street, all under the care of Sister Eliza.

A darker, drier day could hardly be imagined; but the great interest always manifested on such occasions was not wanting on this. The face of the sister in charge was sunshine in itself, and the presence of former parishioners who came long distances to attend the services, contributed to make it one of the most enjoyable and happy events in the annals of the church. The dreary outside world was forgotten as the visitors passed from the church, so filled with hallowed memories of the many saints who have gone from it to their rest in Paradise, into the Sisters' House, with its bright and pleasant rooms for the children of the Training School, who are at present to find a home there.

Next in order came the "Home for Aged of the Parish," a retreat for all who, having no one else to care for them in old age, have come to their mother—the Church—and have not been disappointed. Everything has been done to make their last days as comfortable as possible, and many of them enjoy a rest now that never would have been theirs but for the self-denying labors of loving Christian men and women. One old lady once said to me, "I was the first one here, and Dr. Lawrence took me right up in his arms and carried me in."

Then came the dedication of the Babies' Shelter—a house purchased and fitted up during the past summer as a memorial to its founder, Dr. Lawrence. If the knowledge of what has been accomplished in loving memory of all that he was while here to high and low, rich and poor, alike, can reach him where he is, then must new joys await him, because faithful and earnest workers are ever carrying forward the plans so near to his heart in this life.

Over three of the endowed beds are brass tablets to the memory of Miss Plucknett, Miss Draper, and Miss Robbins, all lovers of the

little ones when living, and gratefully remembered when dead.

There is a thought from the Gospel for the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Easter that we may well find a place here: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" In a city where there is such great and constant demand for assistance for the distressed, one is tempted to say: "What is the use of the little we can do! It cannot make much impression on the masses, and we may as well fold our hands." Not so. What is done may seem as small in proportion to the work to be done as the five loaves and two fishes were to the multitude to be fed; but "the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him," and may make the result of the smallest endeavor, done in the right spirit, exceed all expectations.

May this blessing, so earnestly implored by all present for these charities, so "plentifully bring forth the fruit of good works," that men shall be compelled to say, as they said when they saw the miracle of the loaves and fishes: "This is of a truth that Prophet that should come into the world," and thus "the name of our Lord Jesus Christ be glorified."

NEW YORK — St. Philip's Church.—The mission services in this church, six in number daily, were conducted by the Rev. A. S. Craspey, rector of St. Andrew's, Rochester, and were remarkably successful. The sermons in the evening, lasting one hour and forty minutes, were listened to with utmost eagerness, and all the services were well attended. The vestry have determined to keep the church open daily, and to have a weekly celebration of the Holy Communion. They have elected the Rev. Mr. Bishop of South Carolina to the rectorship.

NEW YORK — Trinity Church.—The mission services in this church, which are held daily at 12:15 P. M. for men only, are probably the most successful work of the Advent Mission in this city. They are conducted by the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, in addition to his other mission work, and consist of a series of discourses on the subject "Is Life Worth Living?" The church is filled on each occasion with business men, who take the forty-five minutes from their business and work to attend the services. These are very simple, consisting of a few collects and hymns, and followed by the missionary's address. The congregation comes almost entirely from Wall Street and the neighboring streets, and the constant attendance and the marked interest shown, indicates that the mission is doing a good work.

NEW YORK — St. Mark's Chapel.—The scenes at St. Mark's chapel, on Tompkins Square, every night during the week, were sometimes as many as fourteen hundred children have assembled at a time, vividly suggest the gathering of the young at Cologne and St. Denis in the middle ages for the purpose of forming an army for the conquest of the Holy Land. The waving of banners and the volume of so many voices in the singing combine to render the occasion an unusual one, although the principal attraction is the preaching by the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton, of Philadelphia, who is known the world over as the patriarch and prince of all preachers to the young—a work in which he has been assisted by his son, the Rev. W. W. Newton, who has achieved almost equal fame in this direction.

The work at this chapel has probably filled the measure of expectation more completely than any other in connection with the Advent Mission. The crowds of old as well as young at all the services have been so great that overflow meetings have always been held, oftentimes in as many as two places, and the attendance of the police has been necessary to

prevent noise and overcrowding. The location of the chapel is one peculiarly suited to such work, it being one of the most densely populated in the world. The chapel, which has recently been erected by Rutherford Stuyvesant at a cost of nearly \$200,000, is constructed with special reference to work for the young. It is a part of St. Mark's Parish, of which the Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance is rector, and the minister in charge, the Rev. J. E. Johnson, is called "the theatre preacher," on account of his having held religious meetings for years in Philadelphia and elsewhere for non-churchgoers in theatres and public halls. So that all the means at this mission seem to have been suited to the requirements of the undertaking.

The Rev. Dr. Newton is now nearly ninety years old, but is as ruddy and vigorous as ever. His innumerable volumes of sermons to children have been translated into thirty languages. He is still editor of the Sunday school paper issued by the American Sunday School Union, the chief publication of the sort in the world. His "Life of Christ for the Young" is the only production of the kind extant. His appearance in the pulpit, with his long white locks, crowned by a velvet skull cap, is magnificent and patriarchal in the extreme. When he stands erect, surrounded by a dense throng of children, who sit all over the chancel floor and steps, it is equal to a Bible picture—a tableau out of Oriental life.

The Rev. William W. Newton, who has usually conducted one of the overflow meetings, nearly sustains his father's reputation as a preacher to the young. He is best known, however, as an author and poet, and enjoys an English reputation even greater than that at home. He is the originator and manager of the "Congress of Churches" which was held last year at Hartford, Conn., and which promises so much for the promotion of Christian union and charity. Altogether, the Advent Mission to children on the East Side, at St. Mark's chapel, has been unique in the history of work for the young. Many older people have profited by it, and it will be remembered a long time in that neighborhood.

NEW YORK — Bellerose Hospital.—On the afternoon of Advent Sunday, the assistant-bishop visited the hospital, and preached from the gospel of the day, after which he confirmed twenty-seven of the hospital patients. The chaplain (the Rev. M. E. Willing) and the Rev. C. T. Woodruff, superintendent of the city missions, took part in the service. These services are thought to have been the most impressive ever held in the hospital. The confirmation of the thirteen sick and crippled persons in the chapel awakened the sympathy of all, and when the assistant-bishop proceeded through the wards of the hospital to confirm the fourteen sick and dying ones in bed, this feeling was intensified. The assistant-bishop made appropriate prayers at the bed of each, and the sight of so much suffering humanity touched the hearts of all.

HIGHLAND — Holy Trinity Church.—The assistant-bishop visited this church (the Rev. Henry Tarrant, rector), and confirmed seventeen persons presented by the rector, and one presented by the warden of St. Stephen's College, the Rev. Dr. R. B. Fairhair. In five weeks the rector has baptized twenty-six persons, thirteen being adults.

CLINTONDALE — Consecration of the Church of the Holy Cross.—Among the many missionary efforts of the Rev. J. H. Johnson, formerly rector of Holy Trinity, Highland, was the building of a church at Clintondale, a village about seven miles southeast of Highland. At the time of his resignation he had succeeded in putting up the shell of a handsome frame building, but unfortunately had to leave it in

that state. None of his successors remained long enough to complete the work. In the spring of the present year, the Rev. Henry Tarrant became rector at Highland, and affairs took a more hopeful turn. The parish at Highland regained its former strength and influence, and the work at Clintondale was taken up with renewed vigor. Mr. Tarrant took the work in hand and raised about \$800. There is still needed \$100 more to pay the last bill; this Mr. Tarrant took upon himself to raise on the day of the consecration, so that the church might be declared free of debt. It is hoped that the rector may soon be relieved of this obligation. Gifts of furniture, etc., were made by various parishes, and much self-denying labor on the part of minister and people has been bestowed on the work.

On Saturday, November 25, the church was consecrated by the assistant-bishop. The service began at 11:30 a. m. The instrument of donation was received by the assistant-bishop, and the sentence of consecration read by the Rev. H. L. Ziegenfuss. Morning Prayer was said by the rector and the Rev. Messrs. J. W. Buckmaster and H. L. Ziegenfuss. The sermon was preached by the assistant-bishop. The music was rendered by the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Highland. After the service the clergy and visitors were entertained by the ladies of both parishes, at the home of Mrs. D. R. Heshbrook.

The Church of the Holy Cross, Clintondale, is the only church between Milton on the east and Ellenville on the west, nearly forty miles, and between Walden on the south and Rosendale on the north, more than thirty miles. From it as a centre an energetic missionary can reach with occasional services at least six, if not more, places. The Rev. Henry Tarrant, rector of the Holy Trinity, Highland, would be glad to receive at once two things, (1) one hundred dollars, to pay off the last bill due on the church; (2) one thousand dollars, in his own hands, or that of the assistant-bishop, to pay the salary of a missionary for one year. If the funds are provided, a good missionary is ready. It is to be sincerely hoped that the good work so auspiciously begun will not languish for want of means.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN — Church of the Incarnation.—The rector of this parish (the Rev. James W. Sparks) began, on November 29, a course of lectures on Christian belief. The subject of the first lecture was "The Future Life," a theme which he treated with a good deal of fullness, tracing the history of the sentiment found in various forms of religion, and showing the distinction between the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

BROOKLYN — Church of the Messiah.—On the evening of Sunday, November 29, at this church (the Rev. Charles R. Baker, rector), the fifth in a series of lectures on topics of popular interest was delivered by the Rev. A. Mackay Smith. His subject was "Civil Service Reform in Relation to the Law of Righteousness." This he divided into three parts: "What is Civil Service? How shall it be reformed? How does that reform touch the moral and religious life of the nation?" The lecture on the surface, he said, would be entirely secular, but there was a religious significance which lay under the topic, and this he trusted his hearers would not fail to see. Thus introduced, the subject was handled with great clearness and force. The points made were these: Civil Service in a republic is eminently democratic and very necessary to the conservation of republicanism in institutions: First, because it tends to produce and reward those virtues which make men and nations great, by industry, perseverance, and merit.

Secondly, Because it justifies our common schools and dignifies them. Thirdly, Because it destroys the power of bosses, who are the curse of republics, as favorites are the curse of monarchies. Fourthly, Because it averts anxiety and distress from five hundred thousand people, the families of government employes, who every four years are liable to have their faithful service rewarded by removal. Fifthly, This reform tends to righteousness, because it tends to the good fame of free government, and all free government is God's blessing to the world. Sixthly, It tends to righteousness because the spoils system, which it opposes, corrupts honesty in the private affairs of the nation.

The reform, therefore, he claimed to be in very close relationship to the moral and religious life of the people, and to have a distinct effect for righteousness. It is in sympathy with the American idea of progress and advancement, and does not tend to create an official aristocracy any more than the regulations of the police and fire departments tend to create such a class because they provide for keeping a good man when he is once engaged.

BROOKLYN—St. Stephen's Church.—On Advent Sunday the Rev. Joseph Reynolds, Jr., entered upon his duties as rector of this parish, to which he was lately elected. Formerly assistant minister in St. Luke's parish, and more lately chaplain at the Church Charity Foundation, Mr. Reynolds comes to his new work with valuable experience. He succeeds the Rev. Thomas F. Cornell, who died last summer while rector. In his sermon, from Isaiah i. 18, Mr. Reynolds made tender reference to the earnest and successful work of the late rector, and the warm affection in which his memory is now held, and asked for himself the prayerful co-operation of the people now committed to his own charge.

St. Stephen's occupies a situation in the midst of a growing section, having promise of soon becoming well populated. There is a valuable site secured, but the edifice at present used is an insufficient frame building, that cannot fall soon to give way, with the advance of the parish, for a suitable and much larger house of worship.

BROOKLYN—Sheltering Arms Nursery.—The Annual Thanksgiving Reception of this institution was held on Friday, November 27. The rooms were well filled, both afternoon and evening, with interested guests who took opportunity to observe the excellent management and the delightful Christian work which is accomplished. They were entertained also by the children with recitation of the Catechism, the Gospel for the Sunday previous, and several songs and hymns.

The Nursery, which has nearly completed fifteen years since its inception, has had, during the past year, three hundred and sixty-five applications; has cared for one hundred and seventy; and admitted one hundred and seventy-three. There are now in the nursery seventy-three little children, the youngest not quite two months old. These, with the matron and nurses and servants, make a family of ninety. Worship is attended in a body at the Church of the Redeemer (the Rev. Charles R. Treat, rector).

At the beginning of the summer, the grounds attached to the home were put in thorough order, and in them, during the warm weather, the children had much out of door life. Nine excursions to Prospect Park, and to the sea-side, were provided the past season. The good effects of these trips, and of their open-air privileges upon the health of the little ones show how desirable is a fresh-air fund. The importance of having a farm-house or seaside home, to which the children may be taken in the summer heats, is also felt, and a subscrip-

tion has been started for this object, a kind friend promising to give \$500 when a certain sum shall have been raised.

With one exception, this is the only institution in Brooklyn that provides for children under three years of age.

BROOKLYN—Emmanuel Church.—The young people of this parish (the Rev. Dr. Henry B. Walbridge, rector), held a parlor entertainment on the evenings of Monday, November 30, and Tuesday, December 1. The exercises, which were rendered with much spirit, were enjoyed by a large gathering of persons belonging to the congregation, and others. The proceeds, amounting to a considerable sum, will be applied to aid in the payment of the indebtedness still remaining on the property of the parish.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—Christ Church.—On the evening of Advent Sunday, November 29, the first of a series of missions, to be continued on successive Sunday evenings, was held in this church (the Rev. Dr. J. H. Darlington, rector). Three other parishes unite in these missions—Calvary (the Rev. C. L. Twing, rector), Grace (the Rev. Edwin Coan, rector), and St. Mark's (the Rev. Dr. S. M. Haakins, rector). All these clergy were present on this occasion, and, in addition, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Galland and the Rev. Messrs. J. B. Jennings, W. S. Rainford, and William Walsh of Newburgh. The church was crowded, many failing to gain entrance.

For a half hour, beginning at 7:30 o'clock, a service of song was conducted by the rector, who, with the other clergy and the choir, were without surplices. This service consisted of the singing of four hymns, after which the choir and clergy retired, respearing surplices and in procession. The sermon was by the Rev. W. S. Rainford, who, in an easy and conversational way, described the work of our Lord and of St. John the Baptist, St. Stephen, and St. Paul, whom he named as the first missionaries of the Church. After treating somewhat fully these historical references, he spoke with feeling of the need of personal religion, and pressed upon all the importance of a humble and faithful walk with God.

The other missionaries who will follow are the Rev. Messrs. J. Edgar Johnson, D. Parker Morgan, and Lindsay Parker.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—The American Church Missionary Society.—This organization held its Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting at the Church of the Epiphany on Monday, November 30, the Rev. Dr. W. F. Faddock presiding for most of the time. The report of the Executive Committee stated that this had been a memorable year in its history.

The yearly receipts from the Burr estate up to August 31 were reported to be \$68,007.33, and the income from other sources as follows: For general work, \$6,106.73; for special objects, \$693.40; for foreign missions, \$561.13; bond paid on account of Ely Professorship, Griswold College, Iowa, \$7,000; balance from last year, \$280.53; total, \$82,658.12. The balance in the treasury on August 31 was stated to be \$5,397.40. Of the legacies received as above, \$18,000 from Miss Mary Burr's will and \$25,000 from Miss Margaret Burr's will, were said to be for the general work of the Society, and \$30,000 from the former's will, for missionary work in Nevada. The list of securities on hand were classified as follows: General funds, \$37,400; for missionary work in Nevada, \$30,000; for Ely Professorship, Griswold College, Ia., \$21,225; for Anthony Professorship, Griswold College, \$11,300; for Rhinecliff Missions, New York, \$15,000; total, \$105,025.

A touching reference was made to the death of the late Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng. The Rev. Dr. J. P. Tustin spoke of the importance of missionary work among the Spanish speaking people in Mexico, Cuba, South America, as well as within our own borders. The subject was referred to the Executive Committee with power to act.

A resolution was adopted looking towards a conference with the Evangelical Education and Evangelical Knowledge Societies for the purpose of securing the most efficient and economical management of the three organizations. The Hon. John W. Andrews was re-elected president.

PHILADELPHIA—The Theatre Services.—The services in the Arch Street Opera House were renewed on Sunday evening, November 30, when a large number of non-church goers were present. The music as during previous seasons was by the Weacoco Band. After a short service addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. C. G. Currie, and the Rev. Messrs. Frederick Palmer and S. D. McConnell.

PHILADELPHIA—Grace Church.—The Workmen's Club of this parish, (the Rev. Dr. R. F. Alsop, rector), which has now 100 members, opened their new club house at 1210 Cherry Street on Monday evening, November 30. Addresses were delivered by the rector and the Rev. Dr. Thomas L. Franklin. The exercises were interspersed with singing by the choir. The new club house is handsomely furnished, having reading, reception and other rooms. A goodly supply of papers and magazines is to be found in the reading room.

MARYLAND.

HAGERSTOWN—St. John's Church.—The bells of this church (the Rev. W. A. Mitchell, rector), have just been replaced by others, the peal now consisting of three, instead of the four originally given by Mr. C. C. Baldwin. Their joint weight is thirty-six hundred pounds. This parish now numbers about one hundred families, and about five hundred individuals, of whom two hundred are communicants; there are twenty Sunday-school teachers, and two hundred pupils. The total yearly contributions were \$1,600, and the Communion alms \$161.

The late service for mutes was interesting, not only to that class of the attendants, but to the congregation at large. The venerable Rev. Job Turner delivered the sermon—a mute himself, who travels from one part of the country to another seeking those who are afflicted in like manner. The services conducted by the rector were simultaneously interpreted by Mr. Turner, who seems to know by heart all the services of the Prayer Book, as well as many of the lessons.

VIRGINIA.

ALEXANDRIA—The Theological Seminary.—A visitor to this spot would be much pleased. The original seminary was placed in this city in 1823, but in 1827 the institution was removed to the crown of a hill about two and a half miles west of the city, two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Potomac, whence its buildings are visible from Washington and other points within ten or fifteen miles distant. In 1854 a charter was obtained from the Legislature. Many commanding buildings rise to view, scattered here and there about the grounds and woods. The library building was built in 1855 with a legacy left by Mrs. Sophia Jones, of Virginia, and another gift, that of Mr. John Bohler, of Philadelphia. St. George's Hall was built in 1856 by a lady member of St. George's Church, New York. In this are some of the rooms of

the students—rooms which, with others, afford comfort to the students, and are replete with historic associations. Aspinwall Hall was built in 1858 by the Messrs Wm. H. and John L. Aspinwall, of New York. Here are the Prayer Hall, lecture rooms and other rooms for the students. Meade Hall was built in 1860 by the gifts of Alumni a loving memorial to the late Bishop of Virginia of that name. Here are other rooms for students.

The Chapel, which is a beautiful structure, was erected in 1880, the site of a former one which had been destroyed during the late war, from funds contributed by the Alumni and other friends in different parts of the country. Wyman Hall was built in 1883, by the gifts of numerous friends, chief among whom was the late Samuel G. Wyman, Esq., of Baltimore, Md. It is a completely equipped and commodious gymnasium. A chapel for the colored people of the neighborhood was built in 1883 by the Alumni and others. Besides these are the residences of the professors in different portions of the tract. Within a few hundred yards is the Episcopal High School of Virginia. The seminary is reached from the city daily by conveyance. A post-office on the spot adds to the convenience of the students and others. The Bishop of Virginia is President of the Board of Trustees; the Board numbers sixteen clerical and lay members, and the Rev. James Grammer is Secretary.

The Faculty of the Seminary consists of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Packard, Meade Professor of Biblical Learning, and Librarian; the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Walker, Professor of Systematic Divinity and Homiletics; the Rev. Dr. J. J. McElhinney, Professor of Apologetics and Church Polity; the Rev. Dr. Kinloch Nelson, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Pastoral Theology, and Canon Law and Mr. Henry Dixon (Harvard), Professor of Vocal Culture. This institution, which has in the sixty-five years of its existence had seven hundred and fifty-nine students, five hundred and seventy-one being graduates, and numbers among its Alumni nineteen bishops. There are at the present, thirty-seven students in attendance, nine of whom are in the preparatory department. Expenses here are light, being from \$195 to \$205 per year. The Education Society, of which Mr. C. F. Lee, of Alexandria, is Secretary, helps, as far as its funds allow, to defray the expenses of the needy student, and none are turned from the doors of the Seminary who seek admission and are properly commended.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

CINCINNATI—*Church Work.*—Church work in this city during the coming winter promises to be carried on with more than usual interest. The clergy seem to be wide awake and anxious to lead their congregations in every good work. A Pre-Advent Mission has just closed at Trinity church (the Rev. S. H. Boyer, rector), and other movements of similar character may follow. Certainly there never was greater need here than there is of all the energy and enthusiasm possible in Christian work on the part of earnest Churchmen.

MICHIGAN.

FLINT—*Deaf-mute Service.*—On Tuesday evening, December 1, the Rev. A. W. Mann officiated at the State School for Deaf-Mutes, baptizing one of the pupils.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

MUSKOGEE—*Semi-Annual Conference.*—The annual meeting of the Semi-Annual Conference of the diocese was held in St. Paul's church, Muskogee (the Rev. J. N. Rippey, rector), on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, November

17, 18, and 19. The bishop and a large number of the clergy were present. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Samuel Earp. Sermons were also delivered by the Rev. Messrs J. N. Rippey and E. O. Nock. A number of very interesting papers were read, and the discussions were animated and participated in by the bishop and the clergy present. The music was rendered by the vested choir of St. Mark's church, Grand Rapids, under the leadership of the Rev. F. A. De Rosset. During the session, at the request of the bishop, prayerful remembrance was had of the Missionary Celebration in Philadelphia, the Convention at Easton, and the bereaved diocese of Florida, with the family of the late Bishop Young. Members of the Woman's Auxiliary, from different parts of the diocese, were also present.

KALAMAZOO—*Deaf-Mute Service.*—The Rev. A. W. Mann conducted a service for deaf-mutes in St. Luke's church (the Rev. R. E. Jones, rector), on the afternoon of Sunday, November 29. In the evening a combined service was held, at which two deaf mutes were baptized.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO—*St. James's Church.*—The Brotherhood of St. Andrew, an organization of the young men in this parish (the Rev. Dr. W. H. Vibbert, rector), held its second anniversary on the afternoon of Advent Sunday. The bishop of the diocese presided, and made an address full of words of encouragement, and heartily endorsing the movement. He was followed by the rector, who spoke in high terms of the good work the young men were doing. The Rev. L. S. Osborne urged the young men to turn away from infidel teaching and follow Christ. The Rev. Dr. Clinton Locke advised them to improve their present opportunity in working for their own souls.

The president, Mr. J. L. Houghstetter, presented the annual report. Among the things mentioned was the statement that forty young men had been confirmed, three hundred included at attend church, and all young men had been welcomed and provided with seats in the church. It is the intention of those interested to encourage the formation of similar societies in every parish in the diocese.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*The Advent Mission.*—It is impossible for us to give accounts of this very important work in all the twenty-one parishes which engaged in it. We have depicted the work in several parishes as being specially typical. The Mission was successful everywhere, among poor and rich alike. It is right and just that we should say that the missionaries of the American Church were not one whit behind their brethren from England, who came with long experience to engage in the mission. Bishop Tuttle and Bishop Elliott, for instance, at Calvary church, were met at their coming by a body of the parishioners, who had made thorough preparation, and were still ready to co-operate with them most heartily.

They held six services daily, making no use of the ordinary mission methods. They simply multiplied and intensified the Church's regular offices of preaching and of worship. The result was most satisfactory to the rector of the parish, who, from the beginning has been most earnest in forwarding the mission throughout the city. As the mission is still going on as we go to press, we have to give further and fuller accounts next week of the movement.

PERSONALS.

The Bishop of Jersey returned from Europe on Friday, November 6, after a six months' absence.

The Rev. Henry Lubec's address is Lyons, N. Y. (not Lyons, Pa.)

The Rev. A. J. Tardy entered upon the rectorship of St. George's church, New Orleans, La., on the second Sunday in Advent. Address, 631 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans, La.

The Rev. Beverly E. Warner will enter upon the rectorship of Christ church, Bridgeport, Conn., on January 1, 1886.

NOTICES.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, December 2, by the Rev. W. R. Huntington, D.D., HERMAN LA ROY EMMET, to ALICE WILLINGTON, daughter of HERON A. JOHNSON.

At Newport, R.I., on Wednesday, December 2, by the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island, assisted by the Rev. S. W. Moran, AMOS TUCK FRANCE to PAULINE, daughter of STANLEY LE ROY, Esq.

At Westchester Co., N.Y., on Monday, December 2, by the Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, FRANK BECKEL, Jr., to MAY MADISON, daughter of Benjamin MADISON.

At Christ Church, New Brighton, S.I., November 28, by the Rev. George H. Houghton, D.D., assisted by the Rev. George Johnston, CHARLES MONTGOMERY CALWOOD to JELIA CRACRACK, daughter of the late Chauncey A. Van Kirk.

At Morristown, N.J., on Wednesday, December 2, 1885, by the Rev. E. Folsom Baker, ALBICE CECIL DONDAY, son of Richard Cecil Moran, late of New York City, to FLORENCE SKARER, daughter of Charles A. Sumner, of San Francisco, California.

At Zion Church, in this city, Thursday, Dec. 3, 1885, by the Rev. Charles C. Taylor, D.D., assisted by Bishop H. C. Potter, JOHN J. WHITE, Jr., to VIRGINIA GRACK HOFFMAN.

In Meriden, Conn., Dec. 2, 1885, at St. Andrew's Church, by Bishop Williams, assisted by the rector, the Rev. A. T. Randall, JAMES P. PLATT, son of U. S. Senator D. H. Platt, to HATTIE, daughter of John Lee, of Meriden.

At Newbern, N.C., on Nov. 25, MARY DAVES ELLIS, daughter of the late Governor John W. Ellis, and granddaughter of the late Hugh Innes, of Newbern, to W. K. KNOWLES, of Pennsylvania, Florida.

DIED.

On Tuesday, December 10, 1885, at Stamford, Conn., (Cause of Mrs. Mary J. Childs, aged 15 years.

Entered into rest, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Richard H. Keene, 15 East Fifth-sixth street, ELISA, widow of John W. Leeds, Esq., of Stamford, Conn.

In Brooklyn, December 5, Miss JANE RUCKEL, daughter of the late John E. Ruckel, of Newark, N. J.

Entered into rest, at Waterford, N.Y., Dec. 5, 1885, HENRY MANNING, aged 18, only son of Rev. A. W. and Josephine M. Snyder, aged nine years and nine months.

Entered into rest in Baltimore, Nov. 28, Hon. John Perkins, of Louisiana, in his sixty-seventh year.

MARY M. BRADEN.

"Gone away" to the Paradise of God. On Monday night, Nov. 22, from Trinity Church Rectory, Littlefield Minnesota, MARY MARGARET BRADEN, only daughter of Mrs. Mary J. Braden, aged 15 years, 6 months, 19 days, entered into the restland (city of those "who sleep in the Lord Jesus"). In all my Christian ministry I have never seen up lot to witness such beautiful childlike trust, linked with such marvellous grasp of the verities of our most Holy Faith, as was shown at the death-bed of this dear "child of God." For three hours ere the final shadow fell, we held sweet communion about the communion table. And when the word came from her dying lips, "so dark, I cannot see you" the memory of her departed father's "I am not worthy to stand in the death's troubled stream. Calling her by her pet name, "Little Missy," I asked, "Are you going to rest in trouble, with halting speech, yet full of triumphant faith, come the answer, "I'm not afraid," "Little Missy's" daylight vanished, and her bright young spirit went away to God.

"Requiescat in pace."

Precious child of our love,

Thy our hearts are ever moved,

Yet we'll meet soon above.

It is not now a good by,

But it's only adieu.

For our life's end soon awaits,

Paradise is in view.

May thy bright, pure, young spirit,

No full of Christ's power,

At our life thro' his joy lead

And a stay in death's hour.

T. G. CRUMP.

APPEALS.

DIOCESE OF MISSISSIPPI.

The development of the work committed to me demands a Clergy House and chapel in the City of Jackson, the railroad centre of the State, which shall be the home of an Associate Bishop. I have the site, elevated and picturesque, the gift of a former benefactor, on which stood the episcopal residence destroyed during the national troups during the war.

I appeal for help in our poverty for this purpose, also, for the development of the colored work, which will be begun, and for funds to educate two young men and more if we had the means, also for the fitting of one chapel and the holding of one or more ruled when used as a U. S. hospital during the siege of Vicksburg.

For any of these purposes, or for our general work, I appeal to our brethren, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

All offerings for Church work in the diocese of Mississippi should be sent to, and will be thankfully received and acknowledged by,

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, Asst. Bishop, Oxford, Mississippi.

NASHOTAH MISSION.

It has not pleased the Lord to send Nashotah, The great and good work entrusted to her requires, as in times past, the offerings of His people.

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5th. Because everything given for it goes directly to the work of preparing candidates for ordination.

Address, WILLIAM ADAMS, D.D., Nashotah, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

TRINITY CHURCH, SALVISTON, TEXAS.

The Rev. S. M. Bird, Rector of Trinity Church, desires to record his sincere thanks to the Church, clergy, and others who so generously remembered his parish, recently widely desolated, by fire. The following acknowledgments indicate the general sympathy of which his people have been the general recipients:

- Rev. Dr. Harwood, New Haven, Conn. \$100; Trinity Church, Boston, through Phillips Brooks, \$50; additional, St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn. \$50; Rev. H. H. Waters, \$100; John Wyman and sister, Rev. S. M. Bird, \$100; St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn. \$100; Rev. F. F. Noyes, \$100; St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, B. F. Holl, \$115.85; St. Thomas's Church, N. Y., through Rev. Dr. Morgan, \$1,262.91; additional, \$25; Hon. Geo. Quinton, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$50; Christ Church, Louisville, Ky., Rev. Dr. Craik, \$120.74; a member of St. Paul's Church, Rochester, N. Y., \$5; Rev. Peter Tinsley, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$20.71; St. Mark's Cathedral, San Antonio, Texas, \$5; Richardson, \$37.50; St. James's Church, Philadelphia, through Rev. Dr. Morgan, \$100; additional, \$18.72; Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Rev. S. Maxwell, \$20; Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, through Rev. Dr. Morgan, \$100; Rev. Dr. Hays also collected and forwarded to me as follows: St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, Rev. S. S. Boebe, \$36.25; Church of the Redeemer, Brooklyn, Rev. C. Treat, \$45.45; Grace Church Mission, Brooklyn, Rev. R. H. Fitch, \$5; St. Matthew's Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Morgan, \$10; St. Luke's Church, New York, Geo. Follist, \$47; Christ Church, E. D., Brooklyn, Mr. J. A. Simpson, \$44.16; Mr. J. M. Lawrence, \$25; Rev. Dr. Morgan, \$10; St. Mark's Church, E. D., Brooklyn, \$11; Mr. W. H. Flesman, Brooklyn, \$5; "Cknows," Brooklyn, \$1; Holy Trinity Chapel, Brooklyn, Rev. W. H. Morgan, \$26; First Dutch Reformed, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Van Dorr, \$50; member of the Church of Atonement, Brooklyn, \$5; "A Churchman of Pittsburg," Pa., through Bishop Gregg, \$20; Trinity Church, New Haven, through John Tuttle, \$20; St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, additional, through Rev. Dr. Morgan, \$50; Trinity Church, Monroe, Michigan, Rev. R. D. Brown, \$11; St. Paul's Church, New York, Rev. S. Benedict, \$30; "A Friend," Charleston, S. C., \$20; St. Paul's Church, Rochester, N. Y., through Mrs. J. Morgan, \$25; St. Paul's Church, Chicago, Rev. F. Fleetwood, \$37.36.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

The undersigned in behalf of Nashotah Mission gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following offerings during the month of November, 1885:

- For "Daily Bread," Rev. Geo. Vassar, \$30; H. L. Abbot, 20 cts.; "In Memoriam," All Saints' Day, Salina, Kan. \$5; Greenville E. Fryer, \$10; Miss C. E. Harris, \$5; Mrs. Anna C. Coleman, \$10; A Friend \$1; S. Le Roy, N. Y., \$2; Episcopal Academy Philadelphia, \$45; A Friend, \$1; Cornelia E. Wright, \$1; Young Church, \$10; Mrs. H. L. Abbot, \$4; "H. L. S." Newark, \$1.

WILLIAM ADAMS.

President, pro tem, of the Church House, Nashotah, Waukesha Co., Wis., Dec. 6th, 1885.

I acknowledge the following receipts for the Divinity School for Colored Students, Petersburg, Va., for the month of November: Evangelical Educational Society, Philadelphia, \$20; Rev. A. V. Marshall, Notaway Co., Va., \$1; R. E. F. M. Whittle, D.D., \$5; Petersburg, Va., \$1.

Missionary needing a horse thanks Mr. K. D. B. Brick Church, N. J., for \$2; E. K. C. Brooklyn, N. Y., \$1; THE CHURCHMAN, \$2.00; Mission of Church of the Ascension, Baltimore, Md., \$5; and A. S. B. Boston Mass., \$1. Amount \$25. Is instituted to purchase. Correspondence desired. MISSIONARY, care of THE CHURCHMAN.

Rev. A. W. Mann desires to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of \$100 from M. B. Edison, towards the Western Duet Mission.

PROTESTANT HALF-ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the Society for the Relief of Half-Orphan and Destitute Children will be held at the asylum, No. 47 West Tenth Street, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, at half past seven o'clock. Friends are earnestly invited to attend this semi-centennial anniversary. The exercises will be adapted to the occasion in which the children will take part.

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SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY. Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, Corresponding secretary, 57 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

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SHOPPING FOR CHRISTMAS.

Those in search of goods suitable for presents should not fail to consult the advertising columns of this and late numbers of THE CHURCHMAN, overflowing with the announcements of leading firms, who offer all the attractions in their line which are looked for at this season. Want of space forbids our especial mention of any establishment in this issue. We are compelled to add six pages to the ordinary number to avoid curtailing of the usual amount of reading matter.

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the League aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York.

WANTS.

Advertisements under Wants from persons not subscribers should not be accompanied by the endorsement of a subscriber.

A CLEVERLY'S LIBRARY, containing all the standard A. authors, Lexicons, Commentaries, Encyclopedias, Biographies, etc., for sale at very low prices. To any clergyman or divinity student wishing to purchase books, this will prove a rare opportunity. Look in good condition. Only one volume. Price, \$10.00. Reference solicited. Address, Lock Box 24, Palmyra, Wayne Co., New York.

A GRADUATE of one of the first schools of the country, who has been studying in Europe for the 3rd year just past, and there received diploma as graduate in the German, French and Spanish languages, desires a position as Professor of the same in some reputable college or university. References exchanged. Address: R. O. Box 28, Ashland, Missouri Co., Virginia.

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WANTED—By a young lady, a situation as companion to an elderly lady, in or out of town. Can be generally useful in a home; or taught as required in music, strict attention to time and fingering. Terms moderate. Address: E. O. L., care of Rev. Dr. Houghton, 1 East 97th St., N. Y. C.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS (Second Part). A JOURNAL OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA FROM 1847 TO 1862. By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council. Edited by Henry George, Registrar of the Privy Council. 2 vols. [New York: D. Appleton & Company.] pp. 576-588, Price \$4.00.

We have seen very varied criticisms upon this book. But this one might be said in its favor, that the greater part of it must be strictly true in one sense of the word. For the greater part of it is the actual appearance which the things told had to the writer, and set down at the very moment. A journal, like a file of newspapers, may be wonderfully incorrect in its details, but on the whole it gives an impression which is better, because more truthful than the most studied summary. Unless the writer is a mere gossip, or one of those unhappy journalists who see everything awry, the daily journal can hardly fail to make out something of interest, provided he is not writing for future effect. If there be added to this the chance of exceptional knowledge, if one stands at a centre of public interest, it is next to impossible to write a stupid book. As a rule history is read in the concentrated form only. In the unrolling, panoramic form a history in the making—it is found only in such pages as those of Pepys, Evelyn, Wrasell, and Greville. And one special charm about these two volumes is that it is not too remote from our own time, and yet not crowded upon by the events of yesterday. Most of the readers of this book probably began their thinking not very far from the accession of Victoria. But the period it covers is one about which the contemporary reader is likely to remember (and to have read) the least. It begins before the Sirius had led the march of ocean steamships into the harbor of New York. It precedes the era of telegraphy and Atlantic cables. It deals with a time when only the fortunate possessor of English newspapers was likely to know much of events beyond the seas. No "wholesale" history had summed up the events which followed the great turning point of the first Reform Bill. Mr. Greville too, possessed unusual capacities for his task. He held an office independent of ministerial changes, yet very near the charmed circle of ministerial life. He was not a violent partisan, though by family and personal friendships something akin to the side of the Whigs. He occupied a position something like what one might call a "home diplomat." He was frequently called upon to go between high negotiating parties, to say the things both wished to say or hear, but which neither could appear in directly. He had, too, an interest in life which took him singularly apart from the things he moved in and recorded, and this helped to make him a more impartial chronicler. He was a great turfite, and while his regular trips to the great races courses of England often interfered with his personal witness of much interesting in English politics, it prevented that absorption in the whirlpool of public events, which might have hindered his clear and unbiased view. The reader who expects to get a perfect bird's-eye view of the period may be disappointed in some points. There is nothing said of the great literary history of the Victorian era. One sees no more than Mr. Greville cared himself to see. He frankly sets down his own shortcomings, indeed, his motto might justly be the classic "*Meliora probo, Aetiora sequor*." But this limited range gives almost the vividness of photography to what he does see. The men of the time, the eccentric and able Lord Brougham, the Iron Duke, the darling Palmerston, the calm Lord John Russell, the insouciant Melbourne, the reticent and cold Sir Robert Peel, are like a gallery of portraits by Van Dyke. We are agreeably dis-

pointed in one thing. We expected when we opened the book to find not a little ill-natured but amusing gossip, a second edition of the letters of Horace Walpole, in fact, and we find much more solid and useful matter. And one thing we can say in conclusion, that there is no little light thrown upon the English politics of to-day. While parties and measures are changed, the character of English citizenship remains, especially in minor matters, wonderfully the same.

THE APOSTOLICAL FATHERS. Translations of the Fathers down to A. D. 325. The Rev. Alexander Roberts, D. D., and James Donaldson, LL. D., editors. Second Report of the Edinburgh Edition. Revised and Chronologically Arranged with Brief Prefaces and Occasional Notes, by A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D., Vol. II., Fathers of the Second Century. Hermas, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus and Clement of Alexandria (entire). [Buffalo: The Christian Literature Publishing Company, 1885.] pp. 605.

On the appearance of the first volume of this most valuable and unique edition of the Anti-Nicene fathers we set forth at some length its chief characteristics, and bore willing testimony to its very great importance. It places in the hands of scholars and patristic students the works of the Christian writers of the first three centuries perfect and entire, and at a very small cost. These writings are the interpreters and witnesses of Christianity in the first and purest ages of the Church, when she might be supposed best to know what the Lord taught in regard to doctrine, discipline and worship, and it is the summary of their testimony that we find formulated into words in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. Hence the great value of these writers, and it has been a misfortune that until now they have not been made generally accessible. They have been kept either locked up in the language in which they have been written, or, if translations have been made, they have been of only portions of them, without any attempt at chronological or scientific arrangement, and without any careful editing or explanation of what was difficult and obscure. This was true of what was known as the "Oxford Library of the Fathers." Neither the Ante-Nicene nor the Post-Nicene portions of that library professed to be or were complete, but they were *indigesta* notes, and the selections and omissions would seem to have been made without any definite principle or rule. In this edition, following the text of the Clark-Edinburgh edition, but with careful editing and revision of the text, we have a complete collection of the writings of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, and it is greatly enhanced in value by new historical prefaces, notes and elucidations furnished by the American editorial staff, carefully supervised by Bishop Coxe, the editor in chief, who not only lends the influence of his name to the publication, but the results of a life-long study of patristic writings, and all this at just one-third of the cost of the Edinburgh edition. This volume contains the works of Hermas, Tatian, Athenagoras, Theophilus and Clement of Alexandria (entire), it is handsomely printed in double columns, on fine paper, and is strongly bound at \$3, while the same works in the Edinburgh edition, without the American prefaces and notes, cost \$9. Even the country clergyman can now have his Library of the Fathers superior to any one ever before published, and need not be obliged to receive their testimony at second hand. It has given us great pleasure to know of the success of this important venture, and we are hardly less glad to know that the same publishers will in due time give us a collection of Post-Nicene authors, edited with the same care and on the same principles. The revival and spread of patristic knowledge and study cannot but benefit the Church. She teaches a historical theology and a succession of truth, and is glad to see the testimony of the witnesses in every hand, that the people themselves may

be able to apply to faith and practice the great rule of St. Vincent of Lerins, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus, creditum est*.

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS IN GREEK. Newly arranged, with Explanatory Notes, by Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D. Revised Edition, with Additional Notes by M. B. Riddle, D.D., Professor of New Testament Exegesis in Hartford Theological Seminary, [Hartford: Hurdnet, M. & Co., 1881.] 8vo, cloth, pp. xxvii., 728. Price \$2.

It is not necessary, at this time, to speak of the value of Dr. Robinson's Harmony of the Gospels. It is recognized as the work of a reverent and learned student of the Scriptures. By its arrangement of the sacred text it has facilitated the study of the Gospels; and by its notes it has thrown much light upon their meaning. Dr. Robinson's preface, however, is dated in 1851, and during the last thirty-four years very much has been done, both in determining the text of the New Testament and in the careful study of that text. The devout and ripe scholarship of Dr. Riddle has added to the work the results of the discoveries and studies of these years. He has replaced the text which Dr. Robinson printed (that of Hahn) by that of Tischendorf's eighth edition—the same, by the way, as that employed by Dr. Gardiner in his excellent Harmony; and at the foot of each page he has given full critical notes, presenting the more important readings in which Tischendorf's text differs from that of Tregelles, of Westcott & Hort, or of the Revised Version, with the authorities on either side. The so-called Received Text, is not collated. A very few changes in the arrangement have been made; the only one of importance is one which will commend itself to most students—the anointing at Bethany being placed on the eve of the Saturday instead of the eve of the Thursday before the Passover. The notes have been considerably enlarged, more by the addition of new matter than in the way of connection. A decided improvement, in our judgment, has been made by adopting for the Holy Week the schedule of days which Dr. Robinson adopted in his earlier editions, practically the same as Dr. Gardiner's. In almost every point, however, it is gratifying to note that the conclusions at which Dr. Robinson arrived have been confirmed by the studies of his editor; and, in particular, we are pleased to see that Dr. Riddle has not felt it necessary to make any modification, except in the way of a slight abridgment in the valuable and, to us, most convincing note on the Passover.

The volume is almost indispensable to the student of the Gospels. It is no little credit to the New Testament scholarship of our country that it should have produced two so valuable and learned works as the Harmony published in 1871 by Dr. Gardiner, and this which has just been issued under the editorship of Dr. Riddle. The student who has both before him, who notes many points of agreement between the editors, and inquires into the reasons which have led them, at times, to different opinions, will be well furnished for the study of the history of the Gospels; and the more he studies the Gospels, the more he will be convinced of the truth of what Dr. Riddle so well says, that the spirit of the sacred writings can never be learned without the careful study of the letter.

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE EXACT SCIENCES. By the late William Kingdon Clifford. [New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1885.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 271. Price \$1.00.

This fifthth volume of the International Scientific Series is a really remarkable book. The preface tells us how the work was projected by the late Professor Clifford, and partly prepared by him for the press; how on his death, in 1879, it was taken up by Professor R. C. Rowe, who also did not live to complete the labor of editing it; and how at last it has been completed by the present editor, who, as

we see from his initials, is Professor Karl Pearson of University College. The five chapters of the work treat of Number, Space, Quantity, Position, and Motion. Beginning with the simplest mathematical ideas, basing them on "common sense," explaining them so as to get at their exact meaning, and at all their meaning, the authors lead the reader on by a few easy, but vigorously demonstrative steps, to really advanced ideas or formulae. Thus, the chapter on Number brings us very soon to a demonstration of the binomial theorem; the chapter on Space to a proof of the proposition in regard to parallels and to some idea of the conic sections; that on Quantity to the proof of Euclid's definition of a fourth proportional, to the determination of the area of a circle and of irregular figures, the measurement of angles, and the meaning of fractional powers; while the chapter on Position teaches us almost before we know it, the principles of quaternions (including the multiplication of vectors), the Cartesian method, and the nature of logarithms, ending with some very remarkable suggestions as to the way in which we may come to an apprehension of what is meant by a possible bending of space and the determination of absolute position; and finally the chapter on Motion carries us on to the idea of fluxions, of the hodograph, and of the right conception of mass as unconnected with matter and force.

The whole method of treatment is, as it professes to be, that of common sense; of accepting nothing as true in a symbol which cannot be stated exactly in words; and of showing how new uses of symbols grow out of those which have already been accepted, though they have entirely new meanings. Thus $\sqrt{-1}$ is a symbol "completely unintelligible so far as a quantity is concerned; treated, however, as a symbol of operation, it has a perfectly clear and real meaning; it is here an instruction to step forwards a unit length, and then rotate this length counter clockwise through a right angle." So again, "Although $2 \times 2 = 4$ and $2 \times 3 = -3 \times 2$ may be sheer nonsense, when 2 and 3 are treated as mere numbers, it yet becomes downright common sense when 2 and 3 are treated as directed steps in a plane."

The work is certainly most valuable and suggestive. We cannot help wondering, however, whether a non-mathematical scholar could carry all the arguments without feeling overwhelmed and wise to the mysteries of anomalous space and the fourth dimension—to say nothing of quaternions—without having been well drilled in mathematical reasoning. We must also venture to say that we cannot feel satisfied with the way in which the doctrine of limits is taught. The publishers who have printed this book so handsomely should supply figures more plainly lettered.

A BAPTIST MEETING-HOUSE: THE STRAITS TO THE WEST PAULS, the Open Door to the New World. By Samuel J. Barrons. [Boston: American Unitarian Association.] pp. 271.

The writer's best apology for his present position is found in his account of his early religious surroundings and education. For his Unitarianism, his defence, so far as it is founded on Scripture study, is so weak as to be all but disingenuous. When, for instance, he declares that there is no trace of the Lord's divinity in the New Testament, and takes no notice of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, it is manifest that only the anxiety to get out of the deep waters of Calvinism can excuse his failure in the elementary processes of right-reasoning. We doubt if he is quite correct in what he says are the tenets of Baptists—for instance, that they do not believe baptism a saving ordinance, nor in the damnation of infants. This little volume is entertaining reading, and we should say that its author is

a frank and genial man, of rather uncertain education, and with no very great grasp of mind. What he will do in the Unitarian Ministry is rather a curious problem, he being as unlike the typical product of the Harvard Divinity School as can well be imagined. We trust he will not drift into free religionism, which is the *ultima thule* of some of his contemporaries.

AMERICAN ETCHINGS: A Collection of Twenty Original Etchings. By MORAN, PARTIS, FERRIS, SMITH, and others. With Descriptive Text and Biographical Matter by S. K. Koehler and others. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1884.] Folio.

The value of such a collection depends both upon the quality of discrimination in the selection of subjects and etchers, and also upon the literary comment which marks the capacity of the editor. There is a felicitous conjunction of both in this charming volume. Mr. Koehler is appreciative, as well as conscientious and intelligent; and both art and artist fare well at his hands.

The style of publication is dainty and attractive. Three out of the twenty contributors are ladies who have gained a good degree among contemporary etchers—Mrs. M. Nimmo Moran, Mrs. Eliza Grantorex, and Anna Lee Merritt. France, Holland, and England are felt in the various modes of expression. Yet there is an indigenous atmosphere, a creditable Americanism, seen throughout. People nowadays may safely and prudently buy and read American books; and this *brochure* demonstrates that they may with equal confidence buy and study American etchings.

THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN. Edited by John Biglow. In Two Volumes. [New York: Harper & Brothers.] pp. 600, 601.

In the bearing of these documents upon present politics it is of course out of our province to express any opinion upon them. We are confined to the fact that Mr. Biglow enjoyed remarkable facilities for doing his work as an editor, and that his own reputation is a sufficient pledge that the task has been faithfully and ably fulfilled. The reader will of course be influenced somewhat by political predilections in estimating the value of these writings. But no one can question their right to form part of American history. Mr. Tilden as Governor of the State of New York, and as candidate for the Presidency of the United States, has filled a sufficiently large place in the public eye to make his words of interest and of authority. That he did great service toward breaking up the "Tweed Ring," is conceded by his political adversaries.

The work begins with the administration of President Van Buren and comes down almost to the present day.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON. A Sketch, Political and Military. By John Codman Ropes, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, etc. [New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.] pp. 247. Price \$2.00.

These pages were first produced as "Lowell Lectures," in Boston, and now appear in book form. They are a very able analysis of Napoleon's career, and seem to be free from the opposing errors of most biographers—enthusiastic partisanship, and unreasoning hate. There are selected points in the Emperor's history taken up for special consideration. Much space is given to the history of the battle of Waterloo and the examination of Grouchy's fatal mistake. It is a valuable contribution to history as well as being of absorbing interest. There is an entire absence of the vices of the book-maker. We especially call attention to the portion treating of the charge that Napoleon destroyed French liberty. Mr. Ropes shows very clearly that he enlarged it, and that what he overthrew on the 18th Brumaire was simply an incapable despotism.

A WOMAN'S INHERITANCE. By AMANDA M. DOUGLASS. AUTHOR OF "Floyd Grandon's Honor," "In Trust," "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," etc. [Boston: Lee & Shepard, New York: Charles J. Bittington.] pp. 345. Price \$1.50.

The plot of "A Woman's Inheritance" does not vary very much from the conventional love-story. Her birth (the heroine, Christmas Ormiston's birth) is a disappointment. Her father intended it should be "Dombey & Son," and, since fate made it "Dombey & Daughter," tries to bring her up to be his business heir as well as his pecuniary one. She accepts the situation, and tries to live apart from the woman's world, of course, without success; and in the final chapter accepts the husband marked out by fate for her. It is a well-written story, with a very respectable feminine ideal standard, and a decidedly high male ideal, as women's novels are apt to have. The authoress has rather too strong a fancy for romantic names, such as are not easy to be found in the city directories.

THE JOY OF THE MINISTRY. An Exhorter to Increase the Efficiency and Deepen the Happiness of Pastoral Work. By the Rev. FREDERICK R. WYNE, M. A., Canon of Christ Church. [New York: James Post & Co.] pp. 322. Price \$1.00.

One striking feature in the new activity of modern religious life is the way in which the clergy are striving to take counsel together. This volume is the outcome of one such effort. The author, Canon Wyne, gathered together at his house a party of divinity students and young clergymen during their university terms. Their addresses were delivered to them, and are therefore practical work. To the younger clergy we can especially commend this book as one which will find ready acceptance, and will do them good service in their early ministry. In one sense the clergy are to consider themselves always young, in so far that they have always something to learn, and can always find profit in words of fraternal advice and kindly sympathy from the experience of another.

EXPOSITIONS. By the Rev. Samuel Cox, D. D., Author of "A Commentary on the Book of Job," "Belshazzar, an Exposition and a Study," "Salvator Mundi," etc. [New York: Thomas Whitaker.] pp. 453. Price \$1.50.

Dr. Cox is a very lively writer, and his expositions have the merit of being striking and suggestive. But we are bound to say that he is hardly a safe guide as an expositor. We have found various places where it is manifest that his dealing with Scripture is governed much more by a daring fancy than by a careful exegesis. For instance, on page 73, where he affirms that St. Paul said: "No creature can enter the kingdom of Heaven," (I Cor. vi: 9, 10), there is hardly a shadow of support for his view. Dr. Cox confesses himself a "restorationist," and that is enough to color his views on other points of exposition. Where he is not heterodox, he is well worth attending to, and he certainly has the gift of writing exceedingly well.

THE MERRY SCULPTOR (En Chemin de Fer). By M. MOUNET-CUFFY of the Comedie Francaise. Illustrations by Ch. DAUX. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1886.]

This is a specially elaborated trifle—one of those unapproachable exploits in delicate, dainty art hardly worth the doing. And yet in Parisian handicraft it catches more than a fleeting charm. It is a series of dainty cartoons on sheets of heavy paper. Cupids are sportively used as properties, and the artist and poet tells the innocent little story with equal refinement and effectiveness. Indeed the photo-gravures of Ch. Daux made a very intelligible disclosure without the verses.

THE TWO HANDICRAFTS, or a Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed. By Madeline Bonavia Hunt, Author of "Little Empire," etc. [New York: Cassell & Company.] pp. 160.

We are glad to meet with a story of the London poor which does not credit them with all the virtues. This is an honest picture of the real difficulty in dealing with street-nar-

tured "Arabs," and proves that the authoress knew what she was writing about. We place it above the average of the works usually found in great numbers in the Sunday school Library literature, and consider it worthy of attention.

SUZETTE: a novel by Mary Spear Tilden. Author of "Onesie," etc. [New York: Henry Holt & Co.] pp. 348.

The scene of the novel is laid in Richmond, "befo' the wa'," and is almost exclusively there. "Suzette" is a very clever little story, with characters which have a very life like appearing, and are suspiciously like studies from real persons. Indeed, it is not everybody who can draw the transition of a young girl into womanhood as deftly as it is done here. We think "Innis Pago" a very charming heroine, and we greatly enjoyed the unfolding of her young life. The negro personages are admirable sketches also, and represent a type which will be only known by tradition to the coming generation—the petted and devoted household servants of the days of slavery.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

ETCHING: An Outline of Its Technical Processes, and Its History, with some Remarks on Collections and Collecting. By S. R. Koehler. Illustrated by Thirty Plates by Old and Modern Etchers, and Numerous Reproductions in the Text. [New York, London, etc.: Cassell & Co.] Folio. pp. 298.

This is an important attempt at a two fold history of this exquisite art; that is, both literary and pictorial. Mr. Koehler is confessedly one of the most conscientious and accomplished among writers on art subjects; and is not only a very intelligent critic, but a patient and trustworthy investigator. The scope and extent of this costly publication provide him, therefore, an adequate field for a presentation of the results of his labor, and it is not too much to say that he has supplied, in their completion, a great desideratum in this branch of art—Literature. The book contains a technical account of the art of etching in its various methods, sufficiently explicit to satisfy the exacting of the artist, while it is particularly acceptable to the amateur, and this is the substance of the first and second chapters. The remaining fourteen present with excellent discrimination a history of the various schools of etching in their successive development, taking the reader through the various countries in which they have arisen.

Thirty page-plates very considerably illustrate the more striking phases of the art; while ninety-five, scattered throughout the text, serve as a constant basis for the writer's historical as well as critical undertaking. Our American etchers have, perhaps, the lion's share among these multiplied plates. It is almost superfluous to add that the style of publication quite sustains the reputation of the enterprising firm whose imprint it bears.

POEMS OF NATURE. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Illustrated from Nature. By Eldridge Kingley. [Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

Whittier being the oldest as well as the most famous of our living American poets, a new edition of his poems is always acceptable. In the present volume, those of his verses which have particular reference to nature, both on land and sea, have been gathered. They are handsomely illustrated, very finely bound, and printed in unusually clear, large type.

CHILDREN'S FLOREADE. A Romance. By Lord Byron. Illustrated. [Boston: Ticknor & Co.]

Such artists as Garrett, Schell, Anthony, Fenn, Woodward and Perkins, have furnished the material for the engraving tools of Andrews, Dana, Johnson, Kilburn and several others, to beautify this new edition of Lord Byron's famous poem. A more attractive volume has seldom been issued.

EYE OF SAINT AGNES. By John Keats. Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett, under the supervision of Geo. T. Andrew. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat.]

LEMOINE. By Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1866.]

ONE OF IMMORTALITY AND LINES ON TINTINN ABNEY. By William Wordsworth. Illustrated. [Cassell & Company.]

These standard and favorite poems are put in a very fine dress both of paper, letterpress, and engraving. The illustrations are in good taste and really illustrate.

WILD FLOWERS OF COLORADO. From original water-color sketches drawn from nature. By Emma Homan Thayer. [New York: Cassell & Co.]

The authoress gives a rambling, but pleasing account of her wanderings in Colorado while in search of these flowers. The freaks and beauties of nature as seen in wild flowers are very carefully reproduced. The volume is a fine one.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

FAIRY TALES FROM BREITANO. Told in English by Kate F. Crocker and pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. [New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, 1885.]

This presents in a well prepared English garb some of the work of a member of the German Romantic School, which flourished at the beginning of this century. Though Brentano was brilliant and clearly a genius, he has been left in considerable obscurity even in his own country. This collection of his Märchen cannot fail to delight all who revel in fairy tales, and they are found among all classes and ages. The pictures are not numerous or striking.

CHILDREN'S STORIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Henrietta Christian Wright. Illustrated. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885.]

This narrative of early American annals is fresh as a good story of fiction and entirely clear to a child's mind. Beginning with the glacial period, there is a continuous succession of interesting description, enlivened by personal accounts of the mound-builders, red men, Northerners, discoverers, adventurers, and settlers, told in an easy and familiar way. The pictures are, like the reading matter, not repetitions of things familiar in the school-books.

By NICHOLAS SOMOS. With illustrations. [New York: The Century Company.]

A very beautiful, amusing and instructive book has been the result of the attempt to set one hundred and twelve of the St. Nicholas' poems to music. The original illustrations have been preserved, and the music written in a key calculated to bring the songs within the compass of childish voices. It will afford to all a genuine musical and poetic pleasure. The book is, of course, richly and conveniently bound.

ZORAK JOHNSON IN THE LEVANT. WITH A TALMUDIC STORY-TELLER. By Hezekiah Butterworth. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat.]

This is a profusely illustrated volume. Mr. Butterworth has a rare skill in picturesque narratives, and weaves into his details of travel curious myths and legends that are graced with the charm of Oriental life. Much valuable information is given incidentally, and the book will have on interest for both old and young.

CAROLINA'S CAREER. By Emma Marshall. New York: Robert Carter and Brother, 1885.

A good story, lacking humor, of healthy sentiment, well told, illustrating manners and morals. The plot is simple, but natural.

LITERATURE.

THE "Memorial Sermon of the Rev. Nathaniel Pettit," by Rev. Dr. Geo. M. Hills, is appropriately published.

"SONGS OF THE MASTER'S LOVE," by Frances Ridley Havergal, beautifully illustrated in colors, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

LIPPINCOTT closes volume ten with its November number. The next volume is to be under new editorial management.

ROBERTS BROTHERS publish a "Louisa M. Alcott Calendar," with extracts from some of her works for every day, and a portrait.

HUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have published an illustrated catalogue of some of their books. It contains portraits of many popular authors. "READINGS and Recitations," easy and amusing, for French classes, in paper covers, comes from the Writers' Publishing Company, of this city.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & Co. have issued an illustrated catalogue of Christmas books and a new "Bishop Doane List of Sunday School Books."

"LULU'S LIBRARY," Vol. 1, by Louisa M. Alcott, contains twelve stories which will please children. It is from the press of Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE December North American Review has three papers upon General Grant, and one upon Rome and Inquisitions, the latter by Alfred K. Glover.

BEDELL BROTHERS & Co publish a tract entitled, "A Weekly Eucharist, the Practice of the Apostolic Church and the Rule of the Anglican Communion."

DR. PHILIP SLAUGHTER'S "Memoirs of the Life of Bishop Meade," reprinted from the New England Geographical Society, has reached a third edition.

THOMAS WHITTAKER publishes "Questions on the Four Gospels in Harmony," by the Rev. Joseph Packard, D.D., and a Catechism of the Christian Year, by the Rev. Geo. C. Foley.

The November number of the Pulpit of the Day contains eight sermons by notable divines, English and American, besides much other matter. It is published at Westfield, N. Y.

The second number of Mrs. Twing's new magazine, Church Work, is full of interest. We are more and more sure that its wide circulation will greatly advantage the Church.

ART AND DECORATION is an illustrated monthly devoted to interior and exterior ornament. Its illustrations are good, and the second volume begins with the November number.

THE eleventh volume of the Sanitary Engineer, twenty-six numbers, contains thirteen special architectural illustrations, and the articles are upon the most important practical subjects.

HUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have just published Mrs. A. D. S. Whitney's "Bonnyborough." The author has written a round dozen and more of stories and they are pleasant reading.

FRANG & Co., as usual, have provided a rich collection of cards which may be used for souvenirs at Christmas. They are very pretty indeed, and many of them have genuine artistic merit.

REV. L. S. OSBORNE'S address before the Chicago Branch of the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions has been published by request. It was delivered in Trinity Church of that city, of which Mr. Osborne is rector.

"SERVANTS FROM THE GOLDEN LAND," by Frances Ridley Havergal, is issued by H. H. Carter and Kerrick Bros in unique style, being printed in gold. "Christmas Pearls" is issued in the same style, but is printed in silver.

CASSELL & Co. publish a "Year Book of Serious and Golden Texts" in a neat form. On the left pages are spaces for text and outline of Sunday sermons, and on the right the Golden Text and Bible readings for the week. It may be made very useful.

AMONG the new illustrated books of E. & J. B. Young & Co. is "Topsy Turvy," by C. M. C. B., illustrated by H. F. A. Miles. It gives an account of the wonders of the world of waters, with a sufficient thread of story to make it more attractive to the young.

CHILDREN would be very hard to please who would not go into raptures over "Ring-around-a-Rosey," by a dozen little girls, the verses and pictures by Mary A. Lathbury. It is a quarto of thirty pages, the designs in bright colors and is published by R. Worthington.

KATE SANBORN believes that women have both wit and humor, and has compiled a good-sized volume to prove it, which Funk & Wagnalls have issued in a goosy form. It is delightful reading, and, if not filled with wit, it is filled with what will pass as a good counterfeit of it.

MR. WHITTAKER'S "Clergyman's Companion" contains the offices of the Prayer Book oftenest used in private, and a fuller collection of prayers and offices for divers occasions than we have yet seen. The clergy will find it invaluable in their ministrations, and, indeed, indispensable.

"COLLEGE SERMONS," by Dr. Fairbairn; "The Children's Sunday Hour," by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh; and Mrs. Ewing's tales, "Six to Sixteen," "A Flat-iron for a Fartling," "Mrs. Over-the-Way's Remembrances," and "Jan of the Windmill," are among Mr. Whittaker's most recent issues.

"THE TWO VIOLETS," "A Sprig of White Heather," "The Two Friends," "The Little Old Portrait," "Under the Snow," and "Lob-Lie by the Fire," are pleasing books for children, illustrated in colors, and bearing the imprint of E. & J. B. Young & Co., and the Christian Knowledge Society of London.

THE Christmas number of the Book Buyer, Charles Scribner's Sons, made up largely of extracts from their publications and of copies of many illustrations besides some original papers, with a unique cover, makes a very acceptable annual and one worthy of preservation. The frontispiece is the Orleans Madonna of Raphael, as engraved by Thomas Cole.

"OUR Little Ones and the Nursery," edited by Oliver Optic, with its three hundred and forty-nine illustrations, will be a favorite with all little people, and "Three Vassar Girls in Italy," with one hundred and six illustrations, written by Lizzie W. Champney, will please people of larger growth. They are published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

MACMILLAN & Co. publish in handsome quarto a new edition of the "Water-Babies, a Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby," by Charles Kingsley. The illustrations, one hundred in number, are by Linley Sambourne. They also issue "Ua," an old-fashioned story, by Mrs. Molesworth, with pictures by Walter Crane, thus assuring a double attraction.

"CHRISTMAS-TIDE IN PROSE AND STORY," a collection of poetry and song, and from sacred and secular sources, is very handsomely printed and bound by A. D. Randolph & Co., who also send us "A Year of Blessings and a Blessed Year," a text and comment for every day in the year, compiled by Rose Porter, and also her "Honor, or the Gospel of a Life."

E. P. DUTTON & Co. have issued in quarto an illustrated edition of the Poetical Works of Frances Ridley Havergal. It is bound in a style worthy of the poems of this favorite author. Hymns by John Henry Newman, D.D., are from the press of the same publishers. It has a portrait, and will be welcome to those who are familiar with the author's "Lead, Kindly Light."

MRS. NELLIE V. WALKER has done a genuine kindness to those who desire something besides prettiness in their souvenirs. With womanly delicacy and churchly taste she has prepared a considerable number of souvenirs, which, while they are beautiful, will also convey a religious idea, or a really Christmas thought. They may be obtained of E. P. Dutton & Co.

"HUMOROUS master-pieces from American Literature" is in preparation by G. P. Putnam's Sons, edited by Edward T. Mason; and also "Songs of Sleepy Hollow," by S. H. Hayes; and "Louisiana Purchase," by Bishop Robertson; and the "Political History of Canada," by Prof. Goldwin Smith. The last two works are to be issued for the American Historical Association.

"TRUXT, or those who Live in Glass Houses should not Throw Stones," by Maggie Symington; "Tim Thomson's Trial, or All is not Gold that Glitters," by Geo. Weatherly; "Fritters," "Ursula's Stumbling Block, or Major Monk's Motto," are volumes of Cassel & Co.'s Provincial Series, illustrated. They also issue "Ralph Northreeb's Trust," by William Westall, designed for readers of large growth.

REV. E. P. GRAY, author of the prize paper in the last number of the Church Review, "Did Christ Rise from the Dead on the First Day of the Week?" has in manuscript a treatise on the "Sabbath and the Lord's Day, their Origin and Relations," which he desires to publish by subscription. Mr. Gray is a scholar of high repute, and his work is able and exhaustive, and we hope soon to see it issue from the press.

A VERY beautiful book is the Flower Song Series, poems from various authors, with colored designs, presenting "Flowers for Winter Days," "Spring Blossoms," "Midsummer Flowers" and "Flowers from Sunlight and Shade." They are arranged by Susie B. Skelding, and are published by White, Stokes and Allen. There are separate designs for the covers in colors, and plates representing the flowers, also in colors.

DR. W. M. THOMPSON'S "Lebanon, Damascus and Beyond Jordan" (Harper & Bros.) completes his series of volumes on the Land and the Book. The author was forty-five years a missionary in Syria and Palestine, and in this volume and in "Southern Palestine," and "Central Palestine," has given us the results of his observations and study. It is handsomely printed on toned paper, with many illustrations, and will be a valuable aid in the study of the Bible.

The English Illustrated Magazine, published by Macmillan & Co., presents a superb Christmas number. This magazine is thoroughly interesting to American readers, not in spite of, but because of its English flavor. No one can be thoroughly abreast of the times unless he is familiar with the current literature of England, and of that literature this English Illustrated Magazine deserves the chief place. The article upon the House of Lords, in the present number, is one of the most remarkable that we have seen in any magazine.

"WORDS of the Sun," "Wonders of European Art," and "Wonderful Escapes," are the three latest volumes of the Wonder Series issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. Dr. Henry M. Field's "Greek Islands" and "Turkey after the War," from the same publishers just at this time is full of interest. It is furnished with a map. "Story Thoughts or Poems," by Maria H. Parker, is handsomely printed by Cupples, Upham & Co. It is gilt and illustrated. The same house publishes "Rico and Urseil," a book by Johanna Spyrri, translated from the German by Louise Brooks.

THE December Art Amateur is the first number of volume fourteen. It has a por-

trait study, a colored plate by J. C. Beckwith, and eleven supplement designs, several of which are ecclesiastical in character. Among them are designs for Christmas decorations, sermon cases, book markers, alms bags, stole and chasuble, which those fond of embroidery will find pretty and useful. Its frontispiece is a study of cupids and infants after old masters. Some studies in drapery by E. Burne Jones will greatly assist amateurs, as will also a paper upon amateur photography. This number is one of unusual value.

THE coming of the Christmas Number of Harper's Magazine in the early weeks of November is like the arrival of the first strawberries in February. It is certainly enterprising. The frontispiece for this December Number is a copy of Raphael's "The Madonna del Granduca," in the Pitti Gallery, in Florence. "The Maturity of Art," by Henry T. Van Dyke, Jr., illustrated by photographs from the Reginald paintings, is the opening paper. It deals altogether with the story of the Nativity of Christ as portrayed by the brushes of the earlier painters. "A Winter Walk" with Wm. Hamilton Gibson, is an enjoyment too seldom shared by his many admirers. The illustrations are Mr. Gibson's—the letter press, his also. It would be impossible for us to render him more sincere or greater praise than this statement. The stories of Craddock, Phelps, George Broughton, as well as one by Brander Matthews are remarkably good; so also is a poem by William Black.

"Grandmother's Spring," "Mother's Birthday Review," "Convalescence," "Mill Stream," "The Poet and the Brook," and "Baby, Puppy and Kitty," written by Juliana Horatia Ewing, and illustrated by R. Andre, bear the imprint of E. & J. B. Young & Co., and of the Christian Knowledge Society, are printed with numerous illustrations in colors, and will be an unending well-spring of delight to the children. They are in prose and poetry, and the covers and pictures present a never failing variety. Happy are the children who get them. The same publishers also send us "Tales from Dame Marjorie's Chimney Corner, and China from her Cupboard," printed in blue and very beautiful, and "In a Good Cause,"—stories, poems and illustrations, the latter published for the benefit of a hospital. It is a series of sketches by well-known litterateurs—Lady Noel, Bishop How, Frances Cassel, etc., and Callegott, Lampon, Calboun, and other artists furnish the illustrations.

THE December number of St. Nicholas contains a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Portrait of a Little Girl," a quaint little maid, with a queer little hood over her soft curls—a very pretty picture. "The Little Christmas Tree," by Susan Coolidge, tells us in verse how one baby fir tree made a little baby bappy, the lesson of being content with small things being slipped in between the lines. Mrs. Burnett's story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," promises to be not only one of the best stories published in this kind of magazines for children, but also one of Mrs. Burnett's very best stories, both in its literary aspect as well as in its readability and loveliness. It is very hard to have such a story dealt out to one by instalments of a chapter or two at a time. In the illustrations the spirit of the story has been thoroughly caught and reproduced. Among the many good things in this Christmas number of the magazine should be mentioned, "School Life at Rugby," by Elizabeth R. Pennell, and "A Morning at Rugby during Vacation Time," by Edwin D. Mead, profusely illustrated. These sketches will be of the greatest interest to every boy and man who has read "Tom Brown at Rugby," and what man or boy has not done so!

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

13. Third Sunday in Advent.
 16. Ember Day—Fast.
 18. Ember Day—Fast.
 19. Ember Day—Fast.
 20. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
 21. ST. THOMAS.
 25. CHRISTMAS DAY.
 26. ST. STEPHEN.
 27. (ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
) Sunday after Christmas.
 28. THE INNOCENTS DAY.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

Listen; weep not. They say that we shall
 hear
 No Christmas chimes together; that the snow
 Shall lie upon me, and above me blow
 Keen winds; that I shall be so deaf—ah,
 dear!—
 That never voice of anguish, joy, nor fear
 Shall reach to me. Love, think you they can
 know!
 Dream you that they could lay me down so
 low
 As not to catch your faintest whisper, dear!
 If truth they speak, in this that we must part,
 Oh, cast that other dread from out your heart!
 And when church-bells declare the Holy Birth,
 Deem not they for the unbreft do ring
 Alone; but smile; for, mayhap, midst the
 mirth,
 A new-born angel, love, shall nigh you wing!

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER X.—Concluded.

Ladies in Alistar's fields were not an every-day sight. Hardly before had his work been enlivened by such a presence; and the joy of it was in his eyes, though his behavior was calm. Christina thought how pleasant it would be to have him for a worshipping slave—so interpreted with her charms that, like Una's lion, he would crouch at her feet, come and go at her pleasure, live on her smiles, and be sad when she gave him none. She would make a gentleman of him, then leave him to dream of her! It would be a pleasant and interesting task in the dullness of their winter's banishment, with the days so short and the nights so unendurably long! The man was handsome!—she would do it!—and would proceed at once to initiate his conquest!

The temptation to patronize not unfrequently presents an object for the patronage superior to the would-be patron; for the temptation is one to which slight persons chiefly are exposed; it affords an outlet for the vague activity of self-importance. Few have learned that a man is of no value except to God and other men. Self would fain be worshipped instead of worshipping; and such was the spirit in which Miss Palmer dreamed of a friendship *de haut en bas* with the country fellow.

She put on a smile—no difficult thing, for she was a good-natured girl. It looked to Alistar quite natural. It was nevertheless like Hamlet's false friends, "sent for."
 "Do you like ploughing?" she asked.

Had she known the manner of the country, she would have added "laid," or "Macruadh."

"Yes, I do," Alistar answered; "but I should plough all the same if I did not. It has to be done."

"But why should you do it?"

"Because I must," laughed the laird.

What ought she to answer? Should she condole with the man because he had to work? It did not seem prudent! She would try another tack?

"You had some trouble with your oxen! We saw it from the road, and were quite frightened. I hope you are not hurt."

"There was no danger of that," answered Alistar with a smile.

"What wild creatures they are! Isn't it rather hard work for them? They are so small!"

"They are as strong as horses," answered the laird. "I have had my work to break them! Indeed, I can hardly say I have done it yet! They would very much like to run their horns into me!"

"Then it *must* be dangerous! It shows that they were not meant to work!"

"They were meant to work if I can make them work."

"Then you approve of slavery?" said Mercy.

She hardly knew what made her oppose him. As yet she had no opinions of her own, though she did catch a thought sometimes, when it happened to come within her reach. Alistar smiled a curious smile.

"I should," he said, "if the right people were made slaves of. I would take shares in a company of Algerine pirates to rid the world of certain types of the human!"

They looked at each other. "Sharp!" said Christina, to herself.

"What sorts would you have them carry off?" she asked.

"Idle men in particular," answered Alistar.

"Would you not have them take idle ladies as well?"

"I would see first how they behaved when the men were gone."

"You believe, then," said Mercy, "we have a right to make the lower animals work?"

"I think it is our duty," answered Alistar. "At all events, if we do not, we must either kill them off by degrees, or cede them this world and emigrate. But even that would be a bad thing for my little bulis there! It is not so many years since the last wolf was killed—here, close by; and if the dogs turned to wolves again, where would the domestic animals be? They would then have wild beasts instead of men for their masters! To have the world a habitable one, man must rule."

"Men are nothing but tyrants to them!" said Christina.

"Most are, I admit."

Ere he could prevent her, she had walked up to the near bull, and began to pat him. He poked a sharp wicked horn sideways at her, catching her cloak on it and grazing her arm. She started back very white. Alistar gave him a terrible tug. The beast shook his head and began to paw the earth.

"Don't go near him," he said, "But you needn't be afraid; he can't touch you. That iron band round his nose has spikes in it."

"Poor fellow!" said Christina: "it is to wonder he should be out of temper! It must hurt him dreadfully!"

"It does hurt him when he pulls against it, but not when he is quiet."

"I call it cruel!"

"I do not. The fellow knows what is wanted of him—just as well as any naughty child."

"How can he when he has no reason?"

"Oh, hasn't he!"

"Animals have no reason; they have only instinct!"

"They have plenty of reason—more than many men and women. They are not so far off as you pride makes most people think! It is only those that don't know then that talk about the instinct of animals!"

"Do you know them?"

"Pretty well for a man; but they're often too much for me."

"Anyhow that poor thing does not know better."

"He knows enough; and if he did not would you allow him to do as he pleased because he didn't know better? He wanted to put his horn into you a moment ago!"

"Still it must be hard to want very much to do a thing, and not be able to do it!" said Mercy.

"I used to feel as if I could tear my old nurse to pieces when she wouldn't let me do as I wanted!" said Christina.

"I suppose you do whatever you please now, ladies?"

"No, indeed. We wanted to go to London and here we are for the winter!"

"And you think it hard?"

"Yes, we do."

"And so, from sympathy, you side with my cattle?"

"Well—yes!"

"You think I have no right to keep them captive, and make them work?"

"None at all," said Christina.

"Then it is time I let them go!" Alistar returned and made for the animals' heads.

"No, no! please don't!" cried both the girls, turning, the one white, the other red.

"Certainly not, if you do not wish it!" said Alistar, staying his step. "If I did, however, you would be quite safe, for they would not come near me. They would be off up that hill as hard as they could tear, jumping everything that came in their way."

"Is it not very dull here in the winter?" asked Christina, panting a little, but trying to look as if she had known quite well he was only joking.

"I do not find it dull."

"Ah, but you are a man, and can do as you please!"

"I never could do as I pleased, and so I please as I do," answered Alistar.

"I do not quite understand you."

"When you cannot do as you like, the best thing is to like what you have to do. One's own way is not to be had in this world. There's a better, to be sure, which is to be had!"

"I have heard a parson talk like that," said Mercy, "but never a layman!"

"My father was a parson, as good as any layman. He would have laid me on my back in a moment—here as I stand!" said Alistar, drawing himself to his height.

He broke suddenly into Gaelic, addressing the more troublesome of the bulis. No better pleased to stand still than to go on.

he had fallen to digging at his neighbor who retorted with the horn convenient, and presently there was a great mixing of bull and harness and cloddy earth. Turning quickly towards them, Alister dropped a rein. In a moment the plough was out of the furrow, and the bulls were straining every muscle, each to send the other into the wilds of the unseen creation. Alister sprang to their heads, and taking them by their noses forced them back into the line of the furrow. Christina thinking they had broken loose, fled; but there was Mercy with the reins, hauling with all her might!

"Thank you, thank you!" said the laird, laughing with pleasure. "You are a friend indeed!"

"Mercy! Mercy! come away," cried Christina.

But Mercy did not heed her. The laird took the reins, and administering a blow each to the animals, made them stand still.

There are tender-hearted people who virtually object to the whole scheme of creation; they would neither have force used nor pain suffered; they talk as if kindness could do everything, even where it is not felt. Millions of human beings but for suffering would never develop an atom of affection. The man who would spare due suffering is not wise. Because a thing is unpleasant, it is folly to conclude it ought not to be. There are powers to be born, creations to be perfected, sinners to be redeemed, through the ministry of pain, to be born, perfected, redeemed, in no other way. But Christina was neither wise nor unwise after such fashion. She was annoyed at finding the laird not easily to be brought to her feet, and Mercy already advanced to his good graces. She was not jealous of Mercy, for was she not beautiful and Mercy plain? but Mercy had by her *pluck* obtained an advantage, and the handsome ploughman looked at her admiringly! Partly therefore because she was not pleased with him, partly that she thought a little out-cry would be telling, she cried out,

"Oh, you wicked man! you are hurting the poor brutes!"

"No more than is necessary," he answered.

"You are cruel!"

"Good morning, ladies."

He just managed to take off his bonnet, for the four-legged explosions at the end of his plough were pulling madly. He slackened his reins, and away it went, like a sharp knife through a Dutch cheese.

"You've made him quite cross!" said Mercy.

"What a brute of a man!" said Christina.

She never restrained herself from teasing cat or puppy, did not mind hurting it a little even, for her amusement. Those capable of distinguishing between the qualities of resembling actions are few. There are some who will regard Alister as capable of vivisection.

On one occasion when the brothers were boys, Alister having lost his temper in the pursuit of a runaway pony, fell upon it with his fists the moment he caught it. Ian put himself between, and received, without word or motion, more than one blow meant for the pony.

"Donal was only in fun," he said as soon as Alister's anger had spent itself. "Father would never have punished him like that!"

Alister was ashamed, and never again was

guilty of such an outbreak. From that moment, indeed, he began the serious endeavor to subjugate the pig, tiger, mule, or whatever animal he found in himself. There remained, however, this difference between them—that Alister punished without compunction, while Ian was sorely troubled at having to cause any suffering.

CHAPTER XI.

The Fir-Grove.

As the ladies went up the ridge, regarded in the neighborhood as the chief's pleasure-ground where nobody went except to call upon the chief, they must, having mounted it lower down than where they descended, pass the cottage. The grove of birch, mountain-ash, and fir, which surrounded it, was planted quite irregularly, and a narrow foot-path went winding through it to the door. Against one of the firs was a rough bench, turned to the west, and seated upon it they saw Ian, smoking a formless mass of much deflated sea-foam, otherwise *meerschamun*. He rose, uncovered, and sat down again. But Christina, who regarded it as a praiseworthy kindness to address any one beneath her, not only returned his salutation, but stopped, and said,

"Good morning! We have been learning how they plough in Scotland, but I fear we annoyed the ploughman."

"Fergus does sometimes look surly," said Ian, rising again, and going to her; "he has had rheumatism, poor fellow! And then he can't speak a word of English, and is ashamed of it!"

"The man we saw spoke English very well. Is Fergus your brother's name?"

"No; my brother's name is Alister—that is Gaelic for Alexander."

"He was ploughing with two wild little oxen, and could hardly manage them."

"Then it must have been Alister—only, excuse me, he could manage them perfectly. Alister could break a pair of buffaloes."

"He seemed rather vexed, and I thought it might be that we made the creatures troublesome—I do not mean he was rude—only a little rough to us."

Ian smiled, and waited for more.

"He did not like to be told he was hard on the animals. I only said the poor things did not know better!"

"Ah—I see!—He understands animals so well, he doesn't like to be meddled with in his management of them. If they didn't know better, I daresay he told you he had to teach them better. They are troublesome little wretches. Yes; I confess he is a little touchy about animals!"

Somewhat Christina felt herself rebuked, and did not like it. He had almost told her that, if she had quarrelled with his ploughman-brother, the fault must be hers!

"But indeed, Captain Macruadh," she said—for the people called him captain, "I am not ignorant about animals! We have horses of our own, and know all about them.—Don't we, Mercy?"

"Yes," said Mercy; "they take apples and sugar from our hands."

"And you would have the chief's bulls tamed with apples and sugar!" said Ian, laughing. "But the horses were tamed before ever you saw them! If you had taken them wild, or even when they were foals, and taught them everything, then you would know a little about them. An acquaintance is not a friendship! My brother

loves animals and understands them almost like human beings; he understands them better than some human beings, for the most cunning of the animals are yet simple. He knows what they are thinking when I cannot read a word of their faces. I remember one terrible night, winters ago—there had been a blinding drift on and off during the day—and my father and mother were getting anxious about him—how he came staggering in, and fell on the floor, and a great lump in his plaid on his back began to wallow about, and out crept his big colly! They had been to the hills to look after a few sheep, and the poor dog was exhausted, and Alister carried him home at the risk of his life."

"A valuable animal, I suppose!" said Christina.

"He had been, but was no more what the world calls valuable. He was an old dog almost past work—but the wisest creature I poor fellow, he never recovered that day on the hills! A week or so after, we buried him—in the hope of a blessed resurrection," added Ian, with a smile.

The girls looked at each other as much as to say, "Good heavens!" He caught the look, but said nothing, for he saw they had "no understanding."

The brothers believed most devoutly that the God who is present at the death-bed of the sparrow does not forget the sparrow when he is dead; for they had been taught that He is an unchanging God; "and," argued Ian, "what God remembers, He thinks of, and what He thinks of, *is*." But Ian knew that what misses the heart falls under the feet. A man is bound to *share* his best, not to tumble his *seed-pearls* into the feeding-trough, to break the teeth of them that are there at meat. He had but lifted a corner to give them a glimpse of the Life eternal, and the girls thought him ridiculous! The human caterpillar that has not yet even begun to sicken with the growth of her psyche-wings, is among the poorest of the human animals!

But Christina was not going to give in! Her one idea of the glory of life was the subjugation of men. As if moved by a sudden impulse, she went close up to him.

"Do not be angry with me," she said, almost coaxingly, but with a visible mingling of boldness and shyness, neither of them quite assumed; for, though conscious of her boldness, she was not frightened; and there was something in the eagle-face that made it easy to look shy. "I did not mean to be rude. I am sorry."

"You mistake me," he said gently. "I only wanted you to know you misjudged my brother."

"Then, if you have forgiven me, you will let me sit for a few minutes! I am so tired with walking in the sticky earth!"

"Do, pray, sit down," responded Ian heartily, and led the way to the bench.

But she sank gracefully at the foot of the next fir, while Mercy sat down on the bench.

"Do go on with your pipe," she said, looking up as she arranged her dress; "I am quite used to smoke. Papa would smoke in church if he dared!"

"Christy! You know he never smokes in the drawing-room!" cried Mercy, scandalized.

"I have seen him—when mamma was away."

Ian began to be a little more interested in the plain one. But what must his mother think to see them sitting there together! He could not help it; if ladies chose to sit down, it was not for him to forbid them! And there was a glimmer of conscience in the younger!

Most men believe only what they find or imagine possible to themselves. They may be sure of this, that there are men so different from them that no judgment they pass upon them is worth a straw, simply because it does not apply to them. I assert of Ian that neither beauty nor intellect attracted him. Imagination would entice him, but the least lack of principle would arrest its influence. The simplest manifestation of a live conscience would draw him more than anything else. I do not mean the conscience that proposes questions, but the conscience that loves right and turns from wrong.

Notwithstanding the damsel's invitation, he did not resume his pipe. He was simple, but not free and easy—too sensitive to the relations of life to be familiar upon invitation with any girl. If she was not one with whom to hold real converse, it was impossible to hlow dandelions with her, and talk must confine itself to the commonplace. After gentlest assays to know what was possible, the result might be that he grew courteously playful, or drew back, and confined himself to the formal.

In the conversation that followed, he soon found the younger capable of being interested, and having seen much in many parts of the world, had plenty to tell her. Christina smiled sweetly, taking everything with over-gentle politeness, but looking as if all that interested her was, that there they were, talking about it. Provoked at last by her persistent lack of genuine reception, Ian was tempted to try her with something different; perhaps she might be moved to horror. Any feeling would be a find! He thought he would tell them an adventure he had read in a book of travels.

In Persia, alone in a fine moonlight night, the traveller had fallen asleep on his horse, but awoke suddenly, roused by something frightful, he did not know what. The evil odor all about him explained, however, his bewilderment and terror. Presently he was bumped on this side, then bumped on that; first one knee, then the other, would be struck; now the calf of one leg was caught, now the calf of the other; then both would be caught at once, and he shoved nearly over his pommel. His horse was very uneasy, but could ill help himself in the midst of a moving mass of uncertain objects. The traveller for a moment imagined himself in a boat on the sea, with a huge quantity of wrecked cargo floating around him, whence came the frequent collisions he was undergoing; but he soon perceived that the vague shapes were boxes, pannierwise on the backs of mules, moving in caravan along the desert. Of not a few the lids were broken, of some gone altogether, revealing their contents—the bodies of good Mussulmans, on their way to the consecrated soil of Mecca for burial. Carelessly shambled the mules along, stumbling as they joggled over the uneven ground, their boxes tilting from side to side, sorely shaken, some of them, in frustration of dying hopes, scattering their contents over the track—for here and there a mule car-

ried but a wreck of his wooden panniers. On and on over the rough gravelly waste, under the dead cold moon, weltered the slow stream of death!

"You may be sure," concluded Ian, "he made haste out of the ruck! But it was with difficulty he got clear, happily to windward—then for an hour sat motionless on his horse, watching through the moonlight the long dark shadow flitting toward its far-off goal. When at length he could no longer descry it, he put his horse to his speed—but not to overtake it."

As he spoke, Mercy's eyes grew larger and larger, never leaving his face. She had at least imagination enough for that! Christina curled her pretty lip, and looked disgusted. The one at a horrible tale was horrified; the other merely disgusted! The one showed herself capable of some reception; the other did not.

"Something might be done with that girl!" thought Ian.

"Did he see their faces?" drawled Christina.

Mercy was silent, but her eyes remained fixed on him. It was Ian's telling, more than the story, impressed her.

"I don't think he mentions them," answered Ian. "But shall I tell you," he went on, "what seems to me the most unpleasant thing about the business?"

"Do," said Christina.

"I think it must be for the poor ghosts to see such a disagreeable fuss made with their old clothes."

Christina smiled.

"Do you think ghosts see what goes on after they are dead?" asked Mercy.

"The ghosts are not dead," said Ian, "and I can't tell. But I am inclined to think some ghosts have to stay a while and look on."

"What would be the good of that?" returned Mercy.

"Perhaps to teach them the little good they were in, or got out of it," he answered. "To have to stick to a thing after it is dead, is terrible, but may teach much."

"I don't understand you," said Mercy.

"The world is not dead!"

"Better and better!" Ian thought with himself. "The girl can understand!—A thing is always dead to you when you have done with it," he answered her. "Suppose you had a ball-dress crumpled and unsightly—the rows on it withered, and the tinsel shining hideously through them—would not the dress be a dead dress?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then suppose, for something you had done, or for something you would not stop doing, you had to wear that ball-dress till something came about—you would be like the ghosts that cannot get away.—Suppose, when you were old and wrinkled,—"

"You are very amusing, Captain Macrurdh!" said Christina, with a bell-like laugh. But Ian went on.

"Some stories tell us of ghosts with the same old wrinkled faces in which their bodies died. The world and its uses over, they are compelled to haunt it still, seeing how things go, but taking no share in them, beholding the relief their death is to all, feeling they have lost their chance of beauty, and are fixed in ugliness, having wasted being itself! They are like a man in a miserable dream, in which he can do nothing, but in which he must stay, and go

dreaming dreaming on without hope of release. To be in a world and have nothing to do with it must be awful! A little more imagination would do some people good!"

"No, please!—no more for me!" said Christina, laughing as she rose.

Mercy was silent. Though she had never really thought about anything herself, she did not doubt that certain people were in earnest about something. She knew that she ought to be good, and she knew she was not good; how to be good she did not know, for she had never set herself to be good. She sometimes wished she were good; but there are thousands of wandering ghosts who would be good if they might without taking trouble: the kind of goodness they desire would not be worth a life to hold it.

Fear is a wholesome element in the human economy; they are merely silly who would banish it from all association with religion. True, there is no religion in fear; religion is love, and love casts out fear; but until a man has love, it is well he should have fear. So long as there are wild beasts about, it is better to be afraid than secure.

The vague awe ready to assail every soul that has not found rest in its source, reader the more honest the soul, has for the first time laid hold of Mercy. The earnest face of the speaker had most to do with it. She had never heard anybody talk like that!

The lady of the house appeared, with kind dignity, asking if they would not take some refreshment: to a highlander hospitality is a law where not a passion. Christina declined the offer.

"Thanks! we were only a little tired," she said, "and are quite rested now. How beautifully sheltered your house is!"

"On the side of the sea, yes," answered Mrs. Macrurdh; "but not much on the east where we want it most. The trees are growing, however!"

When the sisters were out of sight of the cottage—

"Well!" remarked Christina, "he's a nice young man, is he not? Exceedingly well bred! And what taste he has! He knows how to amuse ladies!"

Mercy did not answer.

"I never heard anything so disgusting!" added Christina.

"But," suggested Mercy, "you like to read horrid stories, Chrissy! You said so yesterday! And there was nothing in what he told us that oughtn't to be spoken about."

"What!—not those hideous coffins—and the bodies dropping out of them—all crawling, no doubt?"

"That is your own, Chrissy! You know he did not go so far as that! If Colonel Webberly had told you the story, you would have called it charming—in fun, of course, I mean!"

But Christina never liked the *argumentum ad feminam*.

"I would not! You know I would not!" she exclaimed. "I do believe the girl has fallen in love with the horrid man! Of the two, I declare, I like the ploughman better. I am sorry I happened to vex him; he is a good stupid sort of fellow! I can't bear this man! How horribly he fixed his eyes on you when he was talking that rubbish about the ball-dress!"

"He was anxious to make himself under-

stood. I know he made me think I must mind what I was about!"

"Oh, nonsense! We didn't come into this wilderness to be preached to by a lay John the Baptist! He is an ill-bred fellow!" She would not have said so much against him, had not Mercy taken his part.

Mercy rarely contradicted her sister, but even this brief passage with a real man had roused the justice in her.

"I don't agree with you, Chrissy," she said. "He seems to me very much of a gentleman!"

She did not venture to say all she felt, not choosing to be at absolute variance with her sister, and the threatened quarrel blew over like a shower in spring.

But some sort of impression remained from the words of Ian on the mind of Mercy, for, the next morning she read a chapter in the book of Genesis, and said a prayer her mother had taught her.

CHAPTER XII.

Among the Hills.

When Mr. and Mrs. Palmer reached Inverness, they found they could spend a few days there, one way and another, to good purpose, for they had friends to visit as well as shopping to do. Mr. Palmer's affairs calling him to the south were not immediately pressing, and their sojourn extended itself to a full week of eight days, during which the girls were under no rule but their own. Their parents regarded them as perfectly to be trusted, nor were the girls aware of any reason why they should not be so regarded.

The window of Christina's bedroom overlooked a part of the road between the New House and the old castle; and she could see from it all the ridge as far as the grove that concealed the cottage; if now they saw more of the young men their neighbors, and were led farther into the wilds, thickets, or pasturage of their acquaintance, I cannot say she had no hand in it.

She was depressed by a keen sense of failure; the boor, as she called him, was much too thick-skinned for any society but that of his bulls! and she had made no progress with the Valentine any more than with the Orson; he was better pleased with her ugly sister than with her own beautiful self!

She would have given neither of the men another thought, but that there was no one else with whom to do any of that huckster business called flirting, which to her had just enough harm in it to make it interesting. Life without it would be a waste! She was one of those who can imagine no beauty or enjoyment in a thing altogether right. She took it for granted that had and beautiful were often one; that all the pleasures of the world owed their delight to a touch, a wash, a tincture of the wicked in them. Such have in themselves so many crooked lines that they fancy nature laid down on lines of crookedness. They think the obliquity the beauty of the campanile, the blurring the charm of the sketch.

I tread on delicate ground—ground which, alas! many girls tread boldly, scattering much feather-bloom from the wings of poor Psyche, gathering for her hoards of unlovely memories, and sowing the seed of many a wish that they had done differently. They cannot pass over such ground and escape having their nature more or less vulgarized. I do not speak of anything counted wicked,

but of gambling with the precious and lovely things of the deepest human relation. If a girl with such an experience marry a man she loves—with what power of loving may be left such a one—will she not now and then remember something it would be joy to discover she had but dreamed? will she be able always to forget certain cabinets in her brain which "it would not do" to throw open to the husband who thinks her simple as well as innocent? Honesty and truth, God's essentials, are perhaps more lacking in ordinary intercourse between young men and women than anywhere else. Greed and selfishness are as busy there as in money-making and ambition. Thousands on both sides are constantly seeking more than their share—more also than they even intend to return value for. Thousands of girls have been made sad for life by the speeches of a man careful all the time to say nothing that amounted to a pledge! I do not forget that many a woman who would otherwise have been worth little, has for her sorrow found such consolation that she has become rich before God; these words hold nevertheless:—"It must needs be that do offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

On a morning two days later, Christina called Mercy, rather imperiously, to get ready at once for their usual walk. She obeyed, and they set out. Christina declared she was perishing with cold, and they walked fast. By and by they saw on the road before them the two brothers walking slow; one was reading, the other listening. When they came nearer they descried in Alister's hand a manuscript volume; Ian carried an old-fashioned fowling-piece. It was a hard frost, which was perhaps the cause of Alister's leisure so early in the day.

Hearing the light steps of the girls behind them the men turned. The laird was the first to speak. The plough and the fierce bulls not there to bewilder their judgment, the young women immediately discovered their perception in the matter of breelling to be less infallible than they had imagined it: no well-bred woman could for a moment doubt the man before them as a gentleman—though his carriage was more courteous and more natural than is often seen in a Mayfair drawing-room, and his English a little old-fashioned. Ian was at once more like and more unlike other people. His manner was equally courteous, but notably stiffer; he was as much at his ease, but more reserved. To use a figure, he did not step out so far to meet them. They walked on together.

"You are a little earlier than usual this morning, ladies!" remarked the chief.

"How do you know that, Mr. Macruadh?" rejoined Christina.

"I often see you pass—and till now always at the same hour."

"And yet we have never met before!"

"The busy and the"—he hesitated a moment—"unbusy seldom meet," said the chief.

"Why don't you say *the idle*," suggested Christina.

"Because that would be rude."

"Why would it be rude? Most people, I suppose, are more idle than busy!"

"Idle is a word of blame; I had no right to use it."

"I should have taken you for one of those who always speak their minds."

"I hope I do, when it is required, and I have any to speak."

"You prefer judging with closed doors!" The chief was silent; he did not understand her. Did she want him to say he did not think them idle? Or, if they were, that they were quite right?

"I think it hard," resumed Christina, with a tone of injury, almost of suffering, in her voice, "that we should be friendly and open with people, and they all the time thinking of us in a way it would be rude to tell us! It is enough to make one vow never to speak to—anybody again!"

Alister turned and looked at her. What could she mean?

"You can't think it hard," he said, "that people should not tell you what they think of you the moment they first see you!"

"They might at least tell us what they mean by calling us idle!"

"I said *not busy*."

"Is every body to blame that is idle?" persisted Christina.

"Perhaps my brother will answer you that question," said Alister.

"If my brother and I tell you honestly what we thought of you when first we saw you," said Ian, "will you tell us honestly what you thought of us?"

The girls cast an involuntary glance at each other, and when their eyes met, could not keep them from looking conscious. A twitching also at the corners of Mercy's mouth, showed they had been saying more than they would care to be cross-questioned upon.

"Ah, you betray yourselves, ladies!" Ian said. "It is all very well to challenge us, but you are not prepared to lead the way!"

"Girls are never allowed to lead!" said Christina. "The men are down on them the moment they dare!"

"I am not that way inclined," answered Ian. "If man or woman lead for anything, success will justify the leader. I will propose another thing!"

"What is it?" asked Christina.

"To agree that, when we are about to part, with no probability of meeting again in this world, we shall speak out plainly what we think of each other!"

"But that will be such a time!" said Christina.

"In a world that turns quite round every twenty four hours, it may be a very short time!"

"We shall be coming every summer, though I hope not to stay through another winter!"

"Changes come when they are least expected!"

"We cannot know," said Alister, "that we shall never meet again!"

"There the probabilities will be enough!"

"But how can we come to a better—I mean a *fairer* opinion of each other, when we meet so seldom?" asked Mercy, innocently.

"This is only the second time they have met, and already we are not quite strangers!" said Christina.

"On the other hand," said Alister, "we have been within call for more than two months, and this is our second meeting!"

"Well, who has not called?" said Christina.

The young men were silent. They did not care to discuss the question as to which mother was to blame in the matter. They

were now in the bottom of the valley, had left the road, and were going up the side of the burn, often in single file, Alister leading, and Ian bringing up the rear, for the valley was thickly strewn with lumps of gray rock, of all shapes and sizes. They seemed to have rolled down the hill on the other side of the burn, but there was no sign of their origin: the hill was covered with grass below, and with heather above. Such was the winding of the way among the stones—for path there was none—that again and again no one of them could see another. The girls felt the strangeness of it, and began to experience, without knowing it, a little of the power of solitary places.

After walking thus for some distance, they found their leader halted.

"Here we have to cross the burn," he said, "and go a long way up the other side."

"You want to be rid of us!" said Christina.

"By no means," replied Alister. "We are delighted to have you with us. But we must not let you get tired before turning to go back."

"If you really do not mind, we should like to go a good deal farther. I want to see round the turn there, where another hill comes from behind and closes up the view. We haven't anybody to go with us, and have seen nothing of the country. The men won't take us shooting; and mamma is always so afraid we will lose ourselves, or fall down a few precipices, or get into a bog, or be eaten by wild beasts!"

"If [this frost last, we shall have time to show you something of it. I see you can walk!"

"We can walk well enough, and should so like to get to the top of a mountain!"

"For the crossing then!" said Alister, and turning to the burn, jumped and jumped it, as if to let them see how to do it.

The bed of the stream was at the spot narrowed by two rocks, so that, though there was little of it, the water went through with a roar, and a force to take a man off his legs. It was too wide for the ladies, and they stood eyeing it with dismay, fearing an end to their walk and the pleasant companionship.

"Do not be frightened, ladies," said Alister; "it is not too wide for you."

"You have the advantage of us in your dress!" said Christina.

"I will get you over quite safe," returned the chief.

Christina looked as if she could not trust herself to him.

"I will try," said Mercy.

"Jump high," answered Alister, as he sprang again to the other side, and held out his hand across the chasm.

"I can neither jump high nor far!" said Mercy.

"Don't be in a hurry. I will take you—no, not by the hand; that might slip—but by the wrist. Do not think how far you can jump; all you have to do is to jump. Only jump as high as you can."

Mercy could not help feeling frightened—the water rushed so fast and loud below.

"Are you sure you can get me over?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then I will jump."

She sprang, and Alister, with a strong pull on her arm, landed her easily.

"It is your turn now," he said, addressing Christina.

She was rather white, but tried to laugh.

"I—I—I don't think I can!" she said.

"It is really nothing," persuaded the chief.

"I am sorry to be a coward, but I fear I was born one."

"Some feelings nobody can help," said Ian, "but nobody need give way to them. One of the bravest men I ever knew would always start aside if the meanest little cur in the street came larking at him; and yet on one occasion when the people were running in all directions, he took a mad dog by the throat, and held him. Come, Alister! you take her by one arm and I will take her by the other."

The chief sprang to her side, and the moment she felt the grasp of the two men, she had the needful courage. The three jumped together, and were presently walking merrily along the other bank, over the same kind of ground, and in the same order—Ian bringing up the rear.

The ladies were startled by a gun going off close behind them.

"I beg your pardon," said Ian, "but I could not let the rascal go."

"What have you killed?" asked his brother.

"Only one of my own family—a red-haired fellow!" answered Ian, leaving the path and going up the hill.

The girls looked, but saw nothing, and following him a few yards, came to him behind a stone.

"Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed Christina, with horror in her tone, "it's a fox!—Is it possible you have shot a fox?"

The men laughed.

"And why not?" asked Alister, as if he had no idea what she could mean. "Is the fox a sacred animal in the south?"

"It's worse than poaching!" she cried.

"Hardly!" returned Alister. "No doubt you may get a good deal of fun out of Reynard, but you can't make game of him! Why—you look as if you had lost a friend! I admire his intellect, but we can't afford to feed it on chickens and lambs."

"But to shoot him!"

"Why not? We do not respect him here. He is a rascal, to be sure, but then he has no money, and consequently no friends!"

"He has many friends! What would Christian or Mr. Sercombe say to shooting, actually shooting a fox!"

"You treat him as if he were red gold!" said the chief. "We build temples neither to Reynard or Mammon here. In the south they seem to worship both!"

"Oh, no, they don't!" said Mercy.

"That is only what poor people say!"

"Do they not respect the rich man because he is rich, and look down on the poor man because he is poor?" said Ian. "Though the rich man be a wretch, they think him grand; though the poor man be like Jesus Christ, they pity him!"

"And shouldn't the poor be pitied?" said Christina.

"Not except they need pity."

"Is it not pitiable to be poor?"

"By no means. It is pitiable to be wretched—and that, I venture to suspect, the rich are oftener than the poor.—But as to master Reynard there—instead of shooting him, what would you have had us do with him?"

"Hunt him, to be sure."

"Would he like that better?"

"What he would like is not the question.

The sport is the thing."

"That will show you why he is not scared here: we do not hunt him. It would be impossible to hunt this country; you could not ride the ground. Besides, there are such multitudes of holes, the bounds would scarcely have a chance. No; and the only dog to send after the fellow is a leaden one."

"There's another!" exclaimed the chief—"there! sneaking away!—and your gun not loaded, Ian!"

"I'm so glad!" said Christina. "He at least will escape you!"

"And some poor lamb in the spring won't escape him!" returned Alister.

"Lambs are meant to be eaten!" said Christina.

"Yes; but a lamb might think it hard to feed such a creature!"

"If the fox is of no good in the world," said Mercy, "why was he made?"

"He can't be of no good," answered the chief. "What if some things are, just that we may get rid of them?"

"Could they be made just to be got rid of?"

"I said—that we might get rid of them: there is all the difference in that. The very first thing men had to do in the world was to fight beasts."

"I think I see what you mean," said Mercy: "if there had been no wild beasts to fight with, men would never have grown able for much!"

"That is it," said Alister. "They were awful beasts! and they had poor weapons to fight them with—neither guns nor knives!"

"And who knows," suggested Ian, "what good it may be to the fox himself to make the best of a greedy life!"

"But what is the good to us of talking about such things?" said Christina.

"They're not interesting!"

The remark silenced the brothers: were indeed could be used without interest?

But Mercy, though she could hardly have said she found the conversation very interesting, felt there was something in the men that cared to talk about such things, that must be interesting if she could only get at it. They were not like any other men she had met?

Christina's whole interest in men was the admiration she looked for and was sure of receiving from them. Mercy had hitherto found their company stupid.

(To be continued.)

To acknowledge an error is to confess oneself wiser than he was. To do so to man is a noble; to humble oneself before God is sublime. The penitent and the impenitent sinner are the clauses into which it is of the most value to divide mankind. On the one side hardness, on the other softness of heart. To the one is turned God's face as a flint, to the other His countenance as that of a tender father. If the wicked man will but reverse the stylus with which he writes his biography in the Great Book, he may be sure that angels will drop tears over the erasures, and God will no longer brim but smile, such is the comfort of the Promise. But confession must always precede forgiveness. It is manly and womanly, and God demands it of men and women, as only a natural condition precedent.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, NEW YORK.

The Church of the Holy Communion of the City of New York has the high honor of having been founded by the distinguished Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. Its history dates from the year 1846. Most parishes develop by slow degrees, advancing in the form and methods of their Church life; this one, through the foresight of Dr. Muhlenberg, started at once in a mode of activity to which others have come only by many steps. The Church of the Holy Communion was the first free church in this country, the first to have daily Morning and Evening Prayer, the first to have the Holy Communion weekly, the first to have early Christmas and Easter celebrations, the first to decorate the chancel with flowers on festival days, the first to establish a boy choir, the first in the whole English speaking Church to introduce a sisterhood, for its sisterhood antedates those of England. All these now common features of a large and active city parish were started here by Dr. Muhlenberg. St. Luke's Hospital was also a child of his mind and heart.

The present rector of this interesting parish, the Rev. Henry Mottet, was born in Stuttgart, Germany, May 20, 1845. The family were originally French Huguenots. One branch came over and settled in New Rochelle, N. Y., another migrated to Port Royal, S. C., and the third, to which the subject of our sketch belongs, took residence in Switzerland. Mr. Mottet's father was connected with the Swiss embassy to Germany, and it was during the temporary stay of his parents there on this service that he was born in Stuttgart.

At the age of nine he came to the United States. His preparatory education was received at the New York Grammar School No. 33, from which he passed to the College of the City of New York, where he was graduated in 1869. For five years he was engaged in teaching in the public schools of the city. At the expiration of this period he entered the General Theological Seminary passing the junior as well as the entrance examinations, and beginning at middle year, by which he was able to be graduated after a course of two years' duration.

While a student in the seminary he assisted the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg as a licensed lay-reader, and on graduation, being in the deacon's order, he became the recognized assistant in the parish, and continued in this relation under the ministry of the much-beloved Rev. Dr. Francis E. Lawrence, Dr. Muhlenberg's successor. Mr. Mottet is in person spare, wiry and active in temperament, deeply in earnest, and in manner kind and affectionate. His qualities of character endeared him to the people, and on the death of Dr. Lawrence, in 1879, he was elected rector. This election was significant of the affection and confidence which he had already won. The Church of the Holy Communion has instead of a vestry a board

of trustees. In electing a rector notice is given on three successive Sundays designating time and place where the congregation can express their wish by nomination. In this instance there were three nominees, two of whom received one vote each, and Mr. Mottet all the rest. He was therefore chosen unanimously by the board of trustees.

The flourishing condition of the parish fully justifies the wisdom of this selection. For the year 1883 the voluntary contributions for all purposes amounted to over \$33,000, which was fully one-fifth more than the highest receipts that had ever been reached in the parish until then; but in 1884 the receipts went far beyond this, reaching a total of \$48,211.19. It is peculiar to this church that its work is entirely one of faith. No pledges are exacted, and no appeals made. Facts only are stated, and the truth is left to make its impression on the hearts of the people. As an instance, on

hundred and seventy are received during three months. This Summer Home is in Westchester County and comprises, besides buildings, ninety-five acres of ground.

Of several of these organizations a few additional words are important. The dispensary is the first established in this city, and is of excellent service in furnishing medicine and medical attendance to needy parishioners. The Sisters' House was erected by the late Mr. and Mrs. John H. Swift to the memory of their daughter, Virginia Swift. It is used as a home for the "Sisterhood of the Holy Communion," and for the lay workers who are in charge of the Home for the Aged and the Babies' Shelter. The Training School for Servants has recently been organized. The girls, particularly orphans, who are in preparation for domestic service, have also their residence in the Sisters' House, and are expected while there to assist in the care of the parish charities, the instruction being designed to lead them to become intelligent, self-supporting Christian women. On Sundays the first floor of the house is occupied by Bible Classes, and on week-day evenings by Mothers' Meetings and a Working Girls' Club. This house, which has been thoroughly renovated and re-furnished, during the past summer, depends almost entirely upon donations in order to support its work and provide for its inmates. An account of the re-opening of it and of the Babies' Shelter by the assistant-bishop of the diocese with appropriate services appears elsewhere in our columns.

Very helpful toward this gratifying success is the enthusiasm with which all, old and young, rich and poor, take hold of these various departments of church activity. This spirit pervades the Sunday School which in one year was instrumental in raising for the Babies' Shelter over five thousand dollars. This general participation in the work protects all interests, and thus they are not dependent on the devotion and care of a few individuals only.

The rector and the parish of the Holy Communion prepared for the Advent Mission with many vigorous measures. Eight thousand copies of the "Missioners' Prayer" were circulated in a quiet personal way; notices of services were widely spread; the heads of the principal business establishments were seen and their promise obtained to arrange for the attendance of their employees, and these latter were affectionately invited.

It is often easier to make great sacrifices than little ones, to right some great wrong than to prevent a multitude of small ones. It is easier to do battle for a grand idea than to give up a prejudice, to establish a man's right to citizenship than to respect in silence his right to dress as he pleases. Yet it is the little things of life that contribute most largely to its fret and worry, or to its peace and gladness; and he who possesses the true spirit of conciliation knows that no right is to be respected, no kindness too trifling to be rendered, no part of life too insignificant to command consideration.



THE REV. HENRY MOTTET.—(Photographed by Rockwood.)

the first Sunday of 1885 the rector, in reviewing the field of parish work, threw out suggestions as to how important and needed advance could be made in benevolent effort. As a result, within that same week offers of financial support in the direction which had been set forth came in to the aggregate of \$12,000.

The Church of the Holy Communion has nine hundred enrolled communicants, seven hundred members in its Sunday-school, and three hundred and fifty in its Industrial school. It has a great number of parochial organizations covering all the usual objects of charitable work, and besides these a Dispensary, a Sisters' House, a Home for Aged Women with twenty-six inmates, a Shelter for Respectable girls, and Training School for Servants having fifteen inmates, a Babies' Shelter with twenty-four inmates, a Working Men's Club numbering two hundred and thirty members, and a Summer Home for the poor, where an average of one

"MAKE THOU ALL HIS BED IN HIS SICKNESS."

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOTL.

Tossing restless on his pillow
Through the long, long, weary night,
Lies the sick man, watching sadly
For the blessed morning light.
All the pleasant things that pleased him
Vanished from his daily life,
Knowing that the new day brings him
Only weakness for the strife.

What was once a couch of comfort
Turned into a bed of pain.
Tender touch of wife or mother
Tries to soothe it, but in vain.
So we turn to Him whose presence
All the dark as light doth make,
For His angels guard the sleeping,
While He stays with those who wake.*

And we ask that from this pillow
He will take the thorns away,
Make this bed of restless anguish
Soft as faith and patience may,
Teach the lessons that are needed,
Still the doubts, the love inflame,
Shield him while he lies there helpless,
Raise him up to praise His name.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY THE REV. J. I. MOMBERT, D. D.

Much has been said and written of the catacombs, those standing monuments of the character and genius of primitive Christianity in western Europe, but excepting the instructive and fascinating pages of the slender volume, entitled "Christian Institutes," from the gifted pen of my sainted examiner and friend, the late Dean Stanley, I cannot recall any book in Christian literature which deals with the subject so comprehensively, and indicates so clearly, graphically, and, I may add, poetically, its vast and many-sided bearing and interest.

Foremost, and of constant recurrence in those chambers of the dead, inscribed with the prevailing thoughts uppermost in the minds of Christian mourners, and ornamented with the symbols expressive of their thought, their feelings, and their faith, is the figure of the Good Shepherd. That figure, now, I rejoice to think, restored to the prominence given to it in primitive Christianity, not only in the catacombs of Rome, but in primitive Christian literature, is perhaps the most expressive of all Christian symbols.

Before I take up this thought, the allusion just made to early Christian literature, deserves a brief expansion. I refer to a book, unquestionably the product of the second century, which for several centuries enjoyed a popularity, continuous with Christendom, extending from the shores of Italy, throughout the lands washed by the Mediterranean, to the remote regions of Abyssinia, and excelled in modern times only by Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." I mean the "Shepherd of Hermas," which, though often bound up with the Scriptures, and regarded as inspired, was never raised to the dignity and authority of a canonical book. That part of the allegory, from which its title is derived, bears upon the matter in hand, and runs thus:

"After I had been praying at home, and had sat down on my couch, there entered a

* The Disciples.

man glorious in appearance, dressed like a shepherd, with a white goat's skin, a wallet on his shoulders, and a staff in his hand, and saluted me. I returned his salutation, and forthwith he sat down beside me, and said unto me, 'I have been sent by a most venerable angel to dwell with thee the remaining days of thy life.' I thought he had come to tempt me, and said unto him: 'Who art thou? For I know unto whom I am committed.' He said unto me: 'Dost thou not know me?' 'No,' said I. Then he said: 'I am that shepherd to whom thou art committed.' Whilst he was yet speaking, his figure was changed, and then I knew that it was he to whom I had been committed; I became confused, fear took hold of me, and was utterly overwhelmed with grief for having spoken so foolishly unto him. He said unto me: 'Be not confounded, but receive strength in thy mind from the commandments which I am about to give unto thee. For I have been sent,' said he, 'to show again unto thee all those things which thou hast seen before, especially those which are most profitable unto thee. First of all, then, write down my commandments and similitudes, and the other things put down as I shall show thee. For I bid thee write the commandments and similitudes first, that thou mayest the more easily read and keep them.'

Then I wrote down the commandments and similitudes, even as he bade me. Which things, if when ye have heard them, ye shall keep and walk in them, and exercise with a pure mind, ye shall receive from the Lord all that He has promised unto you. But if, after having heard them, ye do not repent, continuing to add to your sins, then shall ye receive from the Lord adverse things. All these words did that Shepherd, the angel of repentance, command me to write."

From this remarkable extract we gather one idea of the popular Christianity of the earliest ages; from the catacombs we cull another. The figure of the Shepherd traced on their walls is that of a strong and beautiful youth, the crook, or the shepherd's pipe in one hand, a lamb laid on his shoulders, held with the other. We might almost fancy here a reminiscence of Grecian art, or at least a connection with the then still living, but now extinct religion of paganism. Why should this figure not be the representation of Hermes with the ram, or of Apollo playing with his pipes to the flocks of Admetus, especially since in one of these delineations the figure of the Shepherd is surrounded by the Three Graces? We may admit, I think, that the pagan mythology, or, if the term be preferred, pagan poetry, did in this instance supply the beautiful youth. For beauty and goodness were indissolubly connected and united in the classic mind; one word expressed both, the beautiful was good, and the good was beautiful; and thus, I imagine, it came to pass when the early Christians read in St. Luke's Gospel the parable of the lost sheep, of the Good Shepherd going after the stray sheep, and having found it, carrying it home on his shoulders rejoicing, and in St. John's Gospel the words in which Jesus, so touchingly, so lovingly, so beautifully explains why He is the Good Shepherd, in the simplicity of their faith and the strength of their warm affection, clothed the most beautiful ideal of perfect physical manhood with

the attribute of perfect moral manhood. They took the most beautiful man and invested him with the attribute of infinite love, exalting the Apollo of paganism into the beautiful figure of the Good Shepherd, radiant, happy, rejoicing. How far the instruction of Oriental teachers may have deepened or moulded that feeling, or rather the expression of it, we may not be able to indicate, but that the early preachers of the Gospel in their running comment on the passages of the evangelical record already referred to, did dwell on the courage and the love of the Palestinian shepherd, and pointed to the analogy of the Apennines we cannot doubt. The second idea, then, to be drawn from the figure of the Good Shepherd in the catacombs is that of love, true, broad, deep, Catholic love, filling the hearts and moulding the lives of the sainted and martyred dead, whose ashes lie or lay in that church among the dead.

This is especially clear from a striking departure from the ordinary and typical delineation of the figure of the Good Shepherd, carrying a lamb or surrounded by sheep in the attitude of meek docility, or sullen and unreasoning disregard with their faces turned away from Him. The departure is the substitution of a kid of the goats for a lamb of the fold. The cold indifference of the pagan world, the revolting and fanatical selfishness of the perverters of the Mosaic code, so scathingly rebuked by Christ, and the fierce bigotry of a man like Tertullian, uniting in the sentiment that the sheep, that is, the wealthy or distinguished mortals among the Gentiles, the chosen few of the house of Israel, or the chosen few in the Church were to be saved, and the rest of mankind, that is, the goats, were repudiated and doomed to perish—that was not the religion of the Christians who worshipped in the catacombs—they believed in the seeking love of Christ, and emphasized their belief in One who came to seek and to save that which was lost, in the touching representation of the Beautiful Good Shepherd who tenderly carries in His bosom a kid of the goats.

All honor and gratitude to the sainted dead, most of them uncanonized by ecclesiastical procedure, but exalted to a high place in the kingdom of heaven, who still proclaim to us what they felt, believed, and hoped for, and by those expressive symbols put to the blush the Pharisaic intolerance and bigotry, which still continues here and there.

There is yet another connection or association of the Good Shepherd which occurs to me as I write. I refer to the exquisite cartoon of Raphael, now in the South Kensington museum, which treats of the charge to St. Peter. It is one of the most interesting and touching creations of the genius of Raphael. I would call special attention to the fact seldom noticed, but doubtless connected with the Charge, and the working of the apostle's conscience, that the ideas of the Shepherd, the Pastor, and the pastoral relation stand out quite prominently in his first epistle. The Petrine idea, and, indeed, the idea of all the Catholic epistles, is the seeking love of Christ, anticipated, and certainly foretold, if not prefigured, in the Psalms, especially the twenty-third, and the touching concluding verse of the hundred and nineteenth. The Church of the Dispersion, the strangers scattered, etc., are the sheep of the house of Israel and the early

converts to Christianity. At one time all to whom he sent his epistle had been like sheep, straying, but found, recovered and restored to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

Again, who that recalls the conduct of Peter, and the solemn, tender, earnest admonition of the Lord, so emphatically repented, "Feed my sheep," "Feed my lambs," can doubt that the memory of those words lay in his mind, and was echoed in the exhortation: "The elders which are among you, I exhort, who am also an elder, . . . pasture the flock of God which is among you . . . not as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock. And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

St. Peter's example and faithful pastoring of the Church, attested by the evidence of the epistle, is a far nobler, truer and more beautiful illustration of the seeking love of a Christian bishop in the imitation of Christ, than the distorted, not historical, almost certainly mythical *Quo vadis* and inverted crucifixion, fabled in the Lives of the Saints, and books inspired by them.

MORE "WORDS OF COMFORT."

BY THE REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

"Having read your 'Words of Comfort' with much pleasure, I venture to beg that you will again write on the subject. If I could only believe that He will bow down His ear to me; or will He let me be like unto them that go down to the pit? I try hard not to give up in despair. Will He really comfort my heart? Hoping to hear from you through THE CHURCHMAN, etc."

Thus runs a letter from a total stranger, who only signs herself, "One who tries to hope and trust." I reply the best I can. Maybe, you have only the blues. If you have what we sometimes dignify with the name of doubts, let them alone, and like sparks in a blacksmith shop, they will go out of themselves. Indifference to them makes a good apron of leather. Or, push them off, as you do bones in eating fish—off on the edge of your plate. Bones for the body, doubts for the soul, make poor diet.

You write like a Churchwoman. Then act like one, live like one; and when the time comes, die like one. You may say in reply, "Oh, yes, but you have not my trials, nor yet my temperament, nor possibly my temptations." Granted. Still, my advice is sound, for all that. I know, too, that even in bravery is an admixture of fear, but it is not cowardice. Nor have I died yet, and therefore, perhaps I ought to be careful how I tell people how to do it. Addison sent for a fast earl and showed him how a Christian could die. And the martyrs. Still, if it be noble to die well, is it not nobler to live well? Live life well, do duty aright, and the blues will change color and beat a retreat. If you are a Churchwoman, you are well instructed in holy things, for, were even the pulpit faithless, the Church has not left herself without a witness in her book of Common Prayer, the reflex of her other Book, the Word of Life. I say *hers*; for wrote she it not? Before it was, she was; and the writers are her officers, her witnesses, and she the keeper and interpreter of the Holy Writ. Perhaps there are

many troubled as you are, and my words may reach them. Be true to God, and He will be true to you. Stand by the Church, strive to catch the inspiration of her mind, and act and live it out—reproduce her lowly and trusting spirit, and "as face answereth to face in water," so will answer your heart to hers, and all shall go well for this life and the next, for the mercies of David are sure, and the promises of God, Yea and Amen.

You say you "try hard." Then try harder. Keep on trying. Endure hardness as a good soldier. Once in the ranks, never desert. Bear the forced march; put up with the rations; face the enemy, for, "resist evil and it will flee from you."

Said Goethe: "Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness." Lives of trust have ever been lives of nobleness. So, trust on, till trusting comes as easily as breathing. Don't try to give yourself importance by doubting! It is one and a very insidious form of self-conceit. Ten to one you are better and holier than you think. I am sure you have days of clear skies. Go out and stand under them; walk abroad; look around; down with the umbrella; sing and make a joyful noise. God means you to. Quit brooding; He is your father; He means you when He says "My child;" He is Love; He has given eternal hope to every creature. Trust Him, and distrust only yourself, and go on living and doing, and sing *no de profundis*, but a *jubilate*, for He covereth the head in the day of battle, and will "give us our hearts' desire, and deny not the request of our lips." (If you are wilfully sinful, that is another thing; does your conscience accuse you or excuse you of this? If excuse, then comfort yourself with these words of Comfort:

"Will he really comfort my heart?" "Am I meant?" This is a common difficulty, yet, folks sometimes take a pride even in humility. Are you of so much consequence as to be excluded? Why, you are swallowed up in the love of God. God does not so much love as He is love. It is His essence. He loves as the flower exhales, and the sun emits. Love is His being. Caesar could call every soldier of his great armies by name. God knows each child of His vast family, from our eldest brother down to the least prattler at his knee, and the least babe born into the circle. You shut out! If so, it is by wilful and persistent sin. If you be no such sinner, but really and truly "one trying to hope and trust," then you are included, and can't escape the infinite embrace, I might say, if you would. Don't be a spoiled child. Don't be selfish. Don't require too much coaxing. All is well. Trust your Father. Take your place at the board. If prodigal, come home; stay away no more. Don't disturb the family quiet and happiness by a false importance. *Of course*, you're wanted. *Of course*, it is all for you, just the same as if you were the only one around the great hearth, where the fire is aglow, and the coals so red that even a stray tramp feels that he is welcome, if only he come in good intent, and behave him well. "Are you meant in all the promises?" Read my "Divine Debtor," when it comes out in this series, and you will see not only how much you are wanted, how truly you are loved, how fully all is as much for you as if you were the only one, but how wonderfully you are honored by

being allowed to share it all, and how rigidly you may reckon with God, and hold Him up in the very closest sort of calculation, to the "promises" which He has vouchsafed to make you.

And now I pause, though much would I like to go on. Stay in the family. Don't be ugly. Keep to the Church. Says the Jewish Ossian: "She is beautiful as Tirzah, and comely as Jerusalem; her teeth are like a flock of sheep which go up from the washing; her lips are a thread of scarlet." May she never, like Peter, deny her Master; do thou never deny her. "Grow in grace;" expect not to leap into it. Some Christians are mere Bedouins; they ramble and wander, and spend much of their time pitching and striking their tents. Others are a sort of idiots—they never attain to much. Life is a prolonged childhood; faith, weak as ever; the walk, feeble and tottering; general development, feeble. I am not personal; I know not even who you are. Take all the promises and comforts to yourself, *greedily*. A multitude can listen to a band, and *all* (and *each*) have the music. A million can view a landscape, and *each* eye own and appropriate it as if no other eye were on it. Excuse all this, if I be far off the mark. If I knew you, or more of you, I might strike nearer. Once more, and finally, if you love God, the Saviour, and the Church, and are trying as you say you are, your doubt and despair are wicked. Love more, and you will doubt less! There is a sort of spiritual "specific gravity" here; love displaces doubt, and trust, despair. May you yet be able to cry your glad "Eureka!"

THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR.

For the Benefit of the New York Exchange for Women's Work.

BY MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

At no one of the shops where novelties are displayed to tempt purchasers of Christmas gifts, are choicer or more beautiful articles than can be found at the bazaar now open for visitors at the Exchange for Woman's Work, 329 Fifth Avenue. Everything that can be manufactured by the deft manipulations of a woman's fingers seems to have found a place for exhibition in these elegant show-rooms—such as every variety of Kensington stitching, decorated china, water-colors, oil-paintings, fancy articles in endless variety, toys, baby outfits, children's clothes, etc. Three rooms are tastefully arranged with an embarrassment of pretty trifles and more substantial articles, all suitable for holiday remembrances. Besides these new devices there are choice old laces, India shawls, jewelry, historical fans, and other elegant articles that have been sent to the society for sale by ladies who are obliged to part with them.

In the lunch-room, in the basement of the building, will be found the English puddings, for which the society has become so famous, sending them not only to various parts of this country, but to our mother country, for sale.

The Christmas sales will continue through December. Besides this bazaar for the benefit of the Exchange, there is to be an entertainment at the Academy of Music, at which Salvini has offered to perform. This

will take place the 21st of December. Seats and boxes can be secured at the Exchange.

It is only one year since this society removed to Fifth Avenue from East Twentieth Street, where the building was too small to accommodate the increasing demands made upon it. A gentleman gave \$10,000 to make this change. During the year previous to removal the sales of consignments amounted to a little more than \$9,000. During the past year they have amounted to over \$38,000, showing that with a more convenient locality for the patrons of the Exchange, and better facilities for business, as well as the appearance of success, the income has been more than doubled. This is an exchange of money for woman's work, and is intended as a means of assisting impecunious ladies in a self-support. The industries received are sold on a commission of ten per cent. Mrs. William G. Choate is President of the Society, and Mrs. Dr. Agnew is Vice-President. These ladies, with a number of other managers who are well and prominently known in social circles, are nobly aiding in the thorough establishment of this long-needed encouragement to ladies who have been reared in comfort, and through misfortune find it necessary to earn a precarious living. It is not ten years since the Exchange was opened in two rooms, with thirty articles for sale. Its growth has been rapid. The society needs money now to make some further additions to the work, such as a bureau to supply educated women with places as governesses and teachers. Also to assist in paying the rent of the house in Twentieth Street, of which the lease is unexpired. Certainly, if there is any class of people in our great city to be commiserated, it is the struggling, impoverished educated women who are trying to keep the wolf from the door. The Exchange opens the way to assist such women, and to smooth the rough edges of broken fortunes, frequently by timely hints and encouragement; developing some half-hidden talent into such perfection that they go on their way rejoicing and hopeful.

NOVEMBER 25th, 1884-1885.

BY M. T. B.

A year in Paradise! a year
Of holy calm and peaceful rest,
Of converse sweet with kinsfolk dear,
And happy ones forever blest.

A year in Paradise—at last—
After a life of busy care,
In gentleness and patience passed,
In words of love, and earnest prayer.

A year in Paradise! How bright
Those endless days of joy must be!
For Thou, O Lord, perpetual light
Dost shed on those that rest in Thee.

At rest in Paradise! And we
Still live and labor here below.
Lord grant us all at last to be
Together, and that rest to know.

ANYTHING which makes religion its second object makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.—*Ruskin*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

JACK'S TEMPTATION.

Jack sat on the porch steps, one bright Saturday morning in October, whittling busily away, and whistling as blithely as any bird. He had finished all his morning duties and was trying to decide whether he should spend his holiday in shooting or in fishing.

The question was decided for him by Ned Evans, his chum and desk-mate, who paused at the gate, with his fishing-rods over his shoulder, to call:

"Don't you want to go fishing, Jack? I'm going up to Long Pond to stay all day. Come on and go along."

Jack needed no second invitation.

"I'll be ready in a minute, Ned," he answered. "Come in and wait till I get a little lunch, and hunt up my lines. I won't be long."

"While Ned rested himself on the steps to wait for his companion, Jack hastened to the kitchen, and coaxed his busy mother to stop her work long enough to put up a bountiful lunch for him, and then he went in search of his fishing lines.

Jack never could find any of his possessions without having a good hunt for them first.

"Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place, Jack," his mother used to say to him sometimes, after he had turned almost everything in the house topsy-turvy in his search for some lost article, but Jack would always answer:

"That's just exactly what I do, mother dear. My place is every where, and I always keep things there; that's why I have to hunt so long for them."

"Come and help me look for my fishing lines, Ned," he said as he heard his friend beating an impatient tattoo with his feet as he waited for Jack. "I can't think where I put them last time I had them."

The two boys went up-stairs together, and going to Jack's room, rummaged in all his drawers and boxes in vain.

"Oh, I know where they are," exclaimed Jack, suddenly, his face brightening up. "I am sure I left them in Aunt Martha's room on the window-sill. I wonder if they are there yet."

Aunt Martha's room was the one spot in the house that Jack seldom invaded, but he could see her moving around down in the garden, bending over her flowers, so he did not hesitate to enter the room in search of his missing tackle.

He had not been mistaken for once, and pushing aside the curtain by which they were partly concealed, he found them just where he had left them a day or two before, when he had gone to Aunt Martha's room to take her a letter.

In his delight at regaining possession of his treasures he forgot to look where he was going, and carelessly stumbled against a small stand, upon which stood the tray with the remains of Aunt Martha's breakfast.

She was an invalid, and always had her breakfast sent up to her carefully arranged on the tray, and served in some of the delicate old china that had been a family heirloom.

Jack's careless push overturned the light stand, and with a loud crash the tray fell upon the floor before he could make an effort to save it.

He looked at the wreck in dismay. Broken bits of china were scattered all about, while the remains of the cream and coffee poured over the carpet in little brown and yellow streams.

"What will Aunt Martha say?" exclaimed Jack, stooping to gather up some of the little pieces of china. "She will be awfully angry at me, for she's often told me not to come in here, unless she was here, too, but I just wanted to get my fishing lines, and I never thought of doing any harm."

Old Tabby, the cat, came in just then, and came over to Jack, rubbing lovingly against him, and purring loudly as he patted her. She saw the cream and began to lap it up eagerly, wondering, no doubt, how it had happened that a lunch, so much to her liking, had been put in such a convenient place for her.

"Oh, dear, there comes Aunt Martha now," exclaimed Jack, as he saw Aunt Martha coming slowly up the garden walk, leaning on her stick. "Now, I'll catch it, and I 'spose I won't get to go fishing either."

"Come here, quick, I have an idea," exclaimed Ned, leading Jack from the room and closing the door softly after them. "Now the cat is shut up in there, and everybody will think she upset the table, trying to get the cream, and no one will suspect you at all. Let's start off now. We'll go down the back stairs, and then Aunt Martha won't know that we have been up-stairs at all."

The boys stole softly down the back way and started off on their fishing expedition before Aunt Martha had slowly mounted the stairs and gone to her room.

Ned laughed as he thought of the clever way in which he had saved Jack from punishment, and he tried to get Jack to join in his amusement at the thought of Aunt Martha's indignation at the innocent cat, but Jack could not laugh.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Ned, impatiently, as Jack walked slowly along, all the sunshine vanished from his face, snapping the heads off all the daisies he passed, with a little switch. "Are you afraid Tabby will tell your aunt on you? You're all right. Nobody will ever know that you had anything to do with it."

"Yes, they will," answered Jack, stopping short, "for I shall tell them myself."

"You will," exclaimed Ned. "Well, you must be fond of getting into scrapes. Why, what harm is there in letting the accident be blamed on the cat? You didn't mean to break the things, so what's the use in being blamed for it?"

Jack hesitated for a moment. Ned's reasoning seemed plausible, and he was sorely tempted to yield to it. He walked along a few steps farther, turning the matter over in his mind, while Ned used every argument he could think of to prevent his companion from turning back and acknowledging his fault.

Jack tried to stifle the voice of conscience, and think of nothing but the pleasure of the day before him, but he could not do it. All the sunshine seemed to have gone out of the sky; and he did not hear the birds singing, nor notice the wild flowers that bloomed in such profusion along the pathway.

They reached Long Pond at last, and Ned began at once to bait his hooks and prepare

for fishing. But Jack stood irresolute, leaning against a tree, trying to throw off the heavy weight that rested upon him. How could he enjoy the day's sport when he had purchased it by deception? Better go home, even now, and confess the truth, and bear reproof or punishment like a man, than to sneak off in this way and let the blame rest upon poor Tabby.

There was something besides the thought of the scolding that Aunt Martha would surely give him that made it hard for Jack to obey his better impulses. She had promised to give him a silver watch on his birthday, if he was a good boy; and now, if she knew that his carelessness had caused the mischief, she might withdraw her promise; and how could he endanger his chances of the watch that he had been longing for so impatiently.

It was only a week to his birthday, so there was no hope that she might forget this offence before the time to get the watch.

Aunt Martha was very nervous, and had little sympathy with boys, and no excuse for any mischief that their heedlessness might lead them into; so Jack knew pretty well by experience what kind of a reception he might expect his confession to receive.

It would be hard to own up, when just by keeping silent he could let the blame rest upon Tabby; but Jack was an honest boy, and he felt that it would be far harder to carry the heavy weight that rested upon his conscience.

"What are you waiting for?" cried Ned, impatiently. "Hurry up, and get your lines ready. Here's lots of bait."

"I'm going home to own up," answered Jack. "It's no use talking, Ned, it's just as bad to act a lie as to tell one, and I can't feel comfortable about it."

He hurried off without listening to Ned's remonstrances, and walked as fast as he could, lest his courage and determination should fail him before he reached home.

"I s'pose I may as well say good-bye to all hopes of the watch now," he thought to himself. "Aunt Martha will never get over my breaking all that china, she thinks such a lot of it."

"Aunt Martha had gone up to her room, and, as Ned had expected, when she saw the wreck of her beloved china, and Tabby still enjoying the cream, she naturally thought that the cat was the culprit. Elsie had heard Aunt Martha's exclamation of surprise, and ran into the room just as Aunt Martha was about to give Tabby the punishment that she thought she richly deserved.

"Oh, don't, Aunt Martha," exclaimed the little girl, catching her pet up in her arms. "Just see what the mischievous creature has done," exclaimed Aunt Martha, pointing to the broken china. "My cup and saucer that I have had all these years, broken into bits, and everything else that was on the tray."

"What makes you think Tabby did it?" asked Elsie, trying to shield her pet from punishment.

"Why, when I came up here, the door was shut, and she was in here, making a fine

breakfast in the cream. She must have jumped upon the table and knocked it over."

"But Tabby was down stairs lying under the stove till just a few minutes ago," persisted Elsie. "Don't you remember seeing her there, when you came in after your basket and scissors?"

Aunt Martha thought a moment. Yes, she certainly did remember having seen Tabby taking a comfortable morning nap in the kitchen, but then, how had she been able to get into the room through the closed door? It puzzled her for a moment, and then she remembered that she had heard Jack and his friend go up stairs, just as she was going into the garden.

Could it be possible that they had been the culprits, and had shut Tabby in, that the blame might fall on her?

She did not mention her suspicions to Elsie, but much to the child's delight, acquitted her pet of blame, assenting to her



ELSIE DREW HER PET UP IN HER ARMS.

supposition that the wind might have blown the table over.

She gathered up the fragments of china, sighing over them, but really her greatest trouble was in the thought that Jack, whom she loved dearly in spite of her frequent reproaches, should stoop to such a deception.

She remembered distinctly now that she had left her door open when she went down stairs, and some one must have closed it, and shut Tabby in.

It was not possible for a draught of air to have closed it, and yet it was very unlike honest, impulsive Jack to have covered up his mischief in this sly way.

She took her knitting and sat down in her big rocking chair, gently swaying to and fro as her needles clicked rapidly together. Presently she heard the gate open and shut, and looking up she saw Jack approaching the house, not with his usual light step and cheery whistle, but slowly and quietly.

Was he coming back to confess?

If Jack had only known how Aunt Martha longed to have him own up to his

fault, and how small it seemed to her in comparison with the deception which had been practised in covering it up, it would have made his task a far easier one.

He came slowly up stairs, one step at a time, instead of bounding up two or three steps at once, as was his wont, and even after he had reached the top of the stairs, he felt as if he could not summon up courage enough to enter the room, where he knew Aunt Martha was sitting.

Aunt Martha heard the reluctant step coming along the hall, and her heart softened toward the boy, as she realized what an effort it would cost him to confess.

He knocked at the door.

"Come in," said Aunt Martha, and poor Jack, feeling that there was no longer any chance of escape, entered the room.

"Well?" said Aunt Martha, interrogatively, and although she meant to speak encouragingly, it seemed to Jack that she had never spoken so sternly.

"I thought you had gone fishing," she went on.

"I did go," answered Jack, "but I've come back to tell you something. I came in your room this morning to look for my fishing lines, while you were in the garden, and I didn't mean to, but I knocked the little table over and broke the things. I'm awfully sorry about it, and I'm sorry I didn't tell you right away, instead of sneaking off and shutting Tabby in here."

There was silence for a moment, and Jack was afraid to look up lest he should see the anger that he knew would be in Aunt Martha's face; but if he had looked, he would have seen a strangely softened expression on her face, as she put her hand on his shoulder lovingly.

"Jack, I was sorry about the loss of my china, for you know how I prize it, but I would rather have lost every piece in the closet than have had you persist in such a deception. I knew the cat couldn't have done it, for she was down stairs when I went out, and I should have been much disappointed in you, if you hadn't come back and told me about it. Always be honest about things, Jack;

remember it more than doubles your fault to hide it by deception, and the truth is sure to come out sooner or later."

Don't you think that Jack was glad that he had come back and owned up to his fault?

"It weighed me down like a hundred tons," he said to Elsie, "and it wasn't half as hard telling Aunt Martha as it was to get my mind made up not to tell her. She was so nice too, she didn't scold me a bit, and I am going to try not to upset her things any more. I wonder if she will give me the watch on my birthday just the same."

"I guess she will," said Elsie, hopefully, nor was she disappointed.

Jack was delighted, when the eventful day at last arrived, by the gift of a watch far prettier than he had hoped for, and often when he looks at it, it reminds him of the time when he so nearly yielded to temptation that he might be more sure of winning it; and I need not tell you that he is glad that he resisted, and confessed his fault.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1885.

The marked success of the Advent Mission services in New York has been doly chronicled in the secular press, and has been warmly acknowledged by the newspapers of other religious bodies. Among the latter, the Observer says editorially, "We have attended many of these services in the Episcopal churches, and bear our testimony to the simplicity and fidelity with which the fundamental truths of the Gospel have been proclaimed, and the faithfulness with which those who profess and call themselves Christians have been urged to a consecration of themselves to Christ in holy living, and in earnest effort to bring others to a saving knowledge of Christ as a Saviour." In another place the same journal says, in speaking of a similar movement in England carried on by the Established Church, "If it continues, it will make that Church, whether established or disestablished, the greatest religious factor in the life of the English nation. When the Church ministers the grace of evangelism with such power there is no room for a Salvation Army, with its errors, vulgarities, and other horrors." It is gratifying to note, also, that Christians of every name throughout the

country have been aroused to renewed zeal and effort by the Advent Mission. Surely this is as it should be; for it shows that this Church is realizing its function as the leader of the religious thought and work of the whole land.

The Advent and Epiphany Appeal of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society has been issued. Whatever may be thought of the terms of the appeal itself, and of the cogency of the motives for increased zeal and liberality which it invokes, there can be no doubt of the eloquence of the facts and figures by which the appeal is accompanied. When it is said that less than forty thousand dollars per annum are being expended for work of all kinds by this Church among the Indians, though it is upon the speedy extension of that work among the Indian tribes that their very existence is now seen to depend, no words are needed to tell that the Church has not yet so much as dreamed of her duty and responsibility. Even more startling is the utter inadequacy of the Church's work among the colored people of the South. Though these number more than four millions, or about fifteen times as many as the Indians, yet the amount expended for all kinds of work by this Church among the colored people of the South is only about twenty thousand dollars per annum, or about half as much as that expended among the Indians. The case of the freedmen is even more urgent than that of the unenfranchised aborigines. The former are our fellow-citizens, invested with all the rights and responsibilities of citizenship; but the mass of them are yet to be fitted for the discharge of their duties and the appropriation of their privileges as citizens, by such influences as this Church is best prepared to bring to bear upon them. Unless this be done speedily and effectively, the race cannot long keep their place in our national commonwealth of free and equal citizens. In view of the immense work which lies before this Church among the colored people of the South, it ought to startle the Churchmen of the land to read that for all that there is to be done in this matter only about twenty thousand dollars per annum are devoted. Surely the Board of Managers must feel the reproach upon the Church's zeal and devotion that these figures imply, and have refrained, for very shame, from making any comment on them. Perhaps some other and more effective method of arousing the Church's conscience than the issuing of the Advent and Epiphany Appeal, is being meditated.

By the will of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, various institutions and societies in the Church receive bequests amounting to six hundred thousand dollars. Among them are the General Theological Seminary, the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book Society, and St. Luke's Hospital. These are largely dependent upon legacies and will be greatly benefited by these bequests. The other bequests, also, are most useful, but there needs to be special care in the use of them. Especially is this the case with the General Board of Missions and with the

New York City Mission. The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society is to receive two hundred thousand dollars. The society is composed of all the members of the Church acting through its Board of Managers.

Now both the members and the managers must be careful as to the use of this money. The members must not practically appropriate it to themselves, by shutting their purses, and leaving the contracts already entered into by the Board of Managers to be met by these legacies. For we venture to say that they were made for the promoting of the Church's missionary work, and not to the individual members of the Church. Indeed, if they were in the least to come between Churchmen and their duty, to check the flow of their contributions, and put away from them their sense of obligation to give of the means with which God has blessed them, these legacies would be working a great harm.

On the other hand the Board of Managers should, and we are sure they will, exercise great care in the use of these legacies. We hope that they will speedily make known to what purpose the moneys shall be applied, and that they will apply it to some permanent object. The endowment of missionary episcopates seems to be sufficiently insured already, that is to say, the movement already on foot for that purpose seems likely to meet with sufficient success. We suggest, then, that this sum of two hundred thousand dollars be made the nucleus, at least, for a building to be used by the missionary society for its offices, and those of all societies aiding it. This is an object to which the Board of Managers cannot devote the offerings of the Church's members, but which would be of utmost advantage in promoting its missionary work.

We are glad to note the signs of the success of the Clergymen's Retiring Fund Society and to wish it ten-fold more. It now has a membership of 344; and its capital fund, now \$25,000, is likely to increase by \$4,000 yearly. It is thus an assured success, and it should interest every clergyman and parish in the Church. The dues are not large, and every parish, if not every clergyman, could pay them; and every clergyman who had been a member for five years and had reached the age of sixty would be entitled to his proportional annuity. If any died before reaching the annuitant age, his dues paid would benefit others if not himself. The plan is simple and effective, and we wish we could see every parish and clergyman interested in it. It helps to supply a great want and deserves abundant success.

In a remarkable paper entitled "Bad Times," just published in England, Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace discusses with much thoroughness the various causes which have brought about the depression of trade which is now embarrassing that country. Among such causes he names one which is operating here also, and must sooner or later lead to grave circumstances. In the last ten years, he declares, nearly two millions of the rural population of England "have been forced by the struggle for existence to leave the country for the towns."

that in this way their producing power has been vastly diminished, and that the large majority of them have become pauperized because of the change. While it cannot be said that our rural population are driven to the cities by "the struggle for existence," yet there is a constant and increasing tendency among them to abandon rural life, which demands the exercise of the difficult virtues of prudence, foresight, and patient industry, and to resort to the towns and cities where more so-called conveniences and comforts may be had. Along with this movement, which is draining away from the farms of the country a large part of the strength and enterprise which could there be best employed, there is a vast accumulation of foreigners in all our larger cities, who have already become a dangerous element of the population. If such foreigners could be settled on farms throughout the country and in homes of their own, the process of Americanizing them and their children, of emancipating them from their race peculiarities and other disabilities, and qualifying them for free and intelligent citizenship, would go speedily and naturally forward. But by congregating in cities they perpetuate their servile or truculent socialistic traditions and ideas, they resist in large measure the influence of our language and institutions, which would otherwise emancipate them, and they constitute an organized proletariat which is sure to be dangerous to the liberties of the entire country. What the remedy is to be, it is difficult to say. Perhaps the only remedy will be the disintegration of these masses in our cities by the individualizing and elevating influence of Christianity. Let the work of city missions in all our larger towns be plied with increased vigor, and let the true effect of the Gospel in individualizing men and rescuing them from the insignificance of class-combinations be followed up by the right kind of teaching. In this way a counter current of emigration from the town to the country may be established; for men will, under such influences, be brought to see the greater dignity and larger blessing for themselves and their children, of a country life with its home religion and its manly independence.

The Message of the President has been received with general favor by the press of the country. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in regard to some of its recommendations, it is generally conceded that Mr. Cleveland has, in his first official communication to Congress, fully met the expectations of his friends both within and without the ranks of his own political party. Such of the questions discussed by him, as may be regarded as party issues, will not be considered here. There are some topics treated of in the message, however, that are of such general interest and importance that they ought not to be excluded from the columns of a progressive religious journal. One of them, undoubtedly, is the policy suggested by the President of making the legislation restricting Chinese immigration to this country more effective, while at the same time he insists that the lawless persecution of the Mongolians who are within the protection of our laws shall be sternly repressed. That a strong race prejudice against the Chinese prevails in many parts of the country has already been pointed out more than once

in these columns. It rests upon differences which nothing but Christianity can undertake to deal with and obliterate. Such prejudice is a factor in the problem which the President does well to take into consideration. Perhaps the only solution which practical statesmanship can wisely suggest at this juncture is the better enforcement of the restrictive regulations against Chinese immigration which have been provided for by treaty. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that this attitude of our people towards the Chinese imposes upon the Christians of this land increased obligations to do all that they can for the evangelization of China. If we dare not permit the Chinese, in their present condition, to come to our shores because of their heathen debasement, then we are bound to send the Gospel to them at whatever cost. All accounts agree that a great and effectual door is now opened in their own country for missionary effort. Instead of the languishing interest in Chinese missions which has lately been apparent, there is at the present juncture, and for many reasons, an urgent call for a more hearty and generous support of our work in China.

The recommendation of the President that the sanction of the Senate be not given to the international convention which undertook at Berlin last year to bind the signatory powers to keep open the great Congo basin in Western Africa to the world's trade, is founded, no doubt, on wise and statesmanlike considerations. For this government to enter into an agreement to maintain a protectorate over a distant region, or in any way to interfere with its political administration, would contravene the traditional foreign policy of the republic, and lead almost certainly to the gravest complications. Nevertheless one cannot but admire the noble work undertaken by the King of the Belgians in fostering the establishment and maintenance of the Independent State of Congo with his own personal means, and wish that it might be possible for this country, of all others, to give to his most beneficent enterprise some sort of official support. The President says of King Leopold's movement, that "it is fortunate that a benighted region, owing all it has of quickening civilization to the beneficent and philanthropic spirit of this monarch, should have the advantage and security of his benevolent supervision!" The powers which signed and ratified the Berlin Convention will at least be so far connected with King Leopold's unique and admirable work among the heathen in Africa, that they will be entitled to foster and protect the commercial and missionary ventures of their people in these parts. Our own policy of non-intervention, unless it can be supplemented by the establishment of early and extensive commercial relations with Western Africa—which, indeed, the President recommends—will probably operate to the discouragement of our missionary work in a country to which our people owe a large debt of evangelical duty.

In his treatment of the Indian question, the President justifies the commendation which has hitherto been bestowed upon the practical wisdom of his views. After pointing out the vast diversity of civilization and character between the different tribes, and declaring that it would be unwise to adhere

too strictly to any one general plan, he is quite emphatic in commending the policy of giving them their lands in severalty at the earliest practicable time, and investing them with the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. He also makes grateful acknowledgement of the efforts of Christian Missionaries to ameliorate the condition of the Indians, and says that "the history of all the progress which has been made in the civilization of the Indian will disclose the fact that the beginning has been religious teaching, followed and accompanied by secular education." Finally, he recommends the appointment of six commissioners, of whom three are to be detailed from the army, whose duty it shall be to investigate and report upon the actual condition of all the Indians, and to recommend such action in regard to them, from time to time, as shall promote their well-being and progress towards the attainment of citizenship. In this recommendation and the admirable summary of the duties of the proposed commissioners, Mr. Cleveland gives ample wisdom of a clear and statesmanlike understanding of this subject.

Perhaps the most vigorous part of the President's message is that in which he denounces polygamy, and declares that the laws in force against the polygamous practice of the Mormons must be rigorously enforced, and, if necessary, re-enforced by additional legislation. The President recommends with much force that "a law be passed to prevent the importation of Mormons into the country." It is undoubtedly true, as he says, that the chief re-enforcements which are received to Mormonism come from foreign lands. One of the reasons why Mormonism is so difficult to deal with is that it is embraced by ignorant Europeans who regard polygamy as one of the results of their emancipation in coming to a free country. Nevertheless, the difficulty of preventing "the importation of Mormons into the country" will be great. It is well known, for instance, that many Mormon recruits, or people who continually range themselves as such, do not go at once to Utah on arrival in this country, but settle in some other part of the country, and finally drift to Utah. While it is no doubt true that most of the converts are of foreign birth, yet multitudes of them go to Salt Lake after a residence of some months or years in other parts of the United States. The recent disturbance at Salt Lake City, and the prompt measures resorted to for the enforcement of the law and the preservation of the public peace, indicated that the government is prosecuting a vigorous policy in dealing with this crying evil. It is greatly to be hoped that all success may attend the repressive and exclusive measures that are in force and to be put in force. It is almost certain, however, that success cannot be attained without the influence of genuine, vital Christianity, which shall so do its work in the homes of Utah that the people may be elevated out of the savagery of polygamy into the civilization of the Christian life. It is to such work, after all, as Bishop Tuttle is doing in Utah, through his schools and otherwise, that we must look for the redemption of that wretched people.

To the list of men among us who had special gifts, and knew how to use them,

but whose lives were snatched away in the midst of great usefulness, before their thought had taken permanent shape—such men as Dr. E. A. Washburn, Dr. John Cotton Smith, and Prof. E. E. Johnson—must now be added that of Dr. Elisha Mulford, who had shown the fine quality of his mind in "The Nation," and "The Republic of God," which are permanent contributions to political and theological literature, but whose writings had rather illustrated than exhausted his resources. The latter work is a most original treatise in positive theology, and a very remarkable statement of principles of Christian belief as they are related to the scientific method. His aim was to put together a construction of the facts known to the people of God behind which the rationalist cannot go, and in following which the scientist feels that no violence is done to his own rules of thinking. The book made a great impression in this direction. He was thinker, moralist, prophet, all in one. He had a singular power of discerning and stating truth, so that its freedom and absoluteness stood out with great boldness, and his intellectual sincerity was only surpassed by the modesty and simplicity of his life. He was a constructive and organizing thinker, and had just begun to advance further upon lines already laid down, when the fatal illness appeared which has taken him away.

The final result of the English elections has been declared. The Tories and Parnellites will have a small majority over the Liberals in the next Parliament. It remains to be seen, however, whether the alliance which Lord Salisbury effected, or at least countenanced, with the Irish Nationalists, for election purposes, will be sufficiently firm and intimate to enable him and the present government to continue in power. It is hardly possible to believe that such will be the case. The continuance of the Conservatives in place on such terms would be equivalent not merely to granting all the demands of the Home Rulers for Ireland, but to handing over the virtual control of the imperial government to Mr. Parnell and his contingent. Such a state of affairs would be unwelcome to most Englishmen, and quite intolerable to the majority of Lord Salisbury's party. Indeed, it would be more natural and easy for Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals to arrange for a *modus vivendi* with the Parnellites, based on some definite plan of local self-government for Ireland; for whenever the Irish question is out of the way, the Liberals and Parnellites will be in agreement on most questions of domestic and foreign policy. It is quite likely, however, that on this very account these two parties are so much exasperated with each other over the result of the late campaign, that an alliance between them at this juncture will be impossible. The only alternative, for an escape from the present intolerable condition of affairs, will be the formation of a coalition between the moderate Liberals and Conservatives with the declaration of their purpose to resist the demands of Mr. Parnell and to defend the Established Church. There is no doubt that under skilful leadership such a coalition for such a purpose would command the hearty support of a large majority of the English people.

England has easily and speedily succeeded in another one of the "little wars" for which her foreign policy has long been famous. King Thebaw's capital has been taken, and the king himself has surrendered himself unconditionally into the hands of his conquerors. What to do with him is a question that need not vex England much. She has had so many overthrown emperors, kings, princes, on her hands in time past, and has disposed of them so variously, that she can easily find a precedent in her own history for almost any disposition she may choose to make of the mad King of Mandalay. Meantime, Gen. Fredderick sends him to the rear, and proceeds to arrange matters to his liking in the conquered country. Of course it is only a question of a little time and of a little conventional diplomacy when Northern Borneo will become an English dependency. Nor is there any ground for impeaching England's course in this matter. Not only was it necessary to overthrow King Thebaw in the interest of English trade, and for the protection of European residents in his dominion, but it was obligatory upon England to do this promptly in order to forestall French intrigue, and prevent complications which would have been extremely embarrassing, not to say disastrous. With this extension of English territory and influence in the East, and the simultaneous contraction of French influence in Tonquin, it may be said that the hope long entertained by France of gaining an empire in the East will be brought to an end. That the result will be better both for European interests and for the true well-being of the peoples of Farther India, cannot be doubted. France has yet to show herself capable of gaining and wisely administering colonial dominion; but the power to colonize and so to spread the beneficent influence of their civilization, is one of the marked and persistent characteristics of the English people.

THE "ADVENT MISSION" AT CALVARY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

It was with the utmost fear and trembling that I came on to New York to take part in this mission. Some relief and courage came to me from the knowledge that my dear friend and brother, the Bishop of Western Texas, was to be associated with me in the work. I feared lest the unwholesome impatience characterizing our age might be seizing upon Churchmen; and lest, for vital forces in the spiritual life, emotion and excitement were in a fair way to be substituted among us for the soberness of the ways of the Church, and the nobility of the teachings of the Prayer Book. I could not but think that such substitution would be a calamity. I had known fields burned over by excitements promoted by some phase of popular religion outside the Church. The blackened ashes and arid wastes are not such good things, one must conclude, as to induce thoughtful Christians to employ excitement for a healthful spiritual force. And if "Missions" meant that at times and seasons spasms of growth and shouts of change are to take the place of faithful pastoral care, and steady Christian culture, and the slow and sure processes of religious edification, then would "Missions" be mistakes, and their results disasters. Personally, also, a deep and shrinking dread laid fast hold upon me at thought of being a missionary. Known inexperience, want of time to prepare, and reflection of the awful harm to souls that may be wrought by weak-

ness, or unfitness, in the leader of the mission, contributed to that dread.

But I did not feel at liberty to decline the pressing call of the rector of Calvary. I came on, the week before the mission was to begin, to be in his home and take counsel with him. During the long journey thither I gathered thought that the aim of "Missions" seemed to be, to make Christians more faithful in time, and more thoughtful for eternity; and to lead the impatient to turn from their hardness, to seek forgiveness, to arise to their duties, and to seek rest after their privileges. If so, thought I, the Church year has two seasons set for these very purposes—Advent and Lent, and hence an "Advent Mission" would not be in the eye of a Churchman, so greatly wrong or fraught with frightening danger.

On my arrival in the city, therefore, the "fear" for the Church was much dispelled. Afterward the admirable address by the Assistant-bishop of New York to the missionaries and clergy in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, the day before the opening of the mission, made that fear as though it were not.

The "trembling" for myself remained unabated. But, under God's merciful providence, help came to my inexperience. I was enabled to spend incoincidentally the entire day of Sunday, November 22, at Trinity Church, Newark, where the Rev. Mr. Aitken was conducting a mission. Sitting in a pew, I attended four services with the after-meetings. What I learned as an observer that day became of inestimable value afterward to me as a worker.

When Bishop Elliott came, he and the rector and myself, in conference, agreed with cordial consent in the following thoughts to guide the conduct of the mission at Calvary Church:

1. That faith in the work of God, the Holy Spirit, and trust in Him as the Helper, should ever be kept uppermost in our minds and shrouded deepest in our hearts.
2. That arousal should not be fixed as the one only aim of the mission, but rather arousal and instruction.
3. That in both services and preaching there was no call for us to obscure Church doctrines or diverge from Church lines.
4. That in dealing with persons there should be no departure from thoughtful courtesy and no approach to rudeness in attempts to intrude into the personal inner life of people against their wish, or to force decisions of the will under the heat of excitement or by the stress of undue personal influence.

So we began our mission. It was preceded by prayer. It was sustained and hallowed by prayer. It is being followed by prayer. A meeting for intercessory prayer was held every day of the mission, at which requests for prayer for friends that had been handed in were read and heeded. And fervent prayers for the Holy Spirit's special presence and gracious guidance, from homes and hearts, in the pews and the chancel, abounded. Speakers, worshippers, listeners, were all conscious of sweet and strong help from breathing this atmosphere of earnest prayer. Multiplied services awakened interest, and gave healthful direction to it when awakened. There were six services every day. Holy Communion, 8 A.M.; Morning Prayer, 9 A.M.; short service and sermon, 11 A.M.; short service and address, 3:30 P.M.; intercessory prayer, 7:15 P.M.; mission service and sermon, 8 P.M.

I preached from my written sermons at 11 A.M., and extempore at night. Bishop Elliott made the afternoon addresses, to men, to women, to children, to employers, to employees, to communicants, on different days, respectively. The evening sermons were upon Fear, Repentance, Faith, Obedience, Hope, Love, Sobriety, Righteousness, Godliness.

The "short service" consisted of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, a psalm, a lesson, and collects, with two or three hymns. The last were sung by a large volunteer choir of the members of the congregation.

After the sermon in the evening a hymn would be given out and I would say, "During the singing of the hymn the congregation will kindly retire, but all those willing to remain for a short time of further instruction and devotion are affectionately invited to do so."

Two-thirds of the congregation, I think, if not more, always remains. During the singing of the hymn the clergy and myself would retire to the vestry-room and remove our surplices, and return into the church in our socks. Standing at the head of the middle aisle I then would speak for five or ten minutes, trying to strengthen and deepen what had been said in the sermon. Then followed a hymn, some verses of it sometimes sung by us all on our knees. Then a short time of silent prayer, always most impressive, I trust always also most helpful. Then a short collect or two. After this the congregation was dismissed, with these words added: "If any persons are in perplexity or doubt or need the counsel, guidance or sympathy of the missionaries or clergy in any matter, will all such kindly remain in their seats till the rest of the congregation have withdrawn, and in order that we may meet them personally? Do not be afraid of us. We only want to help you, if you need it. We have no desire to intrude where you do not wish, or to force aught upon you."

At the 8 A. M. communion, usually from seven to thirty came. On the last morning nearly one hundred and fifty. Our 11 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. congregations numbered from fifty to a hundred. The evening ones from two hundred and fifty to five hundred. Only a few remained each night to the second after-meeting for personal counsel.

If we may venture to pass judgment, we would name the following as the good results of our mission:

1. The preparatory work was big with blessing. Under the wise and zealous rector all Calvary congregation was aroused. Some practiced for the singing, some attended to the printing, a large amount of which was judiciously done. Some prepared themselves to be courteous and intelligent ushers. Some provided for the things specially needed for the children's service. A great many started out in willing zeal and visited every house in a large district around, telling of the mission and inviting to it. All were bidden and urged to earnest prayer in public and in private for the special presence and blessing of the Holy Spirit upon the mission. All this, of itself, was a precious arousal of the people to unselfish and beneficent activity.

2. The people of the congregation have come to know each other better, and have grown nearer in mutual sympathy and helpfulness. The frequent services and the holy atmosphere of fervent prayer and religious earnestness so warmed and cheered those who came that coldness melted away, and a delightful appreciation grew of our oneness in Christ Jesus, in the things of spiritual faith and hope that touch the deepest and tenderest interests of human souls.

3. Many Christians have roused themselves to ask, each one of his or her own soul, "Is it well with thee?" and to resolve, with God's help, to do better duty, and to avail themselves more gratefully and earnestly of their privileges. Nor shall the resolve settle into the stagnant lees of selfishness. One and another are asking in heart "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and they will be asking their pastor with their voice, "What can we

take in hand to help you and to help our fellows?"

4. Some have been moved out of their indifference and impotence, and are crying aloud, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?" It must be candidly confessed, however, that few of this class presented themselves than we had hoped to see. Yet, in answer to the invitations of the visitors, and the notices on the handbills distributed, numbers of strangers were in constant attendance.

My brother of Western Texas and myself desire to put on record that the mission was singularly precious and profitable and blessed to us and our own souls. We humbly thank God the Holy Spirit led and helped the work. We have heartily prayed Him, and do heartily pray Him now, to bless the work and its results in human hearts, and souls and lives.

DAN'L S. TUTTLE.

THE ADVENT MISSION AT ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, NINETY-NINTH ST. AND TENTH AVE., NEW YORK.

The mission began most auspiciously on Sunday evening, November 29, and continued throughout the week, closing on Saturday night with a service designed to be preparatory for the celebrations of the Holy Communion, which followed on Sunday.

The services were conducted by the missionary, the Rev. Geo. R. Van de Water, of St. Luke's church, Brooklyn. He was assisted at all the meetings by the rector of the parish, the Rev. T. M. Peters, S.T.D., and his assistants, the Rev. Frank Draper and the Rev. J. G. Fawcett.

The opening sermon in the course was on "Sin, Its Character and Penalty," and was a masterly and eloquent presentation of the subject. Indeed, the same may be said of all his discourses.

Following is a list of the subjects in their order, preached about on the succeeding evenings: "Repentance," in which the preacher drew a marked distinction, and in a very graphic manner, between a mere worldly sorrow for sin, and that Godly sorrow which worketh repentance to salvation; "Faith," in which he set forth three kinds: emotional, abstract, and intellectual; "Obedience," two kinds, passive and active; "Jesus," a witness; "Seeking the Lord, and the Danger of Delay;" and lastly, "The Feast of the Christian," of which the Sacrament is the symbol.

His afternoon addresses to Christian people were on: (1) "Searching the Heart." (2) "Comfort in Zion." (3) "Faith Attended by Works." (4) "Bearing Our Own and Our Another's Burdens." (5) "The Contemplative and Active Sides of the Christian Life." (6) "The Sacrament of the Holy Communion."

At the children's services he told his little hearers the familiar Bible stories, drawing from each the particular moral lesson he wanted to impress on their youthful minds.

His first talk was upon the story suggested by the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." This was followed on the next afternoon by the story of Jacob's Ladder. He also told them about the three children in the Fiery Furnace, and the story of the Shunamite woman and Elisha. At his last meeting with the children, a lovely and pathetic scene took place which is worth telling. He had been talking to them about the triumphal entrance of our Saviour into Jerusalem, just before His crucifixion, how the little children followed in His train, waving their palm-branches, and shouting and singing His praises; and then, of only a few days afterward, when these same children were crying for His death.

The little ones were almost breathless, so

vividly was the picture drawn. He then put the question to them: "How many of you, my dear children, will wave your palms for Him?" In an instant every little hand went up, as if pulled to its upright position by an invisible cord from above. The preaching of the Rev. Mr. Van de Water was characterized especially by its definiteness of aim, its wonderful adaptation to the various classes of people to be reached, and its intense earnestness.

His language was so simple that the most child could comprehend his meaning. Entirely free from all cant, all on fire with enthusiasm, yet in perfect command of himself, the effect of his preaching was plainly visible by the intense and quiet solemnity of his congregations. His sermons were so simple and so earnest, and pleaded so affectionately that his hearers listened with absolute attention.

This was particularly the case at the children's services. I never saw a congregation that seemed to listen with such rapt attention, and on whose faces there beamed an intelligence that betokened a perfect understanding of the preacher's words.

The singing at all the services was loud and hearty. The "Mission Hymnal" was not used. We thought the Church's tunes and hymns would be better suited to our purpose, and we were not disappointed.

The after meetings presented strong evidence of a deepening spirituality that was most gratifying.

The results of those quiet, prayerful talks promise much good fruit and souls won to Christ.

At the porch of the church was placed a box intended to receive any requests of prayer that might be desired. Missioner Van de Water kept this constantly before the people in attendance, and during the mission a very large number were received. These were read at the afternoon meetings, and fervent prayers were offered that God would graciously answer them, if in accordance with His holy will, and the welfare of those for whom the special blessings were desired.

Many availed themselves of this opportunity of personal contact with the clergy. It will, with God's blessing, result in great good. The whole mission has been attended with a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and for the great blessing the parish has received, we all—missioner, clergy, and parishioners—feel most profoundly grateful.

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

A very important movement, having for its object the augmentation of clerical incomes, has been commenced in the Diocese of Toronto, with the full sanction of the bishop. From a carefully prepared statement which has appeared in all our Church papers and in the leading dailies, it appears that in the Diocese of Toronto there are twenty-two clergymen who receive less than \$1,000 per annum, two less than \$800, and two less than \$500. These clergymen have all served from fifteen to twenty years. Of clergymen who have served from ten to fifteen years, twelve receive less than \$800, and one less than \$500. Of those who have ministered from five to ten years, thirteen receive less than \$800, and three less than \$500. It will be seen that six clergymen in the Diocese of Toronto receive less than \$500. No less than eleven parish fail to contribute \$200 per annum. To remedy this state of things it is proposed to classify the clergy as follows: Class A, consisting of clergymen who have served for fifteen years and upward, \$1,200 per annum. Class B, consisting of clergymen who have ministered

For ten years and upward, \$1,000; and Class C, consisting of clergymen of five years' standing and upward, \$800. All in addition to a parsonage, if any. Fifty-eight clergymen will come under this category, to raise whose salaries to the proposed amount will require at least \$1,600 per annum. A committee of clergymen and laymen have the matter in hand and prospects seem fairly promising. Toronto, though one of the wealthiest dioceses in the Dominion, has always possessed the unenviable reputation of starving its rural clergy who are, as a class, intellectually and socially, second to none in the Anglican communion.

The Bishop of Harco held an ordination on Advent Sunday, in London, when one deacon was advanced to the priesthood, and four candidates were ordained to the diaconate. The agitation for a special synod to settle the Wright lawsuit seems to have failed of its object.

The Langtry v. Dumoulin case, I am sorry to say, is to be revived upon a side issue which, if established, will reopen the case upon the main issue, and indefinitely prolong this most unavourable of scandals. When Rev. Canon Dumoulin decided to wash his hands of the affair, the defence fell to the ground as far as he was personally concerned, and the judge in Toronto, before whom the case had been argued, ruled that his action finally disposed of the question. The churchwardens of St. James's, however, claimed that they were parties to the defence; which contention, upon an appeal to the Supreme Court at Ottawa, was allowed. The case, it appears, can now be carried on independent of the nominal defendant, Canon Dumoulin.

Another secession from the ranks of the rapidly-dwindling Cumminsist schism is reported from the Diocese of New Westminster, British Columbia. Mr. Gill was received back into the Church at a very interesting service composed specially for the occasion, a portion of which I give:

Archdeacon, Reverend Father in God, I present unto you this person, that he, publicly expressing his sorrow and repentance for the sins of heresy and schism, and humbly desiring reconciliation with and restoration to the Church, may receive the same at your hands.

Bishop. Take care that the person whom ye present unto us be sincerely and intelligently desirous of such reconciliation and restoration.

Archdeacon. I have inquired of him, and also examined him, and think him so to be.

Bishop. William Gill, dost thou here, in the presence of God and of this congregation, declare thy sorrow and repentance for the sins of heresy and schism into which thou hast been betrayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by thy own carnal will and frailness?

Answer. I do declare my sorrow and repentance.

Bishop. Are you sensible of the grievous sacrilege of which you have been guilty in celebrating the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, having never been duly authorized to do so by the Church?

Answer. I am sensible of the sacrilege, and do heartily repent of it.

Mr. Gill took leave of his congregation in an address of considerable power, in the course of which he urges them to follow his example and return to the fold of the Church. The diocesan synod of New Westminster will meet this month, but will be adjourned until the week before Lent.

A branch of the Church of England Workmen's Society has been founded in Toronto with the sanction of the bishop. Though based upon the same general principles, it will

be independent of the English society, which is perhaps a little *ultra*.

The Rev. N. F. Wilson, principal of the Shingwauk Indian Home, Diocese of Algoma, is making an appeal for funds to enlarge the present Home, and to erect a branch establishment in the diocese of Qu'Appelle. This appeal is the result of a tour made by Mr. Wilson in the Northwest just subsequent to the late rebellion, when he visited no less than eight reserves totally destitute of churches, schools, or ministers of any denomination.

ENGLAND.

CHURCH REFORM.—There is a growing impression that, if the present storm blows over, the heads of the English Church will make a great effort to reform certain abuses, and introduce more elements of strength and popular organization into its constitution. The sale of cures will be done away with; an attempt will be made to invest the *conge d'elire* with more reality, and to invest the faithful laity with more power in Church matters.

HEALTH OF CANON LIDDON.—Canon Liddon has been ordered abroad immediately by his physicians for a lengthened period. He is ordered to abstain from preaching and literary work, and take a complete rest. Dr. Liddon had just gone into residence at St. Paul's, and has had to provide for supply.

DISSOLUTION OF CONVOCATION.—The Convocation of Canterbury was formally dissolved by royal writ on Saturday, November 20. A writ was issued immediately after directing the archbishop to summon a new convocation, to assemble on January 13, 1886.

THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.—The results from the Parliamentary elections in England are all in, and indicate that the Liberals are in a small minority. From the fact that of the Liberals elected, many have declared themselves positively against disestablishment, it may be taken for granted, whatever else happens, that subject will not be brought up in the coming Parliament.

TER-CENTENARY SERVICE.—On Monday, Nov. 23, being the ter-centenary of the death of Tallis, the father of English Church music, a musical service, consisting chiefly of his compositions, was held in Greenwich parish church, where the great composer was buried. The sermon was preached by the Dean of Manchester.

IRELAND.

IRISH CHURCH PROGRESS.—A Dublin correspondent writes to The Rock: "In the midst of all that is adverse and threatening, we are certainly taking possession of the land as far as bricks and mortar can do it. I suppose more new churches have been built and old ones restored within the last fifteen years than a hundred years previously. I think there is scarcely a church in this city which has not been restored, and almost every church possesses a new parochial hall in close proximity with it. We are showing some of the courage of the old Romans, who antedated the very ground their enemies were encamped on outside the city."

GERMANY.

CONSECRATION OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.—The new St. George's English church, in Berlin, was consecrated by Bishop Titcomb, commissary to the Bishop of London, on Saturday, November 22.

ROME.

A NEW WORK ON THE CIVIL POWER. It is reported that a new work has just appeared

that is calculated to make some noise in the ecclesiastical world. It comes out under the name of Julien Armhoff, a Russian Roman Catholic priest, and treats of the temporal power of the pope. It takes up Padre Curci's favorite text, and looks at it in an entirely new light. Curci was honestly of opinion that the papacy should renounce all claim to this power, but Armhoff is more subtle. He draws a distinction between the *civil* and *temporal* power, and avers that the pope can take upon himself the exercise of the former when impelled by force of circumstances, but always with a view of freeing himself from it at the first opportunity. Therefore, of course, the pope is hidden to rejoice at the return of his functions to the purely spiritual extreme. The book is going on the Index.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE BISHOPRIC OF BLOEMFONTEIN.—It is stated that the Bishopric of Bloemfontein, which has been for some time vacant, has been offered to the Rev. G. W. H. Knight-Bruce, chaplain to the Bishop of Bedford and in charge of the district of St. Andrew's, Bethnal-Green.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—Bishop Brewer's Address.—The Missionary Bishop of Montana addressed the clergy of Boston and vicinity at the Church Rooms on Monday, November 23, giving an account of his jurisdiction and its pressing needs. He also spoke in various parishes, awakening considerable interest in his almost unknown field of labor. One gentleman is reported as coming to the vestry-room of a church after service and emptying his pocket-book into the bishop's hands, and expressing regrets that he could not do more. If people generally get into the habit of emptying their pocket-books into bishops' hands, the valleys of Montana, and all other mission fields, will not be long without missionaries.

BOSTON—Standing Committee.—At a regular meeting of the Standing Committee, held on Tuesday, December 1, testimonials were signed in favor of Archibald Colman and William Dwight Porter Bliss (late a Congregational minister), recommending them to be admitted candidates for Holy Orders.

BOSTON—St. Paul's Church.—A series of Advent lectures is delivered daily at noon in this church (the Rev. Dr. F. Courtney, rector). There is a brief service and then follows the lecture, the whole time consumed being about half an hour. The lecturers are the Rev. Drs. A. St. J. Chambré and G. W. Shinn, and the Rev. Messrs. W. F. Cheney, S. U. Shearman, Edward Abbott and H. E. Cotton.

ANDOVER—Christ Church.—Through the generosity of Mr. John Byers of New York, this parish (the Rev. Leverett Bradley, rector) is to have a new church building. It will cost about \$35,000, and the expense of erection and furnishing has been offered by this gentleman, who has also aided in the purchase of a very desirable lot. He intends the church to be a memorial of his mother and father. The five chancel windows will be in memory of his brother, Mr. Peter Smith Byers. The architects are Hartwell and Richardson.

CAMBRIDGE—Death of the Rev. Dr. Mulford. The Rev. Dr. Elisha Mulford, Lecturer in Apologetics and Theology in the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, died on Wednesday, December 9, aged 51. Dr. Mulford was a native of Montrose, Penn., and a graduate of Yale College of 1835. He is well known through his work, "The Republic of God" and other writings.

NEWBURYPOR—St. Paul's Church.—The rector of this parish (the Rev. J. H. Van Buren) preached his first anniversary sermon on Sunday, December 6, in which he mentioned the following facts: There are connected with St. Paul's parish, two hundred and thirty-three families, representing about eight hundred souls. The parish is entering on its one hundred and seventy-fifth year, a fact which he hoped would be celebrated in some way next summer. Over \$1,000 had passed through his hands or had been reported to him by the various organizations in the parish; and at Easter the parish had reported of contributions a total of \$4,083.69. There had been 20 baptisms, 8 confirmations, 6 marriages, 11 burials, and 182 sermons and addresses. A surprised choir will make its first appearance at Easter.

CONNECTICUT.

HARTFORD—Society for the Increase of the Ministry.—This society has recently received two important contributions to its permanent fund. The first is a legacy of \$10,000 by the will of the late Mrs. Benjamin Oyle Taylor, of Washington, D. C. It was provided for as a fund for the purposes of Christian education by the will of her sister, Mrs. Brooks, previously deceased. Mrs. Taylor directed that it should be used to endow two scholarships of the society. The second gift of \$3,000 comes from "A Friend in New York," with the wish that it be added to the general funds of the society, the interest only of the same to be available to its uses.

NEW HAVEN—St. Luke's Church.—In 1844 a few colored people in New Haven formed a parish organization, and had services in one of Trinity parish mission chapels on Green Street. Nine years later the congregation had grown to such an extent that a church was needed, and they purchased a building on Park Street, which had been occupied by a colored Baptist society. This purchase was made by the advice of the late Dr. Harry Crosswell, and was secured for \$1,000. Part of this money was paid down, and a note given for the remainder, which was paid at maturity. A year ago the Rev. Alfred C. Brown became rector of the parish, and under his charge the congregation has increased so that an enlargement of the church, which had been for some time spoken of, became an absolute necessity. The new rector took hold of the matter earnestly, and, by the aid of the city clergy and the parishioners, soon raised about \$1,500 to enlarge the church. The Rev. J. G. Jacecks also left the parish \$500 in his will. The work was begun last June, and has just been completed, and the church has been enlarged by a chancel and extension of twenty-one feet. Generous contributions from friends have furnished the church and supplied the windows.

On Monday, December 7, St. Luke's church was presented to the bishop of the diocese, free from debt, to be consecrated. At the consecration addresses were made by the bishop and the Rev. Dr. E. E. Beardsley. Dr. Beardsley gave a brief, but interesting history of the parish, and concluded by saying: "St. Luke's is the only congregation of this people belonging to our Church in New England, and the thanks of the members who compose it are due to their friends in these helping them to improve and beautify their house of worship."

GUILFORD—Dr. Bennett's Semi-Centennial.—The Rev. W. G. Andrews, rector of Christ church, Guilford, writes us as follows of the Rev. Dr. Bennett's reception, which we reported two weeks ago:

"Permit me to make two or three additions to your account of the reception lately given to the Rev. Dr. Bennett of Guilford.

"Dr. Bennett has not only been fifty years in priest's orders, but he celebrated his eightieth birthday just one week earlier. On both occasions the venerable mother of Mrs. Bennett, ninety years old, and not resident in Guilford, was present. Besides the verses prepared by the Rev. A. G. Shears, M.D., others were sent by the Rev. Dr. Horton of Cheshire. Dr. J. B. Robertson, from Trinity parish, New Haven, one of four surviving subscribers to a testimonial presented to Dr. Bennett, in 1837, when he was an assistant minister in that parish, read the list of nearly fifty names from the original paper, recently found by Mr. Frederick Rowland, son of an other subscriber, and kindly forwarded. Mr. A. L. Kidston, whose name appears on the old document, was also present. The Rev. E. S. Lines of St. Paul's church, New Haven, not only displayed a warm interest throughout, but is entitled to the credit of having brought about the celebration by calling attention to the near approach of the anniversary. Among the guests of our own clergy should be mentioned the Rev. George C. Griswold and the Rev. Emerson Jessup, and the name of the Rev. E. T. Sanford of Fair Haven should be substituted for that of the Rev. D. L. Sanford of Thomaston. Many letters of congratulation were received from clergymen unable to be present, and the bishop of the diocese particularly regretted his inability to attend.

"Another welcome guest was the pastor of the First Congregational church, the Rev. E. M. Vittum. It is worth mentioning that his earliest predecessor, Henry Whitfield (in Episcopal orders) was an ancestor of the late Dr. Tyng, and a collateral descendant, through his mother, Mildred Manning, of Geoffrey Chauver, Whitfield's wife, furthermore, was first cousin of the poets Giles and Phineas Fletcher. The other Congregational pastor, Mr. Banks, in speaking for the community, very happily styled Dr. Bennett 'the pastor emeritus of Guilford.' More than a third of those who thronged the house in the evening were of other communions, and the reception took somewhat the aspect of a tribute from the town to its most honored citizen. But it was first and chiefly the expression of the respect and love of Dr. Bennett's old parishioners, and the overflowing hospitality of the ladies of the congregation was only one token of the hearty good will with which all was done.

"One thing might have been said then, and may properly be said now, namely, that the present rector has felt his predecessor's continued residence in the parish only as a blessing."

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—Church of the Holy Comforter.—The Advent Mission at this seamen's church, on West Street (the Rev. T. A. Hyland in charge) began on St. Andrew's Day, and continued until Sunday, December 6. The minister was the Rev. W. R. Jenrey, and the after meetings were conducted by the pastor. A number of requests for prayer were sent in and in addition about fifty persons arose and expressed sorrow for sin and asked the prayers of the congregation. The attendance was large and increased daily. The singing was lively and of a most inspiring character. The preaching was clear and direct, and made a good impression. The majority of those attending the services of the mission were people who had not been inside a church for years. Some of these came evening after evening, and it is hoped that a lasting impression for good has been made upon them. On the whole, this mission to seamen was a great blessing, and will no doubt be productive of happy results.

NEW YORK—Church of St. John the Evangelist.—The rector of this parish, the Rev. Dr. B. F. De Costa, made the results of the Advent Mission the subject of his discourse on Sunday, Dec. 13. He congratulated the Church on the success which has followed the special efforts made. He also thought the Mission had given additional proof how strongly entrenched the enemy is, and how large is the mass comprised in what he termed the unchurched portion of the population. He believed that improved methods of conducting Christian work are needed, and that there must be fuller cooperation of the laity. The Church needs to be brought to act as a unit, the individualism of separate parish action being subordinated to the demands of diocesan life.

The Mission in this parish was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Albert C. Bunn, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. Henry L. Foote, of Massachusetts. Several services daily were held, and although the attendance was not large, a good work was accomplished. In the opinion of the rector, expressed in his sermon above referred to, the beginning only was made, and the minds of Christian people awakened to see how great a struggle awaits the friends of Christ who would overthrow the strongholds of sin in the city.

Dr. De Costa has been exceedingly interested in the Mission from the first, while he was very active in promoting it at its very inception, and thus his estimate of the situation has unusual weight.

NEW YORK—City Mission.—The fifty-fourth anniversary of the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society will be held in St. Thomas's church on Sunday, December 20. The assistant-bishop will be present, and preside, and the sermon will be preached by the Rev. C. W. Ward. The society is making its annual appeals for Christmas remembrances to those under its care.

On Christmas Day there will be service at St. Barnabas's House and Chapel at 10:30 A. M. The Christmas dinner will be at 2 P. M. The children are looking earnestly for their annual Christmas feast. Donations for the same should be sent to Sister Ellen, or to the superintendent, the Rev. C. T. Woodruff, 306 Mulberry Street.

LITTLETON—St. Peter's Church.—This parish is one of the oldest religious organizations in the eastern part of Dutchess County. It is said to have existed under royal charter. However this may be, the parish was incorporated under the laws of New York in 1801. The Rev. Philander Chase, subsequently Bishop of Ohio, and afterwards of Illinois, but then rector of Christ church, Poughkeepsie, held occasional services in that vicinity in 1800 and 1801, and on May 12, 1801, "at the house of Elijah Prindle," proceedings were taken to incorporate the parish, and the certificate of incorporation was duly recorded on May 30, 1801. In August, 1806, an acre of ground was deeded to the parish by David Johnston, for the erection of a church and for a burial place. No church building was erected, however, until many years later. In 1832, under the inspiration of the Rev. G. B. Andrews, then rector of Zion parish, Wappinger's Falls, a subscription was made, and in 1833 a church was built. During the next forty years fortune and misfortune attended the parish. At no time strong in numbers, the few faithful ones were called upon to withstand and overcome difficulties that not infrequently have borne down very much stronger congregations. Not the least among the disheartening events in its history was the loss of the church building by fire in 1880.

The nave of a new church was erected, during 1881, on new ground, and the old site devoted entirely to burial purposes. The

cemetary has been placed under the management of a cemetery committee, and all moneys received are funded and allowed to accumulate as a permanent fund, the interest of which shall maintain the grounds in proper condition. In 1882 the rectory was remodelled, enlarged, and improved. During the past year a recess chancel has been added to the church, and the vestry-room has been more than doubled in size, and is intended as the rector's study as well as a robing-room. A window has been placed in the chancel, in memory of one of the first vestrymen, Mr. John Fitch, and his wife. Other memorial windows will be added. A sweet-toned bell, of Mensey & Co.'s make, was used for the first time at the assistant-bishop's visitation, on the Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, when the rector (the Rev. J. C. S. Weill) presided for confirmation the largest number of candidates ever presented in the history of the parish.

LONG ISLAND.

BROOKLYN—*St. Peter's Church.*—Advent Mission services to be continued for eight days were begun in this parish on Sunday, December 6, by the rector, the Rev. C. A. Tibbals. His sermon was based on St. Luke iii. 9, 10, and sketched the true work of a mission and the practical results which may be expected to come from it. In the evening of the same day the Rev. Theodore B. Foster, assistant-minister of St. Luke's, Brooklyn, and experienced in mission services in that parish, conducted the worship, and preached the sermon. His discourse described the future judgment, and was listened to with solemn interest.

BROOKLYN—*Church of the Incarnation.*—At this church the rector (the Rev. James W. Sparks) delivered the second of the Advent lectures in progress, his subject being "Science and Revelation." There are, he said, two distinct conceptions of Christianity in Europe and America at present. The one is that Christianity is the religion of a book, the other that it is a living corporation. The two may be easily combined by accepting the view that the Christian Church is a living body, the Bride of Christ, as St. John describes her, but that the New and Old Testaments are her title deeds and charters.

BROOKLYN—*Church of the Messiah.*—The last of a series of Sunday evening lectures on popular topics, which have been delivered in this church by various clergymen, was given December 6, by the rector, the Rev. Charles R. Baker. His subject was "The Moral Responsibility of the Press." After showing the advance which has been made under Greek, Latin, and Gothic influence, God educating mankind by the lesson of beauty, the lesson of order, and the lesson of justice, he traced the dominant influence of the pulpit from the middle of the fourth century to the close of the sixteenth. But with the invention of the printing press the pulpit became specialized, being left to treat of moral and religious questions solely, while the new agent became the guide of secular life. By the term press, he included literature in general as well as the newspaper. He then proceeded to show very forcibly the vast power which the public press wields, and to point out its grave faults and shortcomings. He believed, however, that the press is yet to produce its heroes and saints as the drama and the pulpit did in their ages. And he held that of all the careers open to men to-day none is to be coveted so much as that of the journalist.

BROOKLYN, E. D.—*Union Advent Mission Services.*—The second of these services, in which the rectors, congregations, and choirs of St. Mark's, Grace, Calvary, and Christ

churches unite, was held in Christ church on Sunday evening, December 6. The large edifice was crowded. Besides the rectors of the respective parishes, the Rev. Drs. J. H. Darlington and S. M. Haskins, and the Rev. Messrs. C. L. Twing and Edwin Coan, there were in the chancel the Rev. Dr. L. W. Bancroft and the Rev. Messrs. J. Edgar Johnson and J. R. Jennings. The sermon was by the Rev. J. F. Johnson from St. Mark v. 34. Relating the incidents in the story of Jairus's daughter, he presented our Lord as the Physician of souls, and urged all to seek Him. The discourse was also illustrated by facts in modern life, and was practical and impressive.

LONG ISLAND CITY—*Church of the Redeemer, Astoria.*—On Advent Sunday the Rev. Dr. E. D. Cooper celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of his rectorship of this parish, which was also the nineteenth anniversary of the parish itself. The church was filled, and the service was hearty, the musical portion being rendered by a full surpliced choir, assisted by a choir of ladies in the organ-chamber. The only decoration was the wreathing of the lecturn with flowers and the figures 19 on the ante-pendium. Bishop Southgate was present, and pronounced the benediction at the close of the service. The rector preached the sermon from I Sam. viii. 12. It was an interesting discourse briefly reviewing the history of the nineteen years of the parish, and answering certain questions that had been put to him with reference to the character of the services of the Church and certain supposed or apparent changes therein. The statistics for the past year are: baptisms, 27; confirmations, 23; marriages, 9; burials, 20; families, 133, containing 532 persons; communicants, 380. The statistics for the nineteen years are: baptisms, 461; confirmations, 383; marriages, 89; burials, 242; communicants, 687.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

PATERSON—*St. Paul's Church.*—The bishop of the diocese made his annual visitation of this parish (the Rev. E. B. Russell, rector,) on the morning of the Second Sunday in Advent, and confirmed thirty-six persons. Nearly one-half of the number were young men. All the newly confirmed received at the Holy Communion the same morning.

PATERSON—*Trinity Church, Totowa.*—At this church (the Rev. Frederick Graves in charge) the bishop on the evening of the Second Sunday in Advent, confirmed seventeen persons.

ORANGE—*All Saints' Church.*—The bishop of the diocese made his first visitation of this parish (the Rev. William Richmond, rector,) on the afternoon of Advent Sunday, and confirmed fifty-one persons.

NEWARK—*Christ Church.*—An interesting memorial service was held in this church (the Rev. J. N. Stansbury, rector,) on Monday, December 7, memorial of the late Rev. Dr. R. M. Abercrombie. The bishop celebrated the Holy Communion, assisted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. W. W. Holey and the Rev. E. B. Russell. There were many friends of Dr. Abercrombie present.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—*St. Clement's Dispensary.*—One part of the scheme of having a hospital in connection with this parish has taken shape. It is open every evening from 7 to 8, at the house which has been secured, No. 110 Friedland Street. A medical staff has been secured, some one of whom will be in attendance each evening, and a specialist to treat diseases of the eye on Wednesday evening. An apothecary is also in charge of the drug store to put

up the prescriptions. It was opened for visitors on Saturday, November 28, and received its first patients on the following Monday.

PHILADELPHIA—*Clerical Brotherhood.*—One of the largest meetings of the Clerical Brotherhood was held on Monday, December 6, to hear the discussion of the New York Advent Mission by those who had been present or had taken part in it. The first speaker was the Rev. Dr. W. N. McVickar, who was followed by the Rev. Dr. Richard Newton and the Rev. Messrs. B. W. Maturin, and S. D. McConnell.

PHILADELPHIA—*St. Philip's Church.*—The Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, acting for the bishop of the diocese, who is still confined to his room by reason of his severe illness, visited this parish (the Rev. E. B. Killikelly, rector,) and, after preaching, confirmed eleven persons.

PHILADELPHIA—*The Seamen's Mission.*—The annual report of this association has just been issued. From it we glean the following statistics for the five months during which the present missionary in chief, the Rev. J. J. Sleeper, has been in charge: 51 Church services, with an attendance of 2,577, of which 777 were seamen, and 10 guild and other services. The Holy Communion has been celebrated 29 times in public and 7 times in private; 59 sermons and addresses delivered. The Sunday-school has 194 members, with 10 officers and teachers; 1391 visits have been made. Over 36,000 pages of tracts and nearly 1,100 books and papers have been given away, beside 101 Prayer Books, 34 hymnals, and 447 Bibles and New Testaments in nine different languages. A reading-room has been opened. The missionary-in-chief has, during the past August, visited the churches for seamen in New York and Baltimore as well as some life-saving stations on the coast. The work of the mission, which is supported by voluntary contributions, is among seamen, their families, and those who live in the immediate vicinity of the church. The Rev. Messrs. Isaac Martin and J. F. Harrigan are active in ministering to seamen at distant points around Philadelphia, under a board of managers, of which the bishop of the diocese is ex-officio president.

PHILADELPHIA—*Archdeacon Farrar's Visit.*—The venerable the Archdeacon of Westminster was in this city on Tuesday and Wednesday before his departure from our shores. Every moment was availed of, so that he must have been glad when the days were past. On Tuesday evening he was introduced by Dr. William Pepper Provost, of the University of Pennsylvania, to an audience of fully two thousand persons, and delivered a lecture upon "Farewell thoughts on America." At its close he was driven to the rooms of the Journalist's Club, where he made an address and was tendered a reception from 10 to 12 P.M.

On Wednesday morning a reception was given him by Mr. George W. Childs, who had invited the clergy and ministers of the city to meet the archdeacon at a luncheon at the Aldine Hotel. Over six hundred people assembled and paid him their respects. At 3:30 a large number of invited guests, besides the trustees, faculty and students of University of Pennsylvania, were assembled in the chapel, where after an introduction by Provost Pepper, the archdeacon gave a talk on education.

CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

BELLEFONTE—*Ordination.*—The assistant-bishop held a special ordination in St. John's Church, Bellefonte, on Thursday, December 3, and advanced to the priesthood the Rev. John R. Robinson, minister in charge of the parish. The sermon was preached by the assistant-bishop, and the candidate was presented by the Rev. Dr. C. F. Knight, who with the

Rev. Drs. J. H. Hopkins and F. J. Clerc, and the Rev. J. H. Black, joined in the imposition of hands.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Meeting of the District Clergy.*—A meeting of the clergy of the District of Columbia was held, at the instance of the Rev. James A. Buck, late chairman of the Monday Clerics, at the Reading Room of the church of the Epiphany, on Monday, November 23. The object of the meeting was to confer about the parochial missionary work of the district, to revise the clerics, dispose of the funds on hand, and other business. Fifteen clergy were present. The Rev. J. A. Buck was chosen chairman and the Rev. Irving McElroy secretary and treasurer. The Rev. Drs. S. H. Giesey, J. H. Elliott and T. G. Addison were appointed a committee to take into consideration the parochial missionary work of Rock Creek Parish as laid before the meeting by the rector, and to report what can be done by the clergy of other parishes to further it. Besides the chapel now nearly completed at Mount Pleasant, within the limits of this large parish are other important points at which lay or clerical help could be extended to great advantage. The Rev. Drs. A. Crummell, T. G. Addison, and S. Giesey, were appointed a committee to secure pledges of money from the District Churchmen and others, by which two-thirds of the annual interest on the mortgage now resting on St. Luke's Church may be met for at least three years to come. The remaining third it is supposed that the congregation, though poor, may be able to pay. They do what they can, and deserve help from outside. The Rev. Drs. I. L. Townsend and J. H. Elliott were appointed a committee to confer with the other ministerial associations of the city in reference to burials on Sunday. It was determined to revive the clerics, and hold its meetings on the third Monday of each month at the Epiphany Reading Room.

EASTON.

THE REV. DR. SMITH'S DECLINATION.—The following is the text of the letter of the Rev. Dr. G. W. Smith, declining the bishopric of Easton.

Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., Nov. 27, 1885. To the Rev. Theo. P. Barber, D.D., President, and the Rev. James A. Mitchell, Secretary of the Convention of the Diocese of Easton.

Reverend and Dear Brethren: With a deep sense of the honor done me, I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your telegram of the 18th, and your letter of the 20th, informing me that the Convention of the Diocese of Easton, had, on the day first named, elected me to succeed the late Right Reverend Henry Champlain Lay, D.D., LL.D., as bishop of the diocese. Although reluctant to cause any delay in filling the episcopate, the gravity of the question submitted to me, the dignity of the office, and the interests of the Church in Easton, appeared to justify a request for time for consideration. Accordingly, on receipt of the telegram, I asked two weeks for the purpose, and I beg, through you, to thank the convention for granting the request. After carefully and prayerfully considering the whole subject, I regret to have to announce that I cannot see my way clear to accept the high and responsible office to which I have been undeservedly elected. Believe me, brethren, that no ordinary consideration would have brought me to this reluctant conclusion.

Praying God to guide you to one more worthy than myself to fill the holy office in succession to the sainted Lay, and thanking you for the kind manner in which you have

discharged your duty towards me, I am in the highest esteem, your brother in Christ.

GEO. WILLIAMSON SMITH.

DIOCESAN NOTES.—The Rev. Dr. George Williamson Smith having declined the recent election to the bishopric of this diocese, a second special convention has been called for December 16. This diocese comprises the eight counties of Maryland on the Eastern shore of the State, and consists of about forty parishes and congregations, its clergy numbering about thirty-six, the average lay attendance in convention being about thirty. For general purposes, in 1885, the contributions of the diocese amounted to \$600; diocesan, \$5,500; parochial, about \$32,400; other uses, \$4,000; total, \$40,900. The value of the rectories of the diocese (twenty-six in all), is \$62,400; insurance on them, \$36,000; there are sixty-three churches, valued at \$201,600, and insured at \$94,000.

The Glebes comprise 434 acres, valued at \$20,000; the invested funds of the diocese are nearly \$17,000. The number of communicants is 2,638; baptisms last year, 400; Sunday-school teachers, 228; pupils, 1,680. There is one parish school having about twenty pupils. It is estimated that there are 1,440 families, representing about 7,000 souls, attached to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Church. There are three convocations within the diocese. During the last year of the late Bishop Lay's life, he confirmed fifty-four persons.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH.—*Ordination.*—On the Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity, the bishop held an ordination in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh. Morning Prayer having been said at an earlier hour at both Christ church and the Church of the Good Shepherd, the two congregations assembled at the latter church at 11:30 a. m. There were present besides the bishop, the Rev. Drs. F. M. Hubbard, R. B. Sutton, M. M. Marshall and James Carmichael, and the Rev. Messrs. Bennett Smedes, Gilbert Higgs, J. Huske, J. R. Cheshire, Jr., and the two candidates, the Rev. Messrs. W. J. Smith, and Robert Strange, the latter the rector-elect of the parish.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. B. Cheshire, Jr., from Ephesians iv. 11, 12, 13. The sermon was listened to with much interest and attention by a large congregation. Much regret was expressed at the unavoidable absence of the Rev. Dr. J. C. Huske, who had been originally appointed to preach the sermon. The candidates were presented by the Rev. Messrs. G. Higgs and John Huske, and all the presbyters present joined in the laying on of hands.

The Rev. Mr. Smith will remain as assistant in Calvary church, Tarboro', and the Rev. Mr. Strange will soon be instituted into the rectorship of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Raleigh.

ALABAMA.

THE DIOCESAN INSTITUTIONS.—*Orphan Asylums.*—There are two orphan asylums in Mobile, one for girls, the other for boys, both under the management of the bishop and his deaconesses, of whom there are twelve. Both asylums are in a healthy condition and doing a work of which the diocese may be justly proud. There is a substantiality about this work of charity, most trustworthy and commendable; and as a result the offerings from the Church and the world, especially in Mobile, make these asylums almost self-sustaining, without drawing upon invested funds. *Church Schools.*—There was a Church School proposed in Mobile last summer by the

Rev. J. S. Johnson, and efforts were made for its establishment, whether successful or not, we are not informed.

Hanner Hall, the diocesan institute for girls under the direction of the Rev. Dr. G. M. Everhart has maintained for years a very high character, and the present year seems to be, if any thing, even more prosperous than previous ones. As in similar institutions the daily service in conformity with the Christian year, and the teachings of the Church in lectures and sermons, and the atmosphere which such a religious system necessarily creates, are sending out, year after year, the daughters of the land deeply imbued with the principles of a higher and better life. The resources of the diocese, however, are entirely unequal to the claims which such a school presents. There should be an endowment or some funds provided especially for the gratuitous education of the daughters of the clergy. Most of our clergy live at parts remote from good schools and are wholly unable to incur the expense, even at very reduced rates, which a boarding school education necessarily imposes. Something early should be done to give relief in cases like this, without imposing upon the recipients too much personal obligation.

The statement is authorized by the rector, that he will receive the daughters of our clergy for one hundred dollars each, and give them board, tuition and the "extras" for an entire year. As Christmas is at hand this benefaction is most earnestly commended to those blessed with means as one of paramount excellence. The money might be sent either to the rector of the school, at Montgomery, or to the bishop of the diocese, to be devoted in the manner indicated.

MISSISSIPPI.

VICKSBURG.—*Christ Church.*—Advent Sunday, November 29, was the twentieth anniversary of the assumption of the rectorship of the parish by the Rev. Dr. Henry Sansom. He took charge at the end of the civil war, when the congregation was suffering under heavy losses both in numbers and in material property. But ninety-five communicants remained of all who had been numbered with the congregation. Since Dr. Sansom undertook the work of rehabilitation, the course of the parish has been steadily upward—numbers have increased and upward of \$80,000 has been raised for parish support and general purposes.

At the morning service the rector made an address, in which he gave a brief and entertaining history of the parish from its foundation in 1836.

In honor of the anniversary and as a testimonial of the affection which they bear for their rector, many of the congregation presented him with some handsome pieces of silver plate. The names of the donors were unknown, so the rector expressed his thanks generally to the congregation.

TENNESSEE.

MOUNT PLEASANT.—*Oley School for Boys.*—This school has done much to solve the problem of good and cheap education. It does not depend for support entirely on tuition fees. A compact and fertile farm attached to the school furnishes the equivalent of much money, and furthermore ensures a good and bountiful table. The question of food and fuel in this healthy and fertile region can cause no anxiety. The school is a good one; its patrons are among the best families in the state. That they are pleased and satisfied proves the quality of the work done at the school.

The Convocation of Nashville has taken this

school under its charge in a special way. It therefore may be looked upon as one of the prominent features of the educational work in this diocese.

The only thing to be deplored is the limited capacity of the school building. It is determined that there shall be no crowding. There are no funds in hand to build any additions at present so that vacancies in the full complement of boarders cannot exist long.

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE—*John N. Norton Memorial Infirmary*.—This handsome edifice was opened on Saturday, December 3, with appropriate ceremonies. This institution was projected ten or twelve years ago by the Home Mission Society of St. Paul's parish. The ladies of the society had raised by their own work \$5,000, when Mrs. Norton, the widow of the Rev. Dr. J. N. Norton, then recently deceased, offered to add \$10,000 to the amount conditionally that the infirmary should bear its present name. Since then she has made two other large donations to the work, and gives it much of her time and attention. Dr. Norton, who at the time of his death, was associate rector of Christ Church, was well known by his writings to the Church at large, and particularly so in Kentucky from his earnest and zealous labors.

The building is a large structure of pressed brick with stone foundations and trimmings, four stories in height, with two wings, one of which is not yet ready for occupancy. It was erected solely for its present purpose, is large, light, and airy, and provided with all modern conveniences. The institution is incorporated and under the control of a board of trustees; \$5,000 endows a bed, with perpetual right of nomination to the subscriber; \$300 entitles the donor to nominate the occupant of a bed for one year. There is a board of lady managers. Though the infirmary is under Church control, the managers have secured the interest and cooperation of charitable people of all names, and it seems to be the desire to make it a memorial not only of Dr. Norton, but of many other departed loved ones. Eleven wards and rooms had already been furnished as memorials of departed friends, before the opening day, and during that day there were more offers than there were rooms ready to be furnished; but when the north wing is completed these offers can be accepted. The Home Missionary Society of St. Paul's church has furnished the first room for the parlor floor as a library, and has also furnished the Women's Ward, in memory of Miss Ella Phillips. The congregation of St. Paul's has furnished a room, to be known as the Perkins Ward, after the rector, the Rev. E. T. Perkins. The Church of the Ascension, Frankfort, has fitted up a room in memory of Dr. Norton, who was its rector for twenty-two years. The ladies of the Second Presbyterian congregation have handsomely furnished a room in memory of their deceased pastor, the Rev. Stuart Robinson, and the Central Presbyterian congregation, one in memory of the late Dr. W. C. Brewster. The Children's Ward has been furnished by the Society of the Ministering Children of St. Paul's parish. All the other wards and rooms have been furnished or bespoken by different persons in memory of departed friends.

The lady managers and the wives of the trustees projected and arranged the opening, and made it a success. The doors were opened at 1 P. M., and during the afternoon and evening the large building was well filled with admiring visitors, who examined all the accommodations. About fifteen hundred people visited the infirmary during the day.

The managers are now in correspondence with a graduate of Bellevue Hospital, New York, with the view of securing her to take

charge of the wards. A board of the leading surgeons and physicians of Louisville will appoint a visiting staff. None but trained nurses will be employed, and it will be the object of the management to make a national reputation for the Infirmary.

HOPKINSVILLE—*Grace Church*.—A Harvest Home service was held in this church (the Rev. J. W. Venable, rector,) on Thanksgiving Day. The church was tastefully decorated with grain, fruit and vegetables, and a large congregation assembled to give thanks for the mercies and benefits of the past year. The rector preached from Genesis viii. 22, and the offerings were devoted to charitable purposes.

On Advent Sunday the bishop of the diocese visited the parish, preached twice, and confirmed ten persons.

WESTERN MICHIGAN.

GRAND RAPIDS—*St. Mark's Church*.—The Thanksgiving Day services at this church (the Rev. E. S. Burford, rector) were participated in by a large congregation. The music was rendered by the surpliced choir, assisted by several musical instruments and led by the assistant minister, the Rev. F. A. De Rosset. The chancel was decorated with grain, vegetables, etc., which, with the money offerings, were presented to the Church Home.

On the evening before Thanksgiving Day the Home was the scene of generous giving and grateful receiving of donations. A committee of ladies was in waiting to receive the gifts, which consisted of money, clothing, bedding, fuel, groceries and other necessities. The entire cash contributions, including the offerings at St. Mark's church, amounted to \$360.91.

The Home and Hospital has opened its doors to a portion of the State's disabled soldiers, giving them care and shelter, with medical attendance, if needed, until such time as the Soldier's Home is ready for occupancy.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO—*The General Convention*.—The general committee appointed at the late diocesan convention, for the purpose of making arrangements for the General Convention, which will be held in Chicago, in October, 1886, met November 20, at the Palmer House. The committee consists of the rectors of all the churches in the city, and three laymen appointed from each parish. There were about thirty gentlemen present, and Bishop McLaren occupied the chair. The coming convention, which meets triennially, will be composed of four clergymen and four laymen from each diocese in the United States, making in all 320 delegates. A number of important subjects will be considered by this convention, among which will be a revision of the Prayer Book. The last convention was held in Philadelphia, in 1883. After a general discussion of the manner of providing the ways and means for the convention, the chair appointed Revs. Dr. Clinton Locke, T. N. Morrison, Jr., and E. A. Larrabee, and Messrs. M. D. Talcott, A. Eddy, Jr., and William M. Tilden, as a committee to select a suitable place in which to hold the convention, which will probably continue for three weeks. Central Music Hall was preferred for that purpose, by the members present. The rectors of all the city churches were authorized to nominate one or more laymen from each parish, as a committee on finance, to secure contributions to defray the expenses of the convention. The committee then adjourned, to meet again January 4, 1886.—*Local Paper*.

CHICAGO—*Western Theological Seminary*.—It is with great pleasure that we announce the gift of \$300 to our seminary from Miss

Elizabeth Clarkson Jay, of New York city, for the purpose of establishing "The Pierre Jay Prize" for the best paper on the Foreign Missionary Work of the Church. The prize is \$100, each year for three years. The judges are the Bishop of Chicago and the Rev. Drs. Locke and Vibbert, by appointment of Miss Jay. It is understood that several of the students will prepare papers. The successful paper will be read before a congregation some time in January.

We earnestly pray that this kindly and generous act on the part of this respected lady may develop a larger interest in the foreign work of the Church. May it do more—may it lead to our young seminary being represented by some of its coming alumni in the far-off lands where Satan's seat is!—*Diocesan Paper*.

CHICAGO—*The Bishop's Tenth Anniversary*.—Tuesday, December 8, was the tenth anniversary of the consecration of the bishop of this diocese. According to his usual custom he celebrated the Holy Communion on that day at 10.30 A. M. A number of the clergy and laity were present.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL—*Ordination*.—On Monday, November 30, in Christ church (the Rev. M. L. Gilbert, rector,) the bishop of the diocese advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Sydney G. Jeffords, deacon in this parish. The sermon was preached by the bishop, and the candidate presented by the rector of the parish.

NEBRASKA.

FREMONT—*Memorial Services*.—Services memorial of the late Rev. Dr. John McNamara were held in St. James' church, Fremont, on Sunday, November 22. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert Doherty.

Dr. McNamara died suddenly in North Platte, where he was a rector of the Church of Our Saviour, on October 24. He was stricken with paralysis, and survived only seven hours. He was buried at Geneva Lake, Wis., which was his first Western parish.

Dr. McNamara's history is a peculiar and interesting one. He was born in Dromore, Ireland, in 1824, and was the son of a skilled and intelligent stone mason, who was fond of books and intellectual pursuits. He came with his parents to Middletown, Conn., where he worked in a printing office for a time, and then was apprenticed to a manufacturer of wall paper. During his apprenticeship he became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Jarvis, and attended his school for boys. Dr. Jarvis took a great interest in him, and volunteered to teach him Greek and Latin. The wall paper factory being burned, he was released from his apprenticeship, and he went, mostly on foot, to Dr. Muhlenberg at Flushing, and obtained permission to attend the class recitations. The kind-hearted Dr. Muhlenberg took him into his own house. He entered, and was passed through St. Paul's school, Flushing, and entered the General Theological Seminary in 1846. In 1849 he was ordained to the diaconate in Brooklyn by Bishop Whittingham, and went to Wisconsin, where in 1850 Bishop Kerver advanced him to the priesthood. He served as missionary in Missouri, and for a time had a parish in Chicago, but in 1854 accepted a missionary appointment to Kansas. Here he met misfortune. He sympathized so earnestly with the measures of the Free State party in the settlement of that territory, that he lost many of his most influential friends, and was forced to build himself a cabin, in which both to live and officiate. Here he lost two daughters, and very nearly died himself, having to be taken with his sick wife out of his cabin and carried to Atchison and St.

Joseph, where his health was with difficulty restored.

Mr. McNamara published a book entitled, "Three Years on the Kansas Border," and made several earnest speeches in New York and other Eastern places, on behalf of the Free State settlement in Kansas. He returned to Wisconsin and founded the parishes at Geneva Lake, White Water, Fond du Lac, Wis., and Waukegan, Ill., and labored at Kenosha, La Crosse, and other important points. During the civil war he was chaplain of the First Wisconsin, serving throughout the war. He remained in Wisconsin until 1870, when he assumed the presidency of Nebraska College, and the rectorship of St. Mary's, Nebraska City. In 1875 he resigned those positions, and accepted duty under Dr. Muhlenberg in St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and St. Johnland. At the death of Dr. Muhlenberg he returned to Nebraska and became rector of St. James's, Fremont. For a short time he engaged in missionary work in New Mexico, but resumed his rectorship at Fremont very soon. A thorough missionary, he again accepted missionary work at Crête, Beatrice, and other points; was recalled to Nebraska College, but resigned it to take the Church of Our Saviour, North Platte, which he held for the last year of his life.

Dr. McNamara had the earnest missionary spirit as part of his nature, and he was never so happy as when planting parishes in a new field. Many flourishing parishes in the Northwest are memorials of his devoted missionary work.

KANSAS.

DIOCESAN CONVENTION.—The annual convention of the diocese was held in Grace cathedral church, Topeka, on Wednesday, December 2. The attendance of clergy and laity was large, and much interest was manifested. The question of an assistant-bishop was brought up, and after much discussion it was decided to elect an assistant at a special convention to be held in Topeka in May, 1886.

LEAVENWORTH.—St. John's Church.—The first anniversary of the assumption of this parish by the Rev. F. S. De Mattos, occurred on Sunday, December 5. The rector preached an appropriate sermon on the occasion. When he assumed charge there were 8 families, about 35 individuals, 21 communicants, 10 Sunday scholars. There are now 34 families, about 125 individuals, 44 communicants, and 75 Sunday scholars.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

SYRACUSE.—St. Paul's Cathedral.—The new St. Paul's church, or, as it is henceforth to be known, St. Paul's Cathedral, was opened on Sunday, December 13. Long before 10 o'clock the members of the congregation, friends of the Church, and citizens generally, began to assemble, and soon the spacious edifice was crowded to repletion. It soon became necessary to fill the aisles with chairs, and these, too, were speedily occupied. The church presented a brilliant and beautiful appearance, and constant exclamations of delight were made manifest by those present. The church was beautifully illuminated for the occasion, and the hundreds of gas jets served to heighten and bring out in bold relief the beauties of design, decoration and ornamentation. The acoustic properties of the church are admirable, and every word uttered from the pulpit was distinctly heard, even in the furthestmost corner, while the rich and solemn notes of the organ reverberated with impressive effect throughout the interior.

The services were conducted by Bishop Huntington. They were opened by Dr. Ashley

who read through the psalms. The Rev. George Heathcote Hills read the lessons and the Rev. John Downs Hills read the collect and the litany. The bishop officiated at communion, the rector reading the Epistle. At the conclusion of the service the rector, the Rev. H. R. Lockwood, announced that the trustees and vestrymen of the church had tendered to Bishop Huntington the use of St. Paul's as the cathedral church of the diocese and that the bishop had accepted the offer. A pew has also been set apart for the use of the bishop's family. St. Paul's therefore is to be henceforth known as St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. George Morgan Hills, of Burlington, N. J., then preached an able and instructive sermon from the text: "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Psalm lxxxvii, 2.

Concluding, Dr. Hills said: "The solemnities have not the sublime function of a 'consecration,' which we pray God to hasten in His time; but the tenderer and comparatively private character, where the families of one tribe come together to give thanks unto the name of the Lord for some great and special blessing common to them all. We have assembled, some from long distances, former parishioners and present parishioners, former pastors and present pastor, bishop, clergy, and laity, to 'dedicate this house of God with joy.' And if those departed this life are cognizant of things on earth, have we not with us a company unseen? I speak not of the blessed angels, but of those once mortal like ourselves, of like passions as we are, those whom we have seen and known, and those of whom we have heard with our ears and our fathers have told us. Is not every one who, with a faithful and true heart, has given little or much to this parochial Zion an interested spectator of this scene? Have we not with us John McCarty, the deacon from Onondaga Hill, who, in 1826, in the district school-house on Church Street, presided at the organization of this parish? Have we not with us William Barlow, the first resident missionary who in two years' time saw the earliest church fabric completed and consecrated? Have we not Palmer Dyer, who, after the little flock of eight communicants had been for eighteen months without a shepherd strengthened the things that remained, and during four years had 'the good report of all men and of the truth itself'? And John B. Gallagher, whose failing health alone caused frequent intermission of his telling services? And Henry Gregory, that man of God who seemed like one of the old prophets risen again, and who after five-and-twenty years of toil, 'fell on sleep,' leaving for monuments two temples of stone, and two well instructed congregations, and the imperishable title, 'Father of the Church in Syracuse'?

And Simon Greenleaf Fuller, that splendid young man, your rector only two-and-twenty months, and then removed so instantly that his departure was like translation rather than death! And if these are with us, are not the lion-hearted Hobart, who consecrated the first church fabric, and the wise-minded De Lancy, who consecrated the second?

By a concurrence, no doubt undesigned, to-day is the feast of St. Lucy, the patron of ancient Syracuse, after which this city is named. This concurrence is to me beautiful and suggestive. It reminds me that in the first dwelling ever erected in this locality there were six communicants of the Church, and all of them were women. It reminds me that the first religious rite performed in this place was the marriage of one of these. It reminds me, too, that the wife of the proprietor of the first Syracuse home, likewise a communicant, when in the winter of 1822 the Rev. Lucius

Smith of Auburn came out here to officiate, turned her parlor temporarily into an oratory for the first public worship. It reminds me further how always here and everywhere, holy women have "labored much in the Lord." Their names are in the book of life. They shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

Brethren, since the two former rectors present first ministered among you, a generation has gone, a generation has come. The men and women who are the hope of this parish are the children whom we catechised, the infants whom we christened. Two, born in your first rectory, now a priest and a deacon, have come back to the home of their nativity to be with their elders in this hour of gladness. Can you conceive the emotions of the heart that can say, "Behold I and the children which God hath given me?"

Right reverend father in God, chief pastor of this jurisdiction, I congratulate you on this event in the mother parish of this city, and the announcement just made from the chancel, that you accept this church as your cathedral is the drop which makes our cup of joy overflow. For forty years its rectors will bear witness that this is a congregation of great resources and vast capabilities. None more so except in Central New York, and few more so except in the great cities. May it be yours, right reverend father, always to be able to say that this "hill of Zion is a fair place," and the joy of the whole diocese. May its gifts so continue to flow, that it continue to merit the distinction which Bishop De Lancy gave it, when, with a set of alms basons brought from England, he added, "in testimony of St. Paul's parish being among the most liberal supporters of diocesan missions and other Church objects."

My beloved brother, rector of this large and influential parish, "for myself and all here present, and many afar off," I congratulate you on the completion of this noble work. The three priests next preceding you desired such a consummation and cried, "O Lord, how long!" Two of them are permitted to take you by the hands this day and "rejoice with exceeding great joy."

Laity of this congregation of St. Paul's, beloved by every tie, you are to be congratulated beyond all. You have reared these walls as those who know "That in this place is One greater than the temple." Keep as solidly in your hearts as are the foundation stones which uphold its superstructure, that it become, and that you belong to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, the historic Church which has transmitted to us English literature and English laws not only, but the English Bible and the English liturgy. Believe in this Church, pray for it, work for it, give to it. Never compromise it. Would you compromise your mother! So shall "the Lord build up Zion, and His glory shall appear." For "the Lord thy God, O Zion, shall be King for evermore, and throughout all generations."

At the conclusion of the services the congregation of St. Paul's crowded about the chancel and extended hearty welcome to Dr. Ashley and Dr. Hills. Many an eye was dimmed with tears, as fond reminiscences of the parastates of these beloved divines were recalled.

At the evening service, the Rev. Dr. W. B. Ashley delivered an able and eloquent discourse, taking for his text the second verse of the 32d chapter of Isaiah, "A man shall be an hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as the rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Dr. Ashley's discourse was an able theological effort, and partook of an entirely different character from that of Dr. Hills in the morning.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

WANING INFLUENCE OF THE MINISTRY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Although Mr. Hughes seems to have dismissed the subject in your last issue, he certainly will not be unmerciful enough to refuse a woman "the last word."

While your first correspondent may have been somewhat sweeping and censorious in his remarks, he is not without truth on his side.

If there were among our clergy the willingness for voluntary self-sacrifices which characterized the Apostles and their immediate successors, we should not hear the pitiful appeals that come up to us from foreign missionaries, and our own missionary bishops, for help in their difficult fields.

Let us be fair, and acknowledge that we, all clergy and lay, have fallen far away from the devotion and the simplicity of the early Church.

If we loved God better than the things of this world, the only question would be: "How little can I get along with myself? How much can I give, of time as well as money, to His service?"

"A reasonable and holy life" we are all pledged to. It need not be an ascetic one, and it can hardly be a luxurious one. And here may I, in all kindness, say one word to my brethren the clergy about an indulgence so common among them—smoking, which gives you no necessary or reasonable comfort, but can be called either: I will not profane the Master's name by such a suggestion, but can you imagine His disciples, or St. Paul, giving way to a habit so useless, expensive, and injurious? If you plead with us for self-denial, do it with lips clean from such indulgence. I love you so well, I honor you so much, that I want you free from this and every reproach.

I do not believe the influence of the Christian ministry is waning, but it might be measuredly greater. It will be if you fashion your lives closer and closer to the humble, stainless one of Him who is our Priest forever.

I. L. LATTAN.

SOUTH DAKOTA, NIOBRARA DEANERY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

I have been spending several days in this delightful school, St. John's. The more I see of it the more I like it. A set of more industrious children, a set of happier children, I have never seen. No private home I ever was in was cleaner than this home is kept by these girls under the superintendence of their teachers, and in none was the work more noiselessly done. Nothing but rare gifts in the officers of the school and rare devotion to their work could have achieved such results. Miss Elaine Goodale of Hampton Institute, and Mr. Herbert Welsh visited St. John's School in September, and the former, in an editorial in the *Southern Workman* of November, remarks:

"I have never seen more complete control, more tact, grace and personal magnetism, more delightful order and method, with an equally delightful spontaneity than I saw in St. John's School on an Indian Reservation."

The Indians are quick to recognize such success in the care of their children, and St. John's School ranks very high in their esteem. The school opens August 1, and there were thirty-nine girls for supper. If the building had been sufficiently large I am quite sure Mr. and Mrs. Kinney could have taken a hundred pupils, and that without solicitation, so pleasant and friendly is the existing feeling among the Indians. One man, Long Log, had imported them for two years to take his little Mary. They had evaded his questions until finally he said, giving them a very sharp look, "I will bring my little girl and sit on the stoil the morning school is to open, and when the bell rings I will not be too late." They took the child.

Some two or three weeks before school opened, Lucille, a little girl who had been in

school one year, came up to see Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, and brought her little sister and her cousin, both of whom she had put in order for the occasion. They had brought with them as sort of propitiatory offering a few half-pipe plums, which they carried in the shell of a watermelon. Poor souls, it was all they had to give. Watching Mr. and Mrs. Kinney's faces, and judging it a fitting moment, Lucille stepped forward and asked that her sister and cousin might come to school. To take them both was impossible, but they compromised and took the cousin. They called her Bessie. She was a bright, attractive little girl, but it was soon found that she had always been in poor health. In a short time she developed signs of quick consumption, and only lived a few weeks. When she found that she was going to die, she requested that the sister might be taken in her place.

The girls are very desirous that others shall share their happy lot. A little one came up to me the other day and put in my hand fifty cents which her parents had given her with which to buy candy, and said, "To put a little girl in school." Another and another have followed her example. Another, a sort of pupil-teacher, has insisted upon my receiving an offering of \$10—half of it to help put a girl in school and half for Missions; while the father of one of the girls has given a young steer worth \$18, which he wishes divided and used in the same way. The girls and I have had a council over the matter, and we have concluded to begin a new scholarship in St. John's School, to be called "The Bessie Scholarship," after the little schoolmate whom they lost, and who was so anxious that when she died her sister might be taken in her place. The contribution here amounts to \$20.70. For the rest of the \$30 needed we must look to our friends at the East.

WILLIAM H. HARE,
Missionary Bishop.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SONG CELESTIAL, OF BHAGAVAD GITA. From the Mahabharata, Being a Discourse Between Arjuna, Prince of Indraprastha, and the Suffering Teacher, Krishna. Translated from the Sanskrit Text by Edwin Arnold, A. Author of the "Light of Asia," etc. (Boston: Roberts Brothers,) pp. 185. Price \$1.00.

The power of Mr. Edwin Arnold as a translator is not to be questioned. There is great grace and beauty in his rendering, and in the "Song Celestial," there is less employment of the Indian terminology, which is so unintelligible to any but a Sanskrit scholar, than in some of his other poems. We presume this is, I fear, probably flattering, presentation of the Braminical teaching. The poem sets forth the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, the attainment of *Nirvana* by mental concentration, the Pantheistic theology, and the anti-nomian mysticism, which have all been known to the students of the Hindu beliefs. We cannot say that we are disposed to look upon these ideas with any of that enthusiasm which is now directed toward East Indian teaching, or to see in it any great likeness to the Christianity it is said to have anticipated. And we think that the use of English words to render Sanskrit ideas goes very far to keep up this latter delusion. There is probably not much of parallelism between the English word "piety," for instance, and that which is its Hindu equivalent. "Pius Arcturus" in Virgil is certainly very ill-translated by the "piams" of the school-boy version. We think that much of this East Indian religion is transfigured by the mirage which comes from Christian thought. As a striking English poem, founded on a Hindu origin, we accept the "Song Celestial," but to claim for its utterances any parity with Scripture, or even to place it on the level with Hellenic or Norse mythologies, is, we think, to over-value it.

We do not understand the self-control and self-renunciation here set forth to be other than mystical anti-nomianism, which has always been found in the wilder dreams of un-

checked speculation. It is found in Marcionite Gnostics. In fact, much of the inspiration of Gnostic metaphysics came, no doubt, from East Indian sources. We fully recognize the presence of the original revelation made to the Church of the Patriarchs in all the corrupted forms of ancient belief. But we reject as utterly the attempt to make these the real prototypes and parents of Christianity. We reject it as being false to all true literary criticism, as well as being false in theology. We are reminded of the tricks of unworthy discoverers, who bury simulated or real relics in ancient mounds, and then dig them up to prove a theory. We desire to do all justice to Mr. Arnold's poetry, but we look upon it as very greatly carried to rather than found in the sources where he discovers in. There are two sorts of genius, or rather two operations of genius, that which reveals the hidden beauties of nature, unseen to the ordinary eye, and that which idealizes the commonplace and vulgar. We hold Mr. Arnold's genius to be of the latter sort rather than the former. Indian thought is an Indian art, grotesque, subtle, but lacking in the higher qualities. One studies them as curiosities, but can never love and admire them in themselves. It is only when it is Europeanized by the magic of a mind like Mr. Arnold's, that the theosophic wisdom of India can have attraction for a Western and Christian mind.

THE COMING STRAGGLE FOR INDIA. Being an Account of the Encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, and of the Difficulties Sure to Arise Therefrom to England. By Arminius Vamberry. (Cassell & Company, New York, 19 pp.)

No one can say that Prof. Vamberry has not the courage of his convictions. He has no question as to the designs of Russia upon India, and he does not hesitate to speak of those designs in the plainest way. As a Hungarian, he is probably better fitted than almost any Englishman to understand Orientals, and he has traversed the countries of which he writes, not as a wealthy and privileged observer of the mere outside, but as a man of the people, and under his dervish disguise admitted into the very heart of the ideas and feelings of those nations he moved among. If one can rely upon his good faith, he is likely to be by far the most trustworthy writer who has undertaken the subject. The objection made to him is that he is a Hungarian with the old grudge against Russia. But it seems to us as if he proved every step of the way, and the map accompanying will show the deliberate progress of Russia toward the conquest of Asia. His defence of British rule in India is very striking, in fact the entire topic which the title indicates is treated in a very masterly manner. It is for the reader to say whether the case against Russia is made out; but there is certainly strong confirmation from other sources. The point most in doubt is whether the defence of India is to be made at Herat, or at the actual frontier of the British empire. On the one hand it is claimed that Herat is the key of India, and that through that gateway the successive conquerors of India came. On the other hand it is argued that England would have to fight too far away from her base, and that the India is the proper line of defence. Mr. Vamberry's idea is that the stand should be made at Herat, and for this he cites no mean military authorities. We commend this book as one to be read by every one who wishes to understand the great political questions of the day. Sooner or later the inevitable collision will take place. Whether the menace to India is a mere pretext to secure Constantinople, or is for its own sake, is, perhaps, uncertain, but in either event England must encounter Russia. The present complications in the East, which, as we write, appear serious, may or may not find issue in war. The results to Russia may be the put-

ting back of her designs for another term of years, but the whole aspect of the future points to an inevitable conflict upon the Indian frontier. Mr. Vambrey deprecates this in the interests of humanity. He holds, and we think justly, that whatever may be the shortcomings of England toward India, no civilization in the world will do as much as the English civilization has done to prepare the way for an enlightened self-government in some coming time, and from the spectacle of what Russia has wrought in her own borders he draws a gloomy picture of the effects of Russian rule in Asia.

THE TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE: of Biblical Deluge Illustrated and Corroborated by Myology, Tradition, and Geology. To which is added a Brief Interpretation of the Creation, with Notes from Theologians, Philosophers, and Scientists. By the Rev. G. C. H. Hasskarr. (Philadelphia: C. Henry) pp. 376.

This is a defence of the biblical account of the deluge literally taken. We confess that we never saw any attack upon the Mosaic story which gave very much trouble to one who wished to answer it. The whole trouble has been made by mistaken proofs of it, which have been adduced in unscientific times. The argument which is drawn from its inconsistency with the goodness of God, is simply a cavil. The population of the world when put at the highest figure possible, would be less than the numbers born since then up to the date of the Christian era. Now since every one of those lives has gone out, not to speak of a few millions more dead in the later period, we cannot see the force of the argument. If the terror of the catastrophe is alleged, the probability, judging from the late tidal wave following the volcanic eruption in the Indian Archipelago, is that it was remarkably painless. Mr. Hasskarr takes the extreme orthodox view both of the deluge and the creation, and certainly has got together a strong body of arguments and authorities. We think it wise in the author that while he is quite decided in his view of the literal interpretation, he does not stand or fall by it, but leaves room for a larger liberty. There never seemed to us to be insuperable scientific difficulties in the way of a strict interpretation, seeing that the evidences of the world's great antiquity are not a demonstration so long as science remains ignorant of the forces employed, and while it discloses possibilities in the elements of the natural world of immense and rapid change. But on the other hand there is no need to subject the Book of Genesis to any such crucial test.

THE SILVER SOURCE, Together with the Freedman's Case in Equity and the Convict Lease System. By George W. Cable. With portrait. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) pp. 187. Price \$1.00.

This book deserves to be read. Whatever bears Mr. Cable's name is sure to receive attention, and whatever bears upon the subject he has taken up demands it. Where there is so much conflicting opinion as there is upon the right way of dealing with the freedmen, or rather the negro problem, it is too soon to say that any man has found the right solution. But the spirit in which Mr. Cable approaches it is the right spirit. He is a Southerner by education and sympathy. He understands the Southern people. He sees that the real interest in the matter lies in the welfare of the white race, and that right, and wise, and Christian dealing with the black race is essential to the prosperity of their former masters. He understands that the color line cannot be ignored where it touches masses, and not individuals merely. We bespeak for his book a respectful attention. On the one hand, it will show that the question is not to be disposed of by Northern theories, and, on the other hand, it will point out to the South that they must work out their own salvation. Now that slavery is a thing of the past, and a South has

arisen which does not want it back, its good features (and it had some), can be temperately discussed. The South must see how to get that good which lay in the old system, freed from its great and inevitable evils. But the South, while it has a right to ask Northern help in its plans, ought to be free from Northern intermeddling. No good can be done save through the voluntary action of the parties most nearly concerned—the two races who live side by side. Education and Christianity are the two essentials.

THE STORY OF ROME. From the Earliest time to the End of the Republic. By Arthur Gilman, M.A., Author of "A History of the American People," Editor of "The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer," etc. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1885.) pp. 325.

This volume is one of the first of a series entitled "The Story of the Nations," published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and it is a very hopeful representative and spokesman for the volumes to follow. The idea of the series is to give the story of the various nations of the world in an attractive form, presenting the latest developments of historical research in the form of a popular narrative. If the rising generation is not grateful for all the signed tracts that are being laid for it, little can be said in its defense.

Though marred by a tendency toward fine writing, and a fondness for "lustrous" adjectives on the part of the author, the book is both pleasing and valuable. The last three chapters upon "Some Manners and Customs of the Roman People," "The Roman Reading and Writing," and "The Roman Republicans, Serious and Gay," are particularly good, and give a vivid picture of the daily life and habits of the Romans. The boy who reads "The Story of Rome" will not only derive much pleasant enjoyment from it, but will find that it will throw a new light upon the pages of his text-books, making them no longer a dreary catalogue of uninteresting events, but part of a living history of living men.

ITALIAN POPULAR TALES. By Thomas Frederick Crane, A.B., Professor of the Romance Languages in Cornell University. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.) pp. 399. Price \$2.50.

These are tales of the people, fairy stories and the like, such as "Blue Beard," "Cinderella," etc. We have read them carefully and have been surprised to find that in some shape or other, they are familiar to many nations. Some of them we never saw in print, but have found them floating about as nursery stories. Some are as old as the Odyssey. Many of them are from the "Arabian Nights," others are familiar in the "Folk Lore of Germany." It is a very curious study to see how the frame work will be the same with endless variations in mere new and local coloring. There is much to be learned from the comparison of these versions with the same story as told in other nations. And though this does not perhaps represent the highest class of literary art, it will well repay a reader who has leisure. Professor Crane has done his work admirably and given in notes, indices and arrangement, all the care which could be required to make his volume acceptable.

A MORTAL ANTI-PATHY. First Opening of the New Portland. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.) pp. 307. Price \$1.50.

Whatever the material of the dainty dish Dr. Holmes sets before the reading public, the seasoning and cooking are sure to be exquisite. He cannot write a novel without a medical theory being the component part, and this his third long story is no exception. Readers of the Atlantic Monthly will not need to be told what the "Mortal Antipathy" was, nor how it was managed, but other readers must find out for themselves. We have no mind to spoil

their enjoyment of the story by any hint. There are the same features in this as in his other tales: a young ladies' seminary, a country town, and some literary sketches, but each is as freshly treated as if the others had never been. We cannot see the slightest symptom of repetition or falling off, and we could wish, if it suited him, that the genial doctor might live a half century longer and write a new book in every decade.

THE ORIGIN OF REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Oscar S. Straus. (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1885.) pp. 149.

The object of this work, which is beautifully printed, on excellent paper, and tastefully bound, is to prove that the origin of the Republican form of Government in this country is to be ascribed "Mainly to ecclesiastical causes, which operated from the time the Pilgrims set foot upon our continent, and to the direct and indirect influence of the Hebrew Commonwealth." There is no law that forbids the author holding or publishing any opinion he likes upon the subject, but we should be inclined to think that the excellence of the paper and printing of this volume was a needless extravagance. All the familiar glorification of the Puritans appears in it *ad nauseam*, as well as the equally worn and threadbare distastes against the Church of England and the doctrine of non-resistance; but if there is anything in the book either new, or interesting, or important, we have not been so fortunate as to discover it.

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN THE ORIGINAL GREEK. The Text Revised by H. J. Van Westcott, D.D., and F. J. Giesey, D.D. (Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co., 1885.) pp. 618.

It is needless to recommend again to our readers Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament, but we may congratulate them and ourselves at the appearance of this very beautifully printed cheap edition of this valuable work. It contains the text of the larger edition of 1881, and has gained in simplicity by the removal of the alternative readings from the margin to the foot of the page, and by transferring to the end of the volume all such rejected readings as had been allowed to stand in the margin on account of some special interest, together with such other rejected readings as had been noticed only in the appendix.

The general explanation which was appended to the text in the larger edition is given also in this, together with a "Summary of Documentary Evidence." The list of Old Testament quotations is also appended.

The type used, though fine, is admirably clear and distinct.

ANNA, THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER. By Marie Daal. Translated from Dutch by Col. Charles Mueller. (Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Chas. T. Dillingham.) pp. 240.

The only thing lacking to this story in rounded completeness is a dedication to Mr. Bergh. It is a novel founded upon humanity to animals. Its story turns upon the illness of a pet dog. It contains a long lecture upon cruelty to animals. We cannot say how far this ethical element enters into Dutch fiction, for this is the first Netherlandish novel we have ever met with, but the effect is not unnecessary, and we dare say may be very necessary in a land where canals are handy and cats in disfavor. The translation is evidently the work of a foreigner. There are words and phrases which are not used in the current acceptance of the English tongue. But as a specimen of Dutch literature it deserves study, and is in itself not uninteresting.

OSBERT AND PETER. Verses, Grave and Gay. By Helen Gray Cook. (New York: Cassell & Company.) pp. 140.

We take it that this is the production of a young writer, and we hasten to say it has in it more promise than almost any little volume of

verses we have lately met with. Some of the flower pieces are perfect in their way and the "gray" verses are admirable, the burlesque imitation of Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde is as clever as anything going. If the authoress will only escape woman's greatest danger and not write too much, but work out her own thoughts fully and carefully she may make a decided mark. There is still an unreal mannerism in what she has written, by which we mean, a use of conventional words and phrases and images. This will pass away, we are sure, when she knows precisely what she wants to say and has a strong enough motive for saying it. It is the lack of these two which is the fault of modern poets.

SERMONS BY T. DEWITT TALMAGE. Delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Photographically reported and revised. First series. [New York: Funk & Wagnell, pp. 86.]

So long as Mr. Talmage can fill the Brooklyn Tabernacle of a Sunday, it is hardly wise to publish these sermons to be read in cold blood. Much that would go down in the heat of earnest delivery is anything but attractive in print. There is some good sense, some striking expressions, and some sound teaching in these sermons, but we can advise no one to wade through the mass of stuff in which these are imbedded to get at them. We hold that the range of pulpit composition is much too limited. We believe in using plain words and plain thoughts, but vulgarism is not plainness, nor is buffoonery point.

A POLITICAL CRIME. The History of a Great Fraud. By A. M. Gibson. [New York: William S. Gottsberger, pp. 402.]

This is the story of the contest over the Presidential election of 1876. It is a partisan production, not a history, and therefore lies outside of our province as reviewers. If it will have any influence toward a revision of the awkward and untrustworthy electoral system it will do good. It is quite time that the constitutional plan for electing a President was put into proper shape, so that the results of an election might be made less doubtful. Otherwise we cannot see what value such a book can have, except to maintain a partisan antagonism which ought to pass away.

SERMONS ON THE CHRISTIAN LIFE. By John DeWitt, D.D., Professor of Church History, Lane Theological Seminary. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] pp. 420. Price \$1.50.

These sermons do not bear any polemical character. They might be written by a clergyman of almost any denomination, and we can only say that the denomination is to be congratulated which possesses a clergyman who can write such sermons. They are clear, earnest and spiritual, and we take no little pleasure in commending them to the notice of readers who might not otherwise come across a volume so full of good and suggestive reading.

WORDS OF SCRIPTURE. By Louis Viardot. Illustrated. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, pp. 48. Price \$1.00.]

A popular hand book which one can read in a couple of hours, can hardly be an exhaustive treatise on so large a topic. But it can give good and correct general ideas, sufficient for one who only desires a general acquaintance with the subject. It will serve to furnish a good deal of information which will make a visit to an art museum more profitable and pleasant. The illustrations are sufficiently good, and the writing is that of a Frenchman, clear, point, and concise.

FOUR FEET, TWO FEET, AND NO FEET; OR, LAUREY AND FEATHERY PETS, AND HOW THEY LIVE. Edited by Laura E. Richards. [Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1886.]

Nothing so pleasing a child as to read or hear of animals. This volume is full of fresh and lively stories about them, set off by many engravings. Paper and type are of the best, and the cover is illuminated in bright colors.

LITERATURE.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., have issued in small quarto form, price 35 cents, the pathetic story of "Wickey," recently published in THE CHURCHMAN.

"PARKER'S PEOPLE'S BIBLE" is to be a series of discourses by Dr. Joseph Parker, of London. The first volume published by Funk & Wagnall is entitled Genesis.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co. will publish early in January a new volume by Mrs. Brock, called "Church Echoes," and "Under the Mendips," by Mrs. Marshall.

ADDITIONAL volumes of the Wonder Series of Charles Scribner's Sons, are the "Wonders of Glass-making" and the "Wonders of Bodily Strength and Skill." They are illustrated.

A CONTRIBUTION to the holiday books is "Young Folk's Queries," by Uncle Lawrence, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., a quarto with many good illustrations and a pleasant story.

"ENGLISH HOME LIFE," by Robert Laird Collier, sometime a minister in Chicago, afterward residing in London, is a pleasant little book from the press of Ticknor & Co., Boston.

"CHARLES DICKENS," "TURNER the Artist," and "Handel" are the subjects of brief biographies in Cassell & Co.'s series of the "World's Workers." They are interesting and beautifully bound.

In January L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philadelphia, issue the first number of the Church Magazine. It will include papers on all topics of living interest to the Church, and from writers of recognized ability.

"WHEN I WAS A CHILD," is a beautiful poem handsomely illustrated and bound in flexible covers. The illustrations are twelve in number, by Hassan. This dainty book will be welcome to all lovers of children.

LATINE begins a new volume with change of form and title. It is now Latine et Græce, edited by Professor Shumway, and is published at New Brunswick, N. J. We have often spoken of it in terms of praise.

THE CHRISTMAS number of the Publisher's Weekly contains some one hundred and seventy-eight pages of text and advertisements, with a large and pleasing variety of illustrations from holiday and other books.

CHRISTIAN THOUGHT for November-December has a good paper on "The Family in the History of Christianity," by the Rev. S. W. Dike, who has long made the subject a special study. There are three other able papers, besides book notices, etc.

"NEW HONORS," by Cecilia Selby Lowndes, with original illustrations by Edith Scannell, is one of Frederick Warne & Co.'s publications, a well-known London house that has recently established a branch in this city. It is an interesting, pathetic story, handsomely printed and bound.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH & Co. issue a volume of "Letters by Frances Ridley Havergal," which will be gladly welcomed. "Friendship's Diary," illustrated, with a blank page for every day in the year, and the "Heavenly Vision" and other sermons, by the Rev. H. M. Booth, are from the same house.

THE JANUARY Art Amateur gives a "Breton Peasant" in a colored plate, and as a frontispiece, a portrait of Val Prinsep. Besides six supplement designs we notice an extra supplement, a "Decorative Head," by Ellen Welby. The letter-press of the number is of unusual interest, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, have issued "Our Father in Heaven," the Lord's Prayer, in a series of sonnets, by William C. Richards. It is a small quarto, beautifully bound, and illustrated by fourteen full-page engravings. They also send the "Hunters' Hand Book," a practical work, and a novel, anonymous, in whose title, "Tell Your Wife," is a mine of wealth.

"SOME CHRISTMAS SOUVENIRS," published by John Ireland, will make one of the most acceptable gifts of the season. They are in four series, each containing six fine photographs of the Holy Family, the Nativity, Madonna, etc., some by "old masters," and some by recent artists. They are mounted in excellent style, and underneath each picture is a poetical selection.

The December Andover Review has the conclusion of its editorials on progressive orthodoxy, its subject being Christianity, Absolute and Universal. Among its book notices "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" occupies a liberal space. Dr. Lyman Abbott has a paper on "Evolution and Theology," and Professor Torrey gives a third paper on the "Theodice of Leibnitz," the special subject being Criticism. The number brings to an end the fourth volume of this very able review.

"THE WOMEN FRIENDS OF JESUS," a course of twelve lectures by the Rev. Henry C. McCosh, D. D., is a handsome volume from the press of Foris, Howard & Hulbert, and will greatly interest all readers. "The Infant Philosopher, or Stray Leaves from a Baby's Journal," by Dr. T. S. Verdi, is from the same press, and will be found both amusing and instructive. It is a defense of babies as against careless nurses and mothers. It reads like pages from Babyland which we have a foretime commended.

The eighth volume of the Century, new series, is substantially bound and handsomely, and contains nearly a thousand double column pages of valuable literary matter, illustrated with many fine engravings. Its war papers make it more than usually interesting. It would make a most acceptable gift for the holidays. The same may be said of the two parts of volume twelve of St. Nicholas, separately bound in bright decorated covers. They are filled with good things and pictures, assorted by Mary Mapes Dodge, and the colored frontispiece to the second part showing "Great-Grandmother's Girlhood," is a '5; hint that St. Nicholas is interesting to children of every age.

THE "Church Almanac," James Pott & Co., "The Protestant Episcopal Almanac," Thomas Whitaker, and the "Living Church Annual," Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, are issued promptly at the close of the year. The second and the third contain parish as well as clergy lists, and they are all with their valuable statistical tables indispensable to both clergy and laity. The "Church Almanac" will issue an edition with parish lists a little later, and the "Living Church Annual" will publish a quarterly clergy list. In the statistical tables there are of course discrepancies, for the sources from which they are gathered are incomplete and imperfect, but they are not greater than we might naturally expect. We notice in Mr. Whitaker's almanac a decrease in the number of missions, candidates for orders, and marriages, but in other respects there is a gratifying increase. The clergy are 3,725; parishes, 3,013; baptisms, 50,502; confirmations, 30,068; communicants, 398,990; Sunday-school scholars, 323,685; contributions, \$5,690,044.43. The "Living Church Annual" gives the contributions at \$9,017,135.16, and the "Church Almanac" at \$8,717,281.11. The general statistical summary is best arranged in the "Church Almanac."

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

19. Ember Day—Fast.
 20. Fourth Sunday in Advent.
 21. ST. THOMAS.
 23. CHRISTMAS DAY.
 26. ST. STEPHEN.
 27. ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
 } Sunday after Christmas.
 28. INNOCENTS.

WAITING.

O long-expected God, the oracles are Thine;
 Come as the swallow comes, in the sweet harvest
 time:

The corn is ripe.

The world prepares Thy cradle, why delay
 Thy birth!

Thy infant cries alone will fill the silent earth,
 Of heaven the type.

A cry goes up for Thee, man tears his aching
 heart,

He thirsts for Thee, he strains in every part
 To catch Thy view.

Wilt Thou the uprooted tree shall bloom once
 more

And yield the blessed fruit it erstwhile bore!
 Then faith renew.

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Lake.

Silence lasted until they reached the shoulder of the hill that closed the view up the valley. As they rounded it, the sun went behind a cloud, and a chill wind, as if from a land where dwelt no life, met them. The hills stood back, and they were on the shore of a small lake, out of which ran the burn. They were very desolate-looking hills, with little heather, and that bloomless, to hide their hard gray bones. Their heads were mostly white, with frost and snow; their shapes had little beauty; they looked worn and hopeless, ugly and sad—and so cold! The water below was slaty gray, in response to the gray sky above; there seemed no life in either. The hearts of the girls sank within them, and all at once they felt tired. In the air was just one sign of life; high above the lake wheeled a large fish-hawk.

"Look!" said Alistair pointing; "there is the osprey that lives here with his wife! He is just going to catch a fish!"

He had hardly spoken when the bird shot into the water, making it foam up all about. He reappeared with a fish in his claws, and flew off to find his mate.

"Do you know the very bird?" asked Mercy.

"I know him well. He and his wife have built on that conical rock you see there in the middle of the water many years."

"Why have you never shot him? He would look well stuffed!" said Christina.

She little knew the effect of her words; the chief restrained his. He hated causeless killing; and to hear a lady talk of shooting a high-soaring creature of the air as coolly as of putting on her gloves, was nauseous to him. Ian gave him praise afterwards for his unusual self-restraint. But it was a moment or two ere he had himself in hand.

"Do you not think he looks much better going about God's business?" he said.

"Perhaps; but he is not yours; you have not got him!"

"Why should I have him? He seems, indeed, the more mine the higher he goes. A dead stuffed thing—how could that be mine at all? Alive, he seems to soar in the very heaven of my soul!"

"You showed the fox no such pity!" remarked Mercy.

"At least I did not kill the fox to have him!" answered Alistair. "The osprey does no harm. He eats only fish, and they are very plentiful; he never kills birds or hares, or any creature on the land. I do not see how anyone could wish to kill the bird, except from mere love of destruction! Why should I make a life less in the world?"

"There would be more lives of fish—would there not?" said Mercy. "I do not want you to shoot the poor bird; I only want to hear your argument!"

The chief could not immediately reply. Ian came to his rescue.

"There are qualities in life," he said. "One cannot think the fish-life so fine, so full of delight as the bird-life!"

"No. But," said Mercy, "have the fishes not as good a right to their life as the birds?"

"Both have the right given them by the maker of them. The osprey was made to eat the fish, and the fish, I hope, get some good of being eaten by the osprey."

"Excuse me, Captain Macraugh, but that seems to me simple nonsense!" said Christina.

"I hope it is true."

"I don't know about being true, but it must be nonsense."

"It must seem so to most people."

"Then why do you say it?"

"Because I hope it is true."

"Why should you wish nonsense to be true?"

"What is true cannot be nonsense. It looks nonsense only to those that take no interest in the matter. Would it be nonsense to the fishes?"

"It does seem hard," said Ian, "that the poor harmless things should be gobbled up by a creature pouncing down upon them from another element!"

"As the poor are gobbled up everywhere by the rich!"

"I don't believe that. The rich are very kind to the poor."

"I beg your pardon," said Ian, "but if you know no more about the rich than you do about the fish, I can hardly take your testimony. The fish are the most carnivorous creatures in the world."

"Do they eat each other?"

"Hardly that. Only the cats of Kilkenny can do that."

"I used a common phrase!"

"You did, and I am rude; the phrase must bear the blame for both of us. But the fish are even cannibals—eating the young of their own species! They are the most destructive of creatures to other lives."

"I suppose," said Mercy, "to make one kind of creature live on another kind, is the way to get the greatest good for the greatest number."

"That doctrine, which seems to content most people, appears to me a poverty-stricken and selfish one. I can admit nothing but the greatest good to every individual creature."

"Don't you think we had better be going, Mercy? It has got quite cold; I am afraid it will rain," said Christina, drawing her cloak around her with a little shiver.

"I am ready," answered Mercy.

The brothers looked at each other. They had come out to spend the day together, but they could not leave the ladies to go home alone; having brought them across the burn they were bound to see them over it again! An imperceptible sign passed between them, and Alistair turned to the girls.

"Come, then," he said; "we will go back!"

"But you were not going home yet?" said Mercy.

"Would you have us leave you in this wild place?"

"We shall find our way well enough. The burn will guide us."

"Yes; but it will not jump over you; it will leave you to jump over it!"

"I forgot the burn!" said Christina.

"Which way were you going?" asked Mercy, looking all around for road or pathway over the encircling upheaved wildernesses.

"This way," answered Ian. "Good-by!"

"Then you are not coming?"

"No. My brother will take care of you."

He went straight as an arrow up the hill. They stood and watched him go. At what seemed the top, he turned, and waved his cap, then vanished.

Christina felt disappointed. She did not much care for either of the very peculiar young men, but any company was better than none; a man was better than a woman; and two men were better than one! If these were not equal to admiring her as she deserved, what more remunerative labor than teaching them to do so?

The thing that chiefly disappointed her in them was, that they had so little small talk. It was so stupid to be always speaking sense! always polite! always courteous!—"Two sir Charles Grandisons," she said, "are two too many!" And indeed the History of Sir Charles Grandison had its place in the small library free to them from childhood; but Christina knew nothing of him except by hearsay.

The young men had been brought up in a solemn school—had learned to take life as a serious and lovely and imperative thing. Not the less, upon occasions of merry-making, would they frolic like young colts even yet, and that without the least reaction or sense of folly afterwards. At the same time, although in the village, Ian from childhood had the character, especially in the workshops of the carpenter, weaver, and shoemaker, of being full of humor, he was in himself always rather sad, being perplexed with many things; his humor was but the foam of his troubled sea.

Christina was annoyed besides that Mercy seemed not indifferent to the opinion of the men. It was from pure inexperience of the man-world, she said to herself, that the silly child could see anything interesting in them! *Gentlemen* she must allow them—but of such an old-fashioned type as to be gentlemen but by courtesy—not gentlemen in the world's count! She was of the world; they of the north of Scotland! All day Mercy had been on their side and against her! It might be from sheer perversity, but she had never been like that before! She must take care she did not make a fool of herself! It might end in some unhappiness to the young good! Assuredly neither father nor mother would countenance the thing! She must

throw herself into the breach! Which was she taking a fancy to?

She was not so anxious about her sister, however, as piqued that she had not herself gathered one expression of homage, surprised one look of admiration, seen one sign of incipient worship in either. Of the two she liked better the ploughman! The other was more a man of the world—but he was not of her world! With him she was a stranger in a very strange land!

Christina's world was a very small one, and in its temple her own image stood. Ian belonged to the universe. He was a gentleman of the high court. Wherever he might go throughout God's world, he would be at home. How could there be much attraction between Christina and him?

Alister was more talkative on the way back than he had been all day. Christina thought the change caused by having them, or rather her, and an old Scotch ballad which it sprang from the prospect of soon rejoicing his brother without them. Some of the things he said, Mercy found well worth hearing; and an old Scotch ballad which he repeated, having learned it of a lowland nurse, appeared to her as beautiful as it was wild and strange. For Christina, she despised the Scotch language; it was vulgar: Had Alister informed her that Boewulf, "the most important of all the relics of the pagan Anglo-Saxon, is written in undeniable Scotch, the English of the period," it would have made no difference to Christina! Why should it? She had never yet cared for any book beyond the novels of a certain lady, which, to speak with due restraint, do not tend to profitable thought. At the same time, it was not for the worst in them that she liked them; she did not understand them well enough to see it. But there was ground to fear that, when she came to understand, shocked at first, she would speedily get accustomed to it, and at length like them all the better for it.

In Mercy's unawakened soul, echoed now and then a faint thrill of response to some of the things Alister said, and, oftener, to some of the verses he repeated, and she would look up at him when he was silent, with an unconscious seeking glance, as if dimly aware of a beneficent presence. Alister was drawn by the honest gaze of her yet undeveloped and homely countenance, with its child-like in process of sublimation, whence the woman would glance out and vanish again, leaving the child to give disappointing answers. There was something in it of the look a dog casts up out of his beautiful brown eyes into the mystery of his master's countenance. She was on the edge of coming awake; all was darkness about her, but something was pulling at her! She had never known before that a lady might be lovely in a ballad as well as in a beautiful gown!

Finding himself so listened to, though the listener was little more than a child, the heart of the chief began to swell in his great bosom. Like a child he was pleased. The gray day about him grew sweet; its very gryness was sweet, and of a silvery sheen. When they arrived at the burn, and, easily enough from that side, he had handed them across, he was not quite so glad to turn from them as he had expected to be.

"Are you going?" said Christina with genuine surprise, for she had not understood his intention.

"The way is easy now," he answered. "I am sorry to leave you, but I have to join Ian, and the twilight will be flickering down before I reach the place."

"And there will be no moon!" said Mercy: "how will you get home through the darkness?"

"We do not mean to come home to-night."

"Oh, then, you are going to friends?"

"No; we shall be with each other—not a soul besides."

"There surely can't be a hotel up there?"

Alister laughed as he answered; "There are more ways than one of spending a night on the hills. If you look from a window—in that direction," he said, pointing, "the last thing before you go to bed, you will see that at least we shall not perish with cold."

He then sprang over the burn, and with a wave of his bonnet, went, like Ian, straight up the hill.

The girls stood for some time watching him climb as if he had been going up a flight of stairs, until he stood clear against the sky, when, with another wave of his bonnet, he too disappeared.

Mercy did not forget to look from her window in the direction Alister had indicated. There was no room to mistake what he meant, for through the dark ran a great opening to the side of a hill somewhere in the night, where glowed and flamed, reddening the air, a huge crescent of fire, slowly climbing, like a column of attack, up towards the invisible crest.

"What does it mean?" she said to herself. "Why do they make such a bonfire—with nobody but themselves to enjoy it? What strange men—out by themselves in the dark night, on the cold hill! What can they be doing it for? I hope they have something to eat. I should like to hear them talk! I wonder what they are saying about us! I am certain we bored them!"

The brothers did speak of them, and readily agreed in some notion of their characters; but they soon turned to other things—and there passed a good deal that Mercy could not have followed. What would she, for instance, have made of Alister's challenge to his brother to explain the metaphysical necessity for the sine, tangent, and secant of an angle belonging to its supplement as well?

When the ladies overtook them in the morning, Alister was reading from an old manuscript volume of his brother's, which he had found in a chest—a certain very early attempt at humor, and now they disputed concerning it as they watched the fire. It had abundance of faults, and in especial lacked suture, but will serve to show something of Ian's youthful *ingenium*.

TO A VAGRANT.

Gentle vagrant, stumping over
Several verdant fields of clover!
Subject of unnumbered knockings,
Tattered coat and ragged stockings,
Slouching hat and roving eye,
Tell of *settled* vagrancy!

Wretched wanderer, can it be
The poor laws have leagued thee?
Hear'st thou, in thy thorny den,
Tramp of rural policemen,
Only fancying, in thy rear,
Coats of blue and buttons clear,
While to meet thee, in the van
Stalks some vengeful alderman!—

Each separate sense bringing a notion
Of forms that teach thee locomotion!

Beat and battered altogether;
By fellow-men, by wind and weather;
Hounded on through fens and bogs,
Chased by men and bit by dogs;
And, in thy weakly way of judging,
So kindly taught the art of trading;
Or, with a non-nati's happier lot,
Pitied, pensioned, and forgot—
Catty-pity thy *regium donum*;
Poverty thy *assumam bonum*;
Thy frigid couch a sandstone stratum.
A colder grave thy ultimatum;
Circumventing, circumvented;
In short, excessively tormented.
Everything combines to scare
Charity's dear pensioner!
—Say, vagrant, can't thou grant to me
A slice of thy philosophy?

Happily, in thy many trudgings,
Having found unchallenged lodgings,
Thy thoughts, unused to saddle-crudd,
Audiing no farther than thy supper-
Thou, by the light of heaven-lit taper,
Mendest thy prospective paper!
Then, jolly pauper, stitch till day:
Let not thy roses drop away,
Lest, begripped with muddy matter,
Thy body peer from every tatter,
And men—a charitable dose—
Should physic thee with food and cloth!
Nursing of adversity!
Tis thy glory thus to be
Sinking fund of raggery!
Thus to scrape a nation's dishes,
And fatten on a few good wishes!
Or, on some venial treason bent,
Frame thyself a government,
For thy crest a brimless hat,
Poverty's aristocrat!

Nonne habeam te tristem,
Planet of the human system!
Comet lank and melancholic—
—Or bit shocking parabolic—
Seen for a little in the sky
Of the world of sympathy—
Seldom failing when predicted,
Coming most when most restricted,
Dragging a nebulous tail with thee
Of hypothetic vagrancy—
Of vagrants large, and vagrants small.
Vagrants scarce visible at all!

Matchless oracle of woe!
Anarchy in embryo!
Strange antipodes of bias!
Parody on happiness!
Raghouse of the great creation!
Subject meet for strangulation,
By practice tutored to condense
The cautious inquiry for pence,
And skilful, with averted eyes,
To hide thy latent roguery—
Lo, on thy hopes I clap a stopper!
Vagrant, thou shalt have no copper!
Gather thy stumps, and get thee hence,
Unwise solicitor of pence!

Alister, who all but worshipped Ian, and cherished every scrap from his pen, had not until quite lately seen this foolish production, as Ian contended it, and was delighted with it, as he would have been had it been much worse. Ian was vexed that he should like it, and now spent the greater part of an hour trying to show him how very bad in parts, even senseless it was. Profusion of epithets without applicability, want of continuity, purposelessness, silliness, heartlessness—were but a few of his denunciations Alister argued it was but a bit of Ian, and that anybody that knew Ian knew perfectly he would never assume himself with a fellow without giving him something; but it was in vain; Ian was bent on showing

it altogether unworthy. So, not to waste the night, they dropped the dispute, and by the light of the blazing hearth, turned to a chapter of Boethius.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Wolves.

My readers may remember that Ian was on the point of acquainting his mother with an important event in his spiritual history, when they were interrupted by the involuntary call of the girls from the New House. The mother, as will readily be believed, remained desirous of listening to her son's story, though dreading it would not be of a kind to give her much satisfaction; but partly from preventions—favored, it must be confessed, by Ian, and yet more from direct avoidance on his part, the days passed without her hearing anything more of it. Ian had in truth almost repeated his offer of the narrative: a certain vague assurance that it would not be satisfactory to her, had grown upon him until he felt it unkind to lay before her an experience whose narration would seem to ask a sympathy she could not give. But the mother was unable to let the thing rest. More than by interest she was urged by anxiety. In spite of her ungodlike theories of God, it was impossible that she should be in despair about her noble Ian; still, her hope was at best founded on the uncovenanted mercies of God, not on the security of His bond! She did not believe that God was doing and would do His best for every man; therefore she had no assurance that He would bring down the pride of Ian, and compel his acceptance of terms worthy of an old Roman father, half-convening lawyer, half heartless tyrant. But her longing to hear what her son had proposed telling her, was chiefly inspired by the hope of getting nearer to him, of closer sympathy becoming possible between them through her learning more clearly what his views were. She constantly felt as if walking along the side of a thick hedge, with occasional thinnesses through which now and then she gained a ghostly glimpse of her heart's treasure gliding along the other side—close to her, yet so far that, when they spoke, they seemed calling across a gulf of dividing darkness. Therefore, the night after that spent by her sons on the hill, all having retired some two hours before, the mother, finding herself unable to sleep, rose as she had often done ere now, and stole to the door of the little room under the thatch where Ian lay. Listening, and judging him awake, she went softly in, and sat down by his bedside.

There had been such occasions on which, though son as well as mother was wide awake, neither spoke a word; but this time the mother could not be silent.

"You never told me, Ian, the story you began about something that made you pray?"

Ian saw he could not now draw back without causing her more trouble than would the narration.

"Are you sure you will not take cold, mother dear?" he said.

"I am warmly clad, my son; and my heart, more than I can tell you, is longing to hear all about it."

"I am afraid you will not find my story so interesting as you expect, mother!"

"What concerns you is more interesting

to me than anything else in the whole world, Ian."

"Not more than God, mother,?" said Ian. The mother was silent. She was as honest as her sons. The question, dim-lucent, showed her, if but in shadow, something of the truth concerning herself—not so that she could grasp it, for she saw it as in a glimmer, a fluctuating, vanishing flash—namely, that she cared more about salvation than about God—that, if she could but keep her boy out of hell, she would be content to live on without any nearer approach to Him in whom she had her being! God was to her an awe, not a ceaseless, growing delight.

There are centuries of paganism yet in many lovely Christian souls—paganism so deep, therefore so little recognized, that their earnest endeavor is to plant that paganism ineradicably in the hearts of those dearest to them.

As she did not answer, Ian was afraid she was hurt, and thought it better to begin his story at once.

"It was one night in the middle of winter—last winter, near Moscow," he began, "and the frost was very bitter—the worst night for cold I have ever known. I had gone with a companion into the depth of a great pine forest. On our way, the cold grew so intense, that we took refuge at a little public-house, frequented by peasants and persons of the lowest ranks. On entering I saw a scene which surpassed all for interest I had ever before witnessed. The little lonely house was crammed with Russian soldiers, fierce-looking fellows, and I dare say their number formed our protection from violence. Many of them were among the finest-looking fellows I have ever seen. They were half drunk, and were dancing and singing with the wildest gesticulations and grimaces; but such singing for strange wildness and harmony combined I have never before listened to. One would keep up a solo for some minutes, when the whole company would join in a sort of chorus, dancing frantically about, but with the most perfect regularity of movement. One of them came up to me and with a low bow begged me in the name of the rest to give them some money. I accordingly gave them a silver ruble, upon which the whole party set up a shout, surrounded me, and in a moment a score of brawny fellows had lifted me in the air, where I was borne along in triumph. I took off my cap and gave three hip-hip-urrahs as loud as my lungs could bawl, whereupon, with the profoundest expressions of gratitude, I was lowered from my elevation. One of them then who seemed to be spokesman of the rest, seized me in his arms and gave me a hearty kiss on the cheek, on which I took my departure amid universal acclamation. But all that's not worth telling you about; it was not for that I began—only the scene came up so clear before me that it drew me aside."

"I don't need to tell you, Ian," said his mother, "that if it were only what you had to eat on the most ordinary day of your life, it would be interesting to me!"

"Thank you, mother dear; I seem to know that without being told; but I could never talk to you about anything that was not interesting to myself."

Here he paused. He would rather have stopped.

"Go on, go on, Ian. I am longing to hear."

"Well—where was I? We left at the inn our carriage and horses, and went with our guns far into the forest—all of straight, tall pines, up and up; and the little island-like tops of them, which, if there be a breath of wind, are sure to be swaying about like the motion of a dream, were as still as the few frosty stars in the deep blue overhead."

"What did you want in such a lonely place at that time of the night?" asked the mother.

She sat with firm-closed lips, and wide, night-filled eyes looking at her son, the fear of love in her beautiful face—a face more beautiful than any other that son had yet seen, fit window for a heart so full of refuge to look out of; and he knew how she looked though the darkness was between them.

"Wolves, mother," he answered.

She shuddered. She was a great reader in the long winter nights, and had read terrible stories of wolves—the last of which in Scotland had been killed not far from where they sat.

"What did you want with the wolves, Ian?" she faltered.

"To kill them, mother. I never liked killing animals any more than Alistair; but even he destroys the hooded crow; and the wolves are yet fairer game. They are the out-of-door devil of that country, and I fancy devils do go into them sometimes, as they did once into the poor swine; they are the terror of all who live near the forests."

There was no moon—only starlight; but whenever we came to any open space, there was light enough from the snow to see all about; there was light indeed from the snow all through the forest, but the trees were thick and dark. Far away, somewhere in the mystery of the black wood, we could now and then hear a faint howling; it came from the red throats of the wolves."

"You are frightening me, Ian!" said the mother, as if they had been two children telling each other tales.

"Indeed, mother, they are very horrible when they hunt in droves, ravenous with hunger. To kill one of them, if it be but one, is to do something for your kind. And just at that time I was oppressed with the feeling that I had done and was doing nothing for my people—my own humans; and not knowing anything else I could at the moment attempt, I resolved to go and kill a wolf or two. They had killed a poor woman only two nights before."

"As soon as we could after hearing the noise of them, we got up into two trees. It took us some time to discover two that were fit for our purpose, and we did not get them so near each other as we should have liked. It was rather anxious work too until we found them, for if we encountered on foot a pack of those demons, we could but be a moment or two alive; killing one, ten would be upon us, and a hundred more on the backs of those. But we hoped they would smell us up in the trees, and search for us, when we should be able to give account of a few of them at least; we had double-barreled guns, and plenty of powder and ball."

"But how could you endure the cold—at night—and without food?"

"No, mother; we did not try that! We

had plenty to eat in our pockets. My companion had a bottle of vodka, and—"

"What is that?" asked the mother with suspicion.

"A sort of raw spirit—horrible stuff—more like spirits of wine. They say it does not hurt in such cold."

"But, Ian!" cried the mother, and seemed unable to say more.

"Don't be frightened, mother!" said Ian, with a merry laugh. "Surely you do not imagine I would drink such stuff! True, I had my bottle, but it was full of tea. The Russians drink enormous quantities of tea—though not so strong as you make it."

"Go on, then, Ian; go on."

"We sat a long time, and there was no sign of the wolves coming near us. It was very cold, but our furs kept in our warmth. By and by I fell asleep—which was not dangerous so long as I kept warm, and I thought the cold must wake me before it began to numb me. As I slept I dreamed; but my dream did not change the place; the forest, the tree I was in, all my surroundings were the same. I even dreamed that I came awake, and saw everything about me just as it was. I seemed to open my eyes, and look about me on the dazzling snow from my perch; I was in a small tree on the border of a little clearing.

"Suddenly, out of the wood to my left, issued something, running fast, but with soundless feet, over the snow. I doubted in my dream, whether the object were a live thing or only a shadow. It came nearer, and I saw it was a child, a little girl, running as if for her life. She came straight to the tree I sat in, and when close to it, but without a moment's halt, looked up, and I saw a sweet little face, white with terror—which somehow seemed, however, not for herself, but for me. I called out after her to stop, and I would take her into the tree beside me, where the wolves could not reach her; but she only shook her head, and ran on over the clearing into the forest. Among the boles I watched the fleeting shape appear and disappear and appear again, until I saw it no more. Then first I heard another howl from the wolves—that of pursuit. It strengthened and swelled, growing nearer and nearer, till at last, through the stillness of the night and the moveless forest and the dead snow, came to my ear a kind of soft rushing sound. I don't know how to describe it. The rustle of dry leaves is too sharp; it was like a very soft heavy rain on a window—a small dull padding padding; it was the feet of the wolves. They came nearer and grew louder and louder, but the noise was still muffled and soft. Their howling, however, was now loud and horrid. I suppose they cannot help howling; if they could they would have too much power over poor creatures, coming upon them altogether at unawares; but as it is, they tell, whether they will or no, that they are upon the way. At length, dark as a torrent of pitch, out of the forest flowed a multitude of obscure things—silent as shadows—and streamed away, black over the snow, in the direction the child had taken. They passed close to the foot of my tree, but did not even look up, flitting by like a shadow whose substance was unseen. Where the child had vanished they also disappeared; plainly they were after her!

"It was only a dream, mother! I don't be so frightened," interrupted Ian, for his

mother gave a little cry, almost forgetting what the narration was.

"Then first," he went on, "I seemed to recover my self-possession. I saw that, though I must certainly be devoured by the wolves, and the child could not escape, I had no choice but go down and follow, do what I could, and die with her. Down I was the same instant, running as I had never run before even in a dream, along the track of the wolves. As I ran, I heard their howling, but it seemed so far off that I could not hope to be in time to kill one of them ere they were upon her. Still, by their howling, it did not appear they had reached her, and I ran on. Their noise grew louder and louder, but I seemed to run miles and miles, wondering what spell was upon me that I could not come up with them. All at once the clamor grew hideous, and I saw them. They were gathered round a tree, in a clearing just like that I had left, and were madly leaping against it, but ever falling back baffled. I looked up; in the top of the tree sat the little girl, her white face looking down upon them with a smile. All the terror had vanished from it. It was still white as the snow, but like the snow was radiating a white light through the dark foliage of the fir. I see it often, mother, so clear that I could point it. I was enchanted at the sight. But she was not in safety yet, and I rushed into the heap of wolves, striking and stabbing with my hunting-knife. I got to the tree, and was by her in a moment. But as I took the child in my arms I woke, and knew that it was a dream. I sat in my own tree, and up against the stem of it broke a howling, surging black wave of wolves. They leaped at the tree-hole, as a rock-checked billow would leap. My gun was to my shoulder in a moment, and blazed among them. Howls of death arose. Their companions fell upon the wounded, and ate them up. The tearing and yelling at the foot of the tree was like the tumult of devils full of hate and malice and greed. Then for the first time, I thought whether such creatures might not be the open haunts of demons. I do not imagine that, when those our Lord drove out of the man asked permission to go into the swine, they desired anything unheard of before in the demon-world. I think they were not in the way of going into tame animals; but, as they must go out of the man, as they greatly dreaded the abyss of the disembodied, and as no ferocious animals fit to harbor them were near, they begged leave to go into such as were accessible, though unsuitable; whereupon the natural consequence followed: their presence made the poor swine miserable even to madness, and with the instinct of so many maniacs that in death alone lies deliverance, they rushed straight into the loch."

"It may be so, Ian! But I want to hear how you got away from the wolves."

"I fired and fired; and still they kept rushing on the tree-hole, heaping themselves against it, those behind struggling up on the backs of those next to it, in a storm of rage and hunger and jealousy. Not a few who had just helped to eat some of their fellows, were themselves eaten in turn, and not a scrap of them left; but it was a large pack, and it would have taken a long time to kill enough to satisfy those that remained. I killed and killed until my ammunition was

gone, and then there was nothing for it but await the light. When the morning began to dawn, they answered its light with silence, and turning away swept like a shadow back into the wood. But even now sometimes, as I lie awake at night, I grow almost doubtful whether the whole was not a hideous dream.—Strange to tell, I heard afterwards that a child had been killed by them in the earlier part of that same night.

"Not the less for that was what I went through between the time my powder came to an end and the dawn of the morning, a real spiritual fact.

"In the midst of the howling I grew so sleepy that the horrible noise itself seemed to lull me while it kept me awake, and I fell into a kind of reverie with which my dream came back and mingled. I seemed to be sitting in the tree with the little shining girl, and she was my own soul; and all the wrong things I had in me, and all the wrong things I had done, with all the weaknesses and evil tendencies of my nature, whether mine by fault or by inheritance, had taken shape, and, in the persons of the howling wolves below, were besieging me, to get at me, and devour me. Suddenly my soul was gone. Above were the still bright stars, shining unmoved; beneath was the cold, careless snow, and while betraying the howling wolves: away through the forest was fleeting, ever fleeting, my poor soul, in the likeness of a white-faced child! All at once came a great stillness, as of a desert place, where breathed no life of man nor life of beast. I was alone, frightfully alone—alone as I had never been before. The creatures at the foot of the tree were still howling, but their cry sounded far away and small; they were in some story I had been reading, not any where in my life! I was left and lost—left by whom?—lost by whom?—in the waste of my own being, without stay or comfort. I looked up to the sky; it was infinite—yet only a part of myself, and much too near to afford me any refuge from the desert of my lost self. It came down nearer; the limitless space came down, and clasped me, and held me. It came close to me—as if I had been a shape off which all nature was taking a mould. I was at once everything and nothing. I cannot tell you how frightful it was! In agony I cried to God, with a cry of utter despair. I cannot say whether I may believe that He answered me; I know this, that a great quiet fell upon me—but a quiet as of utter defeat and helplessness. Then again, I cannot tell how, the quiet and the helplessness melted away into a sense of God—a feeling as if great space all about me was God and not emptiness! Wolf nor sin could touch me! I was a wide peace—my very being peace! And in my mind—whether an echo from the Bible, I do not know—were the words: 'I, even I am He that comforteth thee: I am God, thy Saviour!' Whereas I had seemed all alone, I was with God, the only *withness* man can really share! I lifted my eyes; morning was in the east, and the wolves were slinking away over the snow."

How to receive the strange experience the mother did not know. She sought to say something, for she sorely questioned it! Not a word had he spoken belonging to the religion in which she had brought him up, except two—*sin* and *God!* There was

nothing in it about the Atonement! She did not see that it was a dream, say rather a vision, of the Atonement itself. To Ian her interpretation of the Atonement seemed an everlasting and hopeless severance. The patience of God must surely be far more tried by those who would interpret him, than by those who deny him; the latter speak lies against him, the former speak lies for him! Yet all the time the mother felt as in the presence of some creature of a higher world—one above the ordinary race of men—whom the powers of evil had indeed misled, but perhaps not finally snared. She little thought how near she was to imagining that good may come out of evil—that there is good which is not of God! She did not yet understand that salvation lies in being one with Christ, even as the branch is one with the vine; that any salvation short of God is no salvation at all. What moment a man feels that he belongs to God utterly, the Atonement is there, the Son of God is reaping His harvest.

The good mother was not, however, one of those conceited, stiff-necked, power-loving souls who have been the curse and ruin of the Church in all ages; she was but one of those in whom reverence for its passing form dulls the perception of unchangeable truth. They shut up God's precious light in the horn-lantern of human theory, and the lantern casts such shadows on the path to the kingdom as seem to dim eyes insurmountable obstructions. For the sake of what they count revealed, they refuse all further revelation, and what satisfies them is merest fennine to the next generation of the children of the kingdom. Instead of God's truth they offer man's theory, and accuse of rebellion against God such as cannot live on the husks they call food. But ah, home-hungry soul! thy God is not the elder brother of the parable, but the father with the best robe and the ring—a God high above all thy longing even as the heavens are above the earth.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVENT MISSION

IN ITS PROBABLE EFFECT UPON THE FUTURE OBSERVANCE OF THE ADVENT SEASON.

In one of his evening sermons at the Mission at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, the missioner (the Rev. Dr. Bunn of Brooklyn) expressed the opinion that this movement would have the effect of calling attention to the special character and value of the Advent season. The services for other parts of the Church year seem to take for granted that those participating in them are Christians, and the object of the services is therefore, as it should be, to strengthen and develop Christian character. The Lenten season, also, pre-supposes that those following it are Christians. It is the penitential period, and its sentiment is that of the prodigal son. "I will arise and go to my Father." Advent is, however, the revival season, and the word revival is not to be feared, because it is sometimes associated with a hurtful emotionalism. Advent speaks to the sluggards, the unconverted, those living without hope and without God in the world, and its trumpet cry is, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

Within the present generation Lent has

come to be so observed as to bring out its full and penitential benefits. The time is ripe for a similar development of the uses of Advent.

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Morgan Dix, Rector.

John J. Astor, Church-Warden.

Stephen P. Nash, Vestrymen.

Nicholas F. Palmer, Stephen V. R. Cruiger,
Allen Campbell, William Jay,
Henry Driener, Nathaniel P. Bailey,
Charles H. Condit, Edmund D. Handolph,
John H. Caswell, Hermann H. Comman,
Richard T. Auchmutty, Alfred Ogden,
Thomas Eggleston, George A. Robbins,
Walter B. Lewis, Alexander Hamilton,
Thomas L. Ogden, George M. Colt,
Howie Dash, Eihu Chesney.

In continuing our offer to bring the work of the Church and her clergy more fully before the mind of the public, we present our readers to-day with a view of the interior of Trinity church and with portraits of its rector and some of his associated clergy.

It is certainly to be viewed as a happy providence for the city of New York that Trinity church became possessed of the valuable estate from which its revenues are largely derived. Among the many good results is the supply of religious privileges in extensive sections of the city where people having means to support Christian services no longer reside. Trinity Parish contains seven churches—Trinity church and six chapels: St. Paul's, St. John's, Trinity, St. Chrysostom's, St. Augustine's, and St. Cornelius's. The last three named are entirely free. St. Paul's and St. John's are almost entirely free, a few pews in these being still owned by individuals, and the vestry are contentedly acquiring the ownership of those which are thus held, by purchase from the descendants of the original possessors. The church and all its chapels, with the single exception of Trinity chapel, are situated in districts which, by the changes of metropolitan life, have no longer any wealthy residents; so that the ground occupied by the church is a missionary one, and its work an evangelization of masses that without its labors would be spiritually destitute and uncared for. Almost the entire maintenance of these seven churches is met by the income from its property, for the few pews, when paid, do not yield one-twentieth of the sum expended in the support of these churches. At the head of this great corporation is the rector, the Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., and under him are eighteen clergymen. The whole parish requires also the labors of seven organists, one hundred chorists, and twelve sextons and assistant sextons.

In addition twenty other churches outside the parish receive aid from the funds of Trinity, of which one receives \$10,000 annually, another \$6,000, and the rest smaller sums according to their needs. About \$40,000 a year is thus expended, with the result of keeping these twenty churches alive and flourishing in sections of the city where they are doing mission work among the poor. This liberality in rendering sisterly help has been characteristic of Trinity from an early day, many grants of money having been made through a long period to churches in and out of the city, and all over the country. The number of churches that

were thus aided was, up to 1847, over two hundred, and some of them were assisted by repeated and large grants. The full list can be seen in Dr. Berrian's "History of Trinity Church," which was published in 1847.

Besides the aid which is given now annually to twenty churches, as above stated, aid is also extended to societies and institutions other than churches, among which are: The Seamen's Mission in the Port of New York, the City Mission Society, the support of a chaplain at St. Barnabas's House, the Italian Mission in New York, the Church German Society, and Hobart College at Geneva, N. Y. The grants and allowances thus made amount to between \$40,000 and \$50,000 annually.

The evident desire to promote the missionary activities of the Church in the city and even in other dioceses, which the facts above cited clearly show, has been true of this parish from the beginning of its history. In the earliest days, of course, the poverty and vice and ignorance which now exist had hardly a bare participation in the life of New York, then a prosperous colonial town of small population. But early in the eighteenth century a school for the instruction of Indians and slaves was maintained in connection with Trinity church. This was the first school ever opened for colored children in New York. In this undertaking Mr. Elias Neau, a Frenchman, but of the Church, was the leader under the rector, the Rev. Mr. Vesey, who catechised the children regularly and otherwise directed the labors of instruction. Mr. Neau was deservedly held in high regard for his philanthropy and his many excellent qualities of character, and after his death the work went on, the negroes being taught every Sunday in the steeple of Trinity church.

From that early day to the present instruction of the poor under churchly influences has been an important feature of Trinity's work. The benevolence of the parish now includes the maintenance of a system of daily parish schools of which there are six, all free. Eighteen teachers are provided for these schools, also buildings, desks, fuel and all the supplies which are requisite for nearly one thousand scholars. These are schools for training in the ordinary branches of learning, furnishing an excellent education to those who enjoy these privileges, and at the same time cultivating in them religious affections and healthful moral principles. This alone is a very great and beneficent work.

Sunday-schools and industrial schools are also of course attached to the parish church and each chapel. The aggregate number of teachers and pupils in the Sunday schools is 4,660, and in the industrial schools 1,879.

Trinity maintains also, at No. 50 Varick Street, an infirmary having fifty beds, and a supports five beds at St. Luke's Hospital; this care for the sick poor costing \$10,000 a year. Medicine is in addition supplied at a dispensary connected with the infirmary, and provision is made for the burial of those of the parish who die in destitute circumstances.

A large part of the expenses connected with holding the annual diocesan convention falls on Trinity, and about \$63,000 annually are paid in taxes on the property of the parish, all that portion which is used for secular purposes being subjected to taxation. The income of the corporation is less than

\$500,000 per annum, falling short of that which many private individuals enjoy, and a much smaller revenue than many secular corporations manage. And if the work accomplished, part of which is outlined above, is kept in mind, it will be seen that probably no trust anywhere is administered more faithfully or more for public advantage than this fund which this ancient parish has inherited from colonial times.

Three churches have occupied the site on which the present parish church stands. The first edifice was begun in 1696, enlarged in 1737 and destroyed by fire in 1776. The second building was erected in 1788 and removed in 1839 to make place for the present structure, which was completed and consecrated Ascension Day, 1846. St. Paul's chapel was begun in 1764 and completed two years later. St. John's chapel was begun in 1803 and completed in 1807, and has been three times altered and enlarged. Trinity chapel was commenced in 1851 and completed in 1856. The cornerstone of St. Chrysostom's chapel, to be a free mission church, was laid in 1868, and the first service was held the following year. St. Augustine's, another free chapel, was consecrated in 1877. St. Cornelius's

chapel, on Governor's Island, became a dependence of Trinity in 1868.

Trinity parish church has the Rev. Morgan Dix, S.T.D., rector, under whose care are the seven churches with their eighteen clergymen. His parochial assistant is the Rev. George William Douglas, D.D., who has general supervision of the various branches of work. The other assistants are: the Rev. Louis A. Arthur, the Rev. Joseph W. Hill, the Rev. Martin Albert, Geroan Missionary, and the Rev. G. H. Sterling, head master of the day school and night

school.

are a Sunday-school, an industrial school, a daily parish school for boys, free, and taught by the Rev. G. H. Sterling and four assistants; a night school, an admirable and successful undertaking, giving instruction to women and girls on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and to men and boys the alternate nights. Mr. Sterling and three assistants doing the work; the ladies' employment society, whose president is Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, and object is to give sewing to poor women of the parish and pay them a fair price for their work; the Altar

trations through a physician and dispensary, a kindergarten, a relief bureau, relieving last year 4,386 persons, a home school or kitchen garden, instructing little girls in the details of housekeeping, and lastly a seaside home near Islip, L. I., giving a month's stay each to two hundred and twenty-five women and children.

St. Paul's chapel, under charge of the Rev. James Mulchahey, D.D., assisted by the Rev. A. J. Thompson, has a Sunday-school, industrial school, daily parish school for girls, Dorcas society, Altar society,

St. Margaret's Guild, Workmen's Club, Chapel Guild, Boys' Association, Boys' Baptismal League, Girls' Baptismal League, Girls' Friendly Society, Mothers' Meeting, and a Free Training School for Church Singers.

St. Paul's has historic interest, the present house of worship having been erected in colonial times. Its ancient church-yard, like that of Trinity, contains the remains of many distinguished citizens, and the monument to General Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, is a conspicuous feature of the east end of the edifice.

St. John's chapel, of which the Rev. S. H. Weston, D.D., is in charge, assisted by the Rev. William H. Cooke



INTERIOR VIEW OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

Society; five guilds for boys and young men, providing drawing and modelling classes and reading and recreation rooms; four guilds for girls and women, the object being to promote preparation for confirmation, personal piety and works of mercy; week-day Bible classes; mothers' meetings; the missionary cure, in three divisions: the Trinity church association, a union of gentlemen to carry on charitable work down town, having as the centre of its missionary work the mission house, 30 State Street, supported by the association and conducted by the Sisters of St. Mary, under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, and exercising its minis-

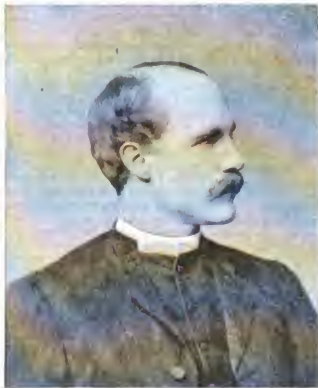
and the Rev. Philip A. H. Brown, occupies a quarter of the city once the centre of fashionable life, but now the homes of working people. The distinctive feature of the chapel's work is its large influence over the young. Its Sunday-school numbers 809, its industrial school 530, and its parish day school for boys 75. There are 1,117 communicants, and many of these are older pupils in the schools. The industrial school is a very useful charity, and has done so much for the elevation of the neighborhood as to have been repeatedly spoken of in terms of commendation by judges of the courts. A monthly chil-



THE REV. MORGAN DIX, D.D., D.C.L.
Rector of Trinity Church, New York.
[Direct reproduction of a photograph by Alman.]



THE REV. SULLIVAN H. WESTON, D.D.
Assistant-Minister of Trinity Church, New York.
[Direct reproduction of a photograph by Parkinson.]



THE REV. GEORGE W. DOUGLAS, D.D.
Assistant-Minister of Trinity Church, New York.
[Direct reproduction of a photograph by Rockwood.]



THE REV. JAMES MULCHAHEY, D.D.
Assistant-Minister of Trinity Church, New York.
[Direct reproduction of a photograph by Knowlton.]

dr-en's Evensong, in place of a session of the Sunday-school, accustoms the children to worship in the use of the Liturgy of the Church, and with music rendered by themselves. Other guilds and societies, similar to those already named, are found in successful operation here.

Trinity chapel, which is in the charge of the Rev. C. E. Swope, D.D., with the Rev. S. Borden Smith, assistant, is situated on Twenty-fifth Street, near Fifth Avenue, in the vicinity of the leading hotels, and in the midst of a very populous section of the city. Adjoining its beautiful house of worship is a large and finely-equipped parish house, which affords accommodation for its parish school and other charitable organizations. Among these, particular mention should be made of its employment society, which has now completed twenty years of benevolent activity. Its method of operation is to give sewing to poor women, who are paid a fair price for their work. Material is bought, garments are cut, and then given out to be made by women at their homes; this work, suitably paid for, being often a means of relief from destitution. Last year \$2,566 garments were made, and \$2,015.16 expended.

St. Chrysostom's chapel is in charge of the Rev. Thomas H. Sill, assisted by the Rev. J. R. L. Nisbett. It is on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, and is doing a magnificent work in a populous quarter. Its dispensary treated over a thousand cases last year. Its various guilds and societies number more than three hundred active members; and of these, two hundred have met the assistant-bishop of the diocese, at one time, at a special service.

Of St. Augustine's Chapel and Mission House the Rev. Arthur C. Kimber is in charge, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. William B. Hooper and Olin Hallock. An illustrated description of this chapel was given in THE CHURCHMAN as a supplement to the number for December 22, 1877, comprising a full-page engraving, five diagrams, and a view of the chancel window and font. Its organizations are similar to those of the other chapels, and through them it is reaching a multitude of people of the middle class on the east side of town. Its schools, Sunday, industrial, parish, day, and night, and house-school are crowded with pupils, and conducted with the utmost efficiency.

St. Cornelius's chapel on Governor's Island has for chaplain the Rev. E. H. C. Goodwin, who ministers most acceptably to the United States garrison at Fort Columbus.

It is thus seen that Trinity parish, which numbers 5,252 communicants, and covers with its zealous ministrations all the lower and densely populated portion of the city, is a centre and source of Christian influence that could not be spared from the metropolis. Its history, to mark the completion of two centuries of life, is already in preparation, and, when written, it will embrace largely the history of the moral and social advance of the city. The first volume will bring events down to the Revolution, and the whole will fitly preserve a record of the piety, learning, and beneficent labors of some of the most distinguished citizens of the Republic.

THE REV. MORGAN DIX, S.T.D., rector of Trinity church, New York, comes of a widely known and honored ancestral line. His father, the distinguished Major-General

John A. Dix, was of English stock, embracing in this country some eminent names among the Puritan settlers and early inhabitants of New England; his mother was of Welsh extraction, the daughter of John Jordan Morgan, a gentleman of education and wealth, a native of New York City, and in the early part of the present century one of its leading citizens.

Dr. Dix was born in New York November 1, 1827. The following year his father, who held the rank of major in the regular army, resigned his commission and removed with the family to Cooperstown, N. Y., where they remained two years, going thence to Albany. From 1830 to 1842 the home of the family continued to be at the State capital, his father filling during that period the important positions of Adjutant-General, Secretary of State, member of Assembly, and Superintendent of Public Instruction.

In 1842, on account of his mother's health, the family left Albany and spent a winter in Madeira, travelling afterwards through Spain and Italy and coming back to New York in 1844. On his return from this European tour preparation for college, already begun, was completed in the schools of New York, and young Dix entered the sophomore class of Columbia College in 1845, graduating in 1848. He at once entered upon the study of the law at Washington, D. C., with his father, who was in the Senate of the United States, but his plans for life changing soon after, he became a student in the General Theological Seminary, where he took the regular course and was graduated in 1852.

In September of the same year he was ordained deacon in St. John's Chapel, N. Y., by the Bishop of New Hampshire, and was admitted to the priesthood in 1854 by Bishop Alonzo Potter in St. Mark's church, Philadelphia. He became assistant in the last named church to its rector, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wilmer, afterward Bishop of Louisiana. Resigning these duties, he went to Europe, spending a year and a half in travel and study there, and returning in 1855, was elected assistant minister of Trinity Parish, New York. An election to this position had been tendered him before, but had been declined. In the duties now assumed he succeeded the Rev. Dr. William Berrian, who had been advanced to the rectorship. In 1859 he was made assistant rector, and in 1862, on the death of the Rev. Dr. Berrian, he was elected rector of the parish.

The ministry of Dr. Dix has been stamped by many marks of originality and power. He has been prominently identified with a certain school of thought in the Church, and while a leader in this line of discussion and action, he has been a target for attack and even abuse. He has been active in promoting sisterhoods, and in the beginning of the history of the Sisterhood of St. Mary he was pastor of it, when the order numbered only five or six members. His interest and influence in raising the music of the Church to a higher and more distinctive character have been very efficient. He was a member of the first Choral Society under Dr. Hodges, and took part in the first choral service ever held in New York, and under his charge the music at Trinity church has become celebrated, and especially at certain festivals now attracts overflowing congregations.

The responsibility of the rector of Trinity Parish is a great and unusual one. He has under him seven churches and eighteen clergymen. The position involves larger duties than many bishoprics. He is virtually a dean of a large ecclesiastical establishment, and his clergy may be considered his canons. Still, with this oversight of so large a field, Dr. Dix finds time to fill many other posts and do much other work. He was a delegate to the last three General Conventions and a member of the Committee on Canons. He is, and has been for many years, President of the Standing Committee of the Diocese. He is also a Trustee of Columbia College, ex-officio Trustee of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, ex-officio Trustee of Leake and Watts' Orphan Asylum, a Trustee of the General Theological Seminary and Chairman of its Standing Committee, a Trustee of the House of Mercy, a Trustee of the Society for Promoting Religion and Learning, a Trustee of the Church Orphan Home, Vice-President of the N. Y. Vice-President Episcopal Public School, and Vice-President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The list of works due to the fertility of his mind is also long and interesting, and, as will be seen, many of the writings published by him have met with a great demand, going through numerous editions. These publications embrace: 1. "Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," 1864; 2. "Commentary on the Epistles to the Galatians and Colossians," 1865; 3. "Lectures on Pantheism," 1865; 4. "Lectures on the Two Estates, the Wedded in the Lord, and the Single for the Kingdom of Heaven's Sake," 1872, and a new edition in 1884; 5. "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical," 1878, two American and two English editions; 6. "Lectures on First Prayer Book of Edward VI.," 1881, a fourth edition in 1885; 7. "Lectures on the Calling of a Christian Woman," 1883, six editions of this work have been published in America, and it has been reprinted in England; 8. "Memoirs of John A. Dix," 2 vols., 8vo, illustrated, 1883. The following devotional works and books of instruction have also been prepared and published by him: "Book of Hours;" "Manual of Christian Life," sixteenth thousand in 1884; "Manual for Candidates for Adult Baptism;" "Manual for Confirmation Classes," eighteenth thousand in 1885. This list would be much more extended if it were made to include occasional sermons, reviews, and magazine articles, which have been printed and very widely circulated. His clearness of statement and vigor of thought, with pronounced and independent views, have combined to create for all that he has put forth the very large demand which is indicated by the many editions which have been called for.

In person Dr. Dix is tall and well proportioned, and his features show in a remarkable manner his characteristics of mind and heart. As his father was deservedly and widely popular in public and private life, so the rector of Trinity is one who disarms prejudice by his courtesy, and wins affection by his manifest sincerity and goodness.

The two volumes which give the biography of his illustrious father, are a very valuable contribution to the social, political, intellectual, and moral life of the nation during a very important part of our history. Written with much modesty and good

judgment, they not only form history but contain the sources of history, interesting the student by their fulness of detail and the general reader by the charm of narration.

THE REV. SULLIVAN H. WESTON, D.D., assistant minister of Trinity Parish, officiating at St. John's chapel, New York, was born in Bristol, Maine, October 7, 1816. His collegiate studies were taken at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and by that institution he was graduated in 1842. Pursuing a theological course privately, he was ordained a deacon in Trinity church, New York, in 1847, and was admitted to the priesthood in 1852. His connection with Trinity Parish began with his diaconate, and the whole of his clerical life has been passed in relation with that parish. In the year 1852 he was placed in charge of St. John's chapel. Six years later he was elected Bishop of Texas, but declined. As chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard of the State of New York, he served two campaigns with that regiment in the early part of the war for the Union. On April 28, 1861, the Sunday after the arrival of the regiment in Washington, he preached in the House of Representatives, and the sermon then delivered was afterward published. Later he delivered in St. John's chapel a discourse entitled, "The March of the Seventh Regiment," in which he sketched the indications of Divine Providence in protecting the capital through the heroic advance of this celebrated regiment. This sermon was also published. Still another which awakened great interest and was put in print was on the "Sanctity of the Grave," its very forcible views contributing largely to save Trinity churchyard from desecration by the proposed opening of Pine street through it.

Within recent years Dr. Weston has been actively occupied in earnest Gospel labors in that part of the parish which is under his especial care. The quarter in which St. John's chapel is situated having greatly changed in the character of its residents, his work lies mostly among the poor, and into these ministrations he enters with delightful zeal. The schools connected with the chapel number nearly two thousand children, many of them from abodes of misery and vice. His devotion to these interests shows a truly missionary spirit.

The development of Church music has also been a prominent aim with him, and this important department of worship has been greatly promoted by his persevering efforts.

Dr. Weston has a commanding figure. He is in excellent physical vigor, and his mind is keen and active. He is extremely nervous, and his manner borders on the eccentric, but his freedom from reserve and warm-hearted interest in all who approach him gains him the affection of young and old.

THE REV. JAMES MULCHAHEY, S.T.D., assistant minister in the parish of Trinity church, New York, having pastoral charge of St. Paul's chapel, was born in Newark, N. J., October 21, 1822. His academic preparation was made in Rhode Island, and he was graduated in 1842 by Trinity College, Hartford, then known as Washington College. After taking a full course of theo-

logical study at the Seminary of Virginia, at Alexandria, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Henshaw, of Rhode Island, in St. Mark's church, Warren, R. I., in 1845, and priest in Grace church, Providence, R. I., in 1846.

His first ministry was in Rhode Island. Then for some four or five years he was rector of St. Stephen's, Middlebury, Vt. His other charges were Christ church, Troy, N. Y., seven years; Grace church, New Bedford, seven or eight years; Trinity church, Toledo, six years, at the expiration of which period he was elected to his present charge, the duties of which he entered upon in December, 1873.

At his examination for the diaconate Dr. Mulchahey was asked to state the relation of baptism to justification. His churchly reply that baptism secures the remission of sins awakened the strenuous opposition of the examiner, who entered into a heated argument. The bishop, however, took the candidate's view. The examiner published a pamphlet, which, at the bishop's request, the young deacon answered by a similar publication. The fact that an issue was raised on such a point shows the advance that has been made from that day when the Oxford movement had only begun its happy work.

Other publications of Dr. Mulchahey have been, "Holy Scripture the Rule, Holy Church the Keeper," published by the American Tract Society; "The Sacramental Significance of Confirmation," published by James Pott; and a recent volume on "The Witness of the Church to Christian Faith."

Columbia College in 1865 conferred upon the subject of this sketch the degree of S.T.D. In the General Convention of 1868 he served as a clerical deputy from the diocese of Massachusetts. Dr. Mulchahey is of vigorous and active frame and of very genial temperament, winning friends as well by his qualities of heart as of mind, and in pastoral life proving an excellent adviser and guide.

THE REV. GEO. WILLIAM DOUGLAS, S.T.D., assistant minister of Trinity church, is the son of Mr. W. B. Douglas, who was president of the First National Bank, of New York City. His grandfather, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., was the founder of the bank referred to. Dr. Douglas was born in New York in 1850; but his father retiring from business shortly after, the family removed to Geneva, N. Y., where his early boyhood was passed. From 1862-3 he was a student under Dr. Colt, in the well-known school at Concord, N. H. He entered Trinity College in 1868, and was graduated in 1871.

He immediately entered the General Theological Seminary, taking the usual course in divinity, being graduated in 1874, in which year he was admitted a deacon in the diocese of New York by Bishop Potter. From the summer of 1874 to the autumn of 1876 he was abroad, studying at the University of Bonn, and in Paris, and at Oxford. Returning, he filled the position of tutor in Greek at the General Theological Seminary during the winter of 1877; and from the autumn of that year until Jan. 1, 1879, he was assistant to the late Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn, rector of Calvary church, New York. At the conclusion of this service, Dr. Douglas entered at once on his duties as assistant minister of Trinity church, to which

he had been elected in November, 1878. This position, which he still holds, gives him ministerial charge of the parish church. In 1885 he received the degree of S.T.D. from Hobart College. Being in the vigor of youth, and of active temperament, he is well fitted also by his intellectual training and affability of disposition, for the responsible and multiplied duties which are upon him.

AN ADVENT VISION.

1885.

The Lord has come, my heart exulting cries,
Then lies in low abasement at His feet,
For how dare I look up His glance to meet,
When broken vows like mists before me rise!

Then like the sound of many waters sweet
The voice of Jesus falls upon my ear
And bids me lift my head—"Be of good cheer,"
He saith, "thy swift repentance doth My Ad-vent greet."

Again I bowed my head in silent grief
Before the Lord, for doubts and fears
Had filled my heart and life through many years;
That He could love me still was past belief.

When quickly stooping down he laid His hand
Upon my head, and blessed me lying there,
And said in accents mild, "Oh, child most dear,
A second Thomas thou; believe and stand."

So, standing, as He bid, but bending low
My head, I prayed that He would let me still
Fulfill my vows, work for Him with fresh will,
And cast away the doubts that grieved me so.
Then, filling all my life and soul, there came
The peace of God, and grace divine,
Strengthening this feeble will of mine
Until I stood erect, God's child again.

AN UNDISTINGUISHED MASS.

It has been noticed that certain occupations exercise upon the human frame a deleterious influence. They injure or mar the action or the beauty of this part or that. In history, men have done much the same; they have exerted, in one direction, a beneficial, in some other, an injurious influence. "The power," says a writer, "which, under God, is continually bringing the world back to its orbit, or keeping it within it, is the quiet working of that undistinguished mass, which, after all, accomplishes the only enduring work, and leaves the true and real mark." It must be a source of solace to the "undistinguished mass" of clergy, that this is forcibly true of them. Uneventful, as the world counts eventfulness, may their lives be, but they are factors in work which will not need continual correcting, and are moving the world in those directions from which it will not need to be brought "back to its orbit."

THE interminable deserts and arid mountains fill the heart with far different thoughts than civilized lands would do. It is for this that the Israelites were led through them. The quiet of the desert is something wonderful—you never hear a sound. So one goes stalking along—the camel's cushioned foot makes no noise, and you learn yourself.—General Gordon in the Sudan.

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION.

"Who thought of me?" said a friendless man in a home, who had been sullenly silent for days, as he opened his Christmas letter.

The same question was echoed in many hearts on Christmas morning. Some answered, "the angels;" but the children thought, "the fairies."

As this joyous season approaches, we again wish to draw your attention to the work of the "Christmas Letter Mission," which carries with it so much cheer and comfort.

Printed letters are given to each one, on the morning of Christmas Day, being placed either under the pillows of the sick, or the cell doors of prisoners; or beside the breakfast-plates at the asylums and homes. They contain interesting little stories and anecdotes, besides encouraging words for those who need them. Each letter, with a bright card is enclosed in a colored envelope, on which is printed "A Christmas Letter for You."

Last year there were 34,534 letters distributed; and, with more helpers and money, think of the thousands of disheartened and lonely ones, whose Christmas could indeed be made one of peace and goodwill.

Pause a moment and think! Can you not lend yourself for a season; or give your nite, that few may feel forgotten and dreary during the coming Christmastide?

These letters are printed in eight languages, including Chinese, and can be bought for from three to five cents apiece.

The children's "Letters" and cards are especially pretty and attractive.

Contributions will be gratefully received, and all requests for information promptly answered, by the central secretary and treasurer, Miss Cox, Newtown, Queen's county, N. Y.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE NEW BOY.

BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

"There's a new fellow come," said Rob Taylor, the bully of the school, "and we'll have some fun giving him a big scare to-night."

"But the poor fellow's lame," said a smaller boy, rather timidly, "and the professor said he wouldn't have any more hazing."

"Shut up, Jones," said Taylor, quietly; "here's Mr. Saunders, and there goes the warning bell."

All the scholars began to put away the books in which they had been studying the next day's lessons, and prepared for the summons to bed, which would sound from the bell in ten minutes.

Frank, the new boy, was lonely and homesick, and so anxious to escape from the curious eyes which seemed to look slightly at his clumsy boots and homemade clothes, that he was thankful when bedtime came, and he joyfully followed the boys upstairs to the dormitories, which were two long rooms or halls, with a row of single beds on each side. Ten minutes were given for the boys to undress, and then a teacher came in and turned out the lights, first looking at the beds to see if each boy was in his place, and giving a general order for quiet; which order was obeyed just so long as the teacher was within hearing.

Then arose a mighty hubbub which seemed to Frank, lying in the little bed that had been assigned to him, like an uproar without any meaning. It was not long, however, before he began to perceive that his part in the performance was to be a prominent one. A number of the boys surrounded his bed, and proceeded to dance around it in a circle for a moment or two; and then stopping, two or three seized the head and foot of the bed, rocking it violently, nearly shaking Frank out. It was very light from the moon; whose rays streamed in at the windows; but the faces were so unfamiliar to him that he could not recognize any of them. Several boys with handkerchiefs tied over their faces came to his side, and, ordering the little fellows who were rocking the bed to be quiet, commanded Frank to sit up and answer their questions.

He sat up, as requested, not very much frightened, but feeling a little as if he had fallen among thieves, while the largest boy, assuming a very gruff voice, said:

"Miserable child, take your choice, decide at once; how will you end your days?"

"With nights, I suppose," faltered Frank, not intending to joke, but really not knowing what the question meant.

"Wretched being, do you dare to joke upon the brink of a yawning tomb?" said the big boy, with a stamp of his foot and a dismal groan, which was echoed by the other boys in various keys. "Again I ask you, how will you die?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Frank, wondering if they really were going to kill him, and wishing with all his might that he had never come to school.

"He doesn't know," repeated the big boy with scornful fierceness, and all the other boys groaned again.

"Make your choice while you have a chance, for soon it will be too late. How will you perish, by fire, water, rope or axe? Answer, miscreant, shall it be by fire?"

"No, I thank you," answered Frank, not half so much frightened by such highflown language as his persecutor intended him to be. "I have tried that once, and I've had enough of it."

"Then shall it be water?" questioned the big boy, in a sepulchral voice; but before an answer could be given a boy who had been stationed at the door as sentinel gave a sudden word of alarm, and quicker than a flash each vacant bed was filled by a boy who appeared to be lost in the deepest slumber, and quite unconscious of the fact that the door opened and two teachers entered, each carrying a lamp.

"Everything seems quiet enough here," said one, as they walked down the room between the two rows of beds, glancing sharply at their occupants, some of whom were now breathing heavily and even snoring.

"Yes, it's quiet now, but I think the noise came from this dormitory," said the other. "There is a new boy in here to-night, and it is safe to say there is something wrong going on. I will stop this hazing business if I have to hire a policeman to protect every new scholar that comes into the school. It became a disgrace to the institution last term."

"I wish we could ascertain who is the ringleader," said the younger teacher, lowering his voice.

"I think I know who is at the bottom of

the cowardly business," said the other gentleman, going up to the bed where Rob Taylor was counterfeiting a sleep so profound that even the not very gentle shake the master gave his shoulder failed to arouse him, till it was repeated with increased vigor, when, thinking it would not do to pretend any longer, he opened his eyes in sleepy astonishment, and asked what was the matter.

"I have come to tell you, Taylor," said the teacher sternly, "that I hold you responsible for any hazing that goes on after this. There is a new boy in here to-night; if he has any complaint to make to-morrow you shall be expelled. Do you understand me, sir?"

"Yes, sir," said Taylor, so meekly that, although Frank felt sure he was the boy who had asked him such ferocious questions, he never would have recognized the voice.

"Then remember what I have said," said the master, loosening the uncomfortably tight grasp he had kept of the boy's shoulder.

With the light still in his hand the master walked up to the little bed where Frank lay watching them, without any pretence of sleep, although the boy in the next bed had signalled him to shut his eyes when the teachers first entered the hall.

"Ah," said the teacher, looking down kindly into the bright eyes lifted up to his, "you are awake, my boy, and yet not crying with homesickness."

"No, sir," said Frank, finding it very hard to keep back the tears then, for there was something in the kind voice and look that made them start.

"Did you hear what I said to Taylor?" said the master, wisely taking no notice of his emotion and brave effort to control it.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank. "I couldn't help hearing."

"That's all right," said the teacher, "and as you have heard, I will ask you now if you have any complaint to make of rough or ungentlemanly treatment from Taylor or any of the boys?"

"No, sir," said Frank promptly. "I have no complaint to make of any one."

"Very well, then," said the master. "I hope I leave you in no danger of molestation; but if any of the young gentlemen venture to disobey my commands and trouble you, come to the door of the dormitory and pull the bell; it rings in Mr. Saunders's room, and he will know what it means."

"Yes," said the younger teacher, "if you want help ring the bell and I will be with you in a moment."

They left the room, and as the sound of their retreating steps died away in the distance, one after another of the sleepers sprang to a sitting position in bed. No one ventured to speak for a moment till there was no danger of the teacher's overhearing them; then one of the larger boys, clearing his throat as if about to make a speech, began:

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers, I say it is a burning shame that we—"

"Yes, Dana, you are right," interrupted Taylor. "It is a brutal shame to try to cheat us out of our fun, but there's more ways than one to kill a cat, and we'll have a lark yet."

"Hold your tongue, Taylor," said the other boy, a quiet sort of fellow, who did

not seem in the least afraid of the bully. "let me finish, if you please. I was going to say that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves to have attempted any more hazing. I have never been quite comfortable since that last new fellow, poor little Selwyn, went home with a broken arm. Of course we didn't mean to damage him, but it ought to have been a lesson to us. This little fellow seems gamey, but I suppose we should have tormented him all the worse."

"He was plucky not to tell," said a small approving voice from the end of the room.

"He was that," assented Dana, getting out of bed and walking over to Frank's side. "Give us your hand, young fellow; you're a regular brick. Come along, boys, give him the hand of welcome all around."

Then from the fourteen beds marched fourteen night-gowned boys of assorted sizes and extended their hands to Frank with much ceremony, and a grand hand-shaking ensued. Taylor resisted at first, but a few sharp words from Dana brought him to the bedside, and he sulkily offered his hand like the others.

Frank sat up in bed to receive the boys' civilities, feeling rather shy, but very glad that they were friendly. Some of them perched on his bed like a lot of sociable ghosts, and sought to cement their

friendship by affable offers to share marbles, tops, puzzles, and other instruments dear to youthful hearts, with him on the morrow. The whispered conversation became quite animated when it was interrupted by Dana, who had gone back to bed, suddenly asking Frank why he had answered as he did when Taylor asked him if he would choose death by fire.

Frank grew very shy then and protested that he would much rather say no more about it, but the more averse he seemed to explaining, the stronger grew all the boys' curiosity, and they began to cross-question him in a way that left him no escape, and he could not, without seeming sullen, avoid answering them in some way.

"I was in a house once that took fire," he said, at last, "and I got hurt, and that's what makes me go lame, but Dr. Dana says I'll outgrow my limp, he thinks."

"Dr. Dana! I thought so," exclaimed young Dana, jumping out of bed again. "Now, just hold up, young friend and I'll take up the thread of narrative and see if I can't serve up that story in rather better style than you do."

The boys gathered around in astonishment to hear what one of their number could have to say about a matter which concerned a new boy, and Dana began his story to a deeply interested audience.

"You remember hearing about a year ago," he said, "that my father's house was burned up, but I don't think you heard all the circumstances; in fact, I didn't hear them myself till I went home last vacation. Nobody knew just how the fire began, for there was no one in the house but children and servants. My father had been sent for

low showed himself at a window with both hands stretched out, and calling, 'Papa, papa' in the most pitiful way. It looked to be an impossible thing to save him, though some of the men rushed for a ladder, which, by-the-by, was too short to reach the window. But there was a boy in the crowd who didn't wait for the ladder. He flew around to the back, climbed up the cornice of the piazza, the other end of which was beginning to burn. The smoke was coming thick out of the windows, but the fellow climbed in and in a few minutes (the folks below said it seemed like an hour) he was up in the room above by Johnnie's side at the front window. But he couldn't get down to the next floor again—the wonder was how he ever got up. They tried the ladder but it didn't come much above the second-story.

"Then the boy called out to one of the men to come up as far as he could on the ladder. Martin, our man, ran up and told him to drop Johnnie into his arms if he could. How he ever did it I don't know, but he did lift that heavy child and lower him by his dress as far as he could and then let him drop right into Martin's arms. Another man had followed him up the ladder and was holding him steady so he could hold his arms up, and stand the shock. The



SEVERAL BOYS WITH HANDKERCHIEFS TIED OVER THEIR FACES CAME TO HIS SIDE.

very minute that he dropped the child into Martin's arm the fire caught the frame of the window, and the smoke and flames drove the poor fellow back into the room. The people out below thought for sure he was lost and so anybody else would have been, but in a minute they saw him again with a wet towel over his face and head. There was no other chance, so the men roared out for him to jump, and he lifted the towel an instant, took one look down, and sprang out of the burning window."

"Oh?" said the boys, breathlessly, "did it kill him?"

"No, but it came near enough to it," resumed Dana. "My father drove up just as they picked the poor fellow up, and you had better believe he did his best for him. His arms were burnt, his collar-bone fractured, and he lay broken in two places. It

took months to patch him up, and there was a time when it seemed as if he must lose a leg. But look here, boys, I haven't told you the fellow's name yet; it is Lindley. Now you fellows just ask the new boy what letters he uses to spell his latter name, and see what you make of it?"

Frank could not refuse to tell his name, and when the boys learned that it was Lindley, and found that he was really the hero of Dana's story, their enthusiasm became intense, and nothing but the fear of consequences kept them from giving a hearty and uproarious three times three for the new boy.

AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDING FOR THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

BY MAIDA EUCON.

Look, Lord, with gracious favor
Upon our work to-day,
And bless for us this building,
Whose corner-stone we lay.
We rear it for Thy service,
For labor in Thy name;
For deeds of love and mercy,
That shall Thy love proclaim.
Oh! let these walls be founded
Upon salvation's Rock,
That in them may be gathered
The wanderers of Thy flock.
Here homeless hearts be sheltered;
Here hopeless ones upheld,
Until in floods of love-light
All sadness be dispelled.

We seek Thy steps to follow;
To bind the broken reed;
To aid the weak and weary,
To minister to need.
Oh! grant us grace and wisdom,
True comfort to supply;
And bring us daily nearer
The better land on high.
Oh! give to us the honor
To lead some souls to Thee;
That in our crowns of glory
Fair jewels they may be;
So in that land delightful
Together we may sing
In praise and joyous homage
Before Thee, Saviour—King!

PARAGRAPHIC.

In twenty-five years newspapers in Japan have increased from none to more than 2,000, more than there are in all the rest of Asia or in Austria.

It is a long time since the excavations at Pompeii were begun, but less than one third of the earth and debris that cover it have been removed.

It is reported that in Washington, in a section measuring 8,000 by 6,300 feet, there are 389 licensed saloons. It must be vying with New York in the race for bad eminence.

Houskeepers will be glad to know that by setting a glass fruit-jar on a folded towel soaked with cold water, the fruit can be poured in boiling hot without any danger of breakage.

In two successive summers in France, owing to heat and drought, the rivers Rhine, Seine and Loire ran dry. It was in 1303 and 1304. In 1846 the thermometer marked 125 in the sun.

The highest summit of Mischabel, 14,941 feet, Dom, has been ascended for the first time by an Englishman of the name of Carter, with two guides. The mountain is in the canton of Vallais.

By the American McAll Record, a quarterly which gives an account of the proceedings of the association, we learn that its receipts for the last year were \$27,635.14, besides \$9,000 in special gifts for investment.

At a recent exhibition in Aberdeen the Book of Hours, which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, was shown, and also a vellum prayer book that was once the property of Catherine de Medicis. There were many other rare curiosities in the exhibition, which was held on occasion of the visit of the British Association to Aberdeen. Among them was an autograph of Oliver Cromwell, being his signature to a regimental order.

The wool industries of the country in 1890 employed 130,000 persons, and now they employ 340,000, and the value of this annual product has trebled. In the woven industries the 60,000 persons then employed have become 100,000, and the annual production of our home mills has increased from \$80,000,000 to \$270,000,000. The 900,000 tons of iron ore then produced have become 8,000,000 tons yearly. The employes in the silk industry have increased from 5,000 to 35,000 in number.

A HUNDRED tons of air-dried seaweed, besides its salts, will yield twenty tons of algin and fifteen tons of cellulose. The algin is a glutinous substance, with fourteen times the viscosity of starch, or thirty-seven times that of gum arabic. It is good for sizing, or as a mordant in dyeing, or can be used in cookery and in making confectionery. It prevents incrustation in steam boilers, and can be made into paper, and to serve many other uses. Worthless as a weed does not apply to seaweed.

DANIELS' Lehrbuch der Geographie for the present year gives the population of the world at 1,435,000,000, speaking 8,064 languages and dialects. There are, it says, 1,100 forms of religious belief. Christendom includes 432,000,000, divided between 308,000,000 Roman Catholics, 123,000,000 Protestants, 83,000,000 Greeks or Orthodox, and 8,000,000 in one hundred various sects. The Jews number 8,000,000, the Mohammedans 120,000,000, and the followers of Brahma 138,000,000. The Pagans proper are estimated at 234,000,000, and the Buddhists at 503,000,000.

ART.

"In the Dark Days," showing Gen. Grant before Petersburg, is being etched by W. H. Shelton from his own picture of that name. It will measure 17 by 25 inches, and is an upright.

THE Fine Art Jury at the Antwerp Exhibition, of which Meissonier was elected president, gives the first medal of honor to a Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, who has a studio in Paris.

A STATUE of William Lloyd Garrison is to be erected in Boston on a pedestal of Quincy granite. He is represented as sitting in his chair, with a file of the Liberator lying beneath it.

THE Watts collection of paintings, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been returned to London. The loan exhibition of the coming winter will consist chiefly of modern paintings.

PROF. ANGELI, of Vienna, has been commissioned by Queen Victoria to paint portraits of the Princess Beatrice and her husband, the Prince of Battenberg. The sittings are to be given at Windsor.

BASIL VERESCHAGIN is living not far from Paris, and is engaged upon a cycle of pictures illustrating Indian history. He has prepared

the largest studio in the world, built in the clearing of a wood.

BAS-RELIEFS, supposed to be of the twelfth century, have been discovered in excavations at Paris. The inscriptions are in Latin, and they are thought to have belonged to the chapel of the Cordeliers.

THE Louvre has obtained for \$3,300, an antique statue of a poet standing with one hand on the trunk of a tree, and holding in the other a lute made of a turtle shell. It was in collection at Sienna, in Italy.

L. PRANG & Co. have reproduced in a chromo a very truthful *fac-simile* of an oil sketch of the yacht race between the "Puritas and Genesta." It makes a good memento of the race, and is very pretty in itself.

A PORTRAIT of James Brown, born in Providence, in 1698, has been presented to Brown University by Mrs. C. M. Ragnotti, of Paris, one of his descendants. The university was named for another of his descendants.

THERE is a portrait of Alexander von Humboldt, woven in silk, so as to resemble a copper engraving. The likeness is perfect. It is the work of Carquillet, who was without any rival in his art, and who died last year at the age of eighty-one.

"CHRIST before Pilate" and "The Crucifixion" by Munkacey, now in Sweden, are to be exhibited in St. Petersburg the coming winter. "The Calvary" is now in Paris. The three comprise a very remarkable series of paintings.

M. LOUIS APPIAN, a son of the well known landscape painter and etcher, Adolphe Appian, has been unanimously awarded the Prix de Paris at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, at Lyons. It gives him a three years' scholarship in Paris, with an annual allowance of \$390.

An exhibition of the works of living artists, foreign and domestic, will be held next year, from May to October, in Berlin. Each artist will be allowed to bring not more than two works of the same kind. The cost of bringing and returning all productions admitted will be undertaken by the Academy of Arts.

A PROFESSOR at Lausanne, M. Louis Nicole, has recently discovered a genuine work of Raphael, as proved by the date and signature of the artist. The subject is a Madonna seated on some rising ground, and feeding the Child Jesus at her breast. He being stretched at full length across her lap. To the left is a St. John holding a staff shaped like a cross. In the background is a rock on the left, and on the right a distant landscape. The picture was engraved by Mark Antony in Raphael's own day, but has been lost until now.

SCIENCE.

THE value of the eucalyptus globulus in swampy and marshy districts is called in question.

TOUGHENED glass formed into laboratory utensils is proving, upon trial, to be a complete failure.

HEER STUTZEN holds that soda, alone, is as powerful a solvent of nitrogenous principles as when combined with pancreatic ferment.

In a paper before the French Academy of Medicine, M. Lagneau maintained that anæsthetics were employed by the physicians of the middle ages.

MAGNESITE is a new substance for lining furnaces. After having been burned, it is employed in the form of magnesia stone for furnace bottoms.

A PHOTO-MICROSCOPIC view of some meteoric iron shows two distinct sets of parallel lines at

right angles to each other, due to traces of nickel often found in such specimens.

OXYGENATED water until about fifteen years ago was much neglected. The difficulties of preparing it made it expensive, but these have been overcome, and it will come into more general use.

The Highland Crofters, who live in an atmosphere of peat smoke, are noted for sound health, and especially from freedom from lung diseases. The smoke is heavily charged with tar, creosote, and tannin, which are antiseptics, and various volatile oils and resins.

The manufacture of blue glass and glass fluxes, by means of oxides of copper, was known to the ancient Egyptians, and was connected with the glazing of earthenware. Specimens of this kind of work are found in museums, the blue generally being turquoise blue.

LONDON air is purer than Paris air, as is proved by the rate of mortality in the two cities, and by the greater number of bacteria found in the air of Paris. It is accounted for by the facts that London is nearer the sea, is not so densely populated, and has lower houses.

An alloy, consisting of one third silver and two-thirds of aluminium is employed in the manufacture of silverware in Paris. It is very hard, and more easily pressed and engraved than silver-copper alloy. An alloy of equal parts of aluminium and silver is as hard as bronze.

A SOLUTION of methol is proving a useful and comparatively an inexpensive substitute for cocaine in cases requiring local anaesthesia of the mucous membrane of the nose, pharynx, larynx, etc. It is reported to be more transitory in its effect than cocaine, and to possess cumulative action.

In the fossil flora of Sagor, in Carniola, are found plants, representatives of forms now found in Australia, North America, Chili, and the East Indian Islands, Europe, Africa, Norfolk Islands, and New Zealand. The tertiary flora of Sagor must be considered the origin of all the living flora of the globe.

A SIMPLE test of butter most anybody can apply is found to be effective as follows: Smear a clean piece of white paper with the alleged butter, roll the paper up and set it on fire. If the butter is pure the smell of the burning paper is rather pleasant, but if the butter is made up wholly or partially of animal fat, the odor is distinctly tallowy.

DR. DAWSON in the Rocky Mountains has discovered a remarkable jurasso-cretaceous flora. It is found in sandstones, shales and conglomerates, with seams of coal. The beds lie in troughs in the paleozoic formations, and extend for a hundred miles north and south. The plants are conifers, cycads and ferns. Some are identical with species from the jurassic of Siberia and in the lower cretaceous of Greenland.

DR. REED, of Mansfield, Ohio, attributes to the destruction of the forests, and the drainage of land, increased wind, humidity, rainfall, dust, sudden changes from extremes of temperature and moisture, more rapid transmission of water from the periphery to the great basins, robbery of the natural regulators of distribution and diminution of the common supply of springs and wells. Malarial diseases he says have been decreased, but many others, and especially zymotic and contagious diseases, have been increased.

An important invention has been made in England for disinfecting clothing, bedding, etc., after cases of small-pox, contagious fever, and other communicable diseases. It

is a vessel four feet six inches long and wide, two feet 9 inches deep, double cased, with a steam-tight door in front. It has attached to it a small many-tubed boiler, with a steam fed pipe joining to the left, and by this means the body of the vessel in which the materials to be disinfected are placed can be brought to a heat of 220 to 230 Fahrenheit.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

ART IN JEWELRY.

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The Churchman.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1885.

ALLELUIA!

That sons of men might become sons of God!

Let us plead at this Christmas season that they who have this world's goods in abundance shall not forget those among their own acquaintances and friends who, once well to do, are struggling now with straitened circumstances, and living in secret distress. Life is full of changes, and in every circle of acquaintances, almost, are to be found those who need thus to be lifted out of a pit. We need not say that they suffer the more keenly because of their refinement and their former prosperity.

It is not a part of righteousness for one to live carelessly of his neighbours. The love of God dwelleth not in him.

It is safe to say that the Feast of the Nativity is kept this year with characteristic gladness in all our churches, and with more than usual joy in all the Christian homes of the land. Continued tranquillity, increasing prosperity, and a general feeling of hopefulness are among the causes which contribute to the making of a merry Christmas throughout all our borders. Nor is there lack of the awakened zeal and conspicuous activity of the Church in her "works and labor that proceedeth of love." It is not to be doubted that the message of peace and good-will among men is being commended in Christian charity to many a rejoicing household that would not be glad but for this blessed Christmas time. Of the many blessings which this annual festival brings to all, the recognition of the sacredness of the home and the blessedness of neighborliness, are not the least important. The Incarnation sanctified the natural ties of the family; so its annual commemoration serves to guard and preserve them. The Nativity of Bethlehem has forever hallowed the claims of outcast destitution; the yearly remembrance of the manger-birth of the Saviour moves the Christian heart to a renewed life of benevolence and hospitality. Apart from all the teaching that is now being given from the Church's pulpits, this holy Christmas-tide is teaching its own lessons in many homes and to many hearts. Who can estimate the loss which Puritanism would have inflicted on this land if it had succeeded in abolishing Christmas! and who can estimate the beneficence of the Church in so completely restoring Christmas to the American people!

In the American necrology of the year that is about to close, there are the names of three famous men, each one of whom has been distinguished for domestic virtue. In all other respects they differed widely from each other. One was a great captain; the other two never "set a squadron in the field." One was a jurist and statesman; the other two did not claim to have any tincture of professional learning. One was the possessor of a vast fortune; the other two were comparatively poor. Yet the three have been sincerely mourned, and all are held in high personal honor because

distinguished for the purity of their family and domestic life. The three may be taken as representative men of our civilization: and it is something, surely, to be thankful for, that their names may be mentioned with honor around Christmas firesides as the names of men who were best beloved in their own homes, and whose virtues shone nowhere so brightly as they did in the family circle. Certainly it augurs well for our country when we can say, as we now can, of our greatest, most illustrious, and most successful men, that they were worthy of all emulation and praise, in social and domestic life, as faithful husbands, loving fathers, loyal friends.

The last English papers bring the text of an address to the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England on the subject of Church reform, which has been numerously signed by the resident members of the Senate of Cambridge University and by other leading members of the university. This important paper expresses the earnest desire of the memorialists that "advantage may be taken of the revival of public interest in ecclesiastical questions for the authoritative consideration of temperate measures of Church reform, in order that they may be carried into effect with the least possible delay." After specifying some definite evils that appear to need prompt correction, the great reform which they urge as that which is most needed, is "a more complete development of the constitution and government of the Church, central, diocesan, and parochial, and especially the admission of laymen of all classes, who are *bona fide* Churchmen, to a substantial share in the control of Church affairs."

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this movement among Cambridge men. Representing, as that university has done for the last two decades, at least, the most progressive and influential thought as well as the soundest opinion of the English Church, this memorial may well be regarded as a most hopeful indication that the Church is ready and able, if it only be allowed, to adjust itself to all the conditions by which it is surrounded. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of their opinion that such a reform as they propose would be most welcome "to the clergymen and laymen of all schools of theology in the Church of England and to the nation at large." Certainly the signs of the times augur well for the abundant success of such a movement as is here recommended.

The Liberal members of the same university senate have issued a "declaration on disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England," which, for calm and temperate statement and forcible reasoning must take a high place in the controversial literature of the day. There is not space here even to summarize the contents of this admirable paper. The conclusion of the declaration, however, is so suggestive of the Church's true function everywhere that it deserves special mention. The contention of the Cambridge Liberals is that connection with the State exercises a most salutary influence on the Church in providing "a

powerful antidote to the inclination to confine religion within the limits of individual emotion or belief, and in keeping up a sense of the intimate relations between the Christian faith and character on the one hand and all human interests and social duties on the other. If it were removed the ideals of religion prevalent in England would assuredly be lowered and impoverished, not in the Church only, but in other communities likewise." The argument that is here advanced in favor of a union between Church and State is undoubtedly one of the most powerful that can be offered. It has been the glory of the English Church that under its influence religion has been carried into all the relations of life, and that it has practically refused to recognize the false distinctions which dissenting Protestantism has always attempted to set up between things sacred and things called secular. Nevertheless, it is altogether possible for the Church to do this without being connected with the State.

In this country, for instance, the Church's teaching and influence are being more and more distinguished from the teaching and influence of the so-called dissenting religious bodies by this very characteristic. No doubt there are certain Puritan and other sectarian influences within and about the Church in this country, which continually tend to set up a barrier between the religious and the secular spheres in human life and duty, which distinction is further emphasized by the monkish or ascetic influence which reaches the Church from another quarter; but in spite of the perturbations caused by a factitious monkishness on the one hand, and Puritanism on the other, the characteristic influence of the Church in this country has been, and continues in increasing measure to be, precisely that which the Cambridge men desire. It is the distinction of the Protestant Episcopal Church that while it has held itself more entirely aloof from political and partisan controversy than any other religious body, it has, nevertheless, done more than any other to carry religion into every sphere of public and private life, and to hallow all the relations that bind men together.

In a recent number of the London Pall Mall Gazette, there is a letter describing the home of the poet Whittier which would be read with some amusement by those who know with what complacency New England scenery, New England character, and, above all, New England culture, are regarded by those favored people who are privileged to live there. The English letter-writer, who, by the way, must have been an exceedingly recent arrival, goes on to speak in terms of such flippant disrespect and mendacity of the soil and productions of Massachusetts that they are excluded from these columns. Then he describes the exterior and interior of the poet's home at Amesbury, and, after speaking of the quaint and friendly greeting which his host extended to him, says that it recalls "the fact that he is not only a New Englander, which means simple living from necessity, but also a Quaker, which means simple living from choice." "Simple living from necessity,"

In New England, is an anachronism now, as anybody knows who knows the New England of to-day. Though there is, no doubt, a good deal of the "plain living" which goes with "high thinking," yet, on the other hand, there is a good deal of high living and plain thinking—living quite as high, and thinking quite as plain as any in Old England itself. Indeed there are few great homes in England that excel many scores of the New England homes that one may see and get admittance to also under proper conditions. But, perhaps, the most grotesque and inexcusable blunder of all is that which goes the length of discrediting the literary "faculty" and even the pronunciation of the denizens of that favored portion of our country. "Mr. Whittier speaks," he says, "as he does everything else, in the New England fashion, familiarly, even carelessly, with a fine democratic indifference to elegance of pronunciation and finished periods." When one remembers the cold, calm height from which Boston and all New England surveys the rest of the world, and the true Hellenic indifference with which all "outer barbarians" are regarded there, one wishes that the foolish chronicler who wrote the above words, might sojourn in Massachusetts long enough to learn how exceedingly ridiculous he has made himself. It is safe to say that if he did not learn it thoroughly in a little while, or escape to some less favored country, he would share the fate of the young man who bore the banner with a strange device, and—be frozen to death.

The attempt that is being made by a certain socialistic labor organization of New York City to "boycott" one of the leading hotels deserves attention. It seems that the proprietors of the hotel, in the exercise of what has hitherto been considered one of the "inalienable rights" of American freemen, employed some other American freemen to do some work about their premises. These workmen did not belong to the "Painter's Labor Union." The consequence was that a quarrel arose between the said proprietors and the said Painters' Labor Union; and an order was issued to boycott the hotel and everyone who stopped there. Public men, and men of business prominence, who stop at the hotel are notified by a letter that they must leave at once, and cease to give the hotel their patronage. If they wish to save their business and political future, in case of a refusal to obey, it is claimed that the Labor Union and its affiliations are sufficiently powerful to inflict social, commercial, or political ruin on those who are recalcitrant. It is not necessary to discuss the truth of this claim. No doubt, as things now are, an organized and dangerous effort could be made to defeat, to injure, or to annoy anyone who should become obnoxious to the ill will of this labor organization; and the arrogant attempt to enforce their will by such means brings clearly to view the intolerable tyranny which such bodies intend to exercise, if they are allowed to have their way. The grave danger to which our civilization is exposed by such savagery has already been pointed out in these columns. If it be true that a man may not stop at any licensed place of entertainment that he may choose in this free land, without being imperilled by a secret organization that, for some reason with which he has nothing to

do, forbids him, then this is a free land no longer. To say nothing of the original dispute with the painters, this attempt to boycott the travelling public is simply a monstrous assumption of arrogant tyranny; and, in so far as it operates to curtail the liberty, or to injure the property or happiness of any individual, being done as it is, not only without due process of law, but in defiance of the whole spirit of the law, it amounts to a despotism more odious than any that our people have ever denounced or resisted. It is pleasant to be assured that, as a rule, the guests of the hotel in question have refused to be intimidated by such means. This, however, is not enough. The public must be aroused to put down such attempts at intimidation. There is no sort of difference, morally, between "dynamitism" and this kind of boycotting. The one is just as savage, ruthless, barbarous as the other. The one assails life. The other assails liberty, which is as dear as life. One of the most disheartening things about the whole matter is the timorous way in which the daily press treats it. Let a free and independent press not be afraid to speak out and help to secure additional legislation which shall make an attempt to boycott a statutory offense, to be severely punished. Unless it can be repressed, public liberties will be overturned and private liberties placed at the mercy of a proletarian despotism as ruthless as it is barbarous and reactionary.

It now seems that Lord Salisbury has resolved to keep the existing ministry together for the present, to face the new House of Commons, and offer to carry on the government. Whether he hopes to do this with the help of the Parnellites, or by means of a coalition with the more moderate and conservative members of the Liberal party, cannot now be said, though there is, no doubt, a strong disposition among the Tories to effect the latter arrangement. At a cabinet meeting of the other day, it is said that the draft of a scheme for local government in all sections of the kingdom alike, was discussed, the object being to grant nothing to Ireland that shall not be balanced by like concessions to England and Scotland. In this way it is hoped that the homogeneity of the United Kingdom may be enhanced, and the union preserved. On the other hand, there are not wanting evidences of a disposition among the Parnellites to look rather to Mr. Gladstone than to Lord Salisbury for the realization of their hopes and purposes. To overtures from such a quarter it is supposed that the Liberal leader would not be indifferent, since he has evinced a rather unexpected desire to return to power. It is quite likely that the question will turn mostly on the ability or inability of Mr. Gladstone to carry a sufficient number of the Liberal party into an alliance with the Home Rulers. It is at least possible that an attempt to do this as things now are would precipitate just such a coalition with the moderate Liberals as Lord Salisbury is supposed to desire, with the immense advantage that Mr. Gladstone would be out of the case.

Lord Tennyson has come out in a new role—as the defender of the Established Church. Whether making him a peer of the realm has heightened his love for

"Church and King," or the growing wisdom of advancing years has given him a more devout and conservative temper, certain it is that his attitude in such matters is rather different from what it was when he stood bravely by Frederick Denison Maurice in the days when so to do meant something like both heresy and nonconformity. Now, however, the Poet Laureate is reported to have written a letter, in which he says that "disestablishment and disendowment would be a prelude to the downfall of much that is greatest and best in England. There are, doubtless, abuses in the Church, but they can be remedied." Then the laureate goes on to point out that even the American Constitution is more conservative in its provisions against organic changes than some of the plans which English politicians are now proposing. It must be confessed that there is force in his reference to the fifth article of our constitution, though it proves too much for his purpose. Here no change can be made in the organic law of the land without the consent of three-fourths of the States of the Union. In England there are no constituent States or local governments to ask for or ratify any change; and in the case in question the object of the Home Rulers and others is to secure such local governments. It is obvious that the erection of constituent States or local governments must first be done by Parliament, if the system of "checks and balances," which Lord Tennyson admires in our government, is to be imitated at all; and it is against the decentralization that he is protesting. Given a local government in Ireland, Scotland, England, Wales, and no doubt the Irish would quite agree with the laureate in all that he says of the need of a "conservative restrictive provision" like ours, as "a safeguard against ignorant and reckless theories."

A problem in the administration of the forces that are at work in Christian development, is to secure an equal distribution of them all. In certain quarters the Church is simply a lecture platform for the delivery of sermons. A weekly hearing of Christian discussion is about the extent of the influence. There is no work done; the activities and sympathies are not called out. This is one extreme, and the other is often seen in some of our most earnest parishes, where an excess of benevolent labor allows no leisure for mental or spiritual growth. Family devotion is too often out of the question, even private prayer is hurried and broken in upon by the distraction which the burden of an excessive Church work brings into the mind. A great error this, to avoid the dreaminess of the mystic by running into the rush of a life that resembles the hurry of the railroad and the market. Those who have led in the labors of the past have been persons who claimed for themselves time in which to refresh their souls in the presence of God. Even He who was intensely active, even to physical weariness in His efforts to reach and save all classes, retired at times into mountain retreats where He was in prayer alone. The spiritual life needs this quickening from above. We cannot sustain the labors of an aggressive Christianity without the direct and life-giving power of the blessed spirit, exerted in a season of holy quiet upon the soul as it waits devoutly on God.

THE MISSION IN NEW YORK.

In our Church life and work in New York, the Mission just ended has been a noteworthy event. I have been asked to speak of its results; but, except in a very limited way, this is not easy to do. A Mission aims supremely at spiritual results, and these cannot be tabulated and set down in figures. Such a work sets in motion forces destined to act through long reaches of time, and to issue in effects which may be remote and which must be largely unseen. To attempt to gather up the results of the Mission, and to write the story of its influence would, now, at any rate, be premature, if it would not at any time be presumptuous.

But while this is true, there is much remaining of which one may safely speak—safely and helpfully. For undoubtedly the introduction of an agency so unfamiliar, and of methods so distrusted, if not widely disapproved, has awakened apprehension in many earnest and honest minds, and in others something more. Is the Mission a confession of failure, so far as the past of the Church is concerned? Are its distinctive features only those weapons of other Christian bodies, which, having long disclaimed or denounced them, we are now compelled to borrow? This is courteously but explicitly intimated in some quarters, and reluctantly intimated in others.

I. It is not true, however; and it needs that some one should distinctly say so. The features in a Mission, that differentiate it from the ordinary methods of that which is most widely known as Revivalism, are conspicuous and fundamental. Let me name some of them:

(a). The Mission is simply an enlargement or expansion of ideas that are inherent in the Christian year. Ours in New York, like many others, was held in Advent season. The key-note of that season is struck in the words of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, appointed as the Epistle for the First Sunday in Advent, "Knowing the time that it is high time to awake out of sleep." Advent is the time when, with us, men are bidden to bestir themselves, to shake off the lethargy of indifference, and to remember that Christ is coming to judgment. "All that is included in a Mission—preaching, personal urgency, confession of sin, communion with God in the blessed sacrament of His son—all these are included in the idea of Advent season, and it is the office of a Mission to take that outline which we have in the Advent Collects and Hymns and Scriptures, and to fill it out and fill it up. Nobody says "Go to! let us have a revival;" but the order of our Church life brings to us the call, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!" and that cry the missionary simply takes up and repeats, and presses home with strenuous urgency and plainness.

Plainly enough, all this is impossible where there is no Church year. Christmas trees and Easter flowers do not make a Church year, any more than a "protracted meeting" makes a Mission. The one obeys an order which goes above individual taste, and inclination, and impulse; the other does not.

(b). Again, it is the characteristic of a Mission that it knows nothing of a divorce of the Word and Sacraments. From first

to last, the Breaking of Bread and prayer, the sermon and the Eucharist, the Table of the Lord and the teaching and guidance of the pulpit and the closet, go together. If the frequent celebrations had vanished out of our Mission services, I do not hesitate to say that to numbers least liable to the charge of exaggeration, their chief blessedness would have been absent. And in dealing with individuals, the first question that is asked is not, "how do you feel?" but "to what are you pledged? Have you been signed in baptism with the sign that seals you to the service of God? Whose are you, even though you have forgotten it, and to whom do you owe allegiance? Have you confessed Christ in the sacrament, which He has appointed to that end, for if not, then 'arise and be baptized, calling on the name of the Lord.'" Let it be observed that I am not now undertaking to say whether this way is better than any other way; I am simply stating that which has been distinctive of our way. Nobody will pretend that it is the way of those Christians who bear other names and for whom I hope I need not say I have the heartiest respect) who conduct what are called "Revolutions."

(c) Yet again,—and here I am constrained to speak plainly, there has been in our Mission no faintest approach to the grave error which has stained the whole so-called revival system through and through, and which teaches, or implies, that when a man has experienced a spasm of feeling, he has "got religion." God forbid that I should seem to disparage deep feeling, or deny its place in the tremendous struggle through which, sometimes, one turns from darkness to light. If I did so, I should forget lessons and memories which are at the very foundation of my own spiritual history. But it can never be forgotten that the evils of mistaking quickened emotions for the deliberate action of the conscience and the will, are to be seen in lives that are like extinct volcanic craters, all over the land. The art—my brethren of other communions must forgive me if, in imputing it, I seem to any one to say that which strains the law of charity, but I know, not from hearsay, but of personal knowledge, whereof I affirm—the art which, in cold blood, with simulated fervor and by carefully concerted means, stirs the sluggish pulses, fills the air with the subtle current of emotional excitement, and on the flood-tide of a contagious enthusiasm sweeps a motley throng into the Christian fellowship to be hailed as having attained the end of religion in a "change of heart" when they have scarcely made a beginning at the alphabet of Christian discipleship, of all this I am thankful to say the Mission has known nothing.

There are other differences which those who have seen a Mission will readily recall, and I need not rehearse them. But those which I have enumerated are sufficient to indicate that, whatever a mission may be, it is not a tardy adoption of weapons which others have used, and which some of them have learned to distrust.

II. On the other hand, while the results of the Mission are not easily ascertained, its leading features are readily recognizable, and are of abundant significance.

1. And as the first of these I would say that, though few people know it, the Mission began a year ago. At that time a small band

of clergymen resolved to meet together once a month, or oftener, for a celebration of the Holy Communion at an early hour, an informal devotional meeting, and a subsequent business meeting. That resolution has, with a brief interval in the summer, been faithfully adhered to. At the start it was recognized that no great spiritual blessing could be expected without earnest effort to open the way for its coming. There have been constant prayer—and work, the two going together and extending to the minutest details. As I have had little or no part in them, I may speak of this painstaking forethought and preparation as one of the remarkable features of the Mission. The matter of missionaries, of letters of invitation, of provision for the musical services, of advertisements, of personal visitation beforehand, from house to house, of services for classes, men, women, children, working people, students, those who have drifted away from church-going habits, and details of a similar character manifold in kind and aim, have in each case been committed to a special sub-committee reporting regularly and availing itself of every practicable aid. And, side by side with these, have gone devotional meetings which, it is not too much to say, have left their indelible mark on those who have been privileged to share in them. If credit for what has been accomplished by the Mission is anywhere especially due it is, under God, first to the committee which prepared the way for it.

2. Next to this, a conspicuous feature of the Mission has been its absence of excitement. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." It was written long ago; and it has proved so. There has been no attempt to reach results by mere furore, and some of the most remarkable results have been those in which there has been the most noticeable absence of oratorical or emotional fervor or strenuous appeal. But there has been clear and faithful teaching, a remarkable degree of plain speaking about things that are usually lightly touched upon or left unnoticed, and a calm, deliberate, and determined endeavor to press home the truth upon the personal conscience. The facts of life as they are, the sins of to-day, the indifference and unbelief of to-day, these have been frankly and unreservedly dealt with. In a word, there has been great and unwonted fidelity of teaching, warning, and reproof, with all long-suffering, (patiently) and (with) doctrine, there being a constant reference to the mind of the Spirit as revealed in Holy Scripture. And this has been done, without noise or clamor.

3. Another feature of the mission has been its informal and personal approach to individuals. The after-meetings have been distinct from the services for the general congregation, and the personal counsels and interviews which have followed these have enabled many, who under ordinary circumstances, would never have done so, to open their griefs and shames to God's minister, for his needed word to each separate enquirer or penitent. Of the benefits of this, the testimonies are singularly and unexpectedly abundant and gratifying.

4. Still another feature of the Mission has been its success in reaching the "lapsed,"—the baptized and confirmed who had drifted away from all habits of religious living. In this connection, perhaps, more than in any other, its fruits have surprised those con-

cerned in it. Instances of every variety, and of most affecting character, have been brought by the clergy to my own notice, of those who, after long years of neglect of prayer, and of every religious privilege, issuing in an utterly godless and often grievously sinful life, have been awakened and recalled. There is no work harder or more rarely successful than this. Ordinary means fail to reach such cases, and those who know most of the subject will own that they have been tried in vain. What ordinary means have failed to do, the Mission has accomplished in a signal degree and with blessed results.

5. Again: The Mission has illustrated the value of informal methods, and has gone far to win for them a recognized place. The importance of this can hardly be overestimated. Almost everybody was ready to admit that the ordinary Prayer Book services did not meet the need of exigencies, nor suffice to grapple with individuals in a direct and efficient way. Liturgical services imply a previous education, often wanting, and oftener inadequate. Between the masses, careless, irreligious, without devout habits or churchly training, and the orlerly worship of the Church as set forth for use in organized parishes, something was needed to mediate. The Mission has shown what that is. It has not disesteemed the various offices of the Prayer Book, it has at once supplemented them, and led up to them. Greater freedom in prayers, hymns and other details, has brought home to many what something more formal would have failed to impress upon them. There has been nothing to cause alarm, nothing of the nature of reckless license; but much that was simple, personal and direct. And this larger liberty has, I am thankful to believe, come to stay.

6. Once more the Mission has demonstrated two things: the power of the Church to reach men, and the value of trained missionaries as preachers. No such spectacle as has been presented in Trinity church for the last three weeks has been seen since the diocese came into existence. No such congregations have been gathered, whether here or elsewhere under any such circumstances in all the past history of the Church in this land. If the Mission had done nothing else, it has in this done enough to vindicate its right to be trusted and prized by all those who desire to see the religion of Jesus Christ a living power in this age.

7. Finally, the Mission has deepened the faith of all who have had to do with it in the Mission and power of God the Holy Ghost. We have seen the tokens of His presence, and we have gained a new conviction of the reality of His influence and work. Out of vagueness, and doubt, and coldness, there have come a definite understanding of His office, a clear perception of His operations, and a glowing sense of His gifts. And this, surely, is the best result of all. We have waited for the promise, and it has been fulfilled to us.

I have no prophecies for the future; but the past, at least, is secure. This much, however, I may repeat, the Mission has come to stay. The committee of thirty has organized itself, within the past few days, into a "Parochial Missions Society." We recognize the duty, growing out of our ex-

perience, to our brethren in other cities, and we shall endeavor as we are enabled, to discharge it. Our gains are far from being all that we could have wished, or all that some of us hoped. We have not been as greatly successful in reaching those outside of all ordinary religious influences as some had hoped. But we have taken the first step toward going forth to them with larger success, in kindling the hearts of our own people. Never before had the Church in New York so many of her sons and daughters of all ranks and classes ready to spend themselves in the Master's service. Be it true, that we have only "the five loaves and two small fishes," and that faithfulness still demands, "What are they among so many?" The miracles of God are not ended. He will bless and dispense our store, and the willing gift of themselves by His people will prove, we believe, in His hands the sufficiency which shall gather and feed the multitude.

HENRY C. POTTER.

ENGLAND.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.—The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne), owing to an attack, has been ordered by his physician to abstain from all work requiring any thought, for three months. In most respects the bishop's health is good, but a severe hemorrhage which the physician said was due entirely to overpressure of brain work, caused the order to be issued.

THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER ON THE CHURCH'S ESCAPE.—Addressing a meeting at Rochester, on Tuesday, December 1, Bishop Thorold said the Church had been in a little trouble, but had got out of it again as most people who knew anything about the Church were convinced that she would do. At the present time she had a great deal to be thankful for to those who had not been showing themselves as friendly to her of late as they might have been, either to her privileges or endowments. He believed that many people who had determined that she should be destroyed (and there were many people who were willing to lay hands on her if she was not able to take care of herself), would now be glad to take their hands away, and it would be some time before they laid them on again.

DEATH OF DEAN HOWSON.—The death is reported from London, on December 15, of the Very Rev. John Saul Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester.

Dean Howson was born in 1816, and was graduated with the highest honors from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1837. He was ordained deacon in 1845 and priest in 1846. He was Principal of the Liverpool College for sixteen years, and then became Vicar of Wisbeach and examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ely. In 1867 he was appointed Dean of Chester.

Dean Howson is well known by his writings, but the work by which he is best known in this country is "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," which he wrote in conjunction with the late Dr. W. J. Conybeare. Dr. Howson was, however, the real author. Dr. Conybeare furnishing the translations.

SCOTLAND.

EPISCOPALIANS IN SCOTLAND.—The Bishop of St. Andrews (Dr. Charles Wordsworth), writing to the Edinburgh Courant in reply to the statement in a pamphlet on "The Scottish Church Question," that the Episcopalians are chiefly not of Scotch birth or descent, states that he wrote to all his clergy for information

on the subject, and received returns from them which he gives. These are too lengthy to quote, but in only one place, Glamis, is the number of Scottish and non-Scottish Churchmen equal. In all the other places in the diocese the preponderance of Churchmen of Scottish birth and descent is overwhelming—in some places fifty to one, in some thirty to one—in some all are Scotch. In the northern dioceses the bishop says the preponderance is still greater. In the southern dioceses, it may be, he says, the other way. But the general result will show that the great majority of Episcopalians in Scotland are not only of Scottish birth, but also of Scottish descent.

IRELAND.

HEALTH OF THE PRIMATE.—There have been disquieting rumors as to the health of the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland. He has been reported as seriously ill, but the last issue of the Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette that reaches us says that on December 5 he was much better. Archbishop Beresford was consecrated in 1854 and except Bishop Knox of Down, Connor and Dromore (who was consecrated in 1849), is the oldest of the Irish bishops. He is advanced in years, also, and as at his age any serious illness is dangerous, his condition excites apprehension.

FRANCE.

THE AUTHORITIES AND THE CLERGY.—M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Worship, has addressed a letter to the Bishop of Pamiers, in which he tells him that the clergy of his diocese had exceeded all bounds in their advocacy of candidates hostile to Republican institutions during the recent elections. The minister makes the bishop and his advisers responsible for the *mot d'ordres*, which he attributes to them as the cause of such conduct, though he admits it may have been carried further than they intended. But such acts, he says, call for immediate repression, to be proportioned and continued according to the gravity of the offence and the repentance exhibited. Consequently he informs the bishop that, from December 1, the salaries or pensions of all the priests of his diocese who have so compromised themselves, will be stopped.

The bishop, in reply, tells the minister that his clergy have, in fact, not been able to look on with indifference, as citizens, at the elections; but that they have in no respect interfered in them in their sacerdotal character. In a letter to his clergy, also communicated to the minister, and to be read from the pulpits without comment, the bishop informs them of the measure taken by the Government, and invites their congregations to supply, if able, the salaries which are suppressed. But if a cure finds he cannot live in his parish, he is authorized to withdraw either into a neighboring parish which may be willing to maintain him, or into an asylum, or any other place where he may be able to procure for himself an honorable subsistence.

The pope has sent a formal protest against this action of M. Goblet, but the minister has been sustained by the national assembly.

CHINA.

CONVERSION OF A PRINCESS.—The Rock says: "It is reported that a Chinese princess has been converted to Christianity. The lady's name is the Princess Kung, and she has burned her Buddhist books."

TURKEY.

AN ANCIENT CHURCH.—A "Church in the Catacombs," a church, that is, of very early date, hitherto unknown, has been discovered

at Constantinople beneath a mosque. The walls still show religious designs, among them pictures of our Lord, His Mother, and the Baptist.—*Church Bells.*

MAINE.

NORTH EAST HARBOR—*St. Mary's Chapel.*—Work upon St. Mary's chapel is now finished, except the making of the seats, which will be done at leisure during the winter. The new part is shut off from the old by a partition, which will be taken down in the spring. The addition is harmonious with the rest of the building. The services are hearty and well attended, and the people show great interest.—*The North East.*

MASSACHUSETTS.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

JANUARY.

- 8, Second Sunday after Christmas: A. M., Trinity, Woburn; P. M., St. John the Evangelist's, Boston.
7, Thursday: St. Paul's, Boston. For Christian women.
10, First Sunday after Epiphany: A. M., St. Mary's, Dorchester; P. M., St. Ann's, Dorchester.
13, Wednesday: St. James's West Somerville.
17, Second Sunday after Epiphany: A. M., St. James's, Cambridge; P. M., Good Shepherd, Boston.
20, Wednesday: St. John's, Gloucester.
24, Third Sunday after Epiphany: A. M., St. John's Jamaica Plain; P. M., Mission, Roslindale.
27, Wednesday: St. Luke's, Chelsea.
31, Fourth Sunday after Epiphany: A. M., St. John's Arlington; P. M., Trinity, Melrose.

RHODE ISLAND.

APRONAGO—*St. Barnabas's Church.*—This church (the Rev. Percy Barnes, rector) for a better life is freed in oils, giving it a truly churchly appearance. A new dossal has been placed behind the altar, and a large brass lamp, surmounted with nine candles, in groups of three, hung in the chancel arch. During the past year, these improvements, as well as painting the exterior, and placing a bell in the tower, have proved that the hard times, from which this village has suffered greatly, have not diminished or restrained the zeal of the workers in the parish.

CONNECTICUT.

NEW HAVEN—*Church Choral Association.*—A Church Choral Association has been organized in this city with the following officers: The Rev. E. W. Babcock, president; the Rev. Elliot Morse, treasurer; Mr. J. J. Matthews, secretary. The directors are the Rev. E. W. Babcock, Dr. W. D. Anderson, and Messrs. A. H. Robertson and N. G. Osborn. Until a leader is chosen the association will rehearse under the direction of Mr. Hedden, organist of Trinity church. Seventy five persons are expected to participate in the first rehearsal. The rehearsals will be in the parish building of Trinity church.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*Close of Mid-day Services at Trinity.*—The series of mid-day services that have been conducted in Trinity church since November 28 by the Rev. W. Hay M. H. Aitken, were closed on Friday, December 18. Every day, whatever the weather may have been, the church has been filled with business men from the neighborhood, and the doors have been closed as the clock chimed the first quarter after noon, on a congregation that filled not only the pews, but also the choir and the aisles. Every one on the last day seemed deeply to regret that these mission services had come to a close. They were extended for a week beyond the prescribed time, at the unanimous request of those attending.

Before his closing address Mr. Aitken read portions of a letter that he had received from

a man who had been attending the mission services. The writer said that he had sent the communication in hope that the missioner would appeal to the merchants of New York to desist from spreading pitfalls at the feet of young men in their employ. The letter gave an account of some of these, that were part of the regular duty of some of the most promising of the employes of mercantile houses, and lay in the style of entertainment those young men were expected to give to customers from other places visiting New York.

The missioner with tears besought the business men before him to remove all temptation from the young. The large congregation of mercantile men was visibly affected. He implored them not to let the lessons of social and business purity he had endeavored to inculcate in his course of sermons pass away from them. He spoke with pleasure of the cordial treatment he has received from numbers of business men during the meetings. He had scarcely seen anything like it in the course of a long ministerial experience. He very much regretted that the time had come to separate, but he should go away with a heavy heart if he thought that his efforts were not going to have some effect in bettering the business life of New York. It had been very gratifying to him that so many hundred busy men made time in the middle of the day to drop mercantile affairs, and pay some attention to the claims of a higher life. In conclusion he impressed upon his hearers the futility of the mere unaided will of man in striving for a better life.

The assistant-bishop spoke of the great blessing that Mr. Aitken's noon-day services had been to the business men of New York, and of his personal regret that the time had come to discontinue them. As a mark of esteem for his conduct and of sympathy with the Church of England Parochial Mission Society, with which he was connected, the assistant-bishop suggested that all present contribute liberally to a collection which was then made for that society's benefit. A large offering was the result, the bishop saying that any who wished to contribute further might send contributions to Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, at the Mutual Life Building, in Nassau street.

The assistant-bishop then closed the mid-day services, and the series of mission services with the benediction.

NEW YORK—*City Mission.*—The New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission held its anniversary service in St. Thomas's church (the Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, rector) on the evening of Sunday, December 20. The assistant-bishop presided and the services were conducted by the rector and the Rev. Alexander Mackay Smith. A large congregation was present. The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. W. Ward from Joshua vi. 3. It was a strong and earnest setting forth of the work of the City Mission, and appeal for its support. The preacher said that as there is no other city like New York, so there is no other mission exactly like its City Mission. Its field is practically unlimited, its responsibilities greater. Greater still are the responsibilities of Christians who find here in this vast city exceptional advantages for obeying the Master's injunction: "Go ye all into the world and preach the Gospel." New York, from its exceptional situation, needs far more thorough mission work than any other great city. It is the great toll-gatherer of the nation. It is also the heart of the nation sending out the life-blood to the rest of the country as well as receiving it. As has often been proved, it sends out liberally. While remembering the rest of the world it should remember itself and its sufferers, and prevent the great heart of the nation from hardening, by effective and per-

sistent mission work. New York, too, is the great scree against which is thrown the vast masses of immigrants from Europe and the rest of the world. As is the case of all screens, the best passes through the meshes, and the coarsest remains here. Its criminal classes are the coarsest screenings of the earth. These form a class as dangerous as a mass of dynamite, and this class society can not afford to ignore. Christianity alone can save and rule and control this class and convert them into good citizens. For this, if for no other reason, the City Mission should have efficient and continued aid, and all good men should unite to hold up the hands of its workers, and assist them in every way.

The offerings, which were liberal, were appropriated to the work of the City Mission.

MATTEWAN—*The Highland Clericus.*—At a meeting of several clergy, at the rectory of St. Luke's church, Matteawan, a clericus with this name was organized. It will meet once in six weeks, and the rector of the parish in which the meeting is held will always preside. The object of the association is to call the clergy together for intellectual and spiritual improvement. A committee, consisting of the Rev. Messrs. H. L. Ziegenfuss and Isaac Van Winkle, was appointed, to serve for one year, to prepare a programme for each meeting.

LONG ISLAND.

HUNTINGTON—*St. John's Church.*—The Rev. Theodore M. Peck was instituted as rector of this parish on Friday, December 11. The Rev. Dr. John C. Middleton acted as institutor, by appointment of the bishop, and the late rector, the Rev. N. Barrows, preached the sermon. The topic of the discourse was the functions of a rector as prophet, priest, and king, in his own parish, and the text was St. Luke xii. 42-48. The offerings were devoted to the creation of a fund for the endowment of the parish. The choir was augmented by choristers from St. Johnland, while the two front seats were filled with crippled girls from the same place, whose sweet voices added greatly to the hymns. There were eight clergy from abroad present. After the service the clergy and the congregation were entertained by the ladies of the parish. Visitors were impressed with the kindness and activity of the people, and the comfort and convenience of the rectory, which has been repaired and beautifully furnished.

The rector has been holding Wednesday evening services during Advent among the Harbor people.

PARKVILLE—*St. John's Church.*—A considerable improvement of the property of this parish (the Rev. R. B. Snowden, rector) has been made by the erection of a new guild room, sixteen feet by twenty-eight, which has lately been completed, with the church building on the east side. It is intended for the use of the guild and for Sunday-school purposes. The plan is to transfer the seats of the church to this new room, and reseat the church in a uniform and attractive manner. The congregations now so entirely fill the little house of worship that this will be necessary, and further enlargement will be soon demanded. The cost of the guild room has been met in large measure by the liberality of a parishioner, Mrs. Mary A. Tunison.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

SYRACUSE—*St. Paul's Cathedral.*—At the opening of this church, on Sunday, December 13, the rector, the Rev. H. R. Lockwood, immediately before the sermon, read the following resolutions which the vestry had unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, We believe it to be the desire of the bishop, as it is accordant with our own sense of propriety, that there should be always at his disposal a suitable church edifice in which he may hold at his discretion such services as pertain to his episcopal office; therefore,

"Resolved, That we, the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of St. Paul's Church, Syracuse, do hereby respectfully and cordially tender to the bishop of the diocese the use of St. Paul's church, for all services of an episcopal or otherwise special character which he may desire to hold therein; and that he be asked to consider the propriety of allowing the church to be known as the Cathedral, or the Bishop's Church.

"Resolved, That it is our desire and intention, so soon and so far as it may be practicable, to bring the worship and parochial work of the Church into consonance with the bishop's expressed views and wishes.

"Resolved That he be invited to occupy the pulpit of St. Paul's church whenever it may be convenient to do so, and that pew No. 49 be hereby set apart for the use of his family on all occasions of public worship."

WESTERN NEW YORK.

SCOTTVILLE — Grace Church.—The first church services were held in this place in the winter of 1841-2, by the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel F. Bruce, then employed as a missionary in this part of Western New York. He sowed good seed with a liberal hand, but was called to other fields of labor, and it remained for another generation to revive the work. A number of years later the Rev. Fortune C. Brown occasionally held service at Scottville. During 1873, 1874 and 1875, the Rev. Francis A. Gilliat officiated on Sunday afternoons. The bishop of the diocese held one service in 1874, and for four weeks during that summer some of the clergy held Sunday evening services. Since November 23, 1884, regular services have been maintained in a hall in the village, and the corporation of Grace Church was duly organized on January 18, 1885, the Rev. J. Dudley Ferguson having accepted charge of the work at the beginning of the previous December. It was at once resolved to erect a stone church, complete in every detail. Plans were made by Ellis Brothers of Rochester, and under the personal supervision of Mr. D. S. Brown, chairman of the building committee, the church has been pushed to completion with remarkable rapidity. The local paper in describing it calls it "an architectural gem—a novel and beautiful suburban structure—an example for city churches to follow."

NEW JERSEY.

ELIZABETH—Christ Church.—The bishop of the diocese visited this parish (the Rev. H. H. Oberly, rector) on Sunday, December 30. There was an early celebration of the Holy Communion at 7:30 A. M., and Morning Prayer was said at 9. At 10:30 the bishop advanced to the priesthood the Rev. Messrs. Thomas F. Milby and Robert G. Osborn. The sermon was preached by the rector; the Rev. Mr. Milby was presented by the Rev. L. H. McKim, and the Rev. Mr. Osborn by the Rev. C. M. Pyle, all of whom joined in the imposition of hands. At the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, the bishop was assisted by the rector and the Rev. Mr. Pyle, his assistant. Mr. Milby is doing missionary duty at Flemington, and Mr. Osborn continues as assistant in Christ church, Elizabeth.

At 3 P. M. the bishop, accompanied by the rector, visited St. Paul's chapel, which has been erected within the past three months for

the mission school, which had outgrown its hired room, and is rapidly outgrowing its new accommodations. The bishop addressed the school and expressed his gratification at meeting them in their own chapel, which, though small, would be, he hoped, the beginning of a vigorous and independent parish. In the evening the bishop preached, and confirmed twenty-six persons.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Chrysostom's Church.—On Sunday, December 13, this church (the Rev. C. S. Daniel, minister in charge), was reopened, after being closed two weeks for renovation. The walls have been frescoed, the pews painted and re-upholstered, the new windows completed, and the new organ in place. All the repairs were necessary, and did not cost much, the church being small, and St. Chrysostom's is now one of the prettiest churches in the city. The church is supported, month by month, by voluntary contributions. There are no pledges, and the congregation is entirely uncertain where one dollar of the support is to come from. The church ministers to the poor, who bring about \$8 per month as offerings. The rest of the support must come from the outside. The outside receipts for November were \$109.77.

To give some idea of the work this mission has to do, the following glimpse at the state of the field will not be uninteresting. It is rarely the case that an adult from the community around is seen in the church, the congregation being composed of the youth. A teacher visited a house after Sunday-school and inquired about an absent scholar. She met the father, intoxicated, on the floor, and the mother, in a like condition, almost unable to explain the child's absence. Not long ago, while the minister was administering baptism in a private house, the father stumbled in upon the service, heavily drunk. The next day another father told the minister he had not been to church for seventeen years, except to do work about the building. The children of such families are in the Sunday-school, and all these were unbaptized when the work first began. Two hundred children have been gathered from such homes and taught the Christian religion within five years. Services are held daily at 9 A. M., and on Sundays at 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M.

The minister lives in a rented house, which is not convenient, is uncomfortable, and cheerless—moreover, he is only suffered to remain because he cannot conveniently go elsewhere; but new quarters must soon be sought. One of the secrets of his success has been the fact that he has been among the people, ready at all hours to go to them. One of his rooms is used exclusively for the storage of goods to be distributed among the poor. An attempt is to be made to build a rectory on the lot owned by the mission next to the church.

A work like this deserves support.

PHILADELPHIA—Charitable Bequests.—The will of the late Mrs. Mary Key Helmuth, which was admitted to probate on December 14, contains, among others, the following bequests: To Nashoth Theological Seminary, \$1,000; to the same, to endow "The Dr. William Sheaff Helmuth Professorship," \$25,000, and the trustees are instructed to select one of the existing unendowed professorships for this purpose; Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society for the fund for the support of Domestic Missionary Bishops, \$1,000; Church Home and Infirmary, Baltimore, Md., \$2,000; Church Home for Children, Angola, Pa., \$1,000; Mount Calvary church, Baltimore, Md., for the use of the chapel of St. Mary the Virgin, \$1,000.

PHILADELPHIA—Gloria Dei Church.—On Sunday morning, December 13, a large congregation was assembled in the Old Swedes' church, the occasion being the seventeenth anniversary of the rectorship of the Rev. Snyder B. Sines. The text of his anniversary sermon was: "We took sweet counsel together and walked in the house of God as friends." Psalm Iv: 14.

PHILADELPHIA—St. Clement's Church.—Somewhat of a sensation has been created in Church circles in this city by the announcement that the Rev. B. W. Maturin, rector of St. Clement's, and his assistants, belonging to the Society of St. John the Evangelist, had resigned their connection with the parish. It is understood that while the relations between the clergy and people of that parish are of the most cordial character, Father Maturin and the other members of the community think that they have been connected with one parish long enough. The Society of St. John the Evangelist, an English order originally, was formed for mission work, and these priests felt bound to go where their work is more decidedly of that character. People of all shades of Church views regret deeply Father Maturin's decision, and efforts are earnestly made to persuade him to reconsider it.

MARYLAND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—St. Paul's Church.—A burnished brass corona has been given to this parish (the Rev. W. M. Barker, rector,) which is both useful and ornamental. The "West-End Club" has greatly increased its usefulness, and the attendance has nearly doubled. The room vacated by the club has been appropriated for the Sewing School for girls.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—St. Andrew's Church.—This parish was organized in 1857 or 1858, the Hon. Caleb Cushing, then Attorney-General, giving a lot for the erection of a church. The project was, however, abandoned afterward, the lot was sold, and the equivalent of the gift bestowed on another parish. The Rev. W. A. Harris for several years acted as missionary and then was made rector. In 1879 a large number of families simultaneously joined the parish giving it new life and energy. Since that the growth of the parish has been remarkable. Lots were at once obtained, and a chapel, costing \$9,000, was erected. The Rev. J. B. Perry was elected rector, and the Rev. Mr. Harris, at an advanced age, became rector emeritus.

Since 1879 an addition has been made to the chapel, costing \$8,000, and the seating capacity increased to 640. The one hundred communicants of 1879 has increased to nearly four hundred. On one Easter, the offerings amounted to \$4,400.

BALTIMORE—Grace Church.—This parish (the Rev. C. B. Brewster, rector,) one of the strongest in this city, raises annually from \$12,000 to \$15,000, and is thoroughly equipped. The situation is central, and its church property worth fully \$180,000, well insured. The parish contributes to missions between \$2,000 and \$3,000, annually. The Communion alone alone are over \$1,000.

BALTIMORE—St. Mark's Church.—As Easter Day and St. Mark's Day will coincide this year, it has been suggested that the parishes in this city shall make the day one for special effort to aid this parish (the Rev. G. F. Plummer, rector,) in its present attempt to secure sufficient funds for a rectory. The parish is poor, being situated in an unfashionable quarter of the city, and had the rector a proper and conveniently situated residence, one of the greatest drawbacks to the growth and prosperity of the parish would be removed.

St. Mark's Guild, now numbering forty male members, is to have a series of free lectures by clergymen and laymen of this city, during the winter. The rector has been holding special services, and giving special sermons on the Evidences of the Faith, during Advent. The Sunday-school is one of the largest in the city, having five hundred pupils. The contributions last year amounted to \$3,000.

ROCK CREEK PARISH—Church of the Hallowed Name.—Owing to the recent growth of the city of Washington in the direction of old Rock Creek parish, situated north of the city, it has been for some time evident that provision, beyond the ability of the parish, should be made for present wants, and to enable the parish to improve the opportunities and meet the responsibilities this growth of the city will bring with it. Recently by the help of friends a beautiful and substantial stone chapel has been built at Mount Pleasant, and called the Church of the Hallowed Name. It has been furnished, excepting the chancel, by the people. The chancel is being carefully and richly furnished by a parishioner of the Church of the Epiphany, who has also given a fine silver communion service, and a handsome stone font. The vestry of the parish has assumed the interest on the debt (\$190), and appropriated one-half of the salary of the assistant who is to have charge of the work at this place. The congregation has assumed the payment of the balance. The Rev. John B. Gray, of St. Mary's, St. Mary's County, has been invited to become the assistant in charge, and is expected to enter upon his duties on Christmas Day.

The rector (the Rev. James A. Buck) and the vestry have asked the assistance of the wealthier city parishes in developing the work of the parish. In response to this request a committee was appointed at a meeting of the district clergy, as has already been mentioned. There are at least three places that should receive attention, and it is hoped they will receive it at an early day. At one of these a desirable piece of ground has been offered for the erection of a chapel.

This is the oldest parish in the District of Columbia, having been organized about one hundred and fifty years. The old church, built of English brick imported before the Revolution, is one of the old landmarks of this region.

HAGERSTOWN—St. John's Parish.—This parish (the Rev. W. A. Mitchell, rector) has raised for several years past, about \$3,000 annually, instead of the smaller amount recently mentioned, and some years has exceeded even this sum. The parish has no wealthy families, and with but five hundred individuals this showing is an encouraging one.

EASTON.

CAMBRIDGE—Adjourned Convention.—The adjourned special convention of the diocese, to elect a successor to the late Bishop Lay, met in Cambridge on Wednesday, December 16, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. T. P. Barber. Seven ballots were taken for bishop, resulting in the choice of the Rev. C. C. Williams, rector of St. Paul's parish, Augusta, Ga.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING—St. Luke's Church.—An Advent mission was held in St. Luke's church, Wheeling, (the Rev. J. Gibson Gantt, rector), December 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Bishop Peterkin and the Rev. Messrs. W. W. Walker, Robert A. Gibson, C. J. Hammond, R. G. Noland and R. E. Swope were in attendance. The services and addresses were hearty and earnest, the congregations excellent and profoundly impressed.

The rector at the Thursday evening services had his Sunday-school out in full force. After a few words of instruction, they listened attentively to a most happy address by the bishop.

The clergy in attendance, with the bishop as chairman, and the Rev. Mr. Hammond as secretary, decided to have monthly meetings hereafter of a like character, the first of these meetings to be held at Wellburg January 7 and 8. This is an important move. It brings the clergy in this extreme end of the diocese together for frequent consultation. The services publicly to be held being of a missionary character, with addresses accordingly, will serve the double purpose of strengthening this portion of the diocese, and, by larger offerings, upholding the hands of the bishop in the general work of the diocese. From the interest manifested much good is anticipated.—*South-ern Churchman.*

SOUTH CAROLINA.

EPISCOPAL APPOINTMENTS.

JANUARY.

B. Adam's River,
17. Summerville.
17. John's Island.
18. Wadmalaw.
20. Edisto Island.
24. Orangeburg.
31. Abbeville.

EAST CAROLINA.

WILMINGTON—St. James's Church.—This church (the Rev. W. H. Lewis, rector) was reopened, after extensive repairs, on All Saints' Day. The service of consecration was said by the bishop of the diocese at 7 a. m. and at 11 a. m., when the bishop preached, the vested choir of forty men and boys sang for the first time.

A recess chancel has been added to the church, and handsomely furnished; the organ being on the right, and choir stalls on each side. A transept gives about one hundred and fifty additional sittings, the church now seating nine hundred. The grounds around the church have also been much improved.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

CINCINNATI—St. Paul's Church.—The Bishop of Indiana is filling a few appointments in Southern Ohio, in the absence of the bishop of the diocese. On Wednesday evening, December 9, he visited this parish (the Rev. Dr. Samuel Benedict, rector), and held a confirmation. Three of the candidates were deaf mutes, baptized by the Rev. A. W. Mann, who was present and interpreted the service.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS—Deaf Mute Services.—The Rev. A. W. Mann held services on Sunday, December 6, two at the State school, and one at Christ church. At the latter service, Mr. Mann baptized an adult deaf mute.

MINNESOTA.

FARIBAULT—Cathedral.—The Cathedral of Our Merciful Saviour has just been presented with an oaken Litany-desk, beautifully inlaid with Spanish cedar. It is a memorial of C. M. Millsbaugh, who was for thirteen years a vestryman. It was given by his son in Omaha, Neb., who was confirmed, ordered deacon, and ordained priest, by the Bishop of Minnesota.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN DIEGO—St. Paul's Mission.—The name of this mission was changed by the last Diocesan Convention from Holy Trinity to St. Paul's. This place is becoming more and more a resort and home for invalids, especially for

those suffering from pulmonary troubles. Instead of the small building now used for worship, a new church is badly needed to accommodate the growing congregations. The president of the Women's Guild has sent out an appeal to her sisters in the Church asking for gifts of articles to be sold at a bazaar to be held in February next. Since some have expressed themselves unable to send anything so soon after the holidays, the date of the bazaar has been changed to the end of that month.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

OUR Mission Work of the Diocese of Albany, the monthly paper, is filled with news and facts.

A VERY fine building, the Orphan's Home, has been dedicated in Albany for St. Peter's church, the Rev. Dr. Battershall, rector.

BISHOP DOANE, during the last nine months, has confirmed 1,135 persons, laid one cornerstone, consecrated four churches, and ordained four priests and four deacons.

IN the Art Interchange of Christmas 17, the Rev. Dr. Satterlee has a Christmas card, "Sleep Holy Babe," and it is prettily illustrated by Mr. Walter Satterlee.

BROOKLYN has a smaller proportion of churches than any city in the United States, and yet its sobriquet is "The City of Churches." Its good name outlives its deserts.

A CRIME of bells as a memorial of the parish to the late Hon. E. R. Mudge is to be procured for St. Stephen's Memorial church, Lynn, Mass., (Rev. Dr. Norton, rector). They will cost \$5,250.

IN a parish guild we note that of the eight committees seven are presided over by women, and one by a man. Very much the same proportion was seen at the foot of the Cross and the open grave.

GRACE CHURCH, Decorah, Ia., has received a valuable altar cloth from Miss Lowe, of England, and a cross in brass, in memorial of the late G. B. Holton, presented by Mrs. Holton. The church has also been painted and otherwise improved.

A COMMISSION consisting of the Rev. Drs. Harrison and Tucker, and the Rev. Messrs. Fulcher, Houghton, and Whittemore, has been appointed in the Diocese of Albany to prepare a supplemental Hymnal, and to urge the General Convention to authorize its use.

IN St. George's Parish, Schenectady, the Rev. J. P. B. Pendleton, rector, two guilds have been formed, St. Mary's for the women of the parish and St. Agnes for the girls from twelve to eighteen. St. Mary's has a membership of eighty and St. Agnes of about twenty.

THE foundations of a stone rectory and parish house has been begun at Warrensburgh, Diocese of Albany. The Rev. C. T. Blanchet is about to take charge of the village academy, in connection with missionary work at Bolton. Mr. Blanchet was formerly a missionary at Japan.

OVER the altar in St. Luke's church, Greenbush, the Rev. E. T. Chapman, rector, hangs "Ruben's Entombment," a copy we presume, the gift of a former parishioner. The church has been improved by a slate roof. The parish has sustained a severe loss in the death of its Senior Warden, J. C. Gould.

L'AVENIR, the French Church paper of Philadelphia, edited by Rev. C. Miel, D.D., tells us that in England the proportion of marriages among the Romanists being in 1882 4.5 per cent., shows a decrease in the numbers of that

community, while those in the Anglican Church, 83.4 per cent., show a large increase.

BISHOP WHIFFLE is out in an earnest appeal in behalf of the Chippeway Indians against the attempt on the part of white people to steal their lands. He says, "All the talk about the danger from Indian massacre by pine rings is dust to blind the eyes of Christian men to robbery."

THE Advocate is the name of a monthly paper published by the Guild of the Church of the Reformation, Brooklyn (Rev. Jolu G. Bacchus, rector). The parish is now nineteen years old, and Mr. James S. Starns, the efficient superintendent of the Sunday-School, is the only member who represents the original vestry.

It is probable that at the next convention of the Diocese of Long Island a dean will be appointed for Garden City Cathedral, who will be the first dean, the Rev. Dr. Drown having been dean only by courtesy. It ought to be known as a matter of justice that Judge Hillton has never nominated a dean, nor intimated any desire to do so.

The fifth annual report of the treasurer of the Western New York branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, to the Board of Missions, shows receipts of \$623.35. Delegates from all the parishes meet annually. The money report acknowledges \$3,104.69, and the valuation of the boxes represent \$5,083.00, making as the year's work a total of \$8,187.69.

THE Rev. Dr. Leighton Parks of Emmanuel church, Boston, recently delivered a strong sermon on "The Pew System" which was largely reported in the secular papers, the Rev. W. C. Winslow, Secretary of the Free Church Association, sent to the same source an answer to the sermon. That is what is needed—quiet, thorough discussion and facts. The truth need never fear.

THE "Presentation in the Temple," is the subject of a memorial window placed in St. Paul's church, Evansville, Ind., Rev. Charles Morris, rector, by Miss C. S. Rathbone, as a memorial to her father and mother. It is executed by Charles Booth, of this city. The canopy and base are treated in the floriated gothic style, and the window is an unusually fine specimen of stained glass work.

THE Missionary Society for Seaman, of this city, has begun work in Brooklyn, which is really in this regard but a part of the port of New York. Funds will be needed for this aggressive work, and Bishop Littlejohn has made a strong appeal to his diocese for aid to the society. It is really general work, and should be supported by general contributions of the two cities.

ST. JAMES'S church, Cambridge, Mass., has purchased "the corner lot" adjacent to the church and parish house. Some day it hopes to see a new church upon it, but at present its aim is to lift the \$3,000 mortgage which its necessities compelled it to give. In the mean time the chapel belonging to the parish has acquired a new and eligible lot, and it is none the worse because now there is no annex of a mortgage to it.

THE president of Trinity College has taken possession of the new President's House, and he and Mrs. Smith gave a large reception on the occasion. The house was filled with the elite of Hartford. It was the more enjoyable from the consciousness of the fact that for the sake of the college Dr. Smith had just declined a bishopric, and there was an *entente cordiale* among all citizens, ladies and gentlemen, students and clergy, to do him honor.

THE (Roman) Catholic Review, of this city, claims increased representation in the Board

of Trustees of the House of Refuge on the ground that "more than one-half the children in the House of Refuge are (Roman) Catholic." That Church, instead of caring for its own poor, puts them upon the public for support, and then, contrary to the maxim of the law, takes advantage of its own wrong-doing. Heretofore it has quite bristled up when the truth has been told that the majority of those found in our charitable and criminal institutions belonged to its communion.

REV. DR. JOHN HALL (Presbyterian) of this city, puts the date of the Apostles' Creed some where about four centuries after the faith of the Church was definitely settled in the Nicene symbol, and dates the existence of the Athanasian Creed after the year 1000. Dr. Schaff says the earlier form of the Apostles' Creed goes back to the third, and possibly to the second century. The descent into Hell he places not later than 300, and the Athanasian Creed as early as 570. Dr. Schaff had studied the subject and Dr. Hall clearly had not. He is an admirable preacher, but no historian.

A VENERABLE lady in the Diocese of Maryland, far past her three-score-years-and-ten, writes an urgent and pathetic appeal for those widows, often with children, who are suddenly deprived by the death of husbands of the means of support. They have been often delicately nurtured and are the more helpless and appalled at the burden unexpectedly thrown upon them. Why, she asks, could not some society be organized in their behalf who could assist them with needed advice or could give or loan them funds that would save them from anguish and suffering? The Hindus burned their widows upon the funeral pyre. Was that death more cruel than the starvation which our civilization metes out to them? We wish men of wealth might think of it.

DEBTS are invisible, like sewer-gas, but none the less destructive. The first thing to do with an invisible foe is to make him reveal himself and stand in open sight. Then it is a pleasure to attack him. St. James's church, Cambridge, Mass., has devised a new way of making a debt apparent. A chart hangs upon the walls of the parish house, on which the lot recently purchased, about 13,000 square feet, is represented divided into 7,000 blocks, corresponding to the cost of the property, \$7,000. Of these blocks 4,000 had been crossed off because paid for, and just now 103 more blocks had just been crossed off by means of a ladies entertainment. Everybody at a glance can see the progress that is making, and anyone is at liberty to take one or more blocks under their special protection. The chart is a constant appeal.

ST. PAUL'S church, Syracuse, has been enriched with a unique pulpit and chancel rail. The pulpit is upon a novel plan, being the intersection of a circle upon a square base. The former portion is of panelled brass work, with five mosaic panels holding symbols of the Evangelist, the centre panel being a jewelled cross. The whole pulpit is a very elaborate work, executed by J. & R. Lamb, of this city, and is inscribed, "In Memory of the Old St. Paul's Church, its early Congregation and Choir, Presented by Mrs. C. Tyler Longstreet." The chancel rail, in clustered standards of scrolls of passion flowers entwining a cherub's head in each panel, is the gift also of Mrs. Longstreet. An eagle lectern has been placed in the church by Mrs. Judge Andrews, in memory of some relatives, and a gentleman has given an unusually large altar cross. These fittings are from special designs made by Chas. R. Lamb.

SINCE the establishment of *crochets* in London the mortality among children has been lessened by one-half. The Way-Side Nursery,

of this city, 216 East Twentieth Street, is a *croche*, and deservedly appeals to the liberality of our people. It is managed by some of the most intelligent and devoted ladies of the city, and it should be not only sustained with liberality, but its means of usefulness should be greatly enlarged. Last year it had the names of ninety children on its books—the number of applications was one hundred and forty. It is institutions like these, more than the profession of faith, that is the proof of our Christianity, for without them faith is dead. The nursery depends on subscriptions and donations, and its treasury should be always overflowing full. It gives as freely as it receives. We notice among the patronesses the names of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Frank K. Stargis, Mrs. Chas. A. Peabody, Miss Kean, and others, and on the Executive Committee, Mrs. N. A. Prentiss, Mrs. J. Blake White, Mrs. Pierpont Edwards, Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Jr., Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., Mrs. Geo. Wm. Douglas, and others with equally honored names. The matron is Mrs. Walcot, and Dr. Charles D. Scudder is the consulting physician.

AHT.

THE Corcoran gallery receives a collection of ancient marbles, whole and fragmentary, purchased in Rome by the sculptor Ezekiel.

THE recumbent statue of Ezra Cornell, by Story, has reached Ithaca. It is to be placed in the memorial chapel, beneath which is to be the final resting place of Mr. Cornell.

MISS WHITNEY'S ideal figure, representing the first Norse discoverer of "Vineland," will stand on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. One hand shades the brow and the other is raised above the head. It is of heroic size.

UNWONTED pressure has delayed over-long a review of the late Festival Service of the Trinity Parish Church, which took place in Trinity chapel. Having in mind the cumulative influence of such occasions, it is better worth mentioning that this was the thirteenth annual gathering. The choirs of Trinity, Trinity chapel, St. Paul's, St. John's, and St. Chrysostom's chapel were in attendance—in all nearly one hundred and fifty voices. The programme and musical direction were in the hands of Mr. Walter B. Gilbert, m.a., who has filled his present position for about seven years. Mr. Messiter held the baton. The Processional was Mr. Messiter's stirring setting of the hymn, "Rejoice, ye Pure in Heart." The Tallis Plain Song, with the choral responses, reinforced by the crowded congregation, seemed more devout and exhilarating than ever. Psalm lviii., *Exultate Deus*, was sung antiphonally to a single Anglican chant. After the *Lesson Magnificat* was sung to a most impressive anthem-chant arrangement, built upon an ancient tone, which Mr. Gilbert discovered many years ago, while pursuing his favorite antiquarian researches among the manuscripts in the British Museum. It is named "Exon tune," and is dated 1516. The melody is singularly persuasive and touching, and its composer has, with its help, produced the most effective and edifying musical expression of the greenish canticle yet placed within our reach. The *Verse Dimittis* also shares the arrangement, although it was not sung at the services.

There is a splendid reserve, almost tranquility, in these settings, which, while never tantamount to common-places or mediocrity of sentiment, brings the worshipper face to face with the text, which is of itself more musical than any uninspired strain, and stands out in more wonderful beauty when least adorned with florid and over-wrought musical forms.

The Nicene Creed was sung to Mr. Gilbert's Gregorian setting. After the collects and the hymn, "Love Divine All Love Excelling," to M. Le Jeune's well-known tune, and without any address, the sequence of seven important anthems and motets was delivered by the great choir. The execution was generally exact, in perfect keeping with the school illustrated, and penetrated with an essential religiousness, which by itself differentiates sacred from secular music, places and occasions. The fine trebles were a little subdued by the massing of basses and tenors at the opening angles of the chancel; but the *ensemble* was admirable, and admirably sustained until the close of Mr. Gilbert's composition, the last of the series.

The selections ranged between the dates 1550-1885, by something approaching centennial stages.

There was first Giovanni Croce, of the polyphonic school of Palestrina, with its divine cadences and mystic interlacing of rapturous phrases and echoes—above all others unworlily and heavenly. Then a vigorous example of the well-matured, Early English by Vaughan Richardson, followed by a grand motet by J. S. Bach, with its pair of searching *corales*—these latter filling the line of historic illustration. With fine contrast an example from Father Haydn brought us in relation with the Italo-Viennese school; and this gracefully made ready for one of Mendelssohn's inimitable psalm-motets, sung without accompaniment as was the first, and the legitimacy of the descent from this early pure spring of devout inspiration was delightfully plain to the student. After a brilliantly elaborated anthem by Spohr, followed Mr. Gilbert's composition for the occasion, with its text selected from the seventh chapter of the Book of Revelations. Such words, which, by themselves, are like the far-off strains of the Heavenly City, would bring out the highest aspiration of any composer. It is not too much to say that Mr. Gilbert's anthem was neither dwarfed nor minimized in this searching ordeal of non-secular aesthetic judgment. Traits of permanent beauty and types of tonal expression were developed in his bold, masterly and thoroughly devout interpretations of his text that will hold their place securely in the growing repertory of the Church's liturgic worship.

It is exceeding rich in harmonic color, and abounds with lovely strains of voice writing, while the accompaniment is wrought up with the originality and scholarly elaboration of a first-rate organ sonata. It is, fortunately, in print, and will eloquently speak for itself.

Such a programme measures the man severely, not only his quality and culture as an artist, but his religious sensibilities as a Churchman; and in its light Mr. Gilbert stands out as a robust, thorough-going intelligence, broad and catholic in his artistic sympathies, rich in professional learning, while a devout interpreter of the Church's liturgic worship. The visible interest of the great congregation was held firmly to the Recessional, which was the old Greek hymn "The Day is Past and Over," to Dr. Dyke's tune.

It is not far from thirty years ago since Dr. Dix took part in the first Choral Service held in this city or country; at the time a half-surreptitious proceeding, which all "sound conservative Churchmanship" felt bound to repudiate. Prophet though he may be, the future rector of Trinity, then little thought what sounds he should hear and what solemn assemblies his own eyes should one day behold, even before the climacteric of his priestly career.

For below the Harlem River there are to-day twenty-two surprised choirs, five of which are in Trinity Parish.

NEW BOOKS.

BRYANT AND HIS FRIENDS. Some Reminiscences of the Knickerbocker Writers. By James Grant Wilson, author of "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," "Life and Letters of Fitz-Green Halleck," etc. [New York: Fords Howard & Hultbert, 1896.]

IF A MAN is to be known by the company he keeps, the author of this book must be set down as a most entertaining person. What is pleasanter than the conversation of one who has been on a friendly and familiar terms with eminent people, and whose mind is stored with memories of words expressive of their happy thoughts, and of actions suggestive of their interesting characteristics!

The pleasure which we derive from such conversation is indeed apt to be impaired by the fact that there is too much of it, or that the individuality of the narrator is somewhat too prominent. The entertainment furnished by the present writer, however, is not subject to either of these drawbacks: for he is neither garrulous nor egotistical. He says much; but he knows when to stop. He relates what he knows; but rather for the sake of what he knows, than because he happens to be the man who knows it. It has been his experience, and apparently his happiness also, to have been on friendly and familiar terms with some of the most distinguished literary men whom this country has produced; and in frank and friendly manner he shares his experience and his happiness with his readers. That reader must be either dull in general, or in the particular of appreciation of the charm of literary converse, who does not thankfully appreciate his confidences.

As the title of the book indicates, the author's effort is to present us to some degree of personal acquaintance with the poet Bryant and his friends; and the selection of those friends is made from the point of common association with literature. There is a good deal of information in regard to biographical and historical matters, but the line of literary interest in the lives sketched is, throughout, remarkably sustained, to the exclusion of mere personal gossip and of dry recital of ordinary occurrences.

The memoir of Bryant, occupying perhaps a fourth of the space in the book, is followed by memoirs somewhat less full, of James K. Paulding, Washington Irving, Richard Henry Dana, James Fenimore Cooper, Fitz Green Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake, N. P. Willis, Edgar A. Poe and Bayard Taylor; and, having given a view of the lives of these chief ornaments of the school of writers, who produced what is sometimes referred to as the Knickerbocker literature, the author devotes the remainder of his book to the most notable of those who were their somewhat less prominent associates in the same school. There are twenty-three names forming the headings of as many interesting notices; among which are those of Julian C. Verplanck, one of the few whose devotion to literature did not mar either his excellence or his eminence as a lawyer; James Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home"; Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"; William Alfred Jones, of the Queens County family of lawyers and statesmen of that name, but now of Norwich, Connecticut, who received from Mr. Bryant the interesting title of the "Accomplished Essayist," and Richard Grant White, a copious and entertaining writer. Of all this brilliant company, with each of whom, except Drake, the author was on terms of friendship more or less intimate, Mr. Jones enjoys the distinction of being now the only survivor, while the distinction of sharing the sex as well as the service of the muses belongs alone of all the company to Mrs. Caroline Matilda Kirkland.

W. LLOYD GARRISON: 1830-1859. The Story of His Life Told by His Children. Vol. I., 1830-1855; Vol. II., 1855-1861. [New York: The Century Co.,] pp. 521, 490.

IT will be seen that these two volumes only cover the first half of Mr. Garrison's life, and as the second takes in a period of only five years, the prospect ahead is rather startling. It may be desirable to preserve much of the material here collected, but it seems to us that the time is hardly yet reached when an impartial life of Garrison can be written. Probably no name in this country was ever held in greater opprobrium. That he survived it, and came in his old age to be lovingly and kindly regarded by many of the men to whom he had been the especial anathema of their earlier years, was due to the great change in public sentiment which followed the war for the Union. But the time has not yet come when the history of the anti-slavery agitation can be chronicled. There was too much of personal bitterness, of unmeasured denunciation, of reckless passion in the leaders of that movement for any one of this present age to view them aright. They are visible only by the light of partisan attachment, or through the lurid haze of an intense antipathy. There was a *sera indignatio* which fell not only upon their adversaries but every one who did not keep step with them in their advanced position. It is impossible to read with equanimity even now the vehement utterances with which these volumes are filled. Some day they will be part of history, now they have a root of bitterness in the yet surviving present. They belong to a type of man which requires not to be seen too closely. Their greatness and their faults alike require perspective. They can be better judged of now than thirty years ago, but thirty years hence they will be more fairly and more kindly estimated than is yet possible.

MISS HERNDON'S INCOME. A novel by Helen Campbell, author of the "What to do Club." [Boston: Roberts Brothers,] pp. 354. Price 15c.

IF the "What to do Club" was clever, this is decidedly more so. We have noted lately a strong leaning to the dealing with social questions in American fiction, but as a usual thing the intention has been better than the treatment. "Miss Herndon's Income" is the exception. It is a powerful story, and is evidently written in some degree, we cannot quite say how great a degree, from fact. But we wish to bear witness to its strong good sense in dealing with economical questions, as well as for its excellent spirit. Not a few of its characters are portraits, some avowedly, others with a very slight nominal disguise. Jerry McAnley and his mission are introduced, and, we think, without embellishment or exaggeration. The personages of the story are very well drawn, indeed "Amanda Briggs" is as good as anything American fiction has produced. We fancy we could pencil on the margin the real names of at least half the characters. What is the best thing in the book is the strong common sense with which the misery of the poor in a great metropolis is dealt with. It is a book for the wealthy to read that they may know something of what is required of them, because it does not ignore the difficulties in their way, and especially does not overlook the differences which social standing puts between class and class. Its fairness and freedom from cant and prejudice impress us. Beside this it is a deeply interesting story considered as mere fiction, one of the best which has lately appeared. We hope the authoress will go on in a path where she has shown herself so capable.

THE DYEING OF TEXTILE FABRICS. By J. J. Hummel, [London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1885.] 12mo, pp. xli., 384.

The author of this manual, who is Professor and Director of the Dyeing Department of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, has provided the

teacher and student of dyeing with a very useful text-book, giving accurate scientific information, together with practical details. The book contains twenty-six chapters, grouped under the following heads: Fibres, Operations Preliminary to Dyeing, Water in its Applications to Dyeing, Theories of Dyeing, Use of Mordants, Methods and Machinery Used in Dyeing, Application of the Natural Coloring Matters, Application of the Artificial Coloring Matters, Application of the Mineral Coloring Matters, the Dyeing of Mixed Fabrics, Experimental Dyeing. Useful tables follow these sections. The work is illustrated with ninety-seven diagrams, and is laced throughout with chemical equations and formulae. The author has a simple, direct style: he has taken great care in arranging the subject matter, and is obviously abreast of the times in all that relates to dyeing. In the chapter on aniline coloring-matters the exact chemical formulae is connected with the trade name of each, a point not often suggested in practical works, yet important to identify the substances named by manufacturers sometimes after a mere whim. The metric system of weights and measures is employed throughout, and the author has succeeded in producing a valuable manual on dyeing in all respects.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS. From the point of view of Christian Theology, by Lewis J. Edwards, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, St. Marybone, [London: Macmillan & Co.] pp. 280. Price 2s. 6d.

We should like to give a far more extended notice than time will permit of these admirable sermons and papers.

Most of them are sermons; but the readers read before Church congresses, etc. But all of them treat in a very calm and common-sense way the topics they concern. There is a breadth and balance which greatly commends them. They are not brilliant in the way in which sermons are called brilliant, but they go at once to the points at issue, and they are so clear and connected as to be very forcible. They are not abstract, but deal with the conditions of the day, especially in their powerful answer to popular agnosticism. The sermons "What is Morality?" "The Aim of Christian Morality," and "Justice and Faith," are particularly comfortable discourses, in the highest sense of those words. In all of these pages there is a pervading common sense, which is just what is needed. The floating theories of the age are fairly weighed, and shown to be wanting. For a young clergyman, especially, perplexed by encumbering forms of unbelief and error for which his divinity school studies have provided no sufficient answer, we think this book would be a God-send. It shows how to meet difficulties without polemical bitterness, and by settling the believer's own mind more firmly, helps him to settle the minds of others.

On the topics which it covers, we regard this as one of the best books we have lately met with. It is fully abreast with the times.

THE BLOT UPON THE BRAIN. Studies in History and Psychology, by William W. Ireland, M. D., Edin. Formerly of the M. Indian Army; corresponding member of the Paralytic of St. Petersburg and of the New York Medical Society; Member of the Medical-Psychological Association. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons] pp. 324.

Dr. Ireland has attempted something which is probably new to literature. At base this is a medical treatise on the causes and character of Insanity, but the subject is carried into regions interesting to the non-medical reader, viz.: the historical events and personages where the question of Insanity was an open one. Thus Joan of Arc is quite elaborately discussed, and the question of her visions taken up in a very able style. While this is a book for the writer's own profession, and to be judged by them, others will find it well worth their attention. As a book bearing

also upon the important subject of medical jurisprudence it deserves to be read. Hardly any man but may be called to serve on a jury in a case where the question of sanity may play a chief part, and it is well to be intelligently informed upon the general truths which enter into such cases, especially where life is involved.

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF TEACHING. By the Rev. Edward Thring, M. A., Head Master of Eton School, late fellow of King's College, Cambridge, [Cambridge: Macmillan: at the University Press.] pp. 302. Price 1s. 6d.

Having taken up this volume we were unable to lay it down till we had devoured the very last page. Instead of a dull, painstaking and tolerably correct treatise, we found every page bristling with point and full of wise and valuable suggestions. We have seen nothing on the subject of teaching which comes near to it for sharp, incisive putting of common sense truths. It ought to go into the hands of every one who undertakes the office and work of a teacher. In the first place it takes full account of the necessary mental and moral characteristics of childhood and youth. It accepts the facts that thoroughness and logic are not to be expected in early days, and that memory is the child's great power and is therefore not to be overworked, and that education and instruction are totally opposite acts. Moreover it contains the most effective and convincing defence of the study of languages, especially of Greek and Latin, which we have yet seen.

AFTERNOON SONG. By Julia C. R. Dorr. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.] pp. 124. Price 1s. 5c.

Mrs. Dorr's reputation as a poetess is too well established for it to be useful to say much concerning this little volume. Some of the poems—"The Fallow Field," "The Doves at Mendon," "The Parson's Daughter"—are especially good. One rather unusual gift Mrs. Dorr possesses, that she knows when to stop. In these days, when the power of versification is the accomplishment of many cultivated people and a great deal is given to the public, the temptation most easily besets the facile writer to elaborate half-thoughts and to fancy them successful because the measure and the rhyme are true. There is a great deal of workmanship which for its art is above all criticism, but it is utterly wasted upon material of little worth. Mrs. Dorr rarely gives a poem without it contains a justifying thought, and she limits herself to a clear expression of that thought. This neat little volume will make a holiday gift, such as one delights to send to an appreciating receiver.

FROM DEATH TO RESURRECTION, or Scripture Testimony Concerning the Sainted Dead. By R. H. Kellogg, D. D., Professor in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., author of "The Jews," "The Light of Asia, and the Light of the World," etc. [New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company.] pp. 62. Price 50 cents.

If "a big book is a great evil," a small book may yet be a great good. Into his few pages Dr. Kellogg has packed a comprehensive and effective statement of Scripture truth concerning the resurrection, the judgment, and the intermediate state. It is admirably put, and with no useless matter, clear point, and sound. Any one in an hour or two can read this book, and a person must be very dull or very prejudiced who will not be the wiser for the reading. The book is just what is wanted at this time, and ought to do much toward the correction of the wide-spread popular errors on the subject.

A CAPTIVE OF LOVE. Founded upon Bakin's Japanese Romance "Kumono Teyama Ama Yo No Taki." By Edward Grey, translator of "The Loyal Ronin." Twenty-six illustrations from the original work. [Boston: Lee & Shepherd.] pp. 280. Price 4s. 5d.

One can hardly gain a better idea of old Japanese life and thought before European civilization invaded them, than in this amusing

and lively book. There is a great deal which throws a strong light upon the days when the feudal system prevailed in the mikado's empire, and, as a romance, it is certainly very unlike anything known to the western world in which the American reader lives and moves.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE. of the Watson Led Lecture. By A. N. Collins. [New York: The Angiers Publishing Company, 1885.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 23. Price, 4s.

The author describes the method of agriculture which he has discovered and applied at his "Home on the Hillside," in Allegheny County, N. Y. It is a system of sub-surface drainage and irrigation, for which he claims marvellous results in the development of the soil and the perfection of fruits. If like results can be produced everywhere where the method will be of very great service.

THE DAY SPRING, A First Bible Book for Children. By Mrs. Valentine, The New Testament. [New York: Frederick Warne & Co.] pp. 320.

We have but one criticism for this little book. It is a good book for children's Bible study. Well arranged and designed. Only it would have been better had the adjectives been omitted, as a rule. They are additions to the Scripture itself, and they weaken instead of strengthening the impression in the child's mind. Otherwise we like this little book exceedingly.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD. Selected from the Narratives of Celebrated Travellers. With an Introduction and Additions by J. T. Headley. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 356. Price, 4s.

This is a new edition of an interesting volume of the series of books published under the general title of "Wonders of Man and Nature." It contains more than thirty selections from various sources, with illustrations. **THE WORLD'S LARGEST ROOM.** A Gossip About Some of Its Contents. By Selma Gay. With Fifty-seven Illustrations. [New York: Cassell & Company, Limited.]

Here is given a great deal of useful information upon many topics of natural history, geology and the like. The book is just what a bright inquiring young mind would find the best to satisfy and stimulate its cravings for knowledge.

SHORT STUDIES FROM NATURE. By Various Authors. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., 12mo, cloth, pp. 206.

This volume contains ten articles by different writers on such diverse topics as Bats, Birds of Passage, Oak-Apples, Comets, Caves, and Glow-Worms. They are interesting and instructive.

LITERATURE.

W. E. BENJAMIN, of this city, has issued a useful catalogue of rare books, autograph letters and portraits for illustrating.

The Racine College Mercury comes promptly to hand with the new term, and is interesting reading to both "outs" and "ins."

The Evangelical Education Society, Philadelphia, has published a portion of their eighth annual report for general circulation.

The November Church Scholastic, Nashotah, gives a very interesting account of Dr. Cole's last illness, death and burial, with a portrait.

HINTS from History as to the meaning of Christian Education, Rev. Dr. C. H. Hall's Baccalaureate Sermon at Trinity College, is published in pamphlet form and is very readable.

In January James Pott & Co., will have ready a low priced manual of Preparation for Confirmation and First Communion, by Ridley. They have already issued Bishop Gretn's Memoir of Bishop Otley, in a well printed octavo.

The December Pulpit Treasury has among its papers "The Twelfth, an Amethyst," by Canon Wilberforce, "Personal Holiness Paramount," by Bishop W. W. Howe, and "The Will of Sennacherib," by Bishop Walsh.

PERSONALS.

Bishop Elliott's address is San Antonio, Texas.

The Rev. E. Spruille Burford has accepted the rectoryship of St. Timothy's church, Troy, N. Y., and will enter upon his duties on the Third Sunday after Epiphany.

The Rev. Wm. Page Case has resigned the rectoryship of Grace church, Memphis, Address for the present 235 Beale Street, Memphis, Tenn.

The Rev. T. S. Cartwright has been elected a member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

The Rev. Hiss B. Cooke, at the invitation of the Bishop of Kentucky, will undertake, in Louisville, for the colored people similar to that carried on by him in Petersburg, Va. Address care of Bishop Dudley, Louisville.

The Rev. Joshua Kimber, Assistant Secretary of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionsary Society, has entered upon his duties, Address No. 22 Bible House, New York.

The Rev. Er. Langford desires to say that the open letter addressed to him, as a basis for an appeal for money by the Rev. E. De Wolfe, which he understands has a large circulation, has not received his endorsement, nor was he consulted with regard to this use of his name.

The Rev. Dr. K. W. Maxey has been elected rector of his former church, Christ church, New York, and will enter upon his duties on the 1st of January.

The Rev. F. W. Raltes has resigned St. John's church, Dunkirk, N. Y., and will re-ct on the rectoryship of Emmanuel church, Corry, Pa., on February 1.

The Rev. Dr. J. E. C. Smedes's address is Paris, Ill.

NOTICES.

Marriage notices one dollar. Notices of Deaths, free. Obituary notices, complimentary resolutions, appeals, acknowledgments, and other similar matter, Fifty Cents a line, compared for Three Cents a Word, prepaid.

MARRIED.

At St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal church, Philadelphia, on December 18, 1885, by the Rev. C. George Harris, D. D., Minister of the Gospel, Rev. J. H. Roanoke, Va., to MARY ANNE, daughter of the late Charles E. De Haven.

At Hartford, Conn., Thursday, Dec. 17, by the Rev. William P. Nichols, rector of Christ church, MELVIS B. CORLEMAN of Middletown, Conn., and ANNA F. McCracken, daughter of the late Henry J. Sanford of New York City.

In New Bern, N. C., on the morning of Wednesday, November 25, at the residence of Major John Hughes, by the Rev. V. W. Shields, MARY DAVIS Harris, oldest daughter of the late John W. Ellis, deceased, to WILLIAM H. KNOWLES, Esq., of Pennsylvania, Pa. No cards.

In Balltown, on Wednesday, December 16, 1885, at St. Michael's and All Angels' church, by the Rev. Wm. Kirwan, Pastor of the Parish of Stone City, Iowa, to NELLIE ROCKWELL FRANCH.

DIED.

In New York City, December 2, 1885, of scarlet fever, MARION, only child of William and Julia Delane of Augusta, Ga.

And Jesus will suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God."

Fell asleep, on the Third Sunday in Advent, at Hartford, N. J., Mrs. Mary Susanna Jeffords, the beloved mother of the Rev. William M. Jeffers of Philadelphia in the 63d year of her age.
"In the confidence of a full faith."

Departed this life, December 14, 1885, at his residence, "The Anchorage," Talbot County, Md., Commodore CHARLES LOWMEYER, U. S. N., (retired) in the 82d year of his age.

He asked life of Thee; and Thou gavest him a long life even for ever and ever.

His honour and glory in the salvation; glory and great worship shall Thou lay upon him.

"For Thou shalt give him everlasting felicity, and make him glad with the joy of Thy countenance."

Entered into rest, in Potsdam, N. Y., December 16, ELIZABETH E., widow of the late Samuel H. Partridge.

At Pierrepont Manor, Jefferson County, N. Y., on Sunday, December 25, 1885, WILLIAM CORSTABLE PIERREPONT, late in the 87th year of his age.

Thursday, October 15, 1885, at Wilmington, Del., FRANCIS EDWARDS, aged 7 weeks, Sunday, November 30, 1885, MARGARET, aged 3 months, twin children of Miss A. and Clara A. Van Tuam.

Entered into rest, at St. James's Rectory, Greenfield, Mass., on Friday, December 19, ENRY, only daughter of the Rev. P. Voorhees and Harriet A. Finch, aged 11 years.

In New London, November 25, Mrs. SARAH S. WHITLOCK, widow of John H. Whitlock of Troy, N. Y.

THE HON. WILLIAM C. PIERREPONT.

MA. PIERREPONT, PIERREPONT MANOR, Jefferson County, New York, was eldest son of Ezekiah B. Pierrepont and Anna M. Constable, and was born in the City of New York, at which place his parents removed, from their residence, 12 Greenwich Street, in the previous of the yellow fever last summer. The next year he was taken by his parents to New Brighton, where they afterward continued to reside.

Mr. Pierrepont was placed at an early age at the boarding-school of Countess Bacon, in France, where his education, limited to sixty scholars, occupied five connected houses in Provost, now Franklin Street, in the city of Paris. He afterwards completed his studies at the school of George P. McCulloch, at Morris-town, N. J.

His vacations were spent travelling with his father, visiting the agencies of his extensive tracts of land, in the northern part of the State, known as Macomb's purchase, and having in the year 1826, in the year 1827, the half of which had been owned by his maternal grandfather, William Constable, the partner of Alexander Macomb. The purchase, which was made in the name of Macomb, comprised the present counties of Franklin, St. Lawrence, Lewis, and Orleans.

Mr. Pierrepont opened a land office in 1830 in Jefferson County, and subsequently built his residence at Pierrepont Manor, the oldest place so called Pierrepont Manor. There he continued to superintend and direct his father's land agents in the management of his extensive tracts, embracing about one million of acres. On the death of his father in 1836, he was under his will put in charge of the whole estate in Jefferson and Lawrence Counties. The lands in the other counties and in Brookville were put in the charge of his co-executor, namely Henry Deane.

He married in 1836 Cornelia A., daughter of Dr. George H. Whittlesey, of New York, who resided in 1825 to his landed estate at Oxford, Orange County.

He had two sons, both of whom died early. Of his five daughters, one is the widow of Mr. W. H. Hill of Pulaski. A second daughter is the widow of Samuel G. Wolcott of Utica. A third married, G. H. Van Wageningen of Brookville. A fourth married Mr. Wm. M. White of Livingston County and Utica. His only daughter who survives is the unmarried daughter, Miss Mary Devereux, continued to reside with her father until his death.

After the decease of his father, the estate Mr. Pierrepont devoted himself to the improvement of the large tract he inherited.

After the decease of his father, the estate Mr. Pierrepont devoted himself to the improvement of the large tract he inherited. He was fully recognized; his mass, even at the age of sixtynix, were marvels of accuracy and exquisite beauty. He took the correct time by the aid of his study of the Great Pyramid; and the value of his calculations was acknowledged by Prof. Francis Smith, the Astronomer Royal, with whom he corresponded.

Mr. Pierrepont discovered at an early day an invention in the question of the water power of New York. This discovery was subsequently confirmed by the survey of Lake Ontario made by the officers of the Great Survey. He took the correct time by instrumental observation, which he gave to the officers of the Home, Watertown, and Ogdensburgh Rail Road, and was the constant and faithful railroad agent for many years his President, for which he was highly valued.

Mr. Pierrepont, while attentive to his duties as a citizen, and deeply interested in the welfare of his country, was active in political contests. In 1845, during his absence from home, his fellow citizens nominated and elected him a member of the Legislature. He consented to serve for one term, during which he was instrumental in locating the State Asylum at Utica; ever afterward he declined any public office.

Mr. Pierrepont was distinguished for energy and decision of character and a contempt for every thing that was unworthy of his station. He was an ardent and unswerving supporter of the Union. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, and a man of great energy and decision of character. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, and a man of great energy and decision of character.

He was a Christian and devoted Churchman, active in parish work and in the councils of the diocese. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, and a man of great energy and decision of character. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, and a man of great energy and decision of character.

Mr. Pierrepont during his life acted as his own agent, and was a man of great energy and decision of character, and a man of great energy and decision of character. He was a man of great energy and decision of character, and a man of great energy and decision of character.

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EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Resolutions adopted at a Faculty meeting held Dec. 15, 1885.

It has pleased Almighty God, in His inscrutable wisdom to take from us, in the full vigor of his intellectual powers, our beloved associate and fellow teacher, the Rev. LISA M. MANNING.

Resolved, That we place upon our records an expression of our profound admiration of his character, life and work. His varied training was only surpassed by his powers of original thought; his conversation was singularly free, genial, and stimulating; his life exemplified the most engaging union of robust manliness with Christian gentleness; his labors for the good of his alma mater and pray that his influence may long survive his departure.

Resolved, That we assure the family of our deceased colleague of our tender sympathy with them in their great affliction, and commend them to his care, who do not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute be sent by secretary to Mrs. Mulford, and that another be sent for publication in THE CHURCHMAN.

A. V. G. ALLEN,

Secretary of the Faculty.

INCREASE.

SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.

PERMANENT FUNDS.

THE NEW COLUMN OF THE CHURCHMAN last week noticed two important contributions: a legacy of \$10,000 by the will of the late Mrs. Phoebe Warren Taylor, and a special donation of \$5,000, from "A Friend in New York," for investment. Each represents a class of gifts which have of late years strengthened the position of the Society and given new interest and importance to its work. They are alike memorials of devotion to a sacred cause, which seeks thus to perpetuate itself in the sources of the Church's life—its living ministry—when the benefactors "rest from their labors."

Such provision for the work which, in the providence of God has been committed to the Society for the Increase of the Ministry, seems most desirable and necessary. The cost of thorough education for the ministry has increased so greatly in twenty-five years, as to put it beyond the reach of the majority of those who are manifestly called to the sacred service. Moreover, the men who require assistance are of very best material for a learned, serious, and effective ministry.

These conditions are likely to remain the same for an indefinite future period. There will always be a place and urgent need for the work of this Society. A good beginning has already been made for it. Its investments aggregate \$73,814.

Its current receipts from offerings in churches are insufficient to meet the demands. The increased claims of parochial enterprises, together with the multiplication of missionary and charitable appeals, public and private, have tended to give the Society less prominence than formerly in the devotions of Church people. It should also be noticed that serious reductions in the income of ordinary givers and of the special friends of the Society have left less for us in ordinary receipts, and so this branch of the Church's service must suffer, unless new foundations are laid in the way of permanent funds.

Earnest appeal is therefore made to all who are considering what dispositions they ought to make of that which they have received and enjoyed from the Lord in providing for the service of His house, when they shall be no longer among the living on earth, and also to such as have been greatly prospered, and are in a worldly condition, to set aside something for this necessary service—the fruit of which they may rejoice in on earth, and taste the blessed rewards of when their earthly stewardship is ended.

ELISHA WHITTLESEY,

Corresponding Secretary.

Advent, 1885.

THE HOME FOR OLD MEN and AGED COUPLES earnestly appeals for contributions to the "Home for Old Men and Aged Couples" which has already been purchased, plans prepared, and one half the amount required to erect the first section of the building is now secured. The remaining amount (\$20,000 more) has been secured. The Home has entirely outgrown its present location, and it is necessary to erect a new building. Many cases to persons in every way deserving of its shelter. Donations, large or small, sent to the Treasurer, H. H. TAYLOR, No. 4 Pine Street, will be promptly acknowledged.

THE EVANGELICAL EDUCATION SOCIETY AND THE EPISCOPAL LITERATURE AND INSTRUCTION SOCIETY.

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SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY.
Remittances and applications should be addressed to the Rev. ELISHA WHITTLESEY, Corresponding Secretary, 57 Spring St., Hartford, Conn.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

26. ST. STEPHEN.
 27. } ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.
 } Sunday after Christmas.
 28. INNOCENTS.

CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRIET PINCKNEY HUSE.

"Christ's Mass," they called it in the days
 When they who loved Him sang His praise
 With voices hushed and low; nor bell
 Nor chime the Gospel tale might tell.

In "secret places" underground
 Those saints of old a refuge found,
 And where the dust of martyrs slept,
 Their loving hearts the "Christ Mass" kept.

And still the "Mass" is said and sung
 In every land, in every tongue;
 But now the tones ring full and clear.
 The joyous song thrills every ear!

And still it comes, and comes again,
 Forever new, yet still the same;
 Cold hearts grow warm, and old ones gay;
 Now, thanks to God for Christmas Day!

WHAT'S MINE'S MINE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

CHAPTER XV.

The Clan Christmas.

By slow degrees, with infinite subdivisions and apparent reversals of change, the autumn had passed into winter indeed. Cloud above, mire below, mist and rain all between, made up many days; only, like the dreariest life, they were broken through and parted, lest they should seem the universe itself, by such heavenly manifestations, such gleams and glimpses of better, as come into all lives, all winters, all evil weathers. What is loosed on earth is loosed first in heaven; we have often shared of heaven, when we thought it but a softening of earth's hardness. Every relief is a promise, a pledge as well as a passing meal. The frost at length had brought with it brightness and persuasion and rousing. In the fields it was swelling and breaking the clods; and for the heart of man, it did something to break up that clod too. A sense of friendly pleasure filled all the human creatures. The children ran about like wild things; the air seemed to intoxicate them. The mother went out walking with the girls, and they talked of their father and Christian and Mr. Sercombe, who were all coming together. For some time they saw nothing more of their next neighbors.

They had made some attempts at acquaintance with the people of the glen, but unhappily were nowise courteous enough for their ideas of good breeding, and offended both their pride and their sense of propriety. The manners and address of these northern peasants were blameless—nearly perfect indeed, like those of the Irish, and in their own houses beyond criticism; those of the ladies conventional where not rudely condescending. If Mistress Conal was an exception to the rest of the clan, even she would be more civil to a stranger than to her chief whom she loved—until the stranger gave her offence. And if then she passed to imprecation, she would not curse like an ordinary woman, but like

a poetess, gaining rather than losing dignity. She would rise to the evil occasion, no hag, but a largely-offended sibyl, whom nothing thereafter should ever appease. To forgive was a virtue unknown to Mistress Conal. Its more than ordinary difficulty in forgiving is indeed a special fault of the Celtic character. This must not, however, be confounded with a desire for revenge. The latter is by no means a specially Celtic characteristic. Resentment and vengeance are far from inseparable. The heart that surmounts courtesy, except indeed that courtesy be rooted in love divine, must, when treated with discourtesy, experience the worse revulsion, feel the bitter indignation. But many a Celt would forgive, and forgive thoroughly and heartily, with his enemy in his power, who, so long as he remained beyond his reach, could not even imagine circumstances in which they might be reconciled. To a Celt the summit of wrong is a slight, but apology is correspondingly potent with him. Mistress Conal, however, had not the excuse of a specially courteous nature.

Christina and Mercy, calling upon her one morning, were not ungraciously received, but had the misfortune to remark, trusting to her supposed ignorance of English, upon the dirtiness of her floor, they themselves having imported not a little of the moisture that had turned its surface into a muddy paste. She said nothing, but, to the general grudge she bore the possessors of property once belonging to her clan, she now added a personal one; the offence lay cherished and smouldering. Had the chief offended her, she would have found a score of ways to prove to herself that he meant nothing; but she desired no mitigation of the trespass of strangers.

The people at the New House did not get on very well with any of the clan. In the first place, they were regarded not merely as interlopers, but almost as thieves of the property—though in truth it had passed to them first through other hands. In the second place, rumor had got about that they did not behave with sufficient respect to the chief's family, in the point of whose honor the clan was the more exacting because of their common poverty. Hence the inhabitants of the glen, though they were of course polite, showed but little friendliness.

But the main obstacle to their reception was in themselves: the human was not much developed in them, they understood nothing of their own beings; they had never any difficulty with themselves;—how could they understand others, especially in circumstances and with histories so different from their own! They had not a notion how poor people feel, still less poor people poorer than before—or how they regard the rich who have what they have lost. They did not understand any human feeling—not even the silliness they called *love*—a godless, mindless affair, fit only for the doll-histories invented by children: they had a feeling, or a feeling had them, till another feeling came and took its place. When a feeling was there, they felt as if it would never go; when it was gone, they felt as if it had never gone. They seldom came so near anything as to think about it, never put a question to themselves as to how a thing affected them, or concerning the phenomena of its passage through their consciousness. There is a child-ternity of soul that needs to ask

nothing, because it understands everything: the ways of the spirit are open to it; but where a soul does not understand, and has to learn, how is it to do so without thinking? They knew nothing of labor, nothing of danger, nothing of hunger, nothing of cold, nothing of sickness, nothing of loneliness. The realities of life, in their lowest forms as in their highest, were far from them. If they had nearly gone through life instead of having but entered upon it, they would have had some ground for thinking themselves unfairly dealt with; for to be made, and then left to be worthless, unfit even for damnation, might be suspected for hard lines; but there is One, who takes a perfect interest in his lowliest creatures, and will not so spare it. They were girls notwithstanding who could make themselves agreeable, and passed for clever—Christina because she could give a sharp answer, and sing a drawing-room song, Mercy because as yet she mostly held her tongue. That there was at the same time in each of them the possibility of being developed into something of inestimable value, is merely to say that they were human.

The days passed, and Christmas drew near. The gentlemen arrived. There was family delight and a bustling reception. It is amazing—it shows indeed how deep and divine, how much beyond the individual self are the family affections—that such gladness breaks forth in the meeting of persons who, within an hour or so of the joyous welcome, self getting the better of the divine, will begin to feel bored, and will each lay the blame of the disappointment on the other.

Coats were pulled off; mufflers were unwound; pretty hands were helping; strong hands were lifting and carrying; every room was bright with a great fire; tea was refused, and dinner welcomed. After dinner came the unpacking of great boxes; and in the midst of the resultant pleasure, the proposal came to be made—none but Christina knew how—that the inhabitants of the cottage should be invited to dinner on Christmas-eve. It was carried at once, and the next afternoon a formal invitation was sent.

At the cottage it caused conference, no discussion. The lady of the New House had not called with her girls, it was true; but then neither had the lady of the castle—for that was the clan's people's name for the whole ridge on which the cottage stood—called on the new-comers! If there was offence, it was mutual! The unceremonious invitation *might* indicate that it was not thought necessary to treat them as persons who knew the ways of society; or on the other hand, if it meant that they were ready to throw aside formalities and behave heartily, it would be wrong not to meet them halfway! They resolved therefore to make a counter-proposal; and if the invitation came of neighborliness, and not of imagined patronage, they would certainly meet it in a friendly spirit! Answer was returned, sealed with no mere crest, but with a coat of arms, to the effect that it had been the custom since time forgotten for the chief to welcome his people and friends without distinction on Christmas eve, and the custom could not be broken; but if the ladies and gentlemen of the New House would favor them with their company on the occasion, to dine and dance, the chief and his family

would gratefully accept any later offer of hospitality Mr. and Mrs. Peregrine Palmer might do them the honor to send.

This reply gave occasion to a good deal of talk at the New House, not entirely of a sort which the friends of the chief would have enjoyed hearing. Frequent were the bursts of laughter from the men at the assumption of the title of *chief* by a man with no more land than he could just manage to live upon. The village they said, and said truly, in which the greater number of *his people* lived, was not his at all—not a foot of the ground on which it stood, not a stone or sod of which it was built—but belonged to a certain Canadian, who was about to turn all his territory around and adjacent into a deer forest! They could not see that, if there had ever been anything genuine in the patriarchal relation, the mere loss of the clan-property could no more cause the chieftainship to cease, than could the loss of the silver-hilted Andrew Ferrara, descended from father to son for so many generations.

There are dull people, and just as many clever people, who look upon customs of society as on laws of nature, and judge the worth of others by their knowledge or ignorance of the same. So doing they disable themselves from understanding the essential, which is, like love, the fulfilling of the law. A certain Englishman gave great offence in an Arab tent by striding across the food placed for the company on the ground: would any Celt, Irish or Welsh, have been guilty of such a blunder? But there was not any overt offence on the present occasion. They called it indeed a cool proposal that *they should put off their Christmas-party for that of a ploughman in shabby kilt and hob-nailed shoes*; but on their amused indignation supervened the thought that they were in a wild part of the country, where it would be absurd to expect the *savoir vivre* of the south, and it would be amusing to see the customs of the land: by suggestion and seeming response the clever Christina, unsuspected even of Mercy, was the motive power to bring about the acceptance of the chief's invitation.

A friendly answer was sent: they would not go to dinner, they said, as it was their custom also to dine at home on Christmas-eve; but they would dine early, and spend the evening with them.

To the laird the presence of the lowland girls promised a great addition to the merry-making. During the last generation all the gentlemen-farmers of the clan, and most of the humbler tacksmen as well had vanished, and there was a wide intellectual space between those all left and the family of the chief. Often when Ian was away, would Alister, notwithstanding his love for his people, and their entire response, have felt lonely but for labor.

There being in the cottage no room equal to the reception of a large company, and the laird receiving all the members of the clan—"poor," I was going to say, "and rich," but there was no rich—as well as any neighbor or traveller who chose to appear, the father of the present chief had had good regard to the necessities of entertainment in the construction of a new barn: companionship, large feasting, and dancing had been even more considered than the storing and threshing of corn, among its imperative uses.

There are in these days many who will mock; for my part I am proud of a race whose social relations are the last upon which they will retrench, whose pleasure latest yielded is their hospitality. It is a common feeling that only the *well-to-do* have a right to be hospitable; the ideal flower of hospitality is almost unknown to the rich; it can hardly be grown save in the gardens of the poor; it is one of their beauties.

Means in Glenruadh had been shrinking for many years, but the heart of the chief never shrank. His dwelling dwindled from a castle to a house, from a house to a cottage; but the hospitality did not dwindle. As the money vanished, the show diminished: the place of entertainment from a hall became a kitchen, from a kitchen changed to a barn; but the heart of the chief was the same; the entertainment was but little altered, the hospitality not in the least. When things grow hard, the first saving is generally off others; the Macruadh's was of himself. The land was not his save as steward of the grace of God! Let it not be supposed he ran in debt: with his mother at the head, or rather the heart of affairs, that could not be. She was not one to regard as hospitality a readiness to share what you have not!

Little did good Doctor Johnson suspect the shifts to which some of the highland families he visited were driven—not to feed, but to house him; and housing in certain conditions of society is the large half of hospitality. Where he did not find his quarters comfortable, he did not know what crowding had to be devised, what inconveniences endured by the family, that he might have what ease and freedom were possible. Be it in stone hall or thatched cottage, the chief must entertain the stranger as well as befriend his own! This was the fulfilling of his office—none the less, that it had descended upon him in evil times. That seldom if ever had a chief been Christian enough or strong enough to fill to the full the relation of father of his people, was nothing against the ideal fact in the existent relation; it was rather for it: now that the chieftainship had come to a man with a large notion of what it required of him, he was the more, not the less ready to aim at the mark of the idea, he was not the more easily to be turned aside from a true attempt to live up to his calling, that many had yielded and were swept along bound slaves in the triumph of mammon! He looked on his calling as entirely enough to fill full the life that would fulfil the calling. It was ambition enough for him to be the head of his family, with the highest of earthly relations to realize towards its members. As to the vulgar notion of obligation to himself, he had learned to despise it.

"Rubbish" Ian would say. "I owe myself nothing. What has myself ever done for me, but lead me wrong! What but it has come between me and my duty—between me and my very Father in Heaven—between me and my fellow man! The fools of greed would persuade that a man has no right to waste himself in the low contest of making and sharing a humble living; he ought to make money! make a figure in the world, forsooth! be somebody! 'Dwell among the people!' Such would say: 'Bah! let them look after themselves! If they cannot pay their rents, others will; what is

it to you if the rents are paid? Send them about their business; turn the land into a deer-forest or a sheep-farm, and clear them out! They have no rights! A man is bound to the children of his body begotten, but the people are nothing to him. A man is not his brother's keeper—except when he has got him in prison! And so on, in the name of the great devil!"

Whether there was enough in Alister to have met and overcome the spirit of the world, had he been brought up at Oxford or Cambridge, I have not to determine; there was that in him at least which would have come to repent bitterly had he yielded; but brought up as he was, he was not only able to entertain the exalted idea presented to him, but to receive and make it his. With joy he recognized the higher dignity of the shepherd of a few poor, lean, wood-torn human sheep, than of the man who stands for himself, however "spacious in the possession of dirt." He who holds dead land a possession, and living souls none of his, needs wake no curse, for he is in the very pit of creation, a live outrage on the human family.

If Alister Macruadh was not in the highest grade of Christianity, he was on his way thither, for he was doing the work that was given him to do, which is the first condition of all advancement. He had much to learn yet, but he was one who, from every point his feet touched, was on the start to go further.

The day of the holy eve rose clear and bright. Snow was on the hills, and frost in the valley. There had been a time when at this season great games were played between neighbor districts or clans; but here there were no games now, because there were so few men, and the more active part fell to the women. Mistress Macruadh was busy all day with her helpers, preparing a dinner of mutton, and beef, and fowls, and red deer bass; and the men soon gave the barn something of the aspect of the old patriarchal hall for which it was no very poor substitute. A long table, covered with the finest linen, was laid for all comers; and when the guests took their places, they needed no arranging; all knew their standing, and seated themselves according to knowledge. Two or three small farmers took modestly the upper places once occupied by immediate relatives of the chief, for of the old gentry of the clan there were none. But all were happy, for their chief was with them still. Their reverence was none the less that they were at home with him. They knew his worth, and the roughness among them would mind what the Macruadh said. They knew that he feared nothing; that he was strong as the red stag after which the clan was named; that, with genuine respect for every man, he would at the least insolence knock the fellow down; that he was the best shot, the best sailor, the best ploughman in the clan: I would have said *the best secretman*, but that, except Ian, there was no another left to it.

Not many of them, however, understood how much he believed that he had to give an account of his people. He was far from considering such responsibility the clergyman's only. Again and again had he expostulated with some, to save them from the slow gaping hell of drink, and in one case, he had reason to hope, with success.

As they sat at dinner, it seemed to the

young fellow who, with his help, had so far been victorious that the chief scarcely took his eyes off him. One might think there was small danger where the hostess allowed nothing beyond water and milk but small ale; the chief, however, was in dread lest he should taste even that, and one moment caught the longing look he threw at the jug as it passed. He rose and went down the table, speaking to this one and that, but stopped behind the lad, and putting his arm round his shoulders, whispered in his ear. He looked up in his face with a solemn smile; had not the chief embraced him before all! He was only a shepherd-lad, but his chief cared for him!

In the afternoon the extemporized tables were cleared away, candles were fixed in rough sconces along the walls, not without precaution against fire, and the floor was rubbed clean—for the barn was floored throughout with pine, in parts polished with use. The walls were already covered with the plaids of the men and women, each kept in place by a stone or two on the top of the wall where the rafters rested. In one end was a great heap of yellow out-straw, which, partly levelled, made a most delightful divan. What with the straw, the plaids, the dresses, the shining of silver ornaments, and the flash of here and there a cairngorm or an amethyst, there was not a little color in the place. Some of the guests were poorly but all were decently attired, and the shabbiest behaved as ladies and gentlemen.

The party from the new house walked through the star-watched air, with the motionless mountains looking down on them, and a silence around, which they never suspected as a presence. The little girls were of the company, and there was much merriment. Foolish compliments were not wanting, offered chiefly on the part of Mr. Sercombe, and accepted on that of Christina. The ladies, under their furs and hoods, were in their best, with all the jewels they could wear at once, for they had heard that highlanders have a passion for color, and that poor people are always best pleased when you go to them in your finery. The souls of these Sasunnachs were full of things. They made a fine show as they emerged from the darkness of their wraps into the light of the numerous candles; nor did the approach of the widowed chieftainess to receive them, on the arm of Alister, with Ian on her other side, fail in dignity. The mother was dressed in a rich, matronly black silk; the chief was in the full dress of his clan—the old-fashioned coat of the French court, with its silver buttons and ruffles of fine lace, the kilt of Macraoibh tartan in which red predominated, the silver-mounted sporran—of the skin and adorned with the head of an otter caught with the bare hands of one of his people, and a silver-mounted dirk of length unusual, famed for the beauty of both hilt and blade: Ian was similarly though less showily clad. When she saw the stately dame advancing between her sons, one at least of her visitors felt a doubt whether their condescension would be fully appreciated.

As soon as their reception was over, the pipers—to the discomfort of Mr. Sercombe's English ears—began his invitation to the dance, and in a moment the floor was in a tumult of reels. The girls, unacquainted

with their own country's dances, preferred looking on, and after watching reel and strathspey for some time, altogether declined attempting either. But by and by it was the turn of the clanspeople to look on while the lady of the house and her sons danced a quadrille or two with the visitors; after which the chief and his brother pairing with the two elder girls, the ladies were astonished to find them the best they had waltzed with, although they did not dance quite in the London way. Ian's dancing, Christina said, was French; Mercy said all she knew was that the chief took the work and left her only the motion; she felt as in a dream of flying. Before the evening was over, the young men had so far gained on Christina that Mr. Sercombe looked a little commonplace.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRE SPIRIT.*

BY FRED. J. HALL.

PART I.

It must have been the extra cup of tea that Tom Skinner drank at his supper, on this 23d day of December, 18— that effected him in such a strange and rather suspicious manner. If he had been an intemperate man, or even in the habit of taking a few drops occasionally, strictly as a medicine, for the benefit of his digestion, or as an appetizer, I should say he said he had been indulging before sitting down to his scanty meal. Such, however, was not the case; water and tea were the only beverages that had passed Tom Skinner's lips for many years, and for that reason I assert it must have been the extra cup of tea that effected him so strangely.

Like most evenings of the 23d of December in this part of the world, the weather was extremely disagreeable to those who did not like the cold. The sky was clear and bright, and the air so keen that when Tom Skinner reached his lodgings, his nose was blue, and his fingers numb, in spite of his warm gloves and heavy muffler.

He was in a particularly bad humor this evening. A beggar woman, who had stopped him on the street to ask for help, started him grumbling, and the cold had by no means tended to improve his temper.

As he stepped to the window to draw together the heavy curtains, he stood for a few moments gazing at the busy crowd below. What a bright, cheering sight it was. Gray haired men and women, feeling young and blithe again in the joy that Christmas time brings, and children, whose faces were radiant with expectation, thronged the streets. Everyone seemed happy and smiling, and scarcely an arm but bore a Christmas gift.

"Fools!" muttered Tom Skinner, closing the curtains quickly, as if anxious to shut out the pleasant sight, "wasting their money. I'm glad I have no wife and noisy children to squander all I earn. Bah! Such an infernal fuss as people make about nothing."

So saying he turned away from the window, and after lighting the lamp, stirred the open fire into a blaze, and drew up a large, easy chair in which he settled himself comfortably to wait for his supper.

Tom Skinner's lodgings were on the second

floor of a large brick house, on one of the principal retail business streets of the city. He occupied only two rooms, though he owned the whole building. The basement was leased to a barber, who drove a thriving trade; the ground floor to a restaurant keeper; and the rest of the house was hired by a stout old lady who kept boarders.

Tom Skinner was a bachelor of the most crusty type; every one who had any dealings with him, declared him to be a tight-fisted, hair-splitting old rascal, with no more soul than an anaconda. A glance at his face would easily have confirmed this statement; and it really seemed a physical impossibility for him to speak in other than harsh, snappish tones.

His meals were brought up from the restaurant below, at exactly the same hour, to a minute, each day, and always by the same waiter, a gray-haired old fellow by the name of Peter Snithers. As Peter's time was only engaged during meal hours, Tom hired him for a very small compensation to attend to the fire, keep the lamps trimmed and filled—Tom thought gas too expensive—and, in fact, to act as man of all work.

The little clock upon the mantel was on the eve of striking six, when there came a rap at the door, which was answered by a surly, "come in," and a few moments later Tom Skinner was regaling himself upon the rather meagre repast, of a small piece of roast turkey, a slice of toast and a cup of tea.

Whether it was the spirit of generosity, which Christmas time usually brings, that prompted him, or the pleasing effect of the first cup in driving out the cold, I cannot say; but however that may be, when Peter returned for the dishes, some half hour later, Tom ordered another cup of tea. This he drank very slowly, sipping it leisurely, as if every drop was precious, and he wished to make it last as long as possible.

The fire had now burst into a cheerful blaze warming Tom outwardly, and the tea having performed the same service inwardly, he found himself in a very comfortable condition. What his meditations were as he sat there watching the bright embers fade away and drop in white ashes on the hearth below, I do not know, but if they were of his past life, I am sure they could not have been very pleasant. His conscience, however, if he still had one, did not appear to worry him; for presently his eyes began slowly to close, and his chin to sink down upon his breast; then his body gradually bent forward until it seemed as if he would lose his balance, and tumble head foremost into the fire. Once or twice he straightened up with a start, and heaved a long breath; but each effort to keep awake ended by his falling into a deeper sleep, until at last, he settled down into a uniform snore. How long he slept no one could possibly tell, nor was he aware that he had slept at all, until a sharp voice close at hand exclaimed:

"Hello there! I say, you had better straighten up. You'll have your head in the fire in a moment."

Tom sprang to his feet startled, there was an uncomfortable warmth about the top of his head and face, which showed they must have been very near the burning logs.

"Strange," he muttered, after looking carefully around the room and finding nothing. "I certainly thought I heard some one

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speak. I suppose I must have been dreaming. Ugh! This weather is enough to give any one the nightmare." He accompanied this exclamation with a shrug of the shoulders, and then drew his chair a little closer to the fire, and settling himself comfortably, was soon dozing off as before.

"So you thought you were dreaming eh, Tom Skinner?" exclaimed the voice again. "Ha! Ha! That is a grand joke. There was no dream about it. I spoke to you, and a precious hard time I've had getting here too. But if I'm going to talk, you have got to stop snoring, or I'll not be able to make myself heard."

Tom straightened up and looked around utterly bewildered. He examined the bookcase, the pictures, the mantel, and even the chair in which he was sitting, but nothing out of the way was to be seen. At last his gaze wandered back to the fire. He started, rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, there was no doubt of it; seated there upon a blazing log was a queer looking a little spirit as mortal eyes ever beheld. At times the bright flames winding around him, almost hid him from view. His feet dangled among the embers, which he kicked about as if in sport, and his arms were placed akimbo. He was oddly dressed, in a bright red, tight fitting material, which ended at his head in a high, cone-shaped hat. His clear little eyes shone like diamonds, and diminutive, and oddly formed as he was, he still had a decidedly comfortable and pleasing appearance.

"Well! So you have found me at last have you?" said the spirit, crossing his legs, and throwing his head upon one side in rather a waggish manner. "Did you hear me say I wished to speak to you?"

"Y-e-e-s" stammered Tom, as soon as he could overcome his astonishment, "what is it you wish to say?"

"In the first place I wish to say this," answered the spirit, emphasizing each word with a shake of his tiny finger, "you are a miserly old rascal! Do you understand me? A miserly old rascal!" As the spirit spoke, the jovial expression of his face gave way to a look of sternness and solemnity.

Tom was wide awake now, and quite forgetting his surprise, with a flushed face, he sprang to his feet and reached out for the poker. Like a flash of light the spirit disappeared, though the voice still continued:

"Come! Come! There is no use trying to injure me, I could be miles off in an instant. What I said was the truth, as you very well know. Remember I came here for your own good, so listen."

"A great lot of good you'll do," growled Tom. "I should like to know what you are anyway."

The little spirit returned as quickly as he had vanished, and resuming his seat upon the blazing log answered:

"I am the cheerful Spirit of Fire, and it is very seldom I put myself so much out of the way as to visit a cross-grained, sour fellow like yourself. I love to sit upon a hearth, where all is gay and cheerful, where happy, smiling faces gather around me, and where I can listen to bright jokes and join in a hearty laugh. Whenever you hear a fire roaring merrily, you may be sure that either I, or some of my companions are in it; but I came here to-night for your benefit, Tom Skinner, and it is the only time I ever will

come. If you do not listen to me now you will never have another opportunity."

The earnest expression of the spirit face, and the solemnity with which these words were uttered, accorded strangely with his odd shaped figure and its surroundings. He paused for a moment, as if to note the effect of what he had said, and then continued in the same impressive way.

"Do you know what season of the year it is?"

"Christmas-tide, I suppose you mean," was the surly answer.

"Yes, Christmas-tide. As you passed along the crowded streets muffled in your great coat and growling at the cold, did you not see thousands of laughing, happy faces around you? People contented with their lot, though not such an easy one as yours. Did you not see that nearly every hand was laden with a gift. Tell me, what had these people been doing to make them look so happy? Why were their faces full of smiles, while yours wore nothing but a frown?"

"Doing!" muttered Tom, moving uneasily in his chair, "Doing! Throwing away their money on worthless trinkets, which will never be of benefit to themselves, or any one else, and trying to imagine they are happy."

"So this is your idea of Christmas, is it?" answered the spirit. "Well, Tom Skinner, you have a hard heart indeed. Could you be with a happy family on Christmas night, and listen to the merry shouts of laughter. Could you watch chubby fingers trembling with eagerness as they untie the strings, and throw aside the paper that covers some precious gift. Could you steal to the bedside of some little child, and see one of those worthless trinkets clasped in its hand even in sleep, it would not seem so worthless then, nor the money spent upon it wasted. Have you no remembrances of happy Christmas days? Can you not recall the time when you were a joyous hearted child yourself, Tom Skinner."

For an instant there was an expression upon Tom's face it had not known for years. But slowly the old frown stole back, like a black cloud darkening a momentary gleam of sun-light, and he answered:

"That was many years ago, I am getting old now, and do not trouble myself with worthless recollections."

"Ah! Yes, it was long ago. But looking back through all those years, can you recall one deed of kindness or generosity, a single action that has benefited any one but yourself. Tell me, Tom Skinner, how have you improved that time?"

An uneasy frown passed over Tom's face as he answered: "In earning an honest living and not interfering with other peoples' business."

"No!" answered the little spirit firmly, his eyes growing brighter as he spoke, "not in earning an honest living, but in grinding every one you touched, in destroying your better nature, and wringing your own heart of every drop of sympathy and kindness. Now you are wealthy. Yes, do not deny it, (for Tom had made amon as if to speak) but are you happier for it? Is it pleasant to think that the riches you have accumulated by years of patient toil and self-denial, will be lavishly spent and enjoyed by others, in whom you have no interest? Your money will buy you a coffin,

nothing more, if I cannot purchase a single tear of regret."

The spirit ceased speaking, as if expecting an answer, but receiving none continued:

"This very day you received a letter from your only sister, Tom Skinner, asking you to help her husband. He is sick and unable to work, and has a large family depending upon him. Besides, since you would do nothing for her support, there has been added to his expenses the care of your mother. Unless he can pay the rent at once, they will all be turned from the house, no matter for the cold, and go, no one knows where. You knew all this, and you knew, too, how bitterly they must have been in need to have appealed to you.

"Think how easily you can fill their hearts with joy; but when the answer you will send them is received, do you think it will add to their Christmas happiness? At such a time as this, when every one is striving to make those around them bright and cheerful, are such thoughts pleasant?"

There was a longer silence than before, Tom's face showing plainly that a struggle was going on within. But the cold, selfish nature was too strong for even this rebuke to have more than a momentary effect.

"I do not see why I should support all my relatives? I have never called upon them for help. It is precious little they have ever done for me. Besides I can't afford it. It is all I can do to pay my own debts."

"You see no reason why you should help them," shouted the little spirit, in an angry voice. "What have they ever done for you?" He stopped suddenly for a moment, and then added more softly: "Do you remember, as a boy, how you would sit by the fire, and in watching the glowing embers, fancy you beheld strange, fantastic scenes, and picture to yourself the stories you had been reading? Watch now."

PART II.

As the spirit ceased speaking he stirred the logs into a blaze, and slowly disappeared; his form growing fainter and fainter, as if melting away in the flames.

The fire burned brightly for a few minutes; then suddenly ceased, and began to send forth a dense cloud of smoke, which rolled out in a heavy black volume, until it completely surrounded the mantle piece and the chair in which Tom sat. After a few moments a faint opening appeared in the distance, like a spot of sunshine. Slowly this became brighter and larger, until Tom seemed to be looking miles off, through a long vista of clouds. For some time he could distinguish nothing, but the dim outline of swaying trees; but as the mist softly faded away into a Summer's haze, it revealed a neatly painted cottage shaded by tall elms and maples. Over the porch was thickly twined a honey-suckle, while in front there was spread a neat grass plot, dotted, here and there, with beds of bright flowers. The cottage was surrounded by a low picket fence, and stood by the side of the road, which could be traced for some distance until it suddenly disappeared at a sharp turn.

Though Tom seemed to be looking upon this scene from a distance, yet everything about it was wonderfully clear and distinct. He could easily see the smallest shadow that the sun cast upon the cottage walls, and could distinguish the size and color of every bird in the trees.

A young man was coming towards the cottage up the dusty road. He walked slowly as if weak, and his face appeared thin and pale. Before he reached the gate a bright faced little girl ran out to meet him. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and then some one else came to welcome him, whose face wore an anxious look, as she bent tenderly over him, for he leaned heavily upon her arm as they walked together into the house.

The little spirit was no where to be seen, but his voice came from out the cloud whispering softly: "Do you understand this picture?"

There was a strong tremor in Tom's voice, as he answered:

"Yes! Yes! I remember it all. I was sick with the fever then, and oh! how I suffered on that journey home."

While he was speaking a thin cloud settled down upon the scene hiding it from sight, when this had cleared away the picture was changed, and a room inside the cottage was brought to view. The sick man lay there upon a bed, and by his side sat the same loving form on whose shoulder his head had rested, when faint and weary he had staggered to the cottage gate. A lamp burns upon the table at the bed-side, and in its dim light her face looks haggard and worn. It is nearly morning by the little clock that ticks upon the mantel, but she does not close her eyes for a moment. Every movement he makes is watched. Now she bathes his brow, and as he flings his arms wildly about, in his delirium, she covers them again, and bends down and kisses his hot lips. How quietly she moves about the room, and how softly she smooths and rearranges the disordered pillows. Only a mother has such a tender hand. Only a mother's love is so constant and untiring.

"This was not for a single night," murmured the spirit, "but for long weeks did she watch beside you, and nurse you slowly back to life. Faint and weary almost beyond endurance, yet her very thoughts were prayers for your welfare. Is this a debt that can be easily paid? Is there no reason here why you should love and cherish her now that she needs it?" There was a touching sadness in the spirit's voice as he uttered these last words, far different from the manner in which he had heretofore spoken.

Tom made no reply. His face was buried in his hands his lips quivered with emotion, and then tears, the first he had shed since a child, began coursing down his cheeks.

It was some time before he again raised his eyes, and when he did so he saw a slight change had taken place. The scene was still the sick room; but the patient was now sitting in a large easy chair, carefully cushioned with pillows and shawls, and drawn near the window were he could look out upon the sunny fields. The fever had gone, but his thin, pale face and listless expression, showed that he was still very weak. Presently the door opened and the rosy checked little girl who had been first to welcome him home, softly enters the room and places a bunch of wild flowers in a glass of water upon a table at his side. He drew her toward him and kissed her, and her face grew radiant with pleasure as she saw that her simple gift had pleased him. Oh, how vividly it all came back to Tom now. He remembered that not a day passed

but she brought to his side some token of sisterly tenderness and love. How eager she was to oblige him in every little way. It was strange these things should have passed entirely from his mind. While he mused over them, the picture softly fades away.

No one would have known Tom Skinner as he sat there waiting for that mysterious curtain to rise once more. His head rested on his hand, and his eyes were dreamy and misty. The stern lines had disappeared, and his ten-stained face now wore an expression of thoughtful tenderness. Perhaps he was thinking of the hard earned purse his mother had slipped into his hands when he was again able to leave for the cit; or, possibly, of the gratitude he then felt and the way in which he had since shown it.

It was some time before the veil of clouds was again lifted, disclosing the sitting-room of the cottage. Seated at a table writing is the tender mother, who had watched so patiently by the bedside of her son. Many years must have passed; for her hair is white now, and her forehead is filled with wrinkles. She often pauses to brush away the tears that fall upon the paper. When the letter is finished, with a trembling hand she places it in an envelope and rising from her seat leaves the room. As she disappears the vision is blotted out.

"Do you know the meaning of this?" inquired the spirit.

"Yes! Yes! Too well," answered Tom, his voice choking with sobs.

"You remember how tenderly that letter was worded," continued the spirit. "It told you that your brother William had been drafted to recruit the wasted army of the North. You know that your mother and sister are dependent upon him, and that without his aid they must part with the old farm and all its dear, familiar scenes. You know, too, that he is not a coward, and would long ago have taken his place in the ranks, had not a stronger duty kept him home. There is but one help now, and that is for you to purchase his discharge. How lovingly she asks you to do this. You could easily have spared all that was needed. And will you refuse to grant such a request? But wait, this picture tells it all. Nay, do not turn your head away; you must look upon this, for it is the last."

"Seated in the cottage porch are three soldiers wearing the blue uniform of the Union Army. Besides them stands a young man. In one hand he carries a small, neatly folded bundle; the other is held by his mother. Shading her eyes, she turns from him and gazes anxiously down the road where a neighbor is seen coming toward the cottage. He stops and leaves a letter. The mother's face grows brighter as with eager, trembling fingers she tears the envelope open.

"No! No!" groaned Tom, reaching forward as if to take it from her. "I did not mean it, I did not—" His hand clutches nothing but the empty air.

For a moment hope shone from every line upon her face, but as she read this book fades into an expression of the deepest despair. She totters forward and would have fallen, had not the young man caught her in his arms. This weakness is only for an instant. She wipes away the tears that blind her, and the veterans at her side are not more calm. Again she takes the young man's hand in

her's and though Tom cannot hear what is said, he knows they are words of love, hope and patriotism; for the rough men near her uncover their heads, and turn away their faces while she speaks.

The young soldier is marching slowly down the road now, with his three companions; as they reach the bend which hides them from the cottage, he turns back to wave a last good-bye. His mother answers him, and as the old home disappears from sight, he sees her standing near the gate, with her hand pointing upward.

Dark clouds roll together upon the scene, and all is obscure. As these fade away the little spirit again became visible, seated in his old place upon the blazing log.

"You know what followed," he said. "In the quiet country church-yard is a marble slab, cut with the name of William Skinner. The farm was sold; and you remember the rest."

"Remember it, Great God!" answered Tom, "with all my grinding and pinching I could not wring it from my mind. A thousand times I have waked in the night, cold with terror, imagining Will's ghost stood beside the bed to rebuke me. Still I have striven to drown such thoughts, and to steel my heart against all memories of the past, until now it is too late to make recompense. Terrible words, too late! too late!"

"It is not too late," answered the spirit, "you can yet do much to make amends for your past life. Strive to live for some one besides yourself. Gladden your own heart by making others happy. If you can smooth out a frown of disappointment or care, and place a smile in its stead you have done something that will lighten your own sorrows more than all the wealth in the universe. Remember this, Tom Skinner. And now the fire burns low, and the air is becoming chilly, so I must say farewell." As the little spirit ceased speaking, a bright flame shot up the chimney, and he went with it.

Tom sat for a long while, perfectly dazed, gazing vacantly into the fire. A fantastic maze of long forgotten scenes and figures, was whirling before him. Presently there came a sound, like a slow dignified rapping at the door. "Come in," he cried, starting to his feet. No one entered. He sighed heavily, rubbed his eyes, and was surprised to find the noise proceeded from the clock upon the mantel striking twelve. The lamp burned with a dull and smoky flame. On the hearth a few dark red embers were all that remained of the cheerful fire, and there was a lonely chill about the room.

Tom endeavored to collect his scattered senses. "I have been sleeping for a long while," he murmured, "and yet I could not have dreamed it all." No! A heavy load seemed to have fallen upon his heart; his cheeks were still wet with tears, and his lips continued to repeat: "Strive to live for some one besides yourself. Gladden your own heart by making others happy."

Another hour had nearly passed and still Tom sat musing. Many pictures besides those the Fire Spirit had shown floated before him. The clock upon the mantel struck one, and the sound awoke him from his reverie. Rising slowly from his chair, he blew out the smoky light and retired to his bed-room. It was useless, however, for him to try and sleep, the struggle going on within banished all thoughts of rest. Nervously he tossed from side to side.

There were times, when the old spirit of selfishness brooded over him, and then again his mind would be filled with regrets for the past and brighter hopes for the future. Thus in a bitter struggle with himself Tom passed the long, weary hours of the night.

He was lying wide awake when the gray light of a winters morning began to steal through the closed curtains, and as the sun grew stronger, and the shadows of the night were lifted, the gloom that had surrounded Tom's life for years went with them and was lost forever.

PART III.

After his breakfast Tom emerged from the House muffled in his chin, and walked briskly toward the railroad depot. He was going to visit his sister, who lived in a village a short distance from the city. There was not a cloud in the sky, and Tom thought he had never seen a more bright and cheerful morning. True, the air was keener than it had been the evening before, but he did not seem to feel it now, as he was chuckling to himself at the thoughts of the surprise his appearance would cause. He rather doubted that his welcome would be a very warm one, but then he would soon arrange that satisfactorily. Here he again broke out into such a hearty laugh that it set him coughing, and made several people turn round and wonder what was the cause of so much hilarity.

Tom was as delighted with the prospect of a journey as a child. Securing a seat near the window he watched attentively every object as the train flew along. Several ponds were passed crowded with merry skaters. It made him feel young again to see them skimming gaily over the ice, and his feet tingled to join in their sport. Indeed, everything was so pleasant, and time passed so quickly, that Tom was surprised when the brakeman called out the name of the station at which he was to leave the train.

It was a wonderful little village, so Tom thought. The streets were filled with sleighs, and the merry tinkling of the bells mingling with the shouts of laughter raised his spirits higher than ever. Even the stores were tastefully decorated with hemlock and holly, and presented so many attractions that Tom was obliged to stop a number of times. There was a merry twinkle in his eye as at each place he gave particular directions to the clerk as to where, and how the goods he purchased were to be sent.

In spite of the unbounded joy which Tom felt in the anticipation of seeing once more the dear ones, whom he had so long neglected, he became terribly nervous as he drew near his sister's house. There was a choking sensation in his throat which he could not get rid of, and his heart beat until it seemed as if he could hear it. Twice he passed the house before he could sufficiently control his feelings to walk up the short flight of steps and knock at the door. He waited breathlessly for an answer to his summons, but the moment he heard footsteps approaching, an almost uncontrollable desire to run away took possession of him. He might have done so had not the door been quickly opened by a little girl who was the living picture of the sweet child whom the Fire Spirit had shown him. There were the same blue eyes, gentle face, and long, curling hair. Tom knew she was his niece,

and bent down to kiss her; but the child drew back with a low cry of alarm.

"She does not know me," Tom sighed to himself, and then, with the same breath, came the words, "Nor would she like me better if she did." He was an entire stranger to one who should have known and loved him, and the blame was all his own; this was a bitter thought indeed. Turning to the child, Tom asked if her father was in. With a shy manner she invited Tom into the parlor, and then hurried away as if she was afraid of him.

The room in which Tom was left standing alone though neat was very plainly furnished. But one picture relieved the bareness of the walls; but had there been a thousand there, this one only would have attracted Tom's attention. It was an old-fashioned painting of his mother, that had hung at his bed-side in the cottage years ago. Many a long-forgotten scene it brought back; memories of boyish days and early manhood. Tom was lost in reverie before it, and his eyes grew misty at the thoughts to which it gave birth. Suddenly a low and earnest conversation near at hand drew his attention aside. Turning quickly around he found the door leading to the adjoining room was partially open, and from thence the voices proceeded.

At first the tones were so low Tom could not distinguish what was said; but one of the speakers seemed to become angry, for he broke out in a loud harsh tone: "I tell you I can wait no longer; I must be paid."

The reply was indistinct, though Tom strained his ears to catch it. In a few moments the angry voice continued:

"Nonsense, that is an old excuse. You are no more sick than I am. What difference does it make to me, anyway, whether you are able to work or not? I want my money, and must have it, at once." Tom stole softly to the door and looked in. There was silence for sometime, and then the one who had spoken last continued:

"It is useless to talk about delays; I shall not wait another day. To-morrow I must either have every penny due me or you leave this house."

The answer came clearly this time:

"But to-morrow is Christmas. You can surely wait until after that; besides," and here the voice sank lower, "my wife has written to her brother for help."

"Pshaw! Another excuse to put me off. Have you any idea your brother will help you?"

"No," I have not," faltered the second speaker; "but give me one week more. I will find some way of paying you—only one week."

"One week! Wouldn't you like to live here a year for nothing," was the sneering answer. No? not a single day. Mark my words—either I receive every cent by to-morrow morning, or—" here the man clapped his hands and pointed toward the door.

With the first words that Tom heard of this conversation something seemed to whisper in his ear (and it must have been the voice of conscience): "Do you admire the character of this man? Do you not see a resemblance between your former self and him?" A mingled feeling of shame and anger sent the blood boiling through every vein in Tom's body. Several times his hand had trembled upon the knob of the

door; but when he heard those last harsh words, and saw the almost fiendish motion of the man who uttered them, he could contain himself no longer. Throwing the door fiercely open, he burst into the room, and, in a voice choked with anger, exclaimed:

"I say he shall not go. How much is owing you?"

The person addressed was a little dried up, wizen-faced man, who was so astonished at Tom's sudden appearance that for some time he seemed to have lost his voice. At last he managed to stammer forth "Twenty dollars, sir."

"Sign the receipts you have there at once, and here is the money," added Tom, throwing it down upon the table.

The man did as he was bid, then picking up the notes, counted them carefully and tenderly placed them in his pocket.

"Now go!" said Tom imitating the man's motion of a few moments before by slapping his hands and pointing towards the door, "Do you understand me, go!"

"Certainly, sir, certainly! I am very sorry to have made so much trouble, sir, very sorry; but you see I am poor——"

"Miser!" interrupted Tom, turning sharply upon him.

The man seemed frightened at Tom's vehemence; at first; but assuming a disagreeable smile he answered, "Ha! Ha! You are joking, sir. No! No! I am a poor man." He continued to shake his head and to mumble to himself, long after he had reached the street.

This whole affair had taken place so quickly that Tom had scarcely noticed his brother-in-law, who was standing at the lower end of the room. He had not spoken a word since Tom entered; but now that they were alone he advanced, and, taking Tom by the hand, exclaimed, in a bewildered, questioning tone, "Thomas Skinner?"

"Yes, Jack, Thomas Skinner, but very different. I hope, from the one you have always known. You see I received the letter and have come to answer it in person. You will let me spend Christmas with you, won't you?"

Tom felt the grip tighten upon his hand as his brother-in-law answered: "Yes, Tom, bless you, yes. Your visit is like that of an angel of mercy."

The two men stood with clasped hands gazing into each other's faces; for some moments neither one spoke. Jack was the first to break the silence by saying:

"I cannot tell you, Tom, one-half the gratitude I feel. You have lifted a heavy burden from my heart."

"And from my own, too, though I have done no more than I ought. But it is cold in here," added Tom, glancing towards the empty grate, "you must not spare the wood now, Jack; let us have a bright, roaring fire; and you must cheer up; I do not like to see you looking so pale and sick. What has been the matter?"

"Anxiety more than anything else, but it does me good to see you. You are really growing younger instead of older, and have changed very much."

"I hope I have, Jack, there was room for it. But tell me," he continued, after pacing nervously up and down the room a few moments, "how are mother and sister?"

"They would both be well were it not

worrying about me. I am sure they will be very happy now, and glad to see you. Wait a moment and I will tell them you are here."

While Jack was speaking, Tom heard some one coming softly down the stairs. At last the footsteps reached the hall and slowly approached the room where he was standing. Tom knew them well, though they seemed to have grown feeble since he heard them last. What strange cautious sweep over him in those few moments! His hands trembled and his breath was hurried. A form bent with years entered the room. The next instant Tom's arms were clasped around it, and a voice that sounded sweeter than all the music in the world, murmured: "My dear, dear Tom! I knew it was your voice. God bless you for coming to us!"

These words seemed a bitter rebuke to him. What had he done to deserve a blessing? Left her to want and suffer without even a kind word to cheer. He tried to speak, but something filled his throat. He could only fold her closer to his bosom and kiss her wrinkled brow. If this better change had not come upon him until after she was no more, until it was too late to obtain her forgiveness, what a void his life would have been. He did not wish to think of it.

A few moments later Tom was standing with one arm around his mother, and the other clasped by his sister. Not a word was spoken for several moments, but upon each face there was a look of thankful, peaceful joy that no words could ever have expressed.

PART IV.

If there ever was a perfectly happy family in the world, it was the one that gathered around Tom Skinner at the tea table that evening. True, there was but little to eat, though Tom declared that he had never enjoyed a meal so much before. Jack seemed to grow brighter and better every moment, and eat with a remarkable relish for sick man. Tom's fund of jokes and queer stories was unending; he kept everybody in a roar of laughter. At the very height of the merriment there came a ring at the bell. In an instant there was silence. Jack went to the door and they could hear him holding the following conversation:

"There must be some mistake, are you sure they are to be left here?"

"Yes sir, they were ordered and paid for this morning."

It was lucky for Tom that the attention of those around him was attracted by what was going on at the door. With the first tinkle of the bell his face turned scarlet. He covered it with his handkerchief under the pretense of blowing his nose, which he did, in so vigorous a manner that it bid fair to destroy that useful organ.

Presently Jack returned with both hands full; in one was a turkey, of enormous dimensions, and in the other a basket of cranberries and two large heads of celery.

Tom was intent upon his tea. Indeed, from the way in which he buried his nose in the cup, you would have thought he was trying to get his whole head in it. Remarkably warm tea it must have been, too, judging from the color of Tom's face.

No one thought anything more about eating that evening. A corner of the table was quickly cleared, and the turkey was

laid out in state to be gazed at and admired. "What a monster! So fat and tender! Won't he be good, eh?" were the remarks of the delighted children; and then would arise the puzzling question, where did all these good things come from. Upon this point Tom appeared as profoundly ignorant as any one, and having now composed himself, he joined most heartily, and naturally, in the mingled expressions of praise and wonder. Before this perplexity had begun to be solved, there came another ring at the door. It was the grocer this time, and if there had been cause for wonder before, it was certainly increased tenfold now. There were packages of nuts, raisins, oranges, cans of preserved fruits and vegetables, and bundles of various kinds of crackers. Before these treasures were safely deposited, along came a boy from the bakers, bringing a fine mince pie, and a number of tempting looking tarts. Jack tried to remonstrate, and persisted there must be some mistake; but the directions were plainly written, and the goods being all paid for, he was obliged to submit.

There was no use of Tom trying to contain himself any longer. He sneezed once or twice; was attacked by a fit of coughing, and even went so far as to get into a corner and stuff his handkerchief into his mouth. But even this would not answer now. The looks of mingled joy and bewilderment, the expressions of gratitude and wonder, the dazzling anticipations of to-morrow's feast were more than he could endure, so he broke out into a loud, hearty laugh.

"Tom Skinner!" exclaimed Jack, "I believe it's you, why I'm sure of it. What nonsense that I didn't think of you before."

My! what a scene followed this explosion; it would have softened the hardest hearted person in the world to have seen it. Jack rung Tom's hand until it ached, while the children climbed upon his knees and covered his face with kisses. But there was not a more beaming face, or a lighter heart than Thomas Skinner's among them all. He never imagined he could be so happy. If he could only have run up and down stairs a few times, or have stood on his head, or, in fact, have done anything very extraordinary, he felt it would be a relief to his pent-up feelings. Tom contented himself, however, by becoming one of the jolliest, best natured, most lovable old fellows you ever beheld. His capacity for making himself agreeable seemed unbounded, and though this faculty had been unused for years, it now rose with all the more brilliancy. He played blind-man's buff with the children, and was the biggest child of them all. In his endeavors to escape he upset a kettle of hot water, stepped on the cat's tail, bumped his head a dozen times, and kept everybody crying with laughter.

At last, when they were all out of breath, and Tom had been trying for a long while without succeeding in catching any one, the game was broken off, and they gathered around the fire to pop corn. The grate was filled with two large oak logs, which roared and crackled in the most cheering way possible, as if to challenge the cowl air that rattled around the shutters. If there ever was a fire possessed of a cheerful spirit, it must have been this one.

In a short time everything was ready. Tom seized the popper, and began to shake

it over a bed of hot coals. The children watched him eagerly. Before long there was a significant crackling, then came a sharp "pop," and a large white ball was seen rolling among the smaller kernels. Another report soon followed, then another and another, each one being answered by a shout. In a short time a large platter was filled with the most tempting-looking popcorn, and when Jack had sprinkled a little salt over this it was declared by all to be a dish fit for a king.

No one had thought to light a lamp, as it was much pleasanter to sit by the light of the fire and watch the weird shadows the ruddy flames cast upon the wall.

It was just the time for a story, and the children crowded around, begging Tom to tell them one, which he did. It was a Christmas tale filled with those delightful fancies which have always been so attractive to children. His mother had repeated this story to him when a boy, and though he had not thought of it since, it now came back to him as vividly as though he had only learned it yesterday.

When he had finished, the youngest of the children, looking wistfully at him, said: "I wish Santa Claus would come here; we are too poor, though. Papan says he never visits poor people." Her head hung down in a disappointed manner. The next moment her face was beaming with a comfident smile. Throwing her arms around Tom's neck, she said: "Perhaps he would come if you would ask him. Won't you, Uncle Tom?"

Tom bent over, and kissing the chubby lips, answered: "Uncle has asked him, darling. You must all hang up your stockings to-night, and Santa Claus will fill them, I am sure."

Tom made another trip to the village that evening, and, when he returned laden with bundles, there were four empty little stockings hanging from the mantle; but, throughout our broad land, I do not think the bright Christmas sun rose upon happier children, or fuller stockings.

Long after everyone else had retired, Tom and his mother sat by the fire. He seemed to be musing as he watched the embers; for his lips moved as if he was repeating something to himself. It was this: "Sure to live for someone besides yourself. Gladden your own heart by making others happy."

Suddenly the clock began striking twelve, and before it had ceased the church bells rang out their joyous greeting. Tom leaned forward, and putting one hand upon her shoulder, softly said, "Merry Christmas, mother!"

She clasped his hand in hers and answered, "God bless you, Tom;" then placing her arms around his neck, she drew him closer to her. The chimers were still ringing.

"You hear them," she whispered.

"Yes," he replied.

"They never sounded so merry as on this Christmas morn."

Lady Laura Ridding, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, England, is promoting a movement for instituting at Nottingham a number of "evening homes" for girls who are engaged all day at the factories, and at the close of their labors desire some entertainment. A feature of these evening homes will be cheerful society.

A PLEA FOR A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Oh, thou, restless, lonely heart,
That dread'st the sound of Christmas Day,
Can'st thou not lose thyself for once,
And learn to praise, as well as pray!

What though the joys of other days
Are seen now through a mist of fears?
Hast thou no gratitude for Him
Who came to soothe a way all fears?

Hark! list to the angelic song
That floats through Bethlehem's quiet air!
Once more behold the heavenly light
That maketh peace take place of care.

Now see outstretched a baby hand,
Tender and small, yet, oh! so long;
For lo! within its tiny grasp
It holds a whole world's shame and wrong.

Yes, then away with selfish grief!
Not e'en our sins shall bow us down,
For from the Manger that small hand
Has power to smooth the Godhead's frown.

Then peace in Heaven, and peace on earth,
And peace in every trusting heart;
No aching loss shall have the power
From Christmas joy my soul to part.

Use not this time to weep, or mourn,
Or dwell on any pain we feel,
But by the babe of Bethlehem
With lowly, grateful praise to kneel.

Then, by the love He shows us there,
To turn to all in care or grief,
And tell them of the Christ child born,
To bring to every wound relief.

Join, then, with ardent, loving praise,
In all that makes our Christmas glad,
And dare not offer Christ, the Lord,
A heart that willingly is sad.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH TRAVEL.

BY M. MEDLICOTT.

Lichfield.

It is a long, but very pleasant, and in parts of the road a charming railway ride from Edinburgh through Carlisle, skirting rather than passing through the Westmoreland hills, to Lichfield. Leaving Edinburgh about 10 o'clock of a Monday morning in early September and speeding southward, new beauties opened up to us, though only passing glimpses, and especially would one have liked to make a stay of a few hours at Carlisle, and then to take a peep over the other side of the Langdale Pikes and Helvellyn, and visit the homes of Wordsworth and Southey. But time did not permit, for my course was marked out for the next three or four days, and not even for these lovely haunts of the poet would I forego my anticipated treat at Worcester, which might never again fall in my way, and Lichfield lay in my path thereto. But even the "other side" of the hills was suggestive, as they were lovely enough to warrant day-dreams and mental pictures.

So early evening found me alighting at Lichfield station, a little outside the city, nothing remarkable in situation or surroundings, lying in the heart of colliery regions, but without the wild picturesqueness one expects to find in such a country. Indeed, the southern part of Staffordshire, where the coal-fields abound, is merely an undulating, fertile country, producing many vegetables, but showing only that quiet, rural beauty so characteristic of the mid-

lands of England, alternating with the smokiness of the large, busy towns.

Lichfield has had an eventful history, dating from remote times, can we say how remote? Bede calls it *Licid-fleld*, or "Dead Men's Field" and tradition assigns this name to a massacre of British Christians, said to have taken place near here during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. So if this be true, not only was this part of the country peopled during the early centuries of the Christian era, but true worshippers of God were to be found here. Then the mists of the past again enshroud the picture, till in the seventh century we find missionaries from the North, of Irish teaching or training, sent from the Northumbrian Church, then under the care of Finan, a disciple of Iona. One of these early missionaries was Diutim, first (so-called) bishop of all this district included in the Kingdom of Mercia; and soon in turn followed St. Chad, revered almost as the patron saint of Lichfield as St. Cuthbert is at Durham, and it is really from this time, A.D. 669, that the diocese of Lichfield dates. He had already received consecration to Holy Orders through the Northern prelates, under the teaching more directly of the British Church, following St. Columba's rule; now he likewise received consecration to this office through Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury. Henceforth the history of St. Chad is the history of Lichfield, and under his fostering care and earnest, devoted labors, the Church rapidly spread among the people. Miraculous appearances and legends form part of his history, as of Columba's and Cuthbert's; and while making all the allowances this matter-of-fact nineteenth century claims in treating of such histories, we may fairly acknowledge him to have been a man of no common powers and abilities, one of those instruments in the Almighty's hands raised up and especially fitted to His work. The number of churches throughout this region, called after St. Chad, testify to the veneration felt for his name. In the last half of the eighth century, the King of Mercia at that time, the powerful Offa, *Overlord of all England* as he styled himself, jealous of the supremacy of Canterbury, obtained from the Pope of Rome the privilege of an archiepiscopal see for Lichfield. For twenty years the bishop signed documents as Archbishop of Lichfield, on equal terms with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, old and feeble, submitted reluctantly to his loss of dignity. After the death of king and pope this right was again annulled, but still Lichfield claimed rank next to Canterbury, coming before Lincoln, Winchester, or London. At this time, and for many years previously, this was one of the largest dioceses in England, being almost parallel in extent with the Kingdom of Mercia. Eleven dioceses have been formed wholly or in part from her limits, so both age and extent warranted somewhat such assumption of power.

So time passed over our city. Britons, Romans, Saxons, even Danes, by turns masters of the country, or leaving their stamp upon it, prepared the way for future growth and development. With the advent of the Normans came fresh changes, one of which was that from this time (1066) till 1836, nearly eight hundred years, no bishop took his title from Lichfield, as this was only a village, and they (the bishops) must take

their title from and reside in large towns. First Chester, then Coventry, was the seat of the bishopric, and after Chester was separated from the mother-diocese, the title was still Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, and many were the unseemly struggles for supremacy between the two towns, more especially between the monks of each place, both claiming the right of election.

The chief interest in Lichfield now is the cathedral itself, and this formed the object of my present visit, though a very enjoyable evening, passed with acquaintances living here, forms also a pleasant memory. Early morning found me exploring the town and surroundings of the cathedral, till it should be time for morning prayers. Very lovely and graceful is the cathedral, rising from its green setting of trees and grass, the three spires which form a distinguishing feature of this building, rising, one might almost say, emblematical in harmony of the Triune God. Especially from the south side, beyond the minster pool, does the beauty of design impress itself upon me, but from whatever point we view it, our admiration is called forth. One of the smallest of English cathedrals, it is yet, by its almost perfect proportions and beauty of detail, one of the most pleasing of any. The west front is beautiful, and bears much study, with its three deeply recessed doorways, the rows of statues above in niches, St. Chad in the centre, and on either hand kings of England, twenty-four in all, from Oswy of Northumberland to Richard II., the whole surmounted (rather incongruously) by a figure of Charles II., in consideration of his having supplied timber from the royal chases for the repair of the building! Many of these figures were destroyed during the Reformation, and in the early part of the present century were repaired or restored. A beautiful window crowns all, and the two symmetrical spires rise in graceful dignity on either side. But before entering, stop for a moment to look at the doorways with their rich mouldings and decorative carvings. Are they not exquisite? The deeply-recessed central doorway is a double one; in niches against the pillars are statues, in the centre the Virgin and Infant, and on the sides St. Peter and St. John, and the two Marys, while above, between the arches of the door, is a carving of our Lord attended by angels.

Now as we enter, what a lovely yet rich vista opens out to us? We must take in first with a comprehensive glance, the harmonious effect of all combined, ere trying to find out what composes this beautiful whole. Indeed, it is not easy to pick out details or to give a description. But gradually we observe the heavy pillared columns with their foliated capitals rising into the pointed Gothic arch; above, the deeply recessed double arches of the triforium, each arch again subdivided, with dog-tooth carving round all; and above, again, the clerestory windows, peculiar in their design, triangular-shaped, with rounded sides, containing three circles, in each and the same dog-tooth carving round all. A beautifully wrought brass and copper screen separates nave from choir. This, too, is lovely beyond telling, everything seeming so perfect and finished, from the same pillared columns and wide arches, to the exquisite reredos of Derbyshire marble and alabaster, containing carvings of the Crucifixion, em-

blems of the Evangelists, etc. The pavement of the choir gives representations of scenes in the early history of the see. Above and beyond the recess gleam the windows of the Lady Chapel, looking, with their brilliant and sparkling coloring, as though inlaid with jewels, throwing out into more gleaming contrast the whiteness of the re-
redos. The choir aisles contain many monu-

esting, however, perhaps most so of anything in the building, is the tomb of the late Bishop Selwyn, so loved and revered by all who know aught of the history of the English Church. It is in the Lady Chapel, east of the choir, in a niche or recess in one side, an oblong tomb, with a recumbent figure of the bishop on top, exquisitely carved in alabaster, an excellent likeness,

ing the Word of God from the missionary; the other giving a scene from actual experience perhaps, in his Lichfield work—no less missionary labor—among the miners of the district. They are fit memorials of one whose life was spent for others and in the service of his Master. A fascination rests over the history and memory of Bishop Selwyn, and this indeed, was one reason for



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL AT LICHFIELD.

ments of men noted in the history of the cathedral and the city, but the most beautiful one is in memory of two children of the Rev. W. Robinson, the master-piece of Chantry it is said to be; and, truly, nothing more lovely or touching can be conceived than the two sleeping children, one enfolded in the other's arms, the snowdrops on the breast fit emblems of innocence and tranquility. One could stay long gazing at this sweet picture in marble. Still more inter-

one thinks, even though he does not know. It is so life-like in outline, yet so still and cold; surely it is a long, sound sleep he rests in, ay! the sleep of death! But "he being dead yet speaketh," and his works do follow him. One of the rich painted windows of this chapel is directly behind this tomb, and at either end of the recess are frescoes, one representing a scene from his New Zealand episcopate, several figures on the sea-shore, one of them a native of the country receiv-

my visiting the cathedral, now more fully than ever before, associated with his name. Fitting spot, too, for his last resting-place! The shadow of her walls rests upon his grave, just outside the site of his tomb, or, more properly, monument, yet where the sun can shine upon it, and the green grass and daisies wave over it, as on the day we stood beside it.

But I meant to speak further of the Lady Chapel, especially of the rich glass in its

windows, giving color to all that end of the cathedral. Two of them are filled with coats of arms of bishops and prebends of Lichfield. The seven others came from a Cistercian nunnery near Liège, and are among the finest, if not the finest, in England, beautiful specimens of Flemish glass of the early part of the sixteenth century. The arched around the sides of the chapel, under the windows, is also very beautiful. The window of the south transept contains some of the same kind of glass as in the chapel.

This cathedral, like others in England, is of various ages, and embodies different styles of building. Probably no building was raised here during the life-time of St. Chad, who built his first church at Stowe, a few miles off, where also he was buried, though now his bones lie in the R. C. Cathedral at Birmingham, the Shrine of St. Chad, which once stood between choir and Lady Chapel, having entirely disappeared. No trace remains of the Saxon building first reared here; but little of the Norman one which succeeded it. The present edifice, began about the middle of the twelfth century, rebuilt at various times and enlarged during the next century, shows signs to the antiquarian and architect of the different changes made in it, and loses no interest for us in the thought that successive generations of men have given their best and noblest work to this and similar churches. No cloisters remain, but a beautiful chapter-house opens out by a corridor from the north aisle, and above this is the valuable library, containing, among other books and MSS., St. Chad's copy of the first three Gospels.

Other associations of interest cluster about Lichfield, the birth-place of Samuel Johnson and for years his home; the father of Joseph Addison was dean here, and the early years of the afterward famous writer and poet were passed within sight of the cathedral, but we do not feel any enthusiasm over any of these. So, early in the afternoon, we say farewell to the quiet, sleepy little town, and the pleasant, old-fashioned inn that so comfortably housed us, farewell to the lovely little cathedral, henceforth so dear to memory, and turn south again, stopping an hour or so at busy Birmingham. Can there be a greater contrast than between those two towns so near each other? One reposeful even to slothfulness, or suggesting quiet study; the other bustling, energetic, pushing, full of busy, toiling men and women, of rushing, clashing machinery, smoke and noise and hurry, thoroughly wide-awake, and taking a keen interest in all the affairs and progress of the age. Only

a passing glimpse did time afford me of this busy town, and night found me in comfortable lodgings in Worcester, ready for the famous "Three Choirs Festival," of which some account will follow.

THE REV. GEORGE D. WILDES, S.T.D.,
*General Secretary of the Church Congress,
and Rector of Christ Church, "Riverdale," New York City.*

Christ church, Riverdale, is situated in the upper ward of the City of New York, its site in the midst of a beautiful section having in full view the Palisades, on the opposite side of the Hudson River. About three hundred acres of ground, owned by gentlemen of wealth who are in business in New York, are covered with the delightful homes of forty or fifty families of the same social

and other charities of the Church. It was started in 1806, and the first and only rector it has had after it received formal organization, has been the Rev. George Dudley Wildes, S. T. D., of whose labors in the ministry we offer the following sketch:

Dr. Wildes is a native of Newburyport, Mass., and the oldest son of the late Hon. A. W. Wildes, a distinguished lawyer of Massachusetts. His preparation for Harvard University was made at the High School, Newburyport; Dummer Academy, Newbury, Mass., and Phillips' Academy, Exeter, N. H. On graduation, he became Usher in Mathematics at Chauncey Hall School, Boston, meanwhile awaiting a commission as lieutenant in the United States regular army. He was baptized and confirmed in Grace church, Boston, and entered upon the study of divinity under the present Bishop of Rhode Island and the Rev. Drs. J. S. Stone and A. H. Vinton.

As a candidate for Holy Orders, he had charge of Trinity chapel, afterwards St. Stephen's church, and of the Mission chapel, which is now the Church of the Messiah, Boston. He entered the senior class of the Virginia Theological Seminary, at Alexandria, and was graduated by that institution. He was then ordained deacon in Massachusetts by the Bishop of Kentucky, officiating during the illness of Bishop Eastburn. Invited to the professorship of mathematics in Shelby College, Ky., and declining, he became assistant to Bishop Eastburn in Trinity church, Boston, and afterwards rector of Grace church, New Bedford.

Resigning this charge while ill, he became assistant-minister in St. Paul's, Boston, and Supervisor of the Episcopal School for young ladies of the diocese. For three years of the same period he was one of the State examiners in mathematics, of Harvard University. These duties were terminated by his paying a visit to Europe, on his return from which he preached in Boston the Election sermon, and became associate with the Rev. Dr. J. S. Stone at St. Paul's, Brookline, Mass. Subsequently he accepted the rectorship of Grace church, Salem, Mass., where he remained nearly eight years. At this time he was appointed by the Governor and Council of Massachusetts one of the eight members of the State Board of Education, holding the position until his removal to his present charge, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D.

It was during his rectorship at Salem that the civil war broke out, and in the emergencies of the hour, he engaged with spirit, being instrumental in raising the Twenty-third and Nineteenth Massachusetts regi-



THE REV. GEORGE D. WILDES, S.T.D.

position, and these constitute the most part of the parish.

The church building, which is a beautiful specimen of Early English in stone, was the last parish church of which the elder Upjohn was architect. Nearly all the windows are memorial gifts, and are either of English or continental glass. The font, brasses, and other accessories of the church are also memorial. Besides this costly and tasteful house of worship, there are embraced in the beautiful grounds a rectory and other parish buildings constructed in perfect keeping with the church.

The parish, through individuals, or its offertory, is proportionately one of the largest contributors to the various missionary

ments, forming also the Field Hospital Corps, and with sixty men, volunteering as its head for service with the Army of the Potomac. He was appointed the first chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and eventually commissioned as chaplain of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts infantry.

Soon after the war had closed and while he was still rector of Grace Church, Salem, he was elected to his present charge at Riverdale, New York City, where he has been rector for eighteen years.

From the inception of the Church Congress, he has held the office of General Secretary, being one of the original founders of the Congress. He has been exceedingly active in promoting its interests, and indeed has become most widely known through his efforts in its behalf.

Dr. Wildes has been a frequent writer on literary topics, and has edited several theological and other works. He has also contributed to Church and secular magazines and reviews. During the East Indian Mutiny, known as the Sepoy Rebellion, a series of his articles on the British rule in India was published in Boston in the Daily Evening Transcript, in whose columns his "Letters from Abroad" had previously appeared. Several of his orations and addresses, together with occasional sermons, have been printed in public journals. Among these may be mentioned orations at Newburyport and Salem, an Historical Address at Newbury, a sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Massachusetts at its 234th anniversary, an oration delivered in the Old South Church, Boston, at the fiftieth anniversary of the New England Guards, a treatise on "Unity through the Papacy," Price Lectures at Trinity, Boston, on "Popular Infidelity, Colenso and Renan," and addresses and speeches at the several sessions of the Church Congress. Dr. Wildes has received the degree of honorary A.M. from Harvard, also that of Doctor in Divinity from the College of Kansas, and that of S.T.D. *ad eundem* from Hobart College.

CHRISTMAS DAY THOUGHTS.

A PECULIAR LESSON OF THE NATIVITY.—The Nativity especially honors infancy and womanhood. Manhood had been glorified. War was a profession; muscular sport, a glory. But tenderness and weakness had had no spokesman till our religion came as such. And, now, with the voice at once of pity and piety, infancy and womanhood found it a friend and advocate. What higher ideal of each than the pure mother and the lowly Child? Henceforth, too, a nobler idea of Deity than Jove and brute force, flashed upon the minds of men, and though later theology has not remained wholly true to this last, a better sky prevails to-day, and love and the salvation which comes of it, are preached as never before, and men adore, and adoring, believe.

THE TRUE ISRAEL.—The "Israel of God," like the Church of God, is meant to be inclusive. Not less comprehensive must we regard it than the terms under which it is proclaimed. Mary and Joseph, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna, shepherds and angels, converts and disciples of to-day, all who love the Saviour, born as at this time, the faithful baptized, yea, even

though with a baptism ecclesiastically irregular, behold the Israel of God; would God all were Israelites, indeed, in whom is no guile; still, an "Israel" are they, a visible body and Church of whom the Divine Son of human Mary is Head.

THE BIRTH OF THE SAVIOUR AT BETHLEHEM.—Ordinary expectation would, of course, have located the birth of the Saviour at the home and city of Joseph and Mary; but the stroke of an imperial stylus determined it at a distant village. Though only enrolment, and not for several years yet, taxation, was intended, this must be at the family district, the ancestral home of the head of the tribe. And so it was that Bethlehem, and not Nazareth, became the honored birthplace of the Son of David. Augustus wrote better than he knew; the methods of man aided on the methods of God, as to-day, in thousands of instances, they still do.

A NEW DATE.—Late in the 749th year of Rome, the parents of Jesus rejoiced in the birth of a Son; and all Jews and kinsmen and kinswomen the little land of Palestine over rejoined with them. Since then, all mankind, made one tribe and family in Christ, rejoice also. Rome, with her dates and annals, has passed away; and a new timetable has marked the new era, the era of peace and good will. Little as the shepherds who were watching the watches of the night, dreamed of it, a new sun rose on that day, and Time as it were began anew. Helena, mother of Constantine, need not have built a memorial church, the event was cut and carved upon the very dial of time itself, for the "good tidings" were to "all people" even unto the end of the world.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—The Bible is wonderfully simple: what book more so? Though the birth of the Saviour was the greatest event in all human history, how plainly and how devoid of all ornamentation, it is told in that volume. If ever there was a temptation to the sacred penmen to indulge in rhetorical elegance, it was in this case, yet, though capable of yielding to it, being only men, they either restrained themselves, or were restrained, from it. Between human works and this work is, then, this characteristic difference, a difference, too, which strikingly exists between the canonical and the apocryphal gospels; a difference, furthermore, which at once endears and authenticates the sacred volume.

AN ANNUAL JOURNEY.—Leaving Nazareth, making the Plain of Esdras, with Taber on the left and Dothan on the right; passing Samaria, then called Sebaste, Greek for Augusta, a delicate flattery of Herod's to the reigning emperor, to whom he was a sycophantie underling; then Sychar, half way between Judea and Galilee, Ebal and Gerizim in full view; thence over the hills of Akrahbim, the frontier between Samaria and Judea; thence by Shiloh, Gilgal, the Valley of Baca, Gophna, Bethel, Ramah, Gibson, Mizpeh, Jerusalem itself, thence to Bethlehem by the way of Rachel's tomb and an hundred other sacred spots—this was the way of Joseph and Mary to the little town of Ruth and Boaz, the ancestral home of the greatest of the kings of their native land; though changed to-day, not changed, nor ever can be, the solemnity and sacredness of this journey marked by

these great milestones, and at this season of the Nativity, one loves to dwell upon it, and as it were, travel it in their company, as spot by spot it annually recurs.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY THE REV. HENRY V. SATTERLEE, D.D.

Sleep, holy Babe, upon Thy mother's breast,
Lured down by love from mansions of the
blest,
This home alone is found on earth for Thee,
Who left the skies to save mankind and me.

Sleep, holy Babe, while angel voices sigh,
All soft and low, do chant thy lullaby.
Oh, may our hearts Thy hallowed birthday
greet
With joy like theirs, and songs as pure and
sweet.

Sleep, holy Babe, while shepherds round Thee
bend:
Their flocks they leave, the Lamb of God to
lead;
So, while this sinful world is plunged in sleep,
At Thy dear side may we fond watches keep.

Sleep, holy Babe; in lowly childhood's shrine
The God of Heaven reveals his life divine;
The pure in heart alone Thy halo see:
Oh, make me, Lord, a little child like Thee.

—Art Interchange.

UNDER WHICH PRONOUN?

BY REV. R. W. LOWRIE.

VII.

My Dear, I again thank you for your letter, and none the less for your criticisms. If I do not answer all your questions, it may be either that I cannot, or that I do not try; sometimes silence is gold. Then again, in a correspondence like this, much must be implied, and some matters left for future writing—possibly a personal "chat." I try not to be deep. I have lately had some manuscript editorially rejected because "too learned." Since then I have not dared to write as wise as I could.

You ask me, under which king, in your playful way; I reply, under which pronoun? If your friend is a disciple of the God Force, or Energy, he will rally to the standard of It. We have a better Deity; worship thou Him. The philosopher has his god, I admit. By night the devout astronomer, said Young, is mad; and by day it is only the fool who cordially says, there is no God. "One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another." And so loudly do the heavens declare the glory of God, and does the firmament show His handiwork, that read downright atheism, like parricide to the Roman law, is simply out of the question. You say I write with philosophic coolness; I trust you meant with more than philosophic. "I fear God, dear Abner, and have no other fear," you remember. When the wind blows, I let it. In fact, *er* there any atheists? Deists—agnostics—*et id omne genus* (excuse the learning) there are; but even Voltaire was no atheist—he had too much sense! Yes, philosophy has its deity, though it may call it General Law. It has its creed, too, a painted ship upon a painted sea. Beautiful, as glittering as a bit of

bright tin, and as unsatisfying as a bath of saw-dust. Trust it not; put not your trust in the princes of philosophy. All that they can say is, obedience to law brought you into this world; by obedience to law, you may be measurably happy while here; when you go hence, it will be in obedience to the natural law of your being; and the same great law, which, without your consent, brought you into one world, will, quite undoubtedly, take care of you when it shall be pleased to carry you into another.

The god of deistic philosophy, thus, would seem to be the pronoun "It"—spelled with a capital I. Cowper said:

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which none but poets know."

There must be in philosophic pains which none but philosophers do, if we may judge by the way in which this pronoun receives its apotheosis at their hands. For one, I cannot sit at their feet, nor kneel at those of their demi-god. Not so, unto mine ears, has the sound of the spheres gone out into all lands, their words into the end of the world. But take law, this abstraction, give it a heart, make it love and throb, attribute with the reverent spiritual imagination, a thousand glorious things to it; take the best thoughts and things of earth, the holiest donations from time and sense, and refer all these to it; then call it by a higher name; clothe this august Being, as with a mantle, in all the best that thought can bring, and then, even, confess that it is no robe fit for His more than imperial shoulders, and you begin to have some due conception of Him whose throne is Heaven; and the earth, with all its seas and lands, is His footstool. Said a member of the French Academy: "Is all this chance? Perhaps. But, to me, it seems to deserve a better name." And so—Is all this only Law? Nay; let us call it better. It is God.

I know your friend . . . is "*pur et sans reproche*" among men;—

"Of manners, gentle; of affections, mild;
In wit, a man; in simplicity a child."

and I would rather see a man moral and not "religious," than "religious," yet not moral. Still, beware of his deistic philosophy. One prayer, one good act will teach you more of heavenly things than all his theories and hypotheses. I fault him not. Judge nothing before the time. Only lean not on his staff, and put not on the armor of this would-be Saul. Remember David and his smooth-stones from the book.

I know that there are times when our faith and trust in God seem to experience a temporary check. And it is discouraging, while disheartening, and a cause of despair, it were wicked to allow it to become. And thousands misunderstand such an one as . . . has misunderstood you. Then the officious friend appears. He presents us with counsellances. If we sorrow deeply, he calls it unbelief, and virtually asks us kindly to try to be just so many stones. He tells us to go home and be resigned, in perhaps somewhat such a tone as that in which he would advise us to try a pill or a jalap. As if the Christian graces and virtues were commodities in the marketplace, and resignation could be had for the asking. Patience, and love, and faith, and submission, are not weighed and sold by scales of brass. They might be, if "It" were king, and dead laws its subjects and

servants. Out upon such. "God is love." Hearts cry "Our Father." Though our trust be chilled, yet may it not be frozen, like ice, merely because we grieve deeply and suffer keenly. Wounds will bleed. The blow may have knocked us, for the moment, from the highest platform of the scaffold, yet we may have lodged on the next below, and, by God's grace, may soon be back where we stood before. Your friend might carve you into a Stoic, but a mere Stoic he would leave you, and nothing more.

Nay, friend, this "It" will never comfort you or . . . Tell them so. Their social meetings are foregone conclusions—wastes, and worse than wastes of Lord's Days. I grant all I can to the defendant, but I cannot betray my case for him. Our trust in God does not always shine as brightly as at times. Our way is not always lit with stars. The cup is not always full. Doubt comes, but shake it off as St. Paul did the viper from his hand; do not play with it; do not, about all things, misunderstand it, as the barbarians of Melita did that which befell the apostle when on their island; the poor, stupid folk thought it was a sure sign that though he had escaped the sea, the anger of the gods was on him for something, and that he was forsaken of heaven. Doubts are often like sparks, they look dangerous, but if let alone will often go out of themselves. Don't fan them, at any rate, by paying too much attention to them. As for those who are "all the time" suggesting them, let them go on displaying their ingenuity, and they may end as the Chinese coopers, who can make excellent hogheads but only by *heading themselves* in at the last!

I am glad you feel that the ship of your faith is righting itself. Give her all the sail, now, that she can carry, and the haven (heaven spelled short) will take care of itself. . .

Furthermore, do not disdain the aid of good reading—our best religious journals; even a poor crutch is better than none, and though books, and sermons even, may not satisfy you, they may help. A chunk is very apt to smoulder by itself, and go out in ashes. Nor will God forsake you; forsake not Him. Are not the ten thousand living beings which strut over the acres of a rose-leaf, clad in robes of as brilliant lues as the birds that cleave the air, and as perfectly formed as the leviathan of the deep. Your own science rebukes you. Behold the lilies of the field; was ever Solomon in all his glory arrayed like one of them?

One temptation of minds like yours is to imagine that *God does not need you!* What am I in the midst of all this cosmos? True, He does not in certain senses, which are too obvious to need mentioning to you; but, in other senses, He does. You are a part of His plan; you have a destiny; you cannot evade it; you should not shirk it. And it touches this life, as well as the other. Do your duty, and you do help God ("the idea!" you say); yes, he needs you in this reverent sense; He needs the animalcule even, or He had not created it.

"Be not cast down," a great phrase among Methodists, and one which, with "backslide," I think very strong; yet, if though cast down, still not destroyed! We may be just as truly, and just as fully, crying after God from amid the darkness, as in the broad sunshine. . . . Only all this "It" will never aid us. Trust it not. Not so

wrote your favorite Whittier ("These," "Thou," and "His,"—never "It."):

"And so, beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean, or on shore;
I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed pinnacles in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Oh, brothers, if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these be betrayed,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way;
And Thou, oh Lord, by Whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forget me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee."

PUZZLED.

You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low,
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in my father's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelations
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray, why I'm generally praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking
Till I fear He is all tired out;
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The Collect, perhaps, for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago learned me to say.

But now my poor memory's failing,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the prayer-book
Will seem to come into my mind.
But I know what I want, and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go;
Do you think that shows I ain't High Church?
Do you think that means I ain't Low?

My blessed old husband has left me,
Thirteen years since God took him away.
I know he is safe, well and happy,
And yet when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the dear lord to do for him
What I would do if I was there.

Of course He can do it much better,
But He knows, and He surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left here behind,
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I'm sure that I shall till I die;
So may be that proves I ain't Low Church,
And may be it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint;
Still, his white head is shining in Heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't;
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions
That old man was certain to go,
And now do you think I am High Church?
Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you it's all just a muddle,
To me touch for a body like me,
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir,
For really it worries me so;
And I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE STORY OF LITTLE VIGG: A CHRISTMAS FAIRY-TALE FROM THE SWEDISH.

BY ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE.

As far as eye could reach up and down the moor, now glistening under its thick cover of hardly frozen snow, there was but one house to be seen—a tiny cottage, old and gray. It was a very good little cottage of its kind, and had on one side a bit of a vegetable garden, but it must have been lonely to live in, for no one will deny that except in summer-time the moor looked desolate enough.

The house and the land belonged to Mother Gertrude. She lived here with her little boy, and his name was Vigg.

Early, early that morning Mother Gertrude had gone out, far across the moor to the distant village. The sun was going down now, and still she had not come home.

Vigg was all alone in the house. Deep silence reigned over the moor far and wide. The whole day long there had not been the tinkle of a single sleigh-bell to be heard; there had not been so much as a carter by.

Vigg, with his elbows on the table, was kneeling before the window gazing out. There were four panes in the window; three of them were covered with beautiful frost-flowers, but against the fourth he had been breathing so long that the frost had quite melted off. He was waiting for Mother Gertrude, who had promised to bring home some fine wheat bread, a piece of ginger-bread, and a little Christmas-tree, for it was Christmas Eve. But as yet there was nothing to be seen of her.

By and by the sun went down, and the clouds took on a beautiful rose tint. A pink flush was reflected up and down the snowy moor, then the rich glow faded into a cold reddish blue, and it was quite dark.

Within the cottage it was even darker than outside. Vigg went to the hearth, where a few sparks were still glowing in the ashes. It was so still, it seemed to him that the sound of his wooden shoes clattering over the floor could be heard across the whole moor. He sat down by the hearth and fell to wondering whether the piece of ginger-bread he was expecting would have a head with gilded horns and four legs. He wished, too, he could know how the sparrows were faring this Christmas Eve.

It would be hard to say how long Vigg had been sitting there when he heard the sound of sleigh-bells. Springing to the window, he flattened his nose against the pane to see who it could be, for Mother Gertrude never came home in a sleigh. All the stars of heaven were aglow, gleaming and twinkling in the darkness. Far across the snow something black was moving.

It kept coming nearer and nearer, louder and louder sounded the cheerful clang of the bells.

Who could it be? Whoever it was, he did not trouble himself to keep in the road, but seemed to be coming straight on across the moor. "Oh, dear!" Vigg thought, "if I could only have a ride behind such jolly bells as those, and could drive all myself!" This wish had scarcely passed through his mind when the sleigh drove up under the window and stopped.

It was a sleigh drawn by four tiny little ponies. They stood still, for their driver kept a firm hold upon the reins; but they seemed in no wise anxious to take breath, for they neighed and snorted, shook their manes and pawed the snow.

"Ah now, don't you be impatient, Rapp! Be still, Schnapp! Whitefoot, quiet there! Lightfoot, don't jump out of your skin, I say!" cried the little old gentleman who was sitting in the sleigh. Then springing out he came up to the window.

Vigg had never seen anything like him before, but then Vigg certainly had never seen many people of any kind. He was a tiny little man, just the right size however for such steeds as these. His face was covered all over with wrinkles, and his long beard looked like the moss on the roof of the cottage. From his head to his feet he was enveloped in fur, and in one corner of his mouth he carried a pipe, while the smoke came curling out of the other.

"Good evening, little stumpy-nose," said he.

Vigg covered his nose with his hand and answered, "Good evening."

"Is anybody at home?" asked the little old gentleman.

"You can see that I'm at home."

"Yes, you're right there. It was rather a silly question I asked, but you see you are all so dark in there. I wonder at that on a Christmas Eve."

"I'm going to have some candles to light on my tree as soon as mother comes home. Only think of it! she's going to bring three!"

"Mother Gertrude hasn't got home yet then? You are all alone, and may be perhaps for another good hour to come. Aren't you afraid?"

"A Swedish boy afraid!" answered Vigg. He had learned that from Mother Gertrude.

"A Swedish boy afraid!" repeated the old gentleman, rubbing his leather-gloved hands together, and taking his pipe out of his mouth. "See here, little fellow, do you know who I am?"

"No, I don't," answered Vigg, "but then do you know who I am?"

The little old gentleman took off his hat, and making a low bow, said:

"I have the honor of addressing Vigg, the proud and doughty champion of the moor, who has lately become the happy possessor of his first pair of trousers; Vigg, that hero in whose breast not even the longest beard can strike terror. You are Vigg, and I am Santa Claus. Have I the honor of being known to you?"

"So you are Santa Claus, are you? Then you're a very good man. Mother has often told me about you."

"Many thanks for the compliment, sir. However that's neither here nor there. Vigg, will you come and take a ride with me in the sleigh?"

"I'd like to, but I can't very well, for suppose'n mother should come home and find me gone? What would happen then?"

"But I promise you shall be back before your mother gets home. A man keeps his word, and an old man his purse, says the proverb. Come now!"

Vigg sprang out. Whew! but how cold it was! and how thin Vigg's clothing felt! His jacket had grown so small that it would hardly meet round him, and his wooden shoes had made holes again in that pair of stockings that Mother Gertrude had mended

so often before. But Santa Claus shut the door, put Vigg into the sleigh, drew the robes up round him, puffed such a cloud of smoke up his nose that he couldn't help giving a big sneeze, and hurrah! they were off!

Rapp and Schnapp, Whitefoot and Lightfoot flew over the snow like the wind, and the silver bells rang merrily out in the frosty air.

"Shall I drive?" asked Vigg.

"No, you are still a great deal too little for that," said Santa Claus.

"May be I am," said Vigg.

Before long they had left the moor and had entered the dark forest, of which Mother Gertrude had often told Vigg, where the trees were so tall that it almost seemed as if the stars might rest in their tops. From time to time the light from some houses could be seen glimmering through the trees.

They had not been gone very long when Santa Claus drove his little companion through the doorway of a small barn.

Between the stones of the floor there appeared a head with two glittering eyes that fixed themselves on Santa Claus' face. This was the head of the house-snake,* which it crooked into a kind of bow. Santa Claus raised his fur cap in return and said,

"Oh, kind Ring-snake from the earth. Tell me what this house is worth!"

The house-snake answered:

"Its owners spare neither strength nor pains. Yet these cows and one horse make up all their gains."

"That's not much," said Santa Claus. "However it will be more by-and-by if the husband and wife go on being so saving and prudent. They began with nothing, and they still have the old people to support. But Scheunck Ring-snake, one word more if you please. What have you got to say about the children on this farm?"

"A fine little lad, mayhap a bit wild. A sweet little lass, a good gentle child."

"Good! they must have some presents," said Santa Claus. "Now good-night Scheunck Ring-snake and pleasant Christmas dreams to you!"

"Good night Rapp, good night Schnapp, good night Whitefoot, good night Lightfoot. And now old friend, so kind and true, Santa Claus, good-night to you!"

said the Ring-snake, and drew in his head.

Behind the sleigh was a box. Santa Claus opening this took out several things. There was something for every member of the family—an A, B, C-book and a knife for the boy, a thimble and a Prayer Book for the girl, for the mother some netting-cotton and a shuttle, for the father, a calendar and a clock, and for the grandparents each a pair of spectacles. Besides these, he took out a handful of something that Vigg could not see. "Those are Christmas cards," said Santa Claus. Thus loaded he slipped with Vigg into the sitting-room. A quiet group was there gathered around the crackling fire, listening to the story of the Child Jesus, which the father was reading aloud. Santa Claus softly laid down his presents near the door, and quite unnoticed went back to the

* In several of the European countries house-snakes are cherished by the superstitious, who believe them to bring "good-luck." It was once conversing with a German tradesman, when he suddenly stopped saying, "Hark! don't you hear my house-snake singing?" It had lived in the walls of her house for many years, coming out from time to time to be fed with milk. It always made her feel happy, she told me, to hear its voice. A. E.

sleigh, followed by Vigg, whom he whisked off into the dark wood again.

"I think a great deal of children like those we saw just now," said Santa Claus.

"You must be a good boy too, Vigg."

"Of course," said Vigg.

By-and-by Santa Claus drew up before another barn. Within could be heard the

Claws opened his box once more, and hurried off to the farm-house to leave an awful of presents for the children.

And so it went on from house to house. But the one that looked pleasant to Vigg, as he went peeping through all the different windows, was the minister's.

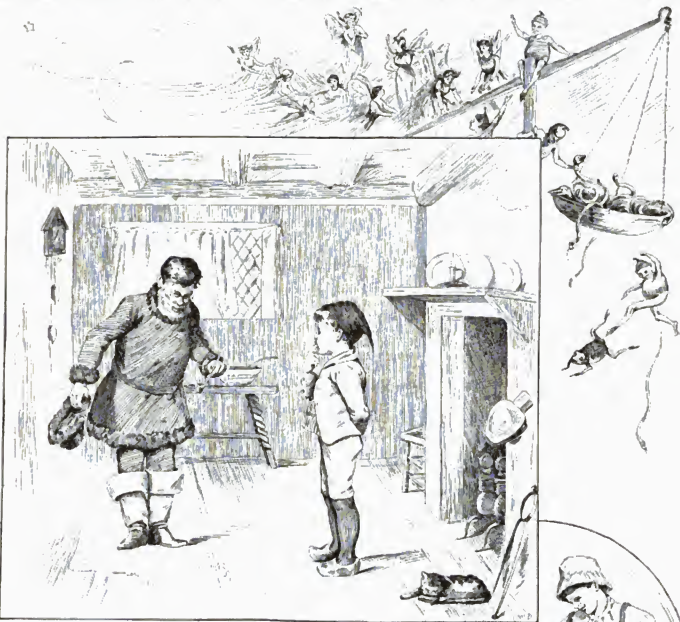
The minister Vigg could easily recognize,

"Going somewhere," muttered the gnome, "for I can't bear it here another day."

"Why is that?" inquired Santa Claus.

"The frau's a slattern, she's also a shrew, her children unneat, and quarrelsome too."

"Oh now, do try to stay just one year with the poor things," said Santa Claus in a tone of entreaty. "You know if you



LITTLE VIGG AND SANTA CLAUS.

muffled, regular stroke of a descending flail. Santa Claus having knocked on the window-shutter, it sprang open, showing two merry little fellows with bushy eyebrows, and cheeks as round as a baby's, red caps, and gray jackets. They were thrusting by the light of a lantern so vigorously that the dust rose up around them in clouds. Santa Claus bowed and said,

"Dwarfing, dwarfing, tell me this I pray,
Tell me why it is you work so hard to-day?"

The dwarfs still swinging their flails answered,

"The sheafs they are many the workers but two,
Working, and working will make the sheafs few."

"But everybody ought to rest on Christmas Eve," said Santa Claus.

The dwarfs however only shook their heads and went on with their work.

"But you haven't forgotten, I hope, where we shall meet again to-night?"

"No, no," was the answer. Then Santa

for had not the good old man been ever so many times to the cottage on the moor? Hadn't he laid his hand on his head and heard what progress he made with his A, B, C's? His wife and pretty daughter he knew too, because they had always been so kind to Mother Gertrude.

Santa Claus, also, was very fond of this house, for all the inmates were kind to one another as well as to the animals under their care, making every living creature to lead a free and happy life.

They had just set off on their way again when they met a dwarf. His under lip hung down, and he looked surley and cross. "Where are you going, friend?" said Santa Claus.

go, all their chances of happiness go, too, forever. Perhaps they'll improve a little, then next year I can come and bring them some presents."

"Well, then, since you ask me," said the dwarf, turning about.

Next they drove to the castle.

"I've only got to leave some things for the king's son," said Santa Claus, "and that'll have to be done in the shortest possible



time too, for we've got to be off for a visit to my own king—the mountain king—and after that, ho! for Mother Gertrude on the moor."

Once more he opened the big box, and what Vigg saw now surpassed all that had been taken out before. On a silver stand of immense size were drawn up several regiments of miniature horse and foot soldiers. A spring being touched, the men would shoulder arms, and turn to the right or left, while the horses reared and the riders brandished their swords. Upon a second stand, made to represent a sea, there was a fleet of war-ships, the guns beginning to fire into a fortress on one side, and the fortress returning the cannonade, when the proper manipulation took place.

With these costly toys Santa Claus went dashing into the palace, but he was soon back again, for the atmosphere of the court oppressed him, he said. Rapp and Schnapp, Whitefoot and Lightfoot, meanwhile, were snorting and neighing with impatience, and started off at a brisk trot the moment their master returned. "Now we will go to the mountain king," said Santa Claus, as he jumped into the sleigh.

Vigg looked grave. After a short silence he said, "Is the box empty now?"

"Nearly," said Santa Claus, putting his pipe into his mouth.

"Everybody else has had a Christmas present, haven't you got one for me?" asked Vigg.

"I haven't forgotten you, Vigg, by any means. Your present is still lying there in the bottom of the box."

"Show it to me, that's a good man."

"You can wait till you get home to your mother."

"Oh, no, Santa Claus, let me see it now," cried Vigg, impatiently.

"Well, then, see here," said Santa Claus, turning round and taking out of the box a thick pair of woollen stockings.

"Wasn't there anything more?" murmured Vigg.

"Won't they be welcome? You've got a good many holes in those you have on, haven't you?"

"Mother could have mended those. When you've given the king's son and all those other children so many beautiful presents you might have given me something as nice."

Santa Claus made no answer to this, but laid the stockings back in the box, and puffed harder than ever at his pipe. He also looked grave—very grave.

The rest of the drive continued in silence. Vigg had not a word to say. He drew down his mouth, and was cross about his woollen stockings, envying the king's son his magnificent presents. Santa Claus, too, was silent, smoking out of both corners of his mouth at once.

But the pine-trees sighed, the streams murmured, and the snow crunched under the ponies' hoofs, and thus they came, at last, to the steep mountain-side. Here they got out of the sleigh, and Santa Claus having given Rapp and Schnapp, Whitefoot, and Lightfoot, each an oil-cake, knocked against the rock. It opened, then Santa Claus took Vigg by the hand and led him into the cleft; but they had not gone many steps before Vigg began to feel afraid. It was indeed a horrible place. The utter darkness that

reigned was only relieved here and there by the light which shone from the glittering eyes of poisonous snakes, and toads creeping about in the damp projections of the rocks.

"I want to go home to mother," cried Vigg.

"What! a Swedish boy afraid!" said Santa Claus.

Vigg was silent.

"What have you got to say about that toad?" asked Santa Claus after they had gone on for a while without speaking, pointing to a green monster that was perched upon a stone, its great eyes fixed upon the boy.

"It's horrible!" said Vigg, with a shudder.

"You created that," said Santa Claus.

"Don't you see how big and swollen it is? That's for envy and discontent."

"I created it, did you say?"

"Yes, certainly. You envied the king's son all his fine presents, and the things that I would have given you out of the kindness of my heart, you despised. For every wicked thought born within the breast of any man living in these regions, a snake or a toad comes into this mountain cleft."

"That's dreadful," said Vigg, now feeling heartily ashamed of himself.

Making many turns they penetrated deeper and deeper into the mountain.

By and by it began gradually to grow lighter, and as they turned a final corner, Vigg with astonishment saw before him a large shining chamber. The walls were of crystal. Around three sides of the room stood rows of little grinning dwarfs, holding torches in their hands, the light from which fell on the crystal, giving back a mass of rainbow color. On the fourth side sat the mountain-king on his golden throne. He was dressed in a mantle of asbestos, thickly studded over with jewels; but he was looking deeply sorrowful. By his side, on a throne somewhat lower, arrayed in a dress of silver cloth, his daughter was seated, looking, alas! even more grief-stricken still—almost like one who was dying, in fact. Although wonderfully beautiful, she was as white as the snow. In the middle of the room hung an immense pair of scales, while gathered around these were the mountain-sprites, busied in laying various articles in one side or the other.

And directly in front of the king was standing a great crowd of gnomes from all the farm-houses and cottages for miles around, each telling in turn what the people of his household had said or done in the course of a year. For every good deed the mountain-sprites laid golden weights in one side of the scales, and for every evil thought or wicked action they laid a poisonous snake or toad in the other.

"Do you know, Vigg," whispered Santa Claus, "how much all this means? The princess is ill. She will die; unless she can soon go out from this cleft. She longs to breathe the pure air of heaven, and to behold the golden light of the sun and stars; for she has received a promise that when she shall have done this she shall win an immortal soul, and, when she dies, she will be with the angels in heaven. She is pining and wasting away; but she can only go out from the mountain on that Christmas-eve on which the scale of the good sinks to the ground, and the scale of the bad flies up to the ceiling; but now, you see, they are almost even."

Santa Claus had hardly finished speaking when he was called upon to make his report. It was not a little that he had to tell, but this, as it happened, was nearly all good, for his watch only extended over Christmas Eve and over the day which is hallowed in all Christian lands in remembrance of the birth of that Child, Who, by His purity and innocence while on earth, taught men to be kinder one to another, and Who gave up His life to become our King of Kings throughout all eternity.

And the more Santa Claus told, the more golden weights the mountain sprites laid in the scale, so that the side of the good sunk lower and lower.

But during this time Vigg was on thorns lest his name should be mentioned, and when at last Santa Claus spoke it out, he gave a great start, turning first red and then white. Now, what Santa Claus said about this little boy and the woollen stockings, for Vigg's sake I am not going to tell, but I cannot help saying that one of the mountain sprites laid in the scale of the bad that great ugly green toad Vigg had seen when he first entered the cleft, and it weighed very heavily.

Meanwhile, all the eyes except those of good old Santa Claus, who considerably turned his away, were directed toward Vigg—the king's, his daughter's, the house-gnome's, the mountain sprites', and the dwarf's; and they all looked either very stern or very sorrowful, those of the princess in especial being so filled with tender compassion that Vigg covered his face with both hands and could not look up.

Santa Claus now told how poor Mother Gertrude had taken this little fatherless and motherless Vigg, how she made mats and brooms and sold them at the shop in the distant village to get food for the boy, how she sewed for him and kept his clothes in order, joyfully and lovingly working for him day after day, how for his sake she endured all manner of privations for herself without a word of complaint. Then he told of what comfort she took in Vigg's brave little manly heart, in his ruddy cheeks and honest eyes, and how willingly she pardoned all his childish faults—yes, and how she prayed for him every night after he went to sleep, and last of all, how this very morning even she had walked all the long way across the moor through the bitter cold just to get candles for his Christmas-tree and some other little things to give him pleasure.

While Santa Claus was telling his story the mountain sprites kept laying heavy golden weights in the good side of the scale. The fat green toad hopped out and vanished down the cleft, the eyes of the kind-hearted princess grew strangely moist, while as for Vigg, he just sobbed aloud.

Yes, he cried so hard that he waked up, and beheld! the beautiful chamber of the mountain-king, with all it contained, had quite disappeared, and he was lying in his own little bed in the cottage on the moor. The brightest Christmas fire was burning on the hearth, and Mother Gertrude was bending over him, and saying:

"Poor little Vigg had to wait so long in the dark! I couldn't get back any sooner, dear, it was so far. But now I've brought the Christmas-tree, and some fine white bread, and a gingerbread stag, and a cake besides for you to give to the sparrows to-

morrow morning,* And see here," continued Mother Gertrude, "Here's a pair of woolen stockings that I've knit for your Christmas present. You needed them badly enough, you little rogue! And here's a pair of stout leather shoes that I've bought for you too, so you won't have to be running round in your wooden ones all the holidays."

Vigg had long wished for a pair of leather shoes. It was with glistering eyes that he now turned them round and round, examining them in every part. But at the woolen stockings he gazed almost longer still, so that Mother Gertrude thought he was pretending more admiration for them than he could really feel. The reason of this was, however, that to Vigg they seemed to be the very same pair he had seen in Santa Claus' box. At last he threw his arms round Mother Gertrude's neck, and said:

"Oh, Mother Gertrude, I've learned such a lesson. Santa Claus took me to ride, and I saw so many things. Christmas means love, I know it. You love me, and I'm going to show you how much I love you, mother dear."

BY AND BY.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

There will be no sin nor pain

By and by.

All that's dark will be made plain

By and by.

For the Lord will come again!

Oh! how glorious His reign!

Like the sunshine after rain,

By and by.

We shall see Him, eye to eye,

By and by.

We shall meet Him in the sky

By and by.

We shall hear His tender tone,

We shall be no more alone:

He is coming to His own,

By and by.

When life's lessons we shall learn,

By and by.

Jesus' voice we shall discern,

By and by.

He will banish every sigh.

Let us lift our heads on high,

Our redemption draweth nigh,

By and by.

SCIENCE.

It is stated on authority that odoriferousness is one of the properties especially conducive to the durability of wood.

A SMALL electric lamp is now used for the sight of a rifle to make it visible in the dark or in insufficient light.

By a recent French invention, it is reported that divers are enabled to descend eight hundred feet below the water.

THE National Museum, at Washington, has on exhibition more than five hundred varieties of the foods used by the Indian races.

THE Molongi, a tributary of the Congo, has been explored for about 450 miles, including its turnings. It is some 3,300 feet long, and has a mean depth of 25 feet.

THE use of oak bark and oak wood extracts in tanning is decreasing, and the use of hemlock extracts is increasing, in England, owing

* In Norway and Sweden it is the custom to throw out cake for the sparrows on Christmas morning.

to a prejudice against leather of a reddish tint.

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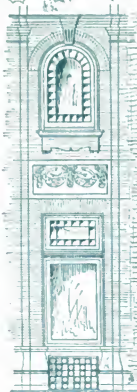
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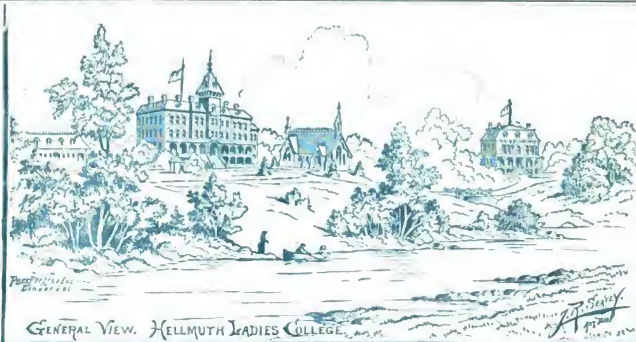
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